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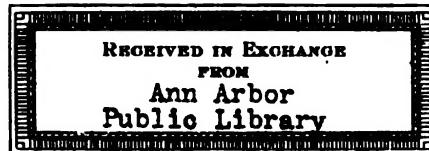
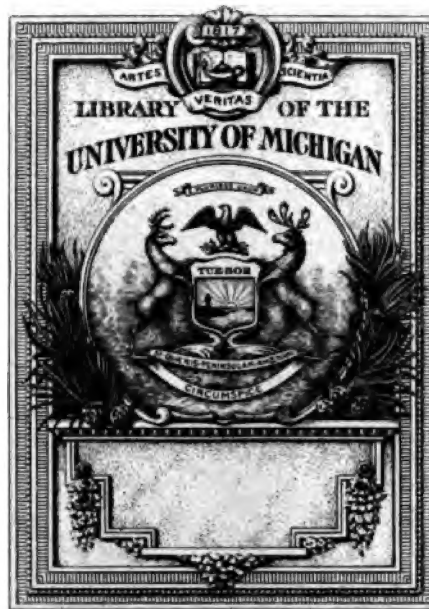
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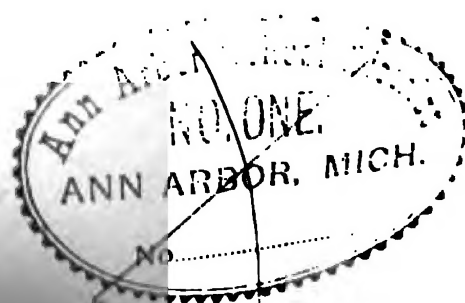
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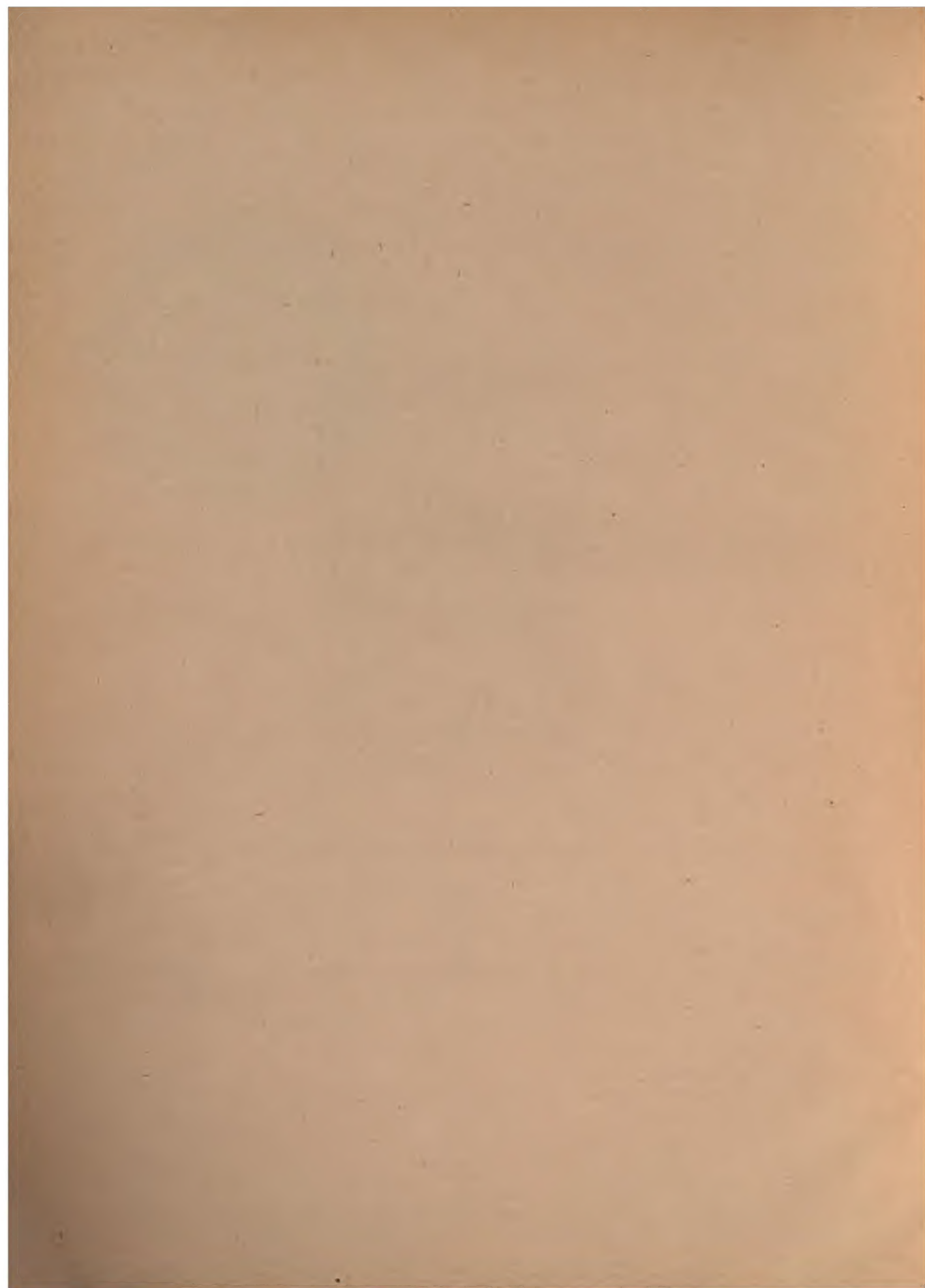
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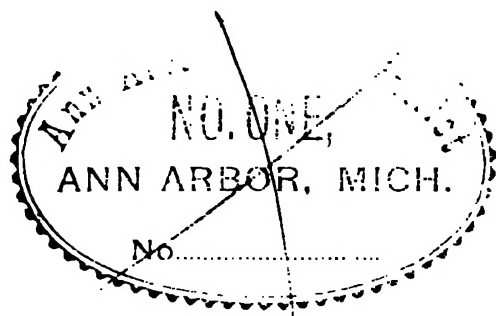
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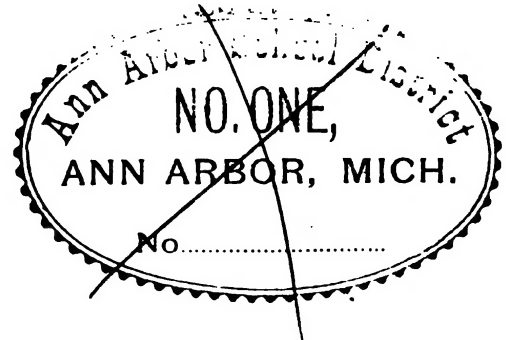




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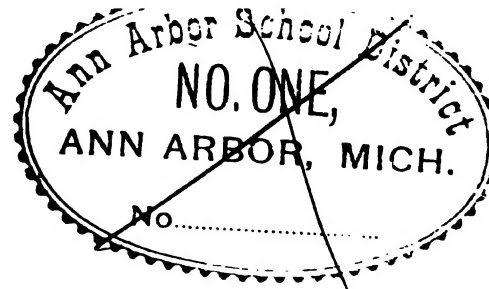
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United States Revenue Cutter Flag. The—C

Revenue Cutter Officer in Arctic Dress:

Statue of Point Barrow: United Sta

Statue of Point Barrow in the Ice

The Statue of General Dix's Famous Ord

A Winter Scene in the Arctic

For Sale: St. Paul's Island: United Sta

Statue of the Steamer Lincoln

Captain David Ritchie

United States and After

English in a Day sitting as in a

Statue

Voluntarily and Among the

Smoking a Pipe: New

A View of the World

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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No. 1.



ST. ANDREWS, FROM ST. REGULUS TOWER.

ST. ANDREWS AND ANDREW
LANG.

BY M. LEICESTER ADDIS.

"St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me.
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North Ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks and up the bay
The long sea rollers surge and sound.
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure and still decay
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat;
Ghostlike and shadowy they stand,
Dim-mirrored in the wet sea sand."

—A. Lang.



ANDREW LANG.

VOL. XXXIX., No. 1—1.

THE closing days of the month of November are of unusual interest to us in our history as a nation, for the last Thursday of the month is set apart as Thanksgiving Day, and the 30th of November is recognized by all Scots, at home and abroad, as St. Andrew's Day. In the Episcopal



ST. ANDREW'S CASTLE

Church the St. Andrew's Brotherhood is the most popular of all church-working guilds, and as St. Andrew is the patron saint of missions, everyone calling himself a Christian has naturally a particular interest in Christ's first disciple.

We must yield him precedence of Peter, for Peter was called by Andrew; so his feast day heads the list of the saints' days and regulates the church calendar, the Sunday nearest before or after his feast day being made the first Sunday in Advent. St. Andrew's Day is thus sometimes the first and sometimes the last festival in the Christian Church.

The 30th of November, 1893, was notable as being both Thanksgiving Day and St. Andrew's Day; and to every thoughtful citizen of Scottish birth or descent the union of these feasts was laden with food for reflection.

Love of country, so strongly developed in the Scottish character, led his memories back to the dear old home and its associations, and the lines

"Far awa' to bonnie Scotland
Has my spirit ta'en its flight"

were but the echo of his thoughts. Still, he realized most fully that the present has swallowed up the past; this new land has been kind and generous to him; here he has made a name and position for himself, and so it is meet for him to be grateful.

But the Scot always remains devotedly attached to the old customs and feasts of his native land, and his personal assertiveness stamps these observances on the local history of his new home in the States, and this "clannishness," as it has been called by our English brethren, has marked the observance of Halloween, St. Andrew's Day and Burns's Birthday in every land.

Thus the sentiments of the individual become the history of the nation—the good son makes the devoted husband and father, and the colonies profit from what is best of our mother land.

This may seem extraneous matter to the subject in hand, but treating of the familiar leads us up to a better understanding and appreciation of what may not be so well known, for it was from Christ's disciple Andrew that our most historic of Scottish towns directly takes its name.

After the Ascension, Andrew preached in Russia, and of that

country he is also titular saint; the chief decoration of Russia being the cross of St. Andrew on a red or blue ribbon.

Traveling into Greece, Andrew converted Maximilia, the wife of the Proconsul Ægens, who was so enraged that he ordered the disciple to be scourged and crucified in a peculiar manner. The cross was transverse, or the *crux decussate*, and instead of nails, cords were used to bind him, so that he suffered a lingering death for two days, during which he taught and exhorted the people, and thus triumphantly vindicated the power of a gospel which could give him strength to endure such suffering.

Maximilia had the body embalmed and honorably buried, and early in the fourth century it was removed by the Emperor Constantine to Byzantium, or Constantinople, and deposited in his fine new church erected in honor of the Twelve Apostles.

When Constantinople was afterward taken the relics were divided, and Philip, Duke of Burgundy, obtained some of the saint's bones at great cost, and in their honor instituted the famed Order of the Golden Fleece, in which the badge is a St. Andrew's cross. It was this order which made St. Andrew such a popular subject in the Spanish and Flemish schools of painting.

His body, or rather what was left of it, rests in a silver casket in the cathedral of Amalfi, now a dirty little town, but once a great maritime port, on the Gulf of Salerno, in Italy. Here it was deposited in 1208 A.D.

But although the Scot is not given to credulity in the legends of saints and their relics, he never doubts the fact that some of Andrew's bones reached Scotland, although there are two stories told in connection therewith.



SEAL OF THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL,
UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

In 581 A.D. Pope Gregory sent an arm of the saint by the monk Augustine to England, and the first royal convert, Ethelbert, erected the Church of St. Andrew, Rochester, in honor thereof. The bones were afterward taken north to Hexham, and there Angus, King of the Picts, obtained and deposited them, in 731 A.D., in Kilrighmont (the king's town), ever since known as St. Andrews.

Our learned authority Dr. Skene favors this account, but auld countrie folks prefer the other as appealing more strongly to their hearts.

Regulus, or Rule, a Greek monk of Patras, had a vision three nights before Constantine took the relics to Byzantium in 307 A.D. In this vision he was told "to take an arm bone, three fingers of the right hand, a tooth and one of the lids of the apostle's knees, which he should carefullie preserve and carrie with him to a region toward the west, situate in the utmost parts of the world."

He hesitated for a time, but at last put the relics in a box and went to sea, accompanied by a priest, two deacons, eight hermits, and three devoted virgins, and "after mighty tossing to and fro, and much toyle and hazard," his ship was driven into the Bay of Muecross, at the Promontory of Swine, to be ever afterward known as St. Andrews Bay.

Here St. Rule and his saints planted a church, and converted the Picts to the Christian faith.

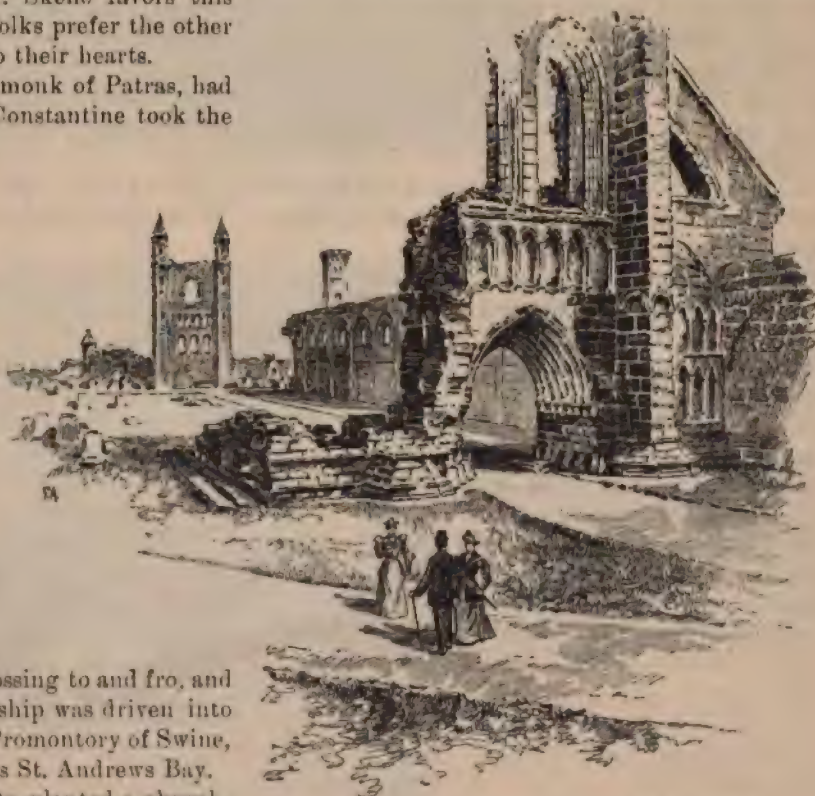
After living in a cell or cave of the rocks for thirty-two years the good St. Rule passed away, but the work he had begun was carried on, and the ancient Tower of St. Regulus will ever perpetuate his memory.

Indeed, a cave beneath the castle is still known as St. Regulus's Cave, and to it Scott alludes in "Marmion," where the palmer says:

"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St. Rule his holy lay
From midnight to the dawn of day
Sang to the billows' sound."

His followers, known as Culdees, led very simple, pure lives, and the doctrines they taught and the services of their churches were such as were fitting for the fishermen of Galilee.

All over Scotland we have traces of these earnest Culdees, from whom the Presbyterian Church lays claim to apostolic succession, and at Iona, Dunkeld, Abernethy and Fordoun the ruins of their chapels may still be seen. The Culdees were a marrying clergy, and in this must be distinguished from the monks and successors of St. Augustine. They were learned, too, and



ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL (WEST FRONT).



UNITED COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS.

were sought after on the Continent as teachers of Greek, Latin and philosophy. Clement, a Culdee, taught in Paris, and Johannes Scotus was the tutor of Charlemagne.

When the Picts eventually became subject to the Scots St. Andrew was made patron saint, and until the ninth century the Culdee Abbot of Iona was Primate of Scotland and Ireland, and perfectly independent of Rome. Later on, in the eleventh century, the power of the Culdees had waned, for the Saxon Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore and now companion saint of the country with St. Andrew, had espoused the cause of St. Augustine, and was the champion of a more gorgeous and ceremonial ritual.

At a grand council held in St. Andrews she argued in Saxon against their simple doctrines, and as they spoke Gaelic, an interpreter was needed. In the reign of her son David, "the sair saint to the crown," we find them expelled from their last place of refuge, St. Serf's Isle, on Loch Leven, and Roman Catholicism reigned supreme.

I have purposely entered fully into the detail of this early story of St. Andrews, knowing so well that religion and love of history are the two most potent factors in the formation of Scottish character, and the romantic sentiment that seems to hang over this old city, and so excellently expressed in the first two lines of Lang's oft-quoted poem, finds its keynote and existence in the traditional tales of the piety and simplicity of these earliest of British Christians.

The charms of modern St. Andrews are but a sealed book

to all who do not appreciate the history of its early development.

In other lands a gorgeous shrine for pilgrims to flock to would mark the resting place of a saint so universally worshiped now in the practical manner that appeals even to our nineteenth-century hatred of sentiment; but so long as this gray little

Oxford set by the Northern Sea stands he has a truly fitting monument.

The whole city could be set down easily within the limits of Central Park, New York; and yet where else in all the wide world is there such another city "desolated," and yet actively leading in the most liberal and advanced scholarship of the present day?

Within the compass of her few streets stand the ruins of her noble castle, washed by wild sea waves; her magnificent cathedral, dedicated to the glory of God in the presence of Scotland's hero, Robert Bruce; within whose walls the marriages of the kings were celebrated with ceremonious pomp—notably that of James V. and Mary of Guise, the parents of the ill-fated Mary Stuart—and where masses were sung by the successive bishops and archbishops, sons of these kings.

The Priory, too; the Houses of the Gray, White and Black Carmelites, honored of King



COLLEGE CHURCH.

David ; the house where Queen Mary lodged ; St. Leonard's, St. Salvator's and St. Mary's Colleges, the old Gateway, St. Regulus Tower looking down over all—are they not there still ? Truly, every stone you tread on has its history, and to the Scot returning to his native land St. Andrews may well be a place of pilgrimage.

Here the conflict of the Reformation raged the fiercest, for after John Knox's sermon, preached from that old black pulpit, with its sand hour-glass attached, at Easter, 1547 A.D., the work of demolition began, and now all is desolate.

In Knox's own words, he "had pulled down the nests and the rooks flew away." The most ardent Presbyterian must regret such destruction. The Reform faith has suffered none, but rather gained in power, when proclaimed from those



INTER UNIVERSITY GOLF MEDAL.



ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUBHOUSE, ST ANDREWS

glory ; the marble tomb of Bishop Kennedy in the College Church, the fine silver mace with its Gothic tracery in the university, and as a set-off to Wishart's the mural monument in carved marble to the memory of the murdered Archbishop Sharp, serve us as proofs of the existence of the gold and silver figures of

other cathedrals—St. Giles and glorious Glasgow, Aberdeen, Brechin, Dunkeld, Dunblane and Kirkwall ; whilst St. Andrews—fairest of all—is given over to the owls and the bats.

But the lessons of history must be progressive. Whilst regretting John Knox's vehemence, the true Scot gazes reverentially on his black oak pulpit in the College Kirk, and muses over the evils of the past as he stands by the monuments of Wishart and Hamilton, martyrs for their Reformed faith.

The city has few relics to show of its former



BLACKFRIARS RUINS.

Christ and His disciples, and the shrine of beaten gold for the saint's bones, which became the spoil of the destroyers in their destruction of the cathedral.



BABES OF ST. ANDREWS.

But though the temporal glories are gone, St. Andrews still remains the ecclesiastical capital. The church which John Knox established has been honorably upheld. What a host of noble dead exemplified her teaching in their lives! Around her college walls cling memories of Tulloch and Cunningham, men whom our Queen delighted to honor. Nor must we forget the living representative, the ever-eloquent Dr. Boyd, the A. K. H. B. of literature, and a very important personage in modern St. Andrews.

The university, the oldest of the four in Scotland, received its charter in 1413 A. D., but for two hundred years before this its endowed schools were famed.

At the present time there is little of particular interest in the buildings; in the museum, however, there is one of the finest collections of fossil fish, of the old redstone formation, in the world.

Among the thousands of distinguished students who have studied within its walls, Dunbar, the poet; George Buchanan, the scholarly tutor of James VI.; "Bonnie Dundee" of history; the Admirable Crichton; and of recent years the genial Principal Shairp, a truly representative Scot, and the versatile Andrew Lang, shine forth conspicuously.

Truly the charm of St. Andrews is indefinable; like Dean Stanley, all who go there leave but to come again.

And now having enumerated the ancient glories of this historic city, let me try to picture its natural situation. Had St. Rule not landed here it

would in all probability, at the present day, be but one of the many villages of the "Glorious Kingdom of Fife," for it has a fine natural harbor, and its fisher folk represent no mean item in the population.

Built on the rocks overhanging the German Ocean, its links slope gradually down toward the mouth of the River Eden and extend for miles along the sandy shore on which the surf breaks and moans. As the sun goes down in the west, in a haze of purple and red and gold, the lights and shadows on the old gray walls and crumbling towers, with the crested waves of a green and glittering sea in the background, seem weird and fanciful and fairylike.

A St. Andrews sunset has oft been likened to the best of Turner's effects on canvas, and once seen can never be forgotten.

But let the scene be changed. The sea no longer breaks gently upon the rocks beneath the castle where Mary Hamilton, of the Queen's Maries, sat and moaned as she waited for the death gun to boom forth its news of the gallant Chastelar's execution. The waves dash wildly against the rocks, the spray is driven by a furious northeast wind through the narrow streets, and the gray, sullen sky lowers down and intensifies the leaden gloom that hangs over all. There are no lights now, it is all shade; and only the scarlet gown of a belated student, hurrying homeward, warms up the darkness. The sea lashes itself into fury, and many a vessel is driven to her doom on the rocks. The schoolboy fresh from the heather-clad inland glens sees death sweeping its victims to a watery grave whilst pitying ones look on from shore, helpless. Alas! many a tale of those who go down to the sea in ships has ended on the jagged rocks of that wild North Sea.

The storm is over, the sun again shines forth, and the "wind-swept" links are once more gay, for here the royal game of golf is played to perfection, and adds considerably to the popularity of this town, which plays a double part.

From November to May it is a university city; from May to November the homes of the students become the resting places of visitors in search of health and pleasure.

Over these breezy links hundreds of enthusiastic golfers may be daily seen, accompanied by their attendant satellites the "caddies," or club bearers.

It is often said of the British that the vagaries of the weather is their chief topic of conversation. In St. Andrews, however, the weather has to play second fiddle, for golf reigns supreme. To the uninitiated the constant discussion of "hazards," "bunkers," "tees" and "putting greens," "cleeks and clubs," wonderful "drives"—exemplifying the golfer's motto, "Far but sure"—and the racy stories and gratuitous advice of the caddies, are jargon—but jargon indulged in by all, gentle and simple, old men and women, stately bishops and merry schoolboys; no one is too old nor too dignified to join. For golf is a game

"For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in,"

and, like gambling or opium eating, not to be given up when once it has lured you.

And the game can teach a moral lesson, too. When one's best "drive" has landed the ball in a "bunker," and all efforts to get it out but add to the score—for fewest strokes win—then, as Lang so cleverly expresses it, "The latent virtue that can substitute 'Dear me!' for a bigger D—— is an excellent moral discipline."

Like everything belonging to the town, golf is of old. In 1450 A.D. James II. passed a law against it as "unprofitable sport," but like all persecution it served only to make its roots the stronger, and now, after the buffetings of five centuries and a half, golf is still golf; its name, its clubs, its rules of play all unchanged and victoriously the craze of the hour. When we hear or read of some slighting allusion to the game—"glorified croquet," and such like—rest assured that ignorance is the cause of the sarcasm. Golf needs no defense; the man who cannot wax enthusiastic over it deserves pity.

Remember always the Scotchman is "cannie"; he has played his national game ever since the Middle Ages. He bragged not of it,

nor forced it upon the notice of his English brethren; and now that they and others have "discovered" it, he smiles "cannily" over this newborn enthusiasm, and says, "Ye didna ken gouf," for the *l* is silent, and by the younger generation is pronounced *goff*, whilst the veterans stick to the Scotch name, *gouf*.

And now I must turn to the St. Andrews of our poem, which can be really appreciated only by those who, like Lang, are devoted sons of their Alma Mater.

There is something extremely fascinating in student life at St. Andrews. The graduates of Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow never show the same depth of love and sentiment for their Alma Matres as do the St. Andrews men. The small number of students may account for this; they are more of a happy family, and the social gatherings, or students' symposiums, are shared in by all. St. Andrews, too, has a certain prestige in her Divinity School of St. Mary's which the other universities have never acquired. It is the Oxford of Scotland in many respects, and a greater number of her students are gentlemen, as we accept the term in Britain.

It is from their standpoint and view of Andrew Lang that I write.

Born in Selkirk in 1844, he first became a pupil in Edinburgh, and entered St. Andrews as a student about 1860. He resided in St. Leonard's Hall, now defunct. It was an imitation of the English university style of life which ended in failure. Whilst there he took little part in the Kate Kennedy procession—a relic of carnival days which Principal Shairp abolished. Of the St. Leonard's weekly MS. magazine he was editor



CADDIES SCRAMBLING FOR THE BALL.

and principal contributor, of which he writes in his later days of fame as "perfectly amazing trash," and "I don't know whether the poetry

ings to the university magazine, edited by Mr. H. B. Farnie, of the *Fifeshire Journal*, now better known as a popular song writer and librettist of



MR. A. J. BALFOUR, CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB AT ST. ANDREWS.

or the prose was most unutterably abject—the prose for choice.”

In 1863 he contributed his first published writ-

the operas "Olivette," "Les Cloches de Corneville" and "Paul Jones," etc.

In the literary and debating society Lang felt



VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS, FROM THE SOUTH.

there was much prosy stagnation, so he stirred up matters very effectually by contributing a critical essay on the character of William Wallace, denouncing him boldly. A storm of discussion followed, which had the effect Lang desired; but he was not forgiven, for on leaving St. Andrews for Oxford he was not elected, as is

customary, to honorary membership. A Scot may argue over Knox, or Burns, or Carlyle—Wallace and Bruce are sacred.

After a brilliant career at Balliol College and as Fellow of Merton, he reappears at St. Andrews in the height of his fame to be Gifford Lecturer.

There was much confusion at this time over



HELL BUNKER, ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

the two Langs, for Professor Scott Lang occupied the Chair of Mathematics, and "Andrew of the brindled locks" was Gifford Lecturer. Very soon in the *College Erhoes* appeared a clever skit entitled :

THE TWO L'S.

I.

There's a mathematician named L——,
Who teaches a turbulent gang;
But he'd rather by far
Risk his life in a war
On the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang.

II.

There is also a poet named L——,
Of the dear little city who sang;
If he wouldn't be funny,
Nor make so much money.
He might be immortal, might L——.

Lord Gifford, an eccentric lawyer in Edinburgh, left a large sum of money, the interest of which is devoted to pay a lecturer to discuss our religious beliefs from any point of view whatever. As a rule, each university chooses one of her brilliant graduates; so Lang came to St. Andrews. He astonished everyone by treating the subject from a mythological point of view.

At first the students were very noisy and would not consider his lectures seriously; so he complained to Principal Donaldson and wanted to have them turned out. Many ladies were present. Lang used to follow the principal on to the platform, walking in a jerky manner, his head well up, and his long, wiry, iron-gray hair, which gives him the title of "brindled locks," hanging round his ears. His face wore a perfectly bored and indifferent look, and his voice was squeaky and said to be assumed. His delivery was quick, and gave one the impression that he did not care a rap whether the audience followed him or not—they were entirely beneath his notice; on the principle of "the loss is yours, not mine," a very common trait in Scottish character.

But his perfect command of language gradually riveted their attention, and after the first two lectures he dispensed with MS. This accounts for the Gifford Lectures never being published. From the subject in hand he would turn for illustration to some classic allusion, translating it into perfect and poetical English without a moment's hesitancy.

And I think Lang's name will descend to posterity through his books "Custom and Myth" and "Myth, Ritual and Religion," more than by his literary essays.

In opposing Max Müller and his followers in the theory that all myths originate in the dawn, the clouds and the light, and the philological

explanation thereof, Lang is slowly but surely gaining ground in his assertion that we best study myths in the customs of savage races in existence. What they do now was done by civilized races in their primitive state. And this argument has great reason in it for mythologists and folklorists. The savage is a practical man; food and fighting are his idols, and rhapsodies on dawn and moonlight are not in his line. If we believe that reasoning by analogy holds good in any subject it must certainly do so in this.

It is hard, very hard, to place Andrew Lang; a brilliant, keen, polished and versatile writer, witty and cynical in retort, a perfect master of classic allusion, a Homeric scholar, a critic, a lecturer, a *littérateur*, a leader in the "new journalism," and a thoroughly "up-to-date" man, he does everything well, and still he has much of the *dilettante*.

If we think of him seriously, it must be as of one who never seems to be in earnest, but bored, indifferent, laughing in his sleeve at everything. Sometimes we can estimate a character better by contrast, so we shall compare him with another journalist, a Scot, too, but in a different rank of life—Barrie of "Thrums" fame, an Edinburgh student and a typical cannie Scot, full of seriousness, appreciative of pathos, quiet and earnest.

There have been many generations of mud-walled huts in Scotland, but this quiet, almost gawky lad discovered "The Window in Thrums," and from one of his books he has already promise of more permanent fame than will ever be given to all Lang's essays, poems and reflections, sparkling with brilliancy though they be.

It is hard to realize how much Lang has written. Go to the "L" reference drawer in some of our good public libraries, and you will be astonished how many cards are filled with his name. Try it; you may reproach yourself that you have never heard much of him, but you are not alone in this, neither in America nor Britain. His most ardent admirers—and they are many, too—admit he has done so much, and yet so little that will live.

He is a most perfect representative of the well-born, cultured and polished Scot, keen in controversy, quick-witted in retort, warm-hearted and impulsive—the French development of the Celt.

Lang is related to Voltaire and M. Jules Lemaitre, I believe, but this is not the French development I treat of.

The cannie Scot is an offshoot of the original Celtic nature—quick to resent, hot-blooded, a firm friend, a bitter enemy; and the upper classes of Scotland have always retained more or less the impulsive generosity, the easy grace and polished

culture of France. Like Lang, too, rarely do these men burn incense to Gladstone.

Then, Scotland and France were firm allies of old in their common enmity of England. Bodyguards of Scottish gentlemen were in attendance at the court of France, and French princesses became Scottish queens, and many a page might be written on the French customs and words grafted into the domestic life of Scottish peasantry. Again and again some member of a Scotch family stands out French in appearance, disposition and manner, proving points in heredity that skip three generations to reappear in a fourth.

But returning to St. Andrews: Lang's success became assured with the students; he commanded their respect by his ability, for no lad is so unconsciously hypercritical as the Scottish student. Socially, he made himself their friend by entertaining them in his House on the Scores. Being

is proud to wear the medal turned into a brooch for a plaid.

Lang was most generous, too, in helping the college magazine to keep up its circulation, and several items from his pen appeared first in *College Echoes*, and afterward "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's*; such as "Herodotus in St. Andrews," "Dr. Johnson on the Links," etc.

He is the *bon camarade* of young men, and most generous in his help. Many a St. Andrews man owes his lift in life to Lang's influence.

We all admire him, nay, are intensely proud of him, and we yet hope for some masterpiece which will assure his name with posterity.

If critical of his manner and method, we would not lose one item of his strongly marked individuality, for he has nothing of the commonplace in his character. If there be a temptation to criticise on the one hand, on the other our defence would end in enthusiastic admiration. So



GRAND RUSH TO SEE THE CAPTAIN'S LAST "PUT"

himself an enthusiastic athlete, he won their hearts by giving medals, cups and other prizes for competition in cricket, football and golf. Many a one recalls and quotes with pleasure, not unmixed with pride, his tour of the links with "Our Andrew," though Lang has never been a brilliant golfer. As an angler he excels, and the nonchalant air on his face is best depicted in his photograph in angling costume (see next page).

In the Inter-University Golf Match he takes the greatest interest. This game is always played on neutral ground, generally on The Inches at Perth, a nineteenth-century successor to that other contest of brawny muscle between the clans Kay and Chattan.

To be champion golfer for the universities three times, as was the St. Andrews owner of the medal shown in illustration, was no mean record. The coats of arms of the four universities are depicted on shields, and the sweetheart or sister

strong is the generous, warm-hearted personality of this man. 'Tis a glamour, if you will.

But we must break away and say good-by to this charming old city, its towers and its students and its links, with their reminiscences of happy days—those picturesque days of long ago, when the bright prevailed and the gray was in the background; as in the winter, when the students in their long, bright scarlet gowns flitted to and fro across the landscape until it seemed to glow and brighten as we watched.

Good-by to the castle, the rocks and the crumbling walls of the old gray ruins, and to all in this ancient city, the successive capital of Culdees, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians; which has sent forth to foreign lands so many St. Andrews Brothers, givers, doers, helpers in all good deeds, and who echo Lang's words in their hearts:

"St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me."



ANDREW LANG AS ANGLER.

A SHORT HISTORY.

(From 'St. Andrews College Echoes.')

BY ANDREW LANG.

'Tis thought when St. Regulus landed
The bones of St. Andrew he bare
To a cave in a cliff that commanded
A prospect with capital air;
"The seaweed is capital fare
For a healthy ascetic," cried he;
And he settled contentedly where
The college now stands by the sea.

Though his language was not understood
By the Picts who were resident there,
Yet his influence grew and expanded,
And a gown of the red was his wear,
And the neighbors—at first they would stare;
But he gave them, each one, a degree,
And they wrestled in study and prayer
Near the college that stands by the sea.

So he died; but if ever a man did,
He started a work that was fair;
And the monks who came next—to be candid—
They set an example as rare.
The Reformers—well, well—didn't care
For the Church, if the Kirk was but free,
And they founded us many a chair
In the college that stands by the sea.

ENVOY.

A health to Kate Kennedy fair,
To the men of the club and the tee,
And to all who had e'er a share
In the college that stands by the sea!



MISS GOULD AT LYNDHURST.

THE OCCUPATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN AMERICAN CHATELAINE.

BY FRANCES SMITH.

ONE of the most charming homes on the banks of the Hudson River is that belonging to Miss Helen Miller Gould. Lyndhurst is the name the late Mr. Jay Gould gave to the place when he purchased it about twenty years ago, and the name seems an appropriate one on account of the linden trees which abound on all sides.

Upon her father's death, two years ago, Miss Gould found herself, by the provisions of his will, the mistress of two splendid mansions—one on Fifth Avenue, New York city; the other, Lyndhurst, at Tarrytown, or Irvington-on-the-Hudson, as Miss Gould's card reads, Irvington being a suburb of Tarrytown.

Miss Gould has made Lyndhurst her home almost continuously, during the winter as well as the summer, since her father's death. Her companions are her youngest brother, Frank, and her cousin, Miss Northrup. Her brothers George and Edwin, who are both married, have separate establishments; the one at Lakewood, the other at Tarrytown, Miss Anna Gould living with her brother George.

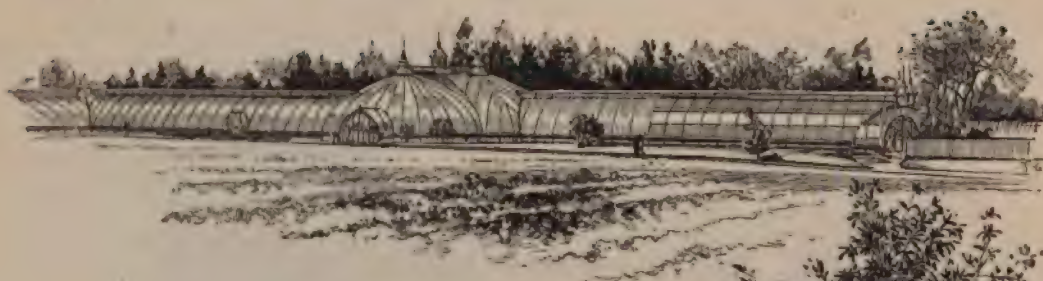
The fair chateleine of Lyndhurst is a young woman, not yet twenty-five years of age. She is slight and *petite* as to height, though her dignified carriage, however, seems to add some inches to her stature. There is a French word, *châtain*, which seems best to describe Miss Gould's style, which is neither decidedly blonde nor brunette, but a happy combination of both. Her complexion

is very fair, but her eyes are hazel and her hair dark auburn. Her features are regular, and her teeth dazzlingly white. Her face is rather pensive in repose, but it lights up when she speaks, and she has a charming smile.

Without airs or affectations of any kind, Miss Gould is a charming young woman, sincere, sympathetic and large-hearted. Her greatest joy in life—the best satisfaction she derives from her



MISS HELEN GOULD.



THE GREENHOUSES.



vast income—is doing for others. The motto of her life seems to be: “I expect to pass through this life but once; any good, therefore, that I can do, let me do it now; let me not neglect it, nor defer it; I shall not pass this way again.” Since her earliest girlhood Miss Gould has been especially interested in hospitals for children and in the crèche, or day nursery. She has supported two beds in the Babies’ Shelter, connected with the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, for many years. In the letter which accompanies her check she always writes: “Reserve the cots for the two most uninteresting babies.” These words give the keynote to Miss Gould’s character as displayed by her charities—they are never for her own personal gratification or satisfaction, but for the relief of those most in need. It is the “uninteresting ones” for whom she feels the tenderest pity.

The Wayside Day Nursery, near Bellevue Hospital, has always found a good friend in Miss Gould. Once a year, accompanied by a friend, she makes a tour of the day nurseries in New York. Very quietly and with as few questions as possible—for Miss Gould is a very reserved person and not much of a talker—she discovers the special needs of the different crèches, and within a day or two after her visit the matrons receive checks for substantial sums, and often in addition packages of material to be made up into garments.

Last year, carrying out a long-cherished scheme, Miss Gould established a home for children about two miles from Tarrytown; “Woody Crest” she calls the place, and here life is made worth the living to many a waif. Indeed, Woody Crest is a haven of delight to more than two-score children at a time, that number being sent up from New York for a two weeks’ visit, to be replaced at the end of the time by as many more tots.

Miss Gould drives out frequently from Lyndhurst to Woody Crest and has a personal oversight of the establishment. Every day a large wagonette drawn by two splendid bay horses calls for a

party of children, and in relays they take long drives about the country. They all love Miss Helen, and call her their fairy godmother.

One of the parties entertained during the summer was composed of twenty-five little ones from the kindergarten department of the Potted Plant Association, of which Mrs. George Gould is president. Twice a year Mrs. Gould presents a growing plant to each child of the association, and prizes are occasionally distributed to encourage the children in taking good care of their plants. Miss Gould has recently put up several portable cottages at Woody Crest; there is one for the sick, another for a laundry, and another for the servants to sleep in. Besides having amusements provided for them, the older children, some of whom remain for the summer, are instructed in different branches. Printing is very popular with the older boys, and two of them set type and print each month a magazine devoted to Woody Crest matters.

The magazine is a small one, to be sure—only four inches one way by five inches the other, and its number of pages is exactly twice two; but then it has a circulation of two hundred, with new names being constantly added to the subscription list.

Miss Gould has many interests aside from her charities. Last spring she was elected vice president of the Berkeley Ladies’ Athletic Club, that very smart organization where society women meet to exercise their muscles and broaden their chests. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is one of the board of governors, Mrs. Leon Marie is another, with Mrs. Janvier Le Duc president of the club.

When asked to join the society of the “Daughters of the American Revolution” Miss Gould replied that she should be obliged to show her

patriotism in some other way, as she had already so many claims upon her time.

Miss Gould has been a member of the Berkeley for several years, or since its foundation. She is not very enthusiastic, however, on the subject of athletics, except in the form of bowling.

She learned the game to please her brothers, and now she is quite devoted to it and rolls some good scores. It is the only game, in fact, that she ever plays.

During the winter one of the features of club life at the Berkeley was the bowling party which Miss Gould gave every Monday evening at the club rooms. She had the use of the two alleys, and her guests, numbering about sixteen, were served with a delightful little supper after the games, and flowers from the Lyndhurst conservatories bloomed generously forth on every side.

A bowling alley at Lyndhurst seemed a very desirable addition to her place, and one which cost in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars has lately been completed. It stands quite apart from the house, nearly at the foot of the hill, which slopes down to the Hudson. Near by are the tennis courts; a little way to the south is a bridge which spans the tracks of the Central Railroad, and leads to the boat landing; here the *Atalanta* and the *Hildegarda* were formerly anchored. This was at a time when Mr. Gould used to make his daily trips to the city by water. Miss Gould often accompanied her father. Since his death she has not been aboard the yacht.

To return to the bowling alley—and it is well worth visiting at one's leisure: As the accompanying illustration shows, it is of goodly size, perhaps one hundred feet long by forty or fifty wide, although I must confide to the reader that this is a mere guess on my part. Statistics and so much one way by so much the other never appeal to me; and upon second thought I think it best to refer the matter of dimensions to the reader. The main body of the building is the regulation length for a bowling alley; at either end

is a tower as large as a drawing room of ordinary size.

The room at the south side is fitted up in charming style, with rugs in light colors, and willow chairs, settees and tables—a pleasant resting place while waiting for one's turn to play. The room at the other end Miss Gould uses for a sewing room, and here, every Saturday morning, she presides over a class of little girls, the children of the workmen on her place.

The two rooms above are delightful places, with large windows shaded by awnings. Here one can sit and watch the boats passing up and down the river, and the changing lights and shadows on the hills beyond. Steps on the outside lead up to these pavilions. Dormer windows give light to the interior of the building, which is also further lighted on the river side by large



THE BOWLING ALLEY.

windows which open on a broad veranda. Altogether the bowling alley is a charming place—and available in winter as well as summer, for a huge fireplace, large enough to roast the traditional ox, gives promise of blazing logs and warmth. When needed, the andirons, bellows, and other paraphernalia necessary to every well-regulated fireplace, are of wrought iron in artistic devices.

The bowling alley, as I said before, stands quite

which there are about twenty separate rooms, not counting the "hospital," as Miss Gould calls the room where delicate or drooping plants and seedlings are cared for.

The main greenhouse, the centre one, and from which the others extend on each side at right angles, is built in the form of a mosque, and is eighty-five by seventy-five feet. In the centre, ranged in tiers, which form an immense pyramid, are some magnificent specimens of palms, tree



THE BOWLING ALLEY—EXTERIOR VIEW.

apart from the house; the winding paths connecting the two are bordered on either side by flowers and plants, and a garden in which grows every old-fashioned flower is in the neighborhood of the bowling alley.

The mansion itself is of granite, and with its tower and large stained-glass window is somewhat cathedral-like in appearance.

The entrance hall is spacious and hung in crimson tapestry; in the drawing rooms, which are on the south side, the prevailing color is crimson; there is a hard-wood floor, with Persian rugs and everything that the heart of woman could desire in the way of handsome furniture, dainty bric-à-brac and costly paintings. The art gallery, which is on the second floor, lighted at one end by a stained-glass Gothic window, is filled with splendid pictures—indeed, the house seems overflowing with rare paintings. They greet you upon entering, and in every room in the house.

This little sketch of Miss Gould's summer home would be quite incomplete without some account of the greenhouses, which are famed throughout the country, and everyone who makes a pilgrimage to Sleepy Hollow stops to visit the wonderful collection of plants—exotics, orchids, palms, ferns and foliage plants, which have been gathered together here from all parts of the world.

The gates of Lyndhurst are always open, Sundays alone excepted, when anyone is at liberty to enter and to make a tour of the greenhouses, of

ferns and crotons, which lift their heads high above you in tropical splendor. Indeed, one can easily imagine oneself in the tropics, even to the alligators, for several play about in a basin at the foot of a bread palm. They are very tiny alligators, however—just baby ones.

When Miss Gould pays a visit to her conservatories the fern and palm house is the one in which she lingers longest. These plants seem to charm her more than the flowers, although she has a great affection for the orchids, which were her father's pets.

One plant to which she always calls the visitors' attention in the fern house is the lattice leaf, or lace-leaf plant; its botanical name is rather formidable—*Ouvirandra fenestralis*. It is an aquatic, growing entirely under the water. The young leaves are of a pale yellowish-green color, and appear to be whole; but as they grow they assume the appearance of delicate lacework, like a bit of Mechlin or point d'Alençon lace.

The two orchids which the mistress of the establishment always wants pointed out to visitors are the *Sanctus Spiritus* and the *Veiled Nun*. The reader is perhaps familiar with both these rare and lovely flowers; the one with its striking resemblance to a dove with outstretched wings, within a pure white, bell-shaped covering, and the other with the face of a nun, downcast eyes, cap, hood and all.

The resemblance is really wonderful and almost startling; the one little blossom of this

plant which I brought home with me I treasured for many days, and parted from, when finally its end came, with deep regret.

In the orchid house, at present, there are eight thousand plants and five thousand seedlings, to speak with the exactness of a mathematician and upon the authority of the head gardener, Mr. Mangold.

Much of the fame of the Gould collection, by the way, is due to Mr. Mangold's persistence and devotion to it. He knows every plant almost by heart, and he has entire charge of the selection of everything, with always *carte blanche* in securing any novelty.

Upon one occasion he was fortunate enough to obtain the celebrated cica tea Emperor William; this was at a cost of over one thousand dollars. It is a tree for which all the scientists in Europe had hunted, but for which Mr. Gould's order, by cable, was the first to reach Berlin.

One house is devoted entirely to crotons, or foliage plants. The gardener has named some varieties for members of the family; one tall plant, with prettily striped green and red leaves, is named the "Jay Gould"; the prettiest one of all—yellow, red and green—is the "Mrs. Jay Gould"; still another is the "Mrs. George Gould."

In the autumn the large house devoted to the chrysanthemums is a blaze of color; some superb specimens of this favorite flower are found here.

Carnations are a pet flower with Miss Gould, and one—a white blossom with reddish stripes—has been named "Helen Gould"; over forty-five varieties of carnations are in bloom all the year round. As many as five hundred orchids in bloom at one time is a record of which the gardener is very proud. The best class of orchids have a very insignificant and dwarfed appearance when not in bloom, and therefore every effort is put forth to have as many in blossom as possible. When Mr. Gould was alive about one hundred orchids at a time were sent down to his town house, during the winter, several times a week.

During the summer the lawns and gardens about the place are gay with flowers and foliage plants, about twenty-five thousand being set out every spring.

Yellow and white are the favorite colors for the house. Every morning a basket of greenhouse treasures is sent in to Miss Gould, who, as a rule, arranges them herself. She can literally live in a bower of roses if she chooses.

Although yellow and white are the favorite colors for house decoration, for personal use Miss Gould prefers the violet and its royal sister, heart's-ease; a pot of mignonette, *herbe d'amour*, as the Frenchman calls it, always stands in her boudoir; and these three flowers, in their fragrance and modesty, seem the most fitting emblems to be associated with the fair mistress of Lyndhurst.



BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

I.

Four persons were assembled in the little white house near the great Baths of Casamiciola on this evening of the 28th of July, 1883.

They were old Becchi, whose house it was, and his daughter Margarita, who lived with him, as was natural, seeing that she was only

seventeen; Fra Angelo, Becchi's son, a member of a Carmelite monastery which had been lately disestablished by the government; and young Sanzi, who was, he said (and Margarita believed him), dying to have Becchi's daughter for wife.

But the assembly was far from being an amica-

ble one. The reason was this: Old Becchi's grandfather had, about a hundred years ago, called young Sanzi's great-grandfather by a very gross name. The insult was remembered. Not for two generations had the Becchi and Sanzi interchanged other courtesies than scowls. This applies even more to the womenkind of the respective families than to the men. And yet here was young Pietro Sanzi coming to Becchi's house (which had been his grandfather's—so stout of wall was it still), as bold as brass, to propose himself as a husband for the pretty Margarita, the jewel of old Becchi's heart.

Small wonder old Becchi—who was passionate to the core—stormed a bit, and raked up divers circumstances which did not bear remembering.

"Your own father, fellow," he cried, addressing Pietro with a demeanor of scorn that cut the young man to the very heart of his self-respect, "once threw dirt at me before his reverence the priest, and I cursed him for it. Dio mio! and the simpleton supposes I'll give him my daughter!"

He said these latter words with outstretched hands toward Fra Angelo and with bitter contempt nestling at the corners of his mouth.

But Fra Angelo thought better of young Sanzi's rejoinder than of his father's wrath—though he was sufficiently his parent's son to sympathize even with that.

"I am sorry," said Pietro, with bent head, "that my father did that. If I could atone for the infamy with penance I would do it. What more can I say? I love the girl—the Mother of God knows there's nothing I love so well!"

Margarita from her corner in the room, with the caged nightingale trying to warble over her head, threw a glance at her lover which warmed him like hot wine.

"I care for nothing, Sor Becchi!" he cried, "nothing in the world except Margarita. She is my body and almost my soul, and I'd face damnation rather than lose her!"

"Softly, softly!" murmured Fra Angelo. "Irreverent words are not, as some suppose, a proof of strength in the utterer. They are a sin."

"And he thinks I'm going to let him, a sinner before my face, have Margarita!" sneered old Becchi, stuffing his little finger viciously into his earthenware pipe bowl.

The poor young monk, whose earthly ambitions, if he ever had any, had all been shattered by the confiscation of the monastery to which he belonged, and his own expulsion, to beg his bread in the land, turned toward Margarita.

"Sister," he said, in the soft voice that had won such regard for him (together with his gen-

tle nature) in the monastery, "couldst thou marry a man of whom thy father thinks so ill?"

"Yes," whispered the girl, "if the man was Pietro."

She was a lovely maiden, this Margarita Becchi, beautifully shaped, with a skin that seemed to have been dipped in gold, large dark eyes, and black hair that hung in two thick tresses to her hips. And she blushed through her golden skin while she spoke, with her eyes wandering quickly to and fro between the three men present.

Sor Becchi again jerked up his hands. His face became contorted with rage.

"Oh, it is a conspiracy!" he screamed, in a truly Italian sudden access of fury. "You are all against me. I, the father of the house, am of no account. Even my son comes from his convent to say to me, 'Father, thou art a poor silly fool who knows not the ways of the world!' I expect to be told soon that I cannot handle a spade. One does not in these times look for spirit among the monks: they confess sins and stuff their bellies—that is what it comes to. But by St. Gennaro I swear it—hear me, all of you—while I live I'll never let this thing lie. Get thee gone from us, girl—off to thy room! And the next time I hear from those disgraced lips that thou canst love where I hate—and my father and grandfather before me—with these own old hands of mine I'll beat thee!—I'll beat thee, I say! For all thy fine looks and nice ways, hypocrite that thou art, like all thy sex, I'll beat thee, I say! Though thou wert twenty I'd beat thee, and I'll not desist from it when thou art still but a child—Dio mio, no!"

"I am no child, father," said the girl. And her eyes flashed through the tears which had flooded them.

"I say thou art!" shrieked the old man.

He was rushing at his daughter, with extended fingers, as if he meant to tear her in pieces, when Fra Angelo stepped between them. The young monk clutched his brown skirts with his hands—it was as if he thus assured himself against the horrible crime of raising a finger against his father. He turned his pale face toward Sor Becchi as he ejaculated, appealingly:

"For the love of God, sir!"

"For the love of God, that, monk!" shrieked Sor Becchi.

Fra Angelo bent his face, but he uttered no cry of pain, though the ten fingers with their bone-hard nails had left ten red zigzags on his cheeks. Blood trickled down the pallid skin, and hung in clots at the jaw.

"Father, lie down and compose thyself," said the young monk, tremulously, when he had

made the sign of the cross. "And you, Sanzi, had best go. Perchance God will reconcile all things in His way—we cannot tell."

Exchanging a look with Margarita, Pietro snatched up his hat and passed through the door. He might have gone by the garden, but as chance had it he strode into the kitchen, meaning thence to reach the highroad by the Baths.

Hardly had he moved to do this when the nightingale in its cage flew in a frenzied way from side to side with plaintive little wails, and Sor Becchi's dog—a brown poodle—began to howl dismally.

Again Fra Angelo made the sign of the cross as he exclaimed:

"Mother of God protect us, now and always!"

But ere the words had slipped through his teeth they heard a rumbling, and almost simultaneously the earth heaved under their feet, and the walls of the house and the upper part crashed in upon them.

One concerted cry, and they were buried.

II.

SOR BECCHI was killed outright by this catastrophe.

The other two discovered this when they had drawn breath several times, realized their own comparative well being, and felt that a certain amount of moving space was left to them.

Margarita, in groping with her hands, put her palm upon her brother's wounded face. Her touch reminded him that he ought to bestir himself. And when he in his turn felt about with his fingers he found his father. With difficulty he got at the old man's heart—he was doubled up, with about two quintals of brick and stone on his neck—and whispered:

"He is dead!"

The girl murmured for reply:

"It does not matter—we also shall soon die, too."

Hardly had she said this when they both heard a shout—faint but positive. It came from their neighborhood—how near or how distant they could not tell.

"It is Pietro!" cried the girl. Her tone changed as if by a miracle. "Oh, Angelo mio," she exclaimed, "we shall be saved!"

"God knows," was the reply. The monk now understood that he was pinned down at the legs by the great beam of olive wood which had supported the upper story of the house lengthwise. It was a tremendous mass of wood. The pain in his extremities began to be acute. "Art thou free, sister?" he asked, dissembling his pain.

"There is something over my feet, but it does

not hurt," was the reply; "and if it were not for the dust which falls when I move I should be very well. And thou, brother?"

"I am as God would have me," said the monk, biting his lip hard to keep from screaming.

Again they heard Pietro's voice. This time his words were distinguishable.

"Are you safe in there?"

"Answer him," whispered Fra Angelo.

"We are safe, except the father, who breathes no more!" cried Margarita.

The girl wondered afterward that she could utter such words with seemingly no more effort of heart or throat than she would have used in shouting from her father's vineyard to a neighbor's to ask for the loan of a bucket.

"I, too, am pretty well," came back to them. "I shall dig toward you."

But though they listened for hours to his scratching efforts in the ruin nothing seemed to come of them. Once or twice the shocks were vigorous enough to bring down lumps of brick and mortar upon Fra Angelo's head. The young monk made as if he laughed at these minor troubles. Yet all the while the agony was creeping slowly from his pinioned legs to his heart.

At length Pietro cried out that he was tired.

"Go to sleep, caro mio," replied Margarita, "for awhile."

"And thou, too, my sister," said Fra Angelo.

"To-morrow thou wilt be saved."

"To-morrow we shall all be saved," added the girl, correcting him.

"One cannot tell," gasped the poor young monk. "In the world thou shalt have much tribulation, but I have overcome the world. Cover thine head with thine arms, sister. It is safer so."

Daylight dawned above the wreck of Sor Becchi's house, and gendarmes and others passed it by on their way to the hotels and larger houses. All Casamiciola was devastated. It behooved those with spades to attempt rescue where rescue seemed likely to be most effectual. Thousands were engulfed. Some would have to wait a long time before their chance of salvation arrived.

That was how it happened that when twenty-four hours had passed no one, living or dead, had been drawn from the ruin that stood for Casa Becchi.

In the meantime they had suffered greatly, these three, in their living tomb.

Sanzi had not slept. It was not likely. But he had kept quiet in his hole between a tilted wall and the floor, the better to husband his strength for the efforts he meant to make.

Nor had Fra Angelo once closed his eyes, except when he prayed for his sister and for his

father's soul, and for divine aid in bearing the bodily torments that soon grew well-nigh unbearable.

Only Margarita had really tasted of the refreshment of sleep. She was young and hale and weary, and when once her weariness had overmastered the excitement and horror which had at first been all-powerful in her it was easy for her to dream as peacefully as if she had been in her little white bed, with the red-and-gold picture of

the Virgin above her pillow. When she awoke it was to hear again the scratching and fumbling on the other side of the wall against which her back rested. This of itself was an elixir to her spirits. It filled her heart anew with love for Pietro, and at every fresh sound she felt the blood respond eagerly within her.

"My brother," she had asked on waking, "when will they dig for us?"

"Patience, Margarita mia," the reply had come, softly. "They must come to us ere long. We have been buried so many hours that our turn will be sure to come soon."

Hours indeed! To him it seemed as if days had passed. And he felt only too well that his life was waning in the agony that oppressed him in every part.

After a time Margarita mentioned her hunger.

"But thou also, Angelo, must be famished," the young girl added, the next moment, as if to atone for her selfishness.

There was, however, no food in their narrow prison, which was sepulchre as well as prison.

"Repeat the Rosary, sister," said the monk; "and when thou hast gone through it once go through it a second time—and a third. It will drive away the tormenting thoughts of hunger."

The girl did as her brother counseled. Her words reached Pietro on the other side, so that he paused in his labors and asked what they meant. And when he knew he worked all the harder, and his shouts of encouragement appeared to become lustier.

Yet again natural weariness visited the girl. This marked, or seemed to them to mark, the flight of another day. And so again Fra Angelo bade his sister seek oblivion in sleep if she could.

This time her sleep was suddenly broken by a great crash. The wall which had kept her and her lover separate collapsed, part of it falling on her and part on her brother.

But the pain of the shock was forgotten by Margarita in the joy of feeling Pietro's arms around her.



MARGARITA.

"I have not hurt thee?" he sobbed. "Say I have not hurt thee!"

"I am not so much hurt as happy, Pietro mio," was the reply, as she nestled her head on his shoulder in the darkness. "And Angelo, too, is well. Oh, Pietro, they *must* come to us soon!"

"It cannot be otherwise," was Sanzi's reply. He, too, rejoiced in being near the object of his heart's adoration; but withal he understood now the deadliness of the peril that was over them.

They made no further efforts to get free. The futility of them was evident in the downfall of the superincumbent masses whenever Sanzi bestirred himself in earnest. It was clear that help must come to them from above if they were to be saved.

The hours dragged on. Fra Angelo had not spoken for a long time. He could not once restrain the groan that burst from him. But when the other two urged him to say what had happened he feigned hard to make light of his weakness.

They dozed and whispered and prayed, and gradually despair grew stronger even than love in the hearts of Sanzi and Margarita. This supremacy was not, however, lasting.

"At any rate," murmured the girl, in her lover's ear, "we shall die together! That is something. It would have been dreadful to have died with but a brick or two between us."

This was toward the end of the second day of their interment. They thought a week had sped—until they came to see that their hunger would have been more extreme even than it was.

Then an idea visited Pietro. He told it to Margarita, with his lips to her ear; and the thrill with which she received it showed him that it was welcome to her also.

"Shall it be so, my joy?" he added. "We shall then sit side by side in paradise."

"Angelo!" said the girl for reply.

But she had to call her brother thrice ere he answered; and then his voice sounded hollow and heavy.

"What is it?" my sister.

"Wilt wed Pietro and me, here in this hole? God could not then but send help to us."

She repeated her request.

"I am thinking, my sister," the monk replied.

Shortly afterward he said:

"It must be brief, this wedding. I have inquired of my conscience, and I see no wrong in it. You do not wed for the sake of material happiness, but because your souls love each other—is it not so?"

"Yes, Fra Angelo," answered Sanzi. And Margarita also said "Yes."

"But," gasped the monk, "I cannot—I have not strength to go through the sacrament with you. I will, if you will permit, whisper it in my mind. Is it agreed?"

"Certainly—that will do," answered Sanzi.

Thus they all kept silence while Fra Angelo strove to repeat the service to himself. The effort was immense, but he succeeded. At length he whispered the word "Now."

"Join your hands," he added—"right hands, if you can do so."

"It is done," said Sanzi.

Then they heard, in quivering, scarcely audible tones, the solemn phrase:

"Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." God and His Holy Mother keep you both," added the monk, with a final sob, "and bring you safely from this living death!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a faint sound over their heads reached them.

"Hark!" cried Sanzi. "We are discovered!" and he shouted as loud as he could.

A responsive sound came back to them.

Thenceforward, until they were disinterred, the noise of pickaxe and shovel was constantly in their ears.

The joy of the newly married couple was unbounded. Sanzi took his young wife in his arms and protected her wholly from the fragments which now fell thickly upon them.

Both of them seemed unmindful of Angelo. They addressed a few words to him, but as he made no reply they believed him to be asleep.

And so by and by they could talk with the men above them and instruct them as to their position.

At last the starlight shone in on them through a rift in the ruin, and their rescue was assured. But, obeying orders from above, they kept still until the space was enlarged sufficiently for passage thereout.

"Come, Donna Sanzi," said Pietro, when they were invited now to extricate themselves; "thou shalt be the first."

"No, I will not leave thee—yet," replied the girl, tenderly. "Angelo, wilt never awake?"

In spite of these words, however, Margarita was the one haled forth first by the rescuers. After her came Sanzi.

But when they reached Fra Angelo they found that he was dead. Both his legs had been broken from the beginning of the calamity.



OLD SPANISH CONVENT AND PUBLIC GARDENS AT IZAMAL.

AMERICA'S EGYPT.

BY ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

THE American tourist now thinks little more of going to Europe than of taking a trip to some neighboring State, but any part of America south of Mexico seems a very long way off. In fact, Mexico itself, though a most lovely country, is for the majority of travelers a *terra incognita*. Nevertheless, a pleasant six days' voyage from New York will land us at Mexico's easternmost State, Yucatan; from whose port, Progreso, thousands of bales of Sisal hemp are every week shipped, the greater part being taken to New York.

As the northern passage into the Mexican Gulf lies between Florida and Cuba, so the southern entrance is formed by that same island and the extensive peninsula of Yucatan, whose famous ruins are surrounded by a halo of mystery, while its modern record is a heroic and fascinating page of American history.

At the time of the Spanish invasion, 1517, the place was notable for more than one reason. The chroniclers mention the fact that the women there were the only natives whom the Spanish voyagers had found clothed from head to foot, in garments of clean white cotton. There, too, and on no other part of the continent, books, written with alphabetical characters, were manufactured and studied by the aborigines.

Those Maya people hold a distinguished place in history as having manifested great valor. Instead of humbly submitting, with superstitious awe, to

the white men and their firearms, they, with inadequate means of defense, heroically resisted the Spanish invasion during a quarter of a century, and were only vanquished when the foe found allies in foreigners who dwelt in some parts of the country.* From that time up to within twenty years ago the history of Yucatan has been a chapter of tragedies. But now the aspect of affairs is quite changed. The old port of Sisal was abandoned, and the new port was named Progress. Stanch piers have been built, and railroads laid overland; many steamships anchor in the roadstead, and Yucatan is at present basking in the sunshine of that peace and prosperity which its amiable and interesting people well know how to enjoy.

When a steamer drops anchor in the roadstead, four miles from shore, owing to the shallowness of the water nearer the land, lighters, thirty to forty feet long, are already on their way out, headed by the boat of the health officers.

The steamer, having stopped at Havana on the previous day, may have gathered in a few objectionable microbes; but the same kind can be found in Yucatan, where yellow fever is endemic and at times epidemic, on which occasions even natives succumb. Personal experience enables

*The writer has published a brief history of the Mayas in the *Magazine of American History*, vols. xviii. and xix.; also in the September issue, 1893.

the writer to affirm that this scourge of the Gulf is not a thing to be ardently desired, particularly in view of the fact that physicians generally are not successful in their methods of treating it.

From the steamer's deck the land appears quite flat, and in fact the only hills are a low range in the southwest, their highest point scarcely exceeding that of Egypt's biggest pyramid. But this Mexican peninsula is a veritable nest of pyramids. Innumerable artificial mounds can be distinguished from afar by the trees which cover them, rising above the rest of the forest.

The officers, lightermen and others who board the steamer are well-mannered and neat in appearance. There is none of that unpleasant confusion, clamor and malodor which assails one at Havana.

The lighters do not guarantee a speedy landing when the wind is unfavorable. But the alternative, a steamboat of between forty and fifty tons, may prove a severe trial to victims of seasickness.

The activity on the pier is principally due to the men who are carting hemp to the lighters; hundreds of bales are piled on the wharf, awaiting shipment, for this is the principal article of export, the annual income from that source amounting to about ten million dollars.

Without quitting the pier it is easy to study the three classes of people of which the population is composed. Here are the white men, in European dress, directing the toilers, commonly

called Indians, clothed in scanty white cotton garments. The half-breed, invariably called *mestizo*, is also hard at work. His dress, partaking more of the European or of the native style, indicates which of the two races predominates in him, and to which of these his sympathies incline. The lighters are generally handled by *mestizo* crews.

Connected with the pier and wharf there is a tragic event which may be briefly told as an incident in the war of races which broke out in 1847, and was actively carried on up to the year 1880: even now it cannot be considered entirely ended.

The engineer who constructed the pier was Robert Stephens, an American. He had a plantation in the northeast part of Yucatan. There, at the end of the year 1875, he was murdered. An Indian servant whom he had often ill treated ran away, soon returning with a party of hostile Indians. Stephens was tied to a tree, and the man whom he had frequently flogged and otherwise abused made little cuts all over his body, saying: "You remember how you treated me—now it is my turn!" Stephens suffered a lingering death. His companion, Henry Burke, was also bound with ropes, but his tormentors caught sight of a violin, and ascertaining that he could play it, they released his arms and compelled him to perform for their entertainment all through a long night. This saved his life, for at daylight soldiers came to the rescue, summoned thither by



A PLANTATION RESIDENCE.



THE WHARF AT PROGRESO.

field laborers who had escaped and given the alarm.

The Mexican tariff is a sore subject with the Yucatecans. Not even corn comes in free of duty, although very large quantities of this grain are continually imported, because the planters neglect its cultivation for that of hemp plant (*Agave sisalensis*). Among many other imported comestibles are potatoes, also cheese and butter, none being made in the State.

A few years ago travelers arriving at Progreso were directed to a spacious thatched hut, the only restaurant, where the guests sat at a table on which no knives or forks were visible. To-day

the town boasts of more than one inn of fair accommodations, and stone buildings have taken the place of thatched huts.

In the warmest months, April and August, ladies of the capital go to the port, where there is always a breeze. They are not greatly addicted to sea bathing, and men and women never bathe together on the same part of the beach.

At no great distance from the town there are picturesque villages where fishermen's huts, their boats hauled up on the white beach, and the graceful cocoanut palms murmuring in the breeze, are very suggestive of contented indolence. This north coast was at one time inhabited by people of much larger growth than the average man of to-day. When Progreso was built burial places were opened and found to contain skulls of gigantic proportions, inclosed in earthen jars.

The ancient cemetery is on the confines of a marsh formed by an arm of the sea and extending far inland. During the rainy season the water rises sufficiently for sportsmen to paddle their boats and bag snipes, cranes, flamingoes, ducks, herons, and other aquatic fowl that congregate in large numbers.

The railroad to Merida, twenty-eight miles distant, passes over the swamp. The road was opened to the public



HALL OF JUSTICE, MERIDA.

in 1881. On the way there is little to be seen besides extensive fields of agave, the wealth of the country, and having the excellent quality of requiring scarcely any attention, thriving in stony soil and needing no other irrigation than the night dew; a great advantage, considering that there are no rivers worth mentioning, though subterranean currents abound. Each plant continues to yield for more than twelve years. The leaves, which furnish the filament, are cut when about four feet long; and after these are passed through heavy rollers the fibre is placed on trestles to dry in the sun. The making of hammocks, bags and cordage is an important industry among the mestizos.

From time to time the country is invaded by swarms of locusts; then the hemp and the castor-oil plants are the only ones not devoured by those voracious insects. Unless one has seen the locusts at work it is difficult to realize their numbers and the terrible havoc caused by them.

As the train nears the capital a few country houses with thatched roofs may be seen ensconced in orchards, and soon the warning bell indicates



AT HOME IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

the suburbs of the city. At the terminus there are plenty of conveyances, even tram cars.

Merida was a city, called Hó, long before the white man set foot in that country. In fact, the City Hall, whose façade bears the comparatively recent date 1821, is erected on the very spot where there was a large pyramidal structure, which Francisco Montejo, the conqueror, took possession of on arriving there, and determinedly held until a powerful native prince became his ally. The hall stands on the west side of the principal



ANCIENT SCULPTURED SNAKE HEADS FOUND AT CHICHEN ITZA.

square, which, as in all Spanish American cities, is surrounded by the public edifices and offices. An extensive garden occupies the central portion, and it is here that one may occasionally see public gatherings and social festivities, national or religious; for while the City Hall faces it on the west, the massive cathedral stands on the east, and very numerous are the miraculous images in whose honor certain days of the year are set apart for devout and entertaining exercises.

The garden is illumined by electricity on the nights when Luna does not make this superfluous, and the balmy air is generally laden with the perfume of tuberoses growing on their bushes, and nestling in the silky dark tresses of the Merida belles.

An excellent band, paid by the government, plays in the garden from eight till half-past nine o'clock, on Thursday and Sunday evenings, all the year round.

On special occasions the garden is festooned with Chinese lanterns. The pyrotechnic display is as inevitable as the venders of national delicacies, seated at their stalls just outside of the grounds. Fumes of burning lard and fiery condiments then mingle their odor with that of the fragrant roses. While the ladies stroll in the garden their carriages await their pleasure out in the road, and the coachmen take it easy, coiled up on the cushions, fast asleep.

Of the cathedral there is not much to be said. It was dedicated to St. Ildefonso in 1598. Its construction occupied twelve years and cost three hundred thousand dollars. Its largest bell weighs ten thousand pounds, and can be heard six miles away. From east to west the edifice is two hundred and thirty-one feet long.

The most venerated image in this temple is the "Lord of the Blisters." More than two hundred and thirty years ago marvelous lights were seen to issue from a certain tree in the forest. A priest had it cut down and carried to the rectory. Soon a young sculptor presented himself and was engaged to carve an image of the "Miraculous Conception." He said that he preferred making a crucifix, and thereupon closed himself in a room to transform the wood. Next morning the work was found completed, and as the artist could be nowhere found the people of the place inferred that he was a heavenly being. The crucifix caused many miracles, devotees flocking to it from all directions. In 1651 the village church was reduced to ashes, the stones burned, the metals dissolved, but that miraculous image was unaffected by the flames, the paint on it being merely blistered by the heat, as may be seen to this day. So says tradition.

The "Blistered Lord" was then, much to the annoyance of the villagers, carried to Merida, and a shrine built for it. The wonders performed by this image are too numerous to mention; therefore a grand nine days' service and festivity is every year held in its honor. The city corporations all dedicate a day to him, trying to outdo each other in the splendor of their arrangements. The gentlemen also have their day, and so the ladies. During the novenary, beginning on September 29th, the continuous noise of music and fireworks is tiresome.

The Bishop of Yucatan is a learned man and a gifted writer, named Crecencio Carillo y Ancona. That Merida has a museum is due to his efforts. His palace is a low white building adjoining the cathedral. Back of it, and at one time connected with it, is the Hall of Justice, originally a clerical seminary.

Merida affords good educational opportunities to both sexes, and those able to avail themselves of them show much talent. Some ambitious parents send their children to be educated in the United States and become familiar with the English language. Certain "sets" in Merida society are very exclusive and conservative; but those who travel abroad and acquire new ideas are more interesting and intellectual.

Merida has a population of about sixty thousand. Even the least educated are well-mannered and kind, always ready to receive a guest with affability and render any service within their power. Violent crimes are very seldom committed.

Poets and musicians of ability are not rare, and music is a decidedly favorite study with the ladies, among whom there are admirable performers on the piano, violin and other instruments. The lady of Yucatan has all the seductive charms and attractive graces for which the Spanish South American woman is renowned, and she is never more fascinating than when swinging in a silky hammock in the seclusion of her private apartment, taking an occasional whiff at a very modest cigarette, her graceful form unfettered by tight garments, her glossy tresses loosely plaited. But the Merida señorita is quite a girl of the period and lady of fashion, enjoying her annual voyage to Europe or the United States, and not averse to acquiring a Worth gown.

Domestic service is performed by Indian or mestiza women. The maids, in their simple white garments and bright ornaments, are very attractive, and some of the mestizas are remarkably pretty.

The general appearance of the city is decidedly Moorish. Its most ardent admirers do not hesitate to admit that its streets are ill paved and

dirty, the highways being thick with mud or dust, according to the season.

The venders, who go from door to door with cakes, preserved fruits, lace and a great variety of articles, generally carry a few lottery tickets. A dozen times a day the lady of the house is coaxed to buy the number that is "certain to win the prize of two thousand dollars." In justice it must be said that this "state lottery" is conducted with perfect fairness and honesty; but the losers are bound to be many; the winners, few.

Old landmarks are fast disappearing from Montejo's city. One of the most interesting was the Fortress of St. Benito and convent of Franciscan friars, built on the foundations of a grand ancient temple. About a thousand men could find spacious accommodation within the fortress. From the shelter of their convent, in 1820, three hundred monks were driven at the bayonet's point, in compliance with an order from Spain. Their fine library was scattered and destroyed, sold to grocers and converted into wrapping paper. The Spanish court had issued an order that all Jesuits should at the same hour and on one day be evicted from all Spanish territories. Two years later Mexico made herself independent of Spain, taking Yucatan under her banner, and later on the Franciscan convent and church were converted into state prison and barracks for Federal troops. In the walls of the Church of St. Francisco were found skeletons of human beings who had been walled in to suffocate and starve. The gloomy horror as well as the romance of the Dark Ages is being dissipated, and modern houses will soon occupy the place where formerly cowed monks plotted and brooded in their cells.

The climate of Merida is agreeably equable the year round. The mercury seldom indicates more than 95° F., nor less than 70°, and citizens of Merida find the heat of New York much more distressing, the houses being less spacious than in their own city. January and February are pleasant months to visit Merida.

It is a great surprise to the stranger who has come thousands of miles to see the famous ruins to be told that few persons born in the peninsula have taken the trouble to go to the ancient city of Uxmal, only a day's journey from the capital. This was less surprising when there were no railroads, for the neglected highways made traveling wearisome. Railways are not yet laid in all directions, and where they are not one must perforce avail himself of a coach or wagon drawn by mules.

After advancing a few miles into the interior the traveler observes that things have a more

primitive aspect, and in all the towns and cities through which he may pass he will find nothing more imposing than the deserted cloisters of the old convent at Izamal, forty-eight miles east of Merida. Long before the Spaniards dreamed of invading America Izamal was a celebrated city of the Mayas, famous for its temples and wonder-working images. People went there from every part of the land to be cured of all manner of ills, physical and mental. Great was the wealth that poured into that city, for it was the priestly centre, their palatial residences occupying an extensive and lofty terraced mound. Bishop Landa, who made himself notorious by burning the books of the natives, had those mansions destroyed and a church and convent built, saying that the holy habit of the friars would drive away the Evil One from a place that had been defiled by the presence of pagan priests. Many a legend and tradition clings about Izamal, making the antiquary love to linger. And still the old city is a place of pilgrimage. Every December a grand fair is held in honor of "Our Lady of Izamal," now the most celebrated image in the whole peninsula.

Continuing eastward and passing through haciendas, villages and towns dignified with the name of cities, one is not long in realizing that the working man, the field laborer, is poorly recompensed for his toil. It is but too evident that within his thatched hut he has to content himself with the bare necessities of life, his simple unbleached cotton garments, straw hat and coarse sandals, his diet of corn and black beans with the occasional addition of pork, and his hempen hammock which serves as seat by day and as couch by night. Nevertheless, this laborer and his family are pleasingly courteous, hospitable, and fastidiously clean in their habits and person.

A hundred and twenty miles southeast of Merida are the ruins of Chichen Itza, originally a large city, whose highways may in some places yet be traced, elevated causeways of solid masonry. One of these can easily be followed to the mouth of a great natural well, or *senote*, a common feature in the country. This well was held sacred at the time of the Conquest, and the causeway was for the accommodation of pilgrims. "Chichen Itza" means "the mouth of the holy well."

The *senote* is nearly half a mile in circumference. On one side, near the brink, is a large cavern where leopards seek shelter. The causeway was five or six feet high, and led in a straight line from an imposing temple in the centre of the city to the holy well, a distance of about half a mile. At its termination, on the brink, there



INDIAN CAKE VENDER.

is a small circular building having one very low doorway and an opening in the dome-shaped top. This was an oven in which much incense was burned; fine ash lies in the bottom, thirteen inches deep. In his book "The Things of Yucatan" Bishop Landa says: "Into this well they have had, and yet have, the custom of throwing living people as a sacrifice to the gods in time of drought. And they believed that, although they saw them no more, they did not die. They also threw in there precious stones and objects of value."

The senote is circular, surrounded by a white limestone, perpendicular, natural wall. The surface of the water is more than a hundred feet below the brink, and when not illumined by the sun appears like stagnant ink. Possibly those who threw themselves into the silent depths first stood on a small ledge that projects over the wall just in front of the oven, and when surrounded by the smoke of incense let themselves fall forward. Once on the ledge no one could draw back; there is just room for two human feet of average size. Beneath the projection the side of

the well is faced with a solid artificial stone wall.

Standing on that brink, one must needs conjure up visions of scenes enacted on the spot long ago. No tomb could be more gloomy than that dark still water which has closed over so many misguided devotees who, thinking to perform a heroic sacrifice to the dear gods, destroyed the life which had been given them to enjoy to their uttermost. And the priests, arrayed in all their pomp, looked calmly on at the frenzied throng, their blinded dupes and followers! There has been some talk of dragging the great well in hopes of bringing up from the bottom something of value, but the result is very doubtful.

In much more ancient times Chichen Itza seems to have been a centre of learning, and of that period not a solitary tradition remains to guide the student in his investigations. The stones are there, and every line carved in them is full of meaning for those who understand. Some day their story will be easily read, from beginning to end. Meanwhile the inquisitive tourist contents



MESTIZA GIRL.



CORNICE AND ENTABLATURE, ON WEST SIDE OF GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

himself with gazing and wondering. The massive and intricate ornaments appear to him utterly unintelligible and decidedly barbaric. He wanders in and out of the deserted chambers; if

he be unimaginative he sees only their empty forlorn ruin, while anxiously peering into dark corners, on the lookout for reptile or quadruped. The fine plaster has crumbled from the walls,



EAST ROOM OF SECOND-STORY BUILDING, PALACE AT CHICHEN ITZA.

mingling with the now pulverized concrete floors. In many cases the upper part of the doorway has fallen, forming a pile of *débris* at the entrance. Bats cling to the arched ceilings, which are almost invariably twenty-three feet high, the entire walls being faced with closely fitted square stones. Swallows and more gorgeous birds, besides many creeping things, seek shelter in nooks and crannies. A momentary retrospective vision changes the whole scene from desolation to animation. Rich curtains hang in the doorways—for we know that none of these buildings ever had doors—the floors are finely polished, the walls beautified with fresco paintings (fragments cling to the stones here and there), there is furniture of quaint and artistic design, and gayly attired people full of life and vigor lend reality to the scene. We open our eyes, and the vision is gone!

Out in the glaring sunlight we scramble over felled trees and angular stones, often stumbling, frequently stung by the spiteful omnipresent ant, and liable to disturb some peaceful snake that will at once get out of temper with us. We want to examine this elaborately sculptured white marble wall, but the sun's brilliancy reflecting from those gleaming stones into our dazzled eyes makes it impossible. We must return when the glorious orb is in the west.

It is worse than folly to question the natives about these ruins. They know less than nothing regarding them, though they always reply, "The dwarfs built them," just as the Peruvians, when questioned about their antiquities, say, "The giants built them."

Those who have given much time and thought to the edifices of the Mayas believe them to be of great antiquity, although they were not abandoned till about the sixth century of the Christian era.

A structure which is undoubtedly of great antiquity is one that for several reasons we will call "The Palace." It consists of three separate edifices, covering about an acre of ground. Some portions are evidently of greater antiquity than others.

The largest of the three buildings had eighteen apartments on the ground floor. A broad stairway, of solid masonry, served as ascent to a wide terrace, and another large edifice built above the square roof of the lower one. Though the ceilings formed pointed arches the roofs were square exteriorly. The structure on the upper terrace is more than a hundred feet long, and consisted of seven rooms whose walls were covered with fresco paintings which would have revealed volumes of precious information if the antiquary had only

been fortunate enough to arrive before time's mischievous fingers had accomplished their work of destruction. Just enough remains to tantalize and to convince us that human beings, variously occupied, were there portrayed by artists of no mean talent. The room facing east has one entrance and communicates with no other chamber. The terrace here is faced with elaborate carvings, much deteriorated by tropical vegetation. By constructing a rough ladder we can descend to the roof of the lower rooms: it seems to have once been laid out as a garden.

On the north a massive projection, faced with steps, leads to a third set of rooms, much ruined. Under the block of masonry there is a passage containing three niches, in each of which a man can stand upright. The lintels of the niches are formed of one large stone, and very fine inscriptions are carved thereon.

That the Mayas were clever stonecutters and woodcarvers no one can doubt after a visit to Chichen, and it is difficult to believe that the workmen had no other tools than those of silex and obsidian. Many jambs are beautifully sculptured. A variety of human faces enables the student to see that the people of those cities were elaborately dressed, and not addicted to the custom of deforming their skulls, as did many neighboring peoples.

There can be no doubt that very numerous sculptures are concealed in grand old mausoleums and other places. The city of Merida could and should have a museum worthy of the ruins that attract studious strangers to the shores of Yucatan.

Uxmal's famous ruins are in the west part of the State, in a valley situated in the bend of the Sierra. Here seven or eight large structures stand within a stone's throw of each other. One is called the Nunnery, because, it is said, certain maidens occupied it at the time of the Conquest, keeping, like the vestals, a sacred fire perpetually burning. All the decorations indicate that this was originally the palatial residence of a certain monarch named Can, whose totem was a snake, just as to-day the snake or dragon is an emblem always found on the banners of Eastern potentates bearing the title of Khan.

The old palace consists of seven separate structures, comprising one hundred and two rooms. All were erected on the uppermost of three low terraces. A central courtyard had an area of about eight thousand three hundred square feet. The vegetation, growing luxuriantly in the court, has on more than one occasion been burned by the people of the nearest hacienda who wished to convert the space into a cornfield, and who thus,

with the fire, have destroyed beautiful sculptures and inscriptions, which, being on the ground, have crumbled in the excessive heat.

The general architectural features are the same as at Chichen and all the other old cities, but at Uxmal the decorations are less chaste, because the Nahuatl invaders, in the early centuries of our era, made that city their headquarters, and placed emblems of their cult, the worship of the reciprocal forces of nature, in a great many of the façades, dislodging other ornaments in order to make space for emblems which exist nowhere in Chichen Itza.

The most extensive artificial pile at Uxmal is that consisting of three great terraces crowned by what is commonly called the Governor's House,

within a crescent-shaped support. Between horizontal bars on either side there are inscriptions recording the deeds of the prince.

In that sunny clime, where a few grains of dust can gather and a drop of dew penetrate, a green leaf is sure to spring. Delicate little tufts of verdure peep out here and there from among the quaint designs so patiently wrought by hands that were long ago reduced to dust. In many places the growth becomes so vigorous that heavy stones are by little and little forced out of place. Sculptured blocks in various stages of decay are scattered at the foot of the walls, some worn by time, others broken, and many with winding ruts on their surface as if eaten by the great myriapods whose dried skins are scattered over the dusty



RUINS OF ST. BENITO FORTRESS.

more than three hundred feet long. It faces east, and when the first rays of the morning sun light up the hill tops the richly sculptured façade, notwithstanding its ruin, is imposingly grand, while at night the soft moonlight lends to it a tender melancholy. The broad terrace is on a level with the tree tops, and after sunset the forest, bright with myriads of fireflies, appears like a reflection of the starry heavens.

A close and prolonged study of the elaborate entablature has enabled us to learn that this was indeed the government house of Prince Aac, who reigned very long ago, and who, in gratifying his inordinate ambition, crushed every good sentiment within him, and sacrificed all who stood in his way. Only the trunk of what was once his statue now remains above the central doorway

floors. Each stone cost many a day's work, particularly if the tools were flint and obsidian.

Cattle from the nearest hacienda, wandering in search of fodder, make their way up the terraces and take shelter in the rooms, where wild creatures also resort, and where, the natives say, unhappy ancient ghosts wander in silent sadness.

In some rooms the monolith that formed the lintel of the doorway has fallen and is quite large enough to serve as an explorer's dining table, while smaller stones make convenient seats.

Camping in the ruins of an old palace is not unmitigated bliss; the insect population is too numerous. Flies of all sizes, very robust mosquitoes, resentful wasps and stingless bees that like to nestle in human hair, flying bugs that suck like vampires, wood ticks that lie in wait

for the tenderest skin in the locality, horse flies that prefer horseflesh but do not despise a white man's, genuine vampires, large wild rats whose nightly carousal consists in chewing those ropes which sustain the antiquary's hammock, ants which come by millions in the dead of night to steal away provisions—these are some of the creatures that break the monotony of life in the Yucatan forest. The leopards and snakes are a minor consideration.

Tourists have scribbled on the interior walls of the Governor's House. Among a great many words there are but few thoughts. Here are two: "Poor traveler, silent admiration alone remains to you before the eloquent antiquity of these ruins;" "It is better to contemplate and keep silent, for truth is mute." Both were written in Spanish.

In presence of the massive and enduring works of the Mayas no one can fail to experience a thrill of curiosity, admiration and enthusiasm. These vestiges of a vanished people prove that the builders were familiar with mathematics and astronomy. Who can decide to what further extent their knowledge went? If to-day our large cities were abandoned, after a few centuries por-

tions only of the strongest structures would remain to mark these sites of civilization. Archaeologists of future times might say, "Those people made big buildings, but they knew nothing about the sciences that we understand." Surely they would not be justified in making such an assertion about us! The elements are the same always, and it is unwise to affirm that the intelligent beings who have preceded us knew nothing of the natural laws that we are learning to understand.

In studying the history of the Mayas we contemplate but one of the many waves of humanity that have flowed on before us. Could we look beyond, and yet again beyond, we should find the same thing, over and over again. For nations, like individuals, come into existence, attain maturity and fall into decay. They die, and others take their place. As with the stars in the firmament, some being visible to the naked eye, while telescopes reveal others more and more distant, until they can no longer be perceived in the depths of infinite space, so it would seem to be with the nations, succeeding each other and lost in the abyss of time.

THE BUFF AND BLUE.

BY MINNA IRVING.

WITH mosses on its dull-red roof and ivy on its eaves,
It stands beneath the summer sun, among the glinting leaves,
The gray colonial manor house, where long and long ago
A girl put on the buff and blue and went to fight the foe.
Her lover fell at Bunker Hill—oh, what a death to die!
(Around him in their scarlet coats the slain were shoulder high.)
No kin had she to take his place and buckle on the blade
That drank so deep of British blood—she only watched and prayed.

But on a morning bright with dew she paced the garden old
(A dainty maid in crimson silk, with locks of lustrous gold):
She heard the voice of Liberty, and lo! it called her name,
And stirred her soul to daring deeds, and touched her brow with flame.
With throbbing heart, and jeweled hands that shook with eager haste,
She bound her lover's trusty sword about her slender waist,
And kissed her mother's silver hair, and from the carved door
Between the ranks of lilies tall she passed for evermore.

From here, and there, and everywhere, the flying rumors rose
About a stripling youth who gave no quarter to his foes,
Whose sword was like the lightning flash that cleaves the sweeping rain,
Who died a soldier's glorious death at Stony Point with Wayne.
But ever in the summer eves they say a spirit walks
Among the rose's tangled sprays, the sunflower's moldy stalks.
It leaves a trail of blood behind, its breast is shot in two,
It has a woman's yellow curls, but wears the buff and blue.



HIGH TIDES.*

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VII.



LOVE your daughter, Captain Dole, and she loves me. I wish to marry her."

The captain was tugging at a new lock which Zeke had just fixed to the boathouse door. He turned sharply round on Chester Coxheath.

"And is this the reason why you did not leave Dole Haven by the first train, as you planned, lad?"

"Yes. I could not go, sir, till I had spoken with you privately. You must have seen how—how things were going with me."

The captain gave another jerk at the refractory lock. His strong hands trembled. Beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"Hang Zeke's tinkering! I wish he would leave hardware and carpenter's tools alone. He was born for a sailor. So you have been stealing my little maid from me, Coxheath? No, I did not suspect you;" and he groaned involuntarily. "There were two girls in the house, and one seemed quite as likely to make mischief as the other."

"You seem disturbed, sir. As a son-in-law, I hope you do not find me unwelcome?"

The frank sailor face wrinkled as if with deep perplexity. Captain Davy stood like a stone image, and stared straight down at the ground.

"No," he muttered; "personally I have nothing against you, lad—quite the contrary; but I am sorry—as God hears me, I am sorry that your choice should have fallen on my little Paulette."

Coxheath stared.

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Of course not. When we talk of Paulette we are wading in deep waters. I had hoped that love and marriage were accidents far distant from her—I had even hoped that they might never enter her life at all!"

Coxheath looked impatient—indignant.

"And why should not your daughter marry, like other women?" he demanded. "That you should expect to keep her wholly to yourself, sir, seems the very height of absurdity."

Captain Davy frowned.

"Coxheath, are you quite sure of your own heart, and of Paulette's?"

"Yes—a thousand times yes!"

"To say the least, lad, you have made good use of your time and opportunity. Well, I might have known how it would be—I was young myself twenty years ago;" and the captain sighed heavily.

The little waves rippled on the beach; the sunshine wrapped the brown bluffs in a golden haze. White-winged schooners flitted past on a violet sea. The whole scene was unspeakably peaceful—not so the heart of Captain Davy Dole, as he leaned against the boathouse door and looked at his companion.

"I suppose you are waiting for an answer, lad?" he muttered, at last.

"Pray take your time," replied Coxheath, with polite irony.

"You already know that I am fond of you, Coxheath—that I believe you to be upright and honorable." Coxheath winced. "Were I forced to choose a husband for Paulette I would name you in preference to all the men that I have known on land or sea. But I am only one person—there is another, a very important party, who must be consulted about my little girl's

future, and for whom you will be required to produce proper credentials, and show both your past record and your future prospects."

Coxheath started.

"May I ask who that important party is?"

"My child's mother."

"Good Heaven! I thought Paulette's mother was dead, sir."

The captain maintained his composure bravely.

"So Paulette herself believes—so I, for private reasons, have given all people to understand. But you force the secret from me, Coxheath—unless I tell it, how can you comprehend my present perplexity? I ask only that you, as a man of honor, will forget this conversation as soon as it is over." Coxheath bowed. "Paulette's mother lives. She is far from me—I have not seen her face for many years—she is no longer my wife; but I love and reverence her above all earthly things. As the custodian of her child I am bound to account strictly to her for Paulette's well-being. Do not ask any questions, boy—I cannot answer them—I cannot rehearse my private sorrows even to you; but this I will say, as a final answer to your suit—satisfy the lady in question that you are in all respects worthy to be Paulette's husband, and you may consider my consent as already won. I will not then put so much as a straw in the way of your happiness."

The blood rushed into Coxheath's face, and out again. He stood dumfounded, disconcerted. Here was a state of things for which he had not bargained! Apart from his record as a master mariner he had known absolutely nothing of Captain Davy's history. And now Paulette had a mysterious mother somewhere in the background; and to her, not to the old sea dog, the lover was called to answer.

"You must submit your credentials to me," said the captain, gravely, "and I will forward them to my former wife. Mind, Paulette is not to know—the time has not yet come to tell her that her mother is in existence. Certain circumstances hold the two apart, and the knowledge would only make my little maid unhappy. Give me your word, lad, that you will tell Paulette nothing."

"Here is my hand on it, sir," answered Coxheath; and the two men clasped hands.

The face of Paulette's lover betrayed great inward disturbance.

"I fear, Captain Dole, that what you demand of me means a long delay," he said.

"Yes," replied the captain, sadly; "but you are young, and Paulette—why, Paulette is hardly more than a child. Both of you can afford to wait."

Coxheath bit his lip.

"I am not so sure of that. How long is my patience likely to be taxed?"

The captain's face put on a worn, tired look. He seemed suddenly to grow old.

"The important person that I have mentioned lives far from this place. It will require time to consult with her. You must not see my little maid, nor hold communication with her, for a year. If at the end of that period you two still love each other, and if my former wife is satisfied of your worth, you will be at liberty to enter into an engagement with Paulette."

The young lover changed color.

"A year!" he echoed. "Why not say an eternity? The conditions that you impose are very hard, sir."

Captain Davy drew a deep breath.

"It is the best that I can do, Coxheath. A year will soon pass. I can make no other terms with you. I owe a duty to my child, and to her—her—mother. You must take Paulette in this way, or leave, and forget her."

There was something mulish in the captain's tone. Knowing the character of the man, Coxheath felt that his determination, like the law of the Medes and Persians, could not be broken. A year of waiting! A year of merciless investigation through all the highways and byways of his life! His blood ran cold.

"I suppose you wish me to leave Dole Haven at once, sir?" he said, huskily.

"Now that you have spoken your mind to Paulette, it would be unwise for you to stay longer, lad."

"Then I will go to-day, as I first intended; I will also produce the proofs that you require, and submit them to you as soon as possible. To leave Paulette, or to forget her, is out of the question. Trying as they are, I must accept your terms, Captain Davy."

The elder man laid his hand kindly on the other's shoulder.

"Patience! Time goes swiftly. I believe that your heart is in the right place, lad. Waiting may be weary work, but you will find it good discipline. I must go now and talk with Paulette. She loves her old father. She will have respect for his wishes."

Captain Davy, generous and warm-hearted, naturally shrank from inflicting pain. Moreover, Coxheath had aroused some insupportable pangs of memory which were stabbing him like knives. He turned hurriedly from the boathouse, and stepping back through his garden gate, walked away toward the house. Coxheath was thus left alone with his own thoughts.

Pleasant they certainly were not. He set his back against the door ornamented with Zeke's lock, and drawing his hat over his eyes to protect them from the hot sunshine, he stared straight out to sea—a level gray gaze, full of gloom and apprehension. Paulette's mysterious mother, who was no longer the captain's wife, would surely discover the hidden things of his life—trust a woman for that!—and part him forever from Paulette. On hearing his story she was certain to take sides against him. This was the thought uppermost in Coxheath's mind. The small waves crept along the beach—he did not see them. The moments lengthened to an hour—still he did not move.

Suddenly the garden gate slammed. Light feet spurned the sand. Paulette, with a pink gypsy hat dangling on her neck, and all her shining love-locks tossed and tumbled, threw herself on her lover's breast.

"I *knew* you were moping here," she said. "Papa told me. How absolutely cruel a good man may sometimes be! One cannot but think that a Caligula is hidden in all of us. And I was so sure that papa wanted me to be happy! Fancy my feelings *now*!"

Coxheath strained her to his side.

"Your father forbids me to see or hold communication with you for an infernal year!"

"Yes," she sobbed. "Is it not dreadful?"

"Infamous!"

"He thinks it is his duty to make us wretched!"

"I never heard of anything so unreasonable. And I am requested to quit Dole Haven at once!"

"Oh!"

He put his hand under her chin and lifted her tearful face to the light.

"Do you love me, Paulette?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Do you remember the promise which you made last night?"

"Y-e-s."

"I cannot live a year without once seeing or receiving news of you, nor will I attempt it. Parted for that time means parted forever."

She shivered. They stood in the yellow sunshine, and looked straight into each other's sorrowful eyes.

"Shall I say good-by, Paulette? Shall I go from you, never to come back?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Then listen to me. I have one chance, a desperate one, and I cannot let it slip. Though I make but a poor return for the captain's hospitality, I must have that one chance! Last night

you promised to marry me, even against the wishes of your father—will you keep your word, Paulette?"

She trembled.

"Oh, Chester, I ought to obey papa—I *must* obey papa!" turning upon her lover the appeal of big, wet eyes, and slender hands interlacing nervously. "You will not ask me to do anything wrong?"

A reckless demon took possession of him.

"I will beg and pray you not to break my heart, Paulette!" he answered, passionately. "Without any good or sufficient reason your father imposes on us a whole vast year of separation. God only knows what may happen in a year—how wide apart we may drift—what hostile forces may be arrayed against us! Either you must abide by the promise made me last night or see my face no more."

His stern, resolute air filled her with terror. The desperate pleading, the passionate heartbreak in his voice carried her will by storm. Paulette was hopelessly in love, and Coxheath's words were more than she could bear. She fell to sobbing on his shoulder.

"Hush!" he implored. "It kills me to hear you cry. Hush, darling! I will give you time to make your decision—you need do nothing without proper deliberation. I shall take myself at once to the inn in the village. At nightfall I will return to this boathouse. Meet me here, and decide betwixt your father and your lover. Whatever determination you may arrive at, I will do my best to accept it as final."

"Oh, you are kind—you are good!" she whispered.

"I am neither—do not deceive yourself. Will you meet me on this spot to-night?"

"Yes, yes."

He pressed her to his heart—kissed her lips and eyes and hair. She neither resisted nor returned his caresses. Her tears had ceased—a gentle passiveness possessed her. Had he conquered? He could not tell.

At lunch that day Chester Coxheath was missing. Zeke had driven him over to the village inn. The captain wore a dejected air. Paulette was pale and abstracted. Laurel Hading, hiding her own heartache beneath a calm exterior, talked with Mrs. Minto, and conducted herself generally as a well-balanced young person should.

As the day wore on Captain Davy grew amazingly restless. Old memories had been revived, and new anxieties tormented him. He walked incessantly up and down his veranda, muttering to himself. Laurel Hading watched him with alarm. How was the malady which preyed late

and early on the strong sailor to end? To what catastrophe was it leading?

At dinner a sudden tempest darkened the air. The rain fell in livid sheets. A great gale arose. Glass in hand, Captain Davy watched two or three schooners come pounding over the shoals, close-reefed, seeking shelter.

"There will be work for the surfmen to-night," he said; and a little later Laurel missed him from the veranda.

Restlessness is contagious. Paulette, too, had disappeared. Laurel ran down to the garden. Over the bluffs a great star was shining through a riven cloud. The shower had passed, and left the air damp with odors of fresh seaweed and drenched garden beds. Laurel saw the gate standing open. She went through, her thoughts pursuing Captain Davy. As she approached the boathouse a man's voice, lifted somewhere near, brought her to a sudden stand. She saw no one, but this is what she heard:

"You handle an oar with ease. It is a short pull from Dole Haven to the village. To-morrow night, at eight sharp, I will be waiting for you at the landing place. The house of the minister is close by—that white-gabled cottage facing the pier, you know. I have been looking about to-day. We can catch the night train for Boston. From that place we will write to the captain, imploring forgiveness."

"How wicked I feel!" answered another voice, which Laurel recognized as Paulette's. "I am sure I shall be very unhappy. I always thought elopements horrid. But don't frown. I will keep my word—yes, if I live, I will be at the village pier to-morrow night at eight o'clock."

"God bless you! Darling, precious darling! I knew you could not deliberately drive me to despair. Let us walk down the beach. We may be seen here. Zeke is always lurking in this vicinity."

The sound of receding footsteps followed. Unseen in the shadow of the boathouse, Laurel Hading stood and listened till the last echo died away.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALL hands on deck! Tack ship! Let go the royal halyards—let the head sheets go! See that spoon drift—hear the loose sails thundering aloft, and there's the water dashing in tons over the lee rail!"

"In the dead waste and middle of the night" these cries rang through the upper rooms of Dole Haven, and brought every sleeper terrified from bed.

"Good Heaven!" cried Mrs. Minto, running

half dressed into the corridor, where she was speedily joined by Paulette, Laurel Hading and the servants. "What can have happened to Captain Dole?"

She rapped on the captain's door. There was no response, and the hubbub within grew louder.

"The cable has parted—we're pounding on the Rips! Ah, God! we're in the breakers. Who's lashed to the rigging up there? Violet—it's my Violet! That's her long hair flying on the darkness. She's calling me. Yes, love, my one only love, yes—please God, I will yet save you. Avast there! Set the reefed mainsail to head the ship off a little, and so clear the shoal."

"Zeke," said Mrs. Minto to the captain's man of all work, "something awful is the matter. His door is locked—you must break it down."

Zeke set his big shoulders to the barrier; the hinges snapped. Then the anxious group at the threshold of the chamber looked in, and saw a figure with eyes wild and bright, and face haggard, vacant, strange, tearing up and down the floor in delirium—no longer the kindly host and master, the loving father of a few hours before, but a wild man, with wits all astray and mind shipwrecked—seeing nothing, knowing nothing.

"Oh, papa! papa!" screamed Paulette.

But he did not hear—he even thrust her away as she rushed toward him.

"Stand back, miss!" exclaimed Zeke, horrified. "He is mad!"

That little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," which had long hung over Dole Haven, now expanded suddenly into a horror of great darkness. Here was the culmination of the nervous disorder, the months of insomnia, which had so harassed the unfortunate captain. Zeke rushed to the stable, harnessed a horse and dashed off for the village doctor. When that party arrived upon the scene he administered a strong opiate to Captain Davy, and set the faithful Zeke to watch him while he slept. No further rest was possible that night for any member of the household. Distress and consternation filled Dole Haven.

Morning came, gray and mutinous. Disaster seemed brooding on everything. The captain was still sleeping heavily when Mrs. Minto glided into his chamber to relieve Zeke.

"Miss Paulette wishes you to take a message to the doctor," she whispered, "and to bring the morning mail."

Zeke departed on his errand. The mail was brought, and left in the family sitting room, where Laurel Hading chanced to be sitting alone. Listlessly, for the girl's heart was deeply wrung by the disaster of the night, she opened the bag and took out letters and papers. In doing this

her eyes were suddenly caught and held by a familiar name at the head of a column of news. She read a few lines, and every drop of blood in her body seemed turning to fire. Half suffocated, she ran to the window and threw up the sash.

As she stood gasping for breath in that fresh sea air, Paulette, wan and miserable, entered.

"Oh, Laurel!" she cried, making an impulsive rush toward her friend, "how glad I am to find you here! I was just thinking that I *must*

"Your conscience is pricking you sorely, dear; but I cannot believe that you would have eloped with Coxheath to-night, even if this dreadful thing had not come upon us. At the last moment your heart would have failed you—you could not have left Captain Davy in that wretched way—the whole plan must have fallen through."

"Maybe," faltered Paulette, in a faint, dejected voice.

"Now, dear, I have something to tell you. Do



"THEN THE BOAT GLIDED AWAY FROM THE PIER."

confess to some one. You see, I have been very, very wicked, and this awful thing that has befallen papa seems, somehow, to force me to speak——"

Laurel put her arm gently around the younger girl.

"You need not—I know what you mean, Paulette. I was near the boathouse last evening, and I overheard part of your conversation with Chester Coxheath. Believe me, it was purely accidental—I did not mean to listen."

"Oh, Laurel!"

you remember the lines that we were reading together yesterday?—

"And when my heart
In one frail ark had ventured all,
Then came the thunderbolt."

Paulette grew suddenly rigid.

"Yes," she answered. "What brings them to your memory—what is it you have to tell me, Laurel?"

"Only that I know of two important reasons, dear, why you cannot fly with Chester Coxheath

to-night. Your father is one, and here is the other."

She put the newspaper which she had been holding into Paulette's hand, and pointed to the familiar name in the headline.

"Read, my poor child," she said, sadly.

* * * * *

News of the catastrophe at Dole Haven did not travel far that day. The doctor forbore to mention it, and Zeke, cut to the heart by his master's misfortune, kept his mouth shut like an oyster. In consequence Chester Coxheath heard nothing of the matter. The arrival of several telegrams had thrown the young man into a fever of rage and disappointment. All his hopes and plans were scattered to the winds of heaven. His arch enemy had vanquished him, and in the agony of defeat he was ready to tear his hair and rave like any lunatic. In modern life, however, a man meets tragedy in a less demonstrative manner; so Coxheath simply paced his room in the village inn, smoking endless cigars and thinking deeply, sullenly of Paulette.

Eight o'clock found him at the tryst. The sky was heavy with clouds. In the white gable of the minister's cottage lights burned; in the breast of Coxheath's coat a marriage license rustled. Everything was arranged. Though all the inmates of the bottomless pit should block his way he would marry that little girl!

The village pier is lighted by a lantern hung on a pole. This method of illumination made a yellow glare on the worn planks and flung seaward some dull, uncertain gleams. Coxheath stood under the pole and looked impatiently at his watch. Five minutes past the hour! It was but a short pull from Dole Haven, but she was timid and young—perhaps at the last instant her heart had failed her—if so, he would go and seek her in person. He would do anything, dare anything, for one more look in her big, innocent eyes!

Dip! dip! Oars were beating the water near at hand. Into the pale circle of light cast by the lantern a dory glided toward the landing place. It contained two persons—both women. With a strange sinking of heart Coxheath stepped forward.

"Paulette!" he called, in an apprehensive tone.

The answer came back promptly. "I am here," and Paulette herself sprang upon the pier. Behind her appeared the slender figure and golden head of Laurel Hading.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," began Coxheath, dryly; but Miss Hading gave him a look which struck him dumb.

"I come at the request of Miss Dole," she said, with a cool scorn in her eyes. "She did not care to meet you alone."

Coxheath went up to Paulette.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, in an unsteady voice. "What has happened?"

She was as white as death, but she bore herself with a dignity quite new to her. Without a word she held out a newspaper, folded at a column of special dispatches. Oh, he knew very well how the printed words ran—all day they had been dancing before his eyes; yet he could not thrust away her imperious little hand—he could not refuse to look. She pointed to the lines, and he read as follows:

"In the Supreme Court to-day decision was rendered in the case of Chester Coxheath, who six months ago petitioned for absolute divorce from his wife, on the plea of incompatibility. The Coxheaths belong to the highest social circles, and the case has excited great interest in the fashionable world. The vigorous opposition made by the lady received its due reward to day, for the court decided in favor of Mrs. Coxheath—the divorce was refused."

He dashed down the paper and drew back a step from her.

"So you know the truth!" he said, bitterly.

"I think," she answered, in a frigid tone, "that some explanation is due me."

"True. Everything can be summed up in a few words. I was overconfident—I believed that the divorce would be granted me—that my release was certain—that decision would be rendered in time for me to meet you on this spot to-night—a free man."

"You calculated very closely between the casting off of one tie and the formation of another."

"Do not gibe. Could it matter whether my freedom was an hour old or a year old, providing it gave me time to marry you legally?"

She had spirit, and it blazed up smartly.

"You were married when you came to Dole Haven—when you made love to me—when you dared ask my father for my hand! Where was your respect for Captain Davy—where your sense of honor as his guest?"

"Small wonder that you ask! I sinned against all laws of friendship and hospitality—I behaved like a scoundrel. The case seemed going well—it was sure to be decided in a few days, and so sanguine was I of victory that I forestalled by own release, and dared to act, think, feel like a free man. Paulette, I have played a close game with your heart, and my own, and—lost."

He set his back against the post on which the lantern hung. Supreme dejection struggled with a reckless desperation in his look and attitude. Paulette faced him in that circle of light, her hat

pushed back from her brows, her eyes wide and shining. In the background stood Laurel. She had turned partly away from the pair, yet, by some preternatural sharpening of the senses, she saw and heard everything.

"You have indeed behaved very badly, very cruelly," said Paulette, with a ring of anguish in her voice, "and I will never forgive you—never."

He hung his head.

"Do not say that. Try to comprehend my temptation, and the love that urged me to secure you at any cost. I regret that I have made you suffer—all the rest is of no importance."

"Suppose," said Paulette, sternly, "that I had not seen that newspaper—suppose that I had come here to-night ignorant of the truth? Of your own free will would you have told it?"

He winced.

"As God is my judge, I do not know? What man can measure his own strength till the crucial moment arrives? I might have seized you in my arms and leaped from the pier with you—death together would have been sweet; or, compelled by your innocent eyes, I might have fallen at your feet and confessed my sins. But why multiply words? I am the baffled, defeated villain of the play, darling, and you, through the commonplace medium of a news item, have happily escaped my net."

He drew a paper from the breast of his coat, tore it in fragments and tossed it into the water.

"Your marriage license, Paulette," he said, with a bitter laugh, "procured just a half-hour before the news of my defeat thrust me from heaven down to hell. There it goes to the fishes! Up yonder at that cottage where the light is shining the minister, good man, is waiting to unite us—I will send word that his services will not be required to-night. Ah, how I betray myself! Yes, it is true that I had determined to go through the marriage ceremony with you. In Boston I have a sister who loves me. I meant to carry you there, and leave you in her care, till I could make another fight for liberty—till I could break the cursed bonds that hold me. I trusted that your love for me would make you patient to wait and endure. Now I have made a clean breast of it, darling—now there is nothing more to say but good night and good-by."

His face had put on a hard gray look, but the eyes were shining like coals. He made as though he would take her in his arms. Laurel Hading started involuntarily forward.

"Do not!" she commanded, in a sharp voice—"do not!"

His arms fell at once to his side.

"You are right," he said, meeting with a cold

smile the glance of fiery indignation. "I am glad Paulette has so faithful a guardian! We may shake hands, I suppose? No? Very well—my punishment is not greater than I deserve. Darling," this to Paulette, "shall we ever meet again?"

"God grant not!" she answered, in a dull, hopeless voice.

He shut his lips mutinously.

"Never is a long day. There are some things beyond the control of human legislation. Whether we meet or not, somewhere on the face of the earth I shall be loving you—remember, whatever you do, wherever you go, I shall be loving you, Paulette! Neither men nor demons can hinder that!"

Laurel put her arm around Paulette.

"Come away," she said.

He stood and saw the two girls step down into the boat. He dared not offer them assistance. Verily the little play *was* played out, and the villain left discomfited.

"Good-by," he ventured to call; and Paulette, turning her pale face toward him for an instant, answered, in a steady voice:

"Good-by."

Then the boat glided away from the pier—away from the light cast by the swinging lantern—away from the tall, dark figure that watched it with desperate intentness. Laurel plied the oars. Paulette, huddled in the stern, neither moved nor spoke. So they vanished from Coxheath's sight into the silence and darkness of the bay.

Laurel, guided by the twinkle of the lights at Dole Haven, rowed with steady strokes. Her whole soul was heavy. As she looked across the black distance she thought of the Texan prairie by night—she seemed to hear the wind in the pecan tree by the corral. Her father's tragic death rushed back on her memory—the face of the man who had killed him. A sob arose in her throat. She stifled it quickly. Paulette must not know. With redoubled strength she pulled at the oars. At last the boat reached Dole Haven.

"Come," said Laurel, as she took the small cold hand of her companion. "I hope Mrs. Minto has not missed us."

They went up to the house together.

"Laurel," shivered the younger girl, "I think my heart is breaking."

"No," answered Laurel, firmly; "it is the pangs of disenchantment which you feel. Forget him, dear, as soon as possible."

Paulette's young body trembled as though an icy wind had blown upon it.

"Forget—yes, that is best," she said, faintly.

"If one could only find out how to do it!"

They entered the house. From Captain Davy's chamber issued the dread sound of cries and wild laughter. Mrs. Minto, anxious and distressed, met the two girls on the stair.

"The doctor is here," she said. "He has been talking with me. He thinks the captain should be removed at once to a retreat and placed under strict surveillance. He has just made an attack on Zeke, and nearly overpowered him. The disease is growing in violence. It is dangerous for the patient to remain longer under this roof."

Paulette uttered a cry. Had the windows of heaven opened to pour wrath on her head?

"Then my father is incurable, Mrs. Minto?"

"The doctor does not say that; but Captain Dole needs proper restraint and the treatment of specialists."

Paulette fell helplessly against Laurel Hading.

"I will take her to her own room," said the Texan girl, as she put her strong young arms around her friend. "Oh, Mrs. Minto, are you sure that the captain must be removed—that he is—is—"

"I have it from the doctor's own lips, Miss Hading. If the patient remains here it will be at the risk of all our lives. Captain Davy is mad—dangerously mad!"

CHAPTER IX.

A MELANCHOLY day in late October. Dead leaves whirled in every wind. The earth was sodden and frost-nipped. The sky scowled with watery clouds, which now, in middle afternoon, dropped spiteful splashes of rain about the railway station of Deepford, where a locomotive whistle was just making the raw air ring. A train puffed up to the little depot. One passenger alighted on the platform—a lady in a gray cloak, with a coil of yellow hair shining under her simple but stylish bonnet.

"Can you direct me to the house of Jasper Hading?" she said to the station master—an old man who stood in the door, regarding her with the curiosity which the Deepford native was wont to bestow on the stranger within his gates.

"Sartinly, miss," replied the official; and he pointed up a sloppy street, that seemed to rise like Jacob's ladder, toward heaven. "First you'll see the tannery—Hading's tannery. Pass that and push on up the hill. His house is at the top—the biggest in Deepford—you can't fail to find it, miss."

"Thank you," said Laurel Hading: and she walked rapidly away.

A few rods brought her to an ugly building, and a great yard covered deep with maroon-col-

ored tan. Here an immensely tall chimney belched clouds of black smoke. On the roadway fence sides of leather hung drying. An odor of hides and crushed bark burdened the air. She had reached Hading's tannery.

The rumble and jar of labor hung about the place like the hum of bees about a hive. On the red tan bed Laurel saw a man at work with a horse and cart—all three had assumed the warm hue of the tan. A brook flowing under a bridge by the roadside had also taken a vile color and odor. Laurel hastened on past the dangling sides of leather and the deep-red yard, and began to climb a long hill.

With the ascent the aspect of the street changed. The atmosphere grew purer. On either side pretentious dwellings began to look out from trim shrubbery. Toil in Deepford occupied the valley; aristocracy, the hill. The highest rung of the social ladder touched its top. There Laurel came in sight of the house of Jasper Hading—a square, severe mansion, glaring with new paint—the home of that churlish uncle on whose bounty she had lived for nearly five years.

Perfect order reigned about it. Not a dead leaf disfigured the asphalt walks; the lawns were still vividly green. Laurel went up to the main door, decorated with old-fashioned fan lights and touched a bell.

Two months had passed since we last saw her at Dole Haven. She was now a teacher in Miss Bowdoin's school. On this half-holiday she had come to Deepford to find her unknown uncle—a visit long talked of, long dreaded. How would he receive her? Her heart sank when she thought of the letter written to her in her early school days. Yet he was her father's brother, and in his own strange way he had made her his debtor to no trifling extent. She must see and talk with him face to face.

The main door opened, and a housekeeper, with respectability written all over her large placid face and figure, appeared on the threshold. To Laurel's inquiry she answered:

"Mr. Hading is still at his tannery, miss, but he'll soon be coming up the hill for tea. Perhaps you'll step into the parlor and wait for him."

Laurel stepped in. The parlor proved to be a stiff, prim, oppressive room, with spotless shades and modern furniture, the exact color of the tan beds in the valley. Laurel looked around. Perhaps she might somewhere discover a memento of her murdered father—a photograph—a connecting link betwixt herself and this unknown uncle. But Jasper Hading had no taste, evidently, for family remembrancers. There was not a portrait in the room—no object that could by

any stretch of imagination recall her father's memory. Then she recollected that the two men had been enemies, and with a little chill of uncertainty she sat down to wait.

A few moments passed. Fitful gusts of wind

and rain began to shake the windows. Presently the door swung open, and Jasper Hading walked into the parlor.

He was a man of five and thirty, sallow and thin, with faded blue eyes that seemed almost col-



VIERGE CONSOLATRICE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BOUGUEREAU, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

orless : nervous, twitching lips, and stiff, scanty black whiskers. His hair was already gray about the temples, and his respectable tweed clothes exhaled the odors of the tanyard. Laurel arose and bowed.

"I am your niece, Laurel Hading," she said.

He stared as though she had been the Gorgon's Head. Perhaps she had never looked more beautiful in her life. Her inward tremor had sent a dash of pink into her cheek, and deepened the lustre of her incomparable eyes. Jasper Hading said not a word.

"You once wrote that you did not know me," continued Laurel, "and that you did not wish to know me; but in spite of that letter I determined to see you. I wish to thank you for your generosity, and to assure you that I feel my indebtedness all the more because you did not live on good terms with my father."

His pale, strange eyes, that reminded her somehow of corpse lights, kept their fixed stare. His nervous lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Laurel made another effort.

"I am now a teacher in Miss Bowdoin's establishment—I have become self-supporting. A quarter's salary has been given me in advance, and I have brought it as the first payment of the debt which I owe you, for, of course, I mean to return every penny of the money which you have spent upon me."

His stony gaze disconcerted her. She drew out a small purse and began to fumble at the fastening. Jasper Hading found his voice at last.

"Wait a minute!" he said, sharply. "I am not quite sure that I understand you, even with the help of that letter which you wrote from your school long ago. Tell me something more of what I have done for you—commence, if you please, at the beginning."

"You know how my father died in Texas?" she said, in surprise.

"Yes. He was the black sheep of the Hadings, a roving spendthrift, a ne'er do well."

She colored angrily.

"He always told me that you were his enemy, sir. We need not discuss my father's character. Because of your hatred for him, you preferred, I suppose, to help his daughter through the agency of strangers."

"Through the agency of strangers!" echoed Jasper Hading, with a curious smile. "Well—go on!"

"You brought me North—you placed me at Miss Bowdoin's school—you have paid my bills and supplied my wants, but never once tried to see me; and the answer which you returned to my letter was unkind—even cruel."

He drew toward her in a fascinated way. His pale eyes ran eagerly over her handsome face and stylish figure, and took in every detail of her beauty. Evidently this niece, neglected for years, had, in five minutes, aroused a tremendous interest in the prosperous tanner, Jasper Hading.

"Ah," he said, dryly, "so I did all this for you? You have told me your whole story? It sounds well, but I fear there is some mistake."

"What do you mean?" demanded Laurel.

He waved her toward a sofa.

"Sit down—you must be tired with climbing the hill. I have managed to keep the family birthplace up here. It was over the settlement of it that my brother and I quarreled. He accused me of seizing the lion's share. I called him a vagabond, and prophesied that he would die in the gutter—an end rather less disreputable than that to which he really came. To be shot by a cowboy in a drunken brawl—fough! I was born to uphold the good name of the family—he to destroy it. But all this has nothing to do with you. Now, attend: I never brought you from Texas, Miss Hading, nor contributed a penny toward your education and support. Till this moment I have never felt the smallest interest in you, or cared to know whether you were alive or dead. If some person has played the benefactor to you, in the way that you describe, I tell you plainly it is not Jasper Hading!"

The blood ebbed out of Laurel's face.

"How can I believe this?" she cried, aghast.

"It is the truth!"

"Who, then, could have done it—who? You are my only living relative, are you not?"

His pale, greedy eyes were still fixed on her face. Her beauty and distinction intoxicated him like wine. He had never before met a woman of this type.

"I know nothing about your relatives," he answered; "you are no Hading."

Laurel grew rigid.

"Sir!"

Jasper Hading burst into a laugh.

"Don't you know? My fool of a brother or his silly wife, ought to have told you. But it's all of a piece with their other folly. I supposed you were calling me uncle only as a matter of courtesy—that you were acquainted with the real facts."

"Speak out plainly!" commanded Laurel.

"Jason Hading had no offspring. He adopted you out of the street when you were a mere infant."

Laurel reeled as if from a blow. Terror, confusion, dismay mingled in her face.

"Out of the street! Are you sure?"

"Yes. You were one of the waifs of a big city. My brother—the idiot!—probably hoped to bring you up in the belief that you were his own child."

"What was my *real* name?"

"I never heard. But you are not related to me by any tie of blood, nor indebted for so much as a penny!"

The great red flowers in the carpet moved up and down before Laurel's eyes like the waves of a sea. She felt dizzy—sick. She had no name, no kin, no lineage. A city waif, out of the street! She repeated the dismal words again and again to herself. The Hading murdered at Fort Lac was not her father, nor his gentle wife, sleeping under a pecan tree on the Texan prairie, her mother! Jasper Hading rubbed his sinewy hands thoughtfully together.

"This piece of news hurts you, Miss Hading—I suppose you will still call yourself by that name? So far as I am concerned, you're welcome to the use of it. Now, I've a suggestion to make. Maybe the party that has paid your bills since Jason's death has a perfect right to do so—maybe it is some relative who has watched you afar off, but for private reasons could not make himself or herself known—let us say your real father or mother!"

There was a coarse insinuation in the words. Laurel shuddered and made no answer. A high wall seemed suddenly to close around her. There was no door, no outlet anywhere. Jasper Hading stood digging his heel into the carpet and watching her from the tail of his pale eye.

"The things that I have told you are really of no importance," he said, eagerly. "You have secured an education—why should you care who paid for it? You are a fine woman—you would pass anywhere for a born lady—so it doesn't matter who your parents were, or how you came to be left in the street. If you were really my niece I should feel proud of you—devilish proud!"

She did not hear. She was silently living over her whole past life, from the ranch on the prairie to this fateful day of dark revelations. Jasper Hading went to the window, drew up the immaculate shade, to admit a little more of the waning daylight, and then returned to his guest, with the air of a man who had settled some important question with himself.

"I have made a tidy heap of money," he said, abruptly. "I can make more. I can keep a wife in luxury and give her fine clothes, jewels, carriages, servants—all the things that women bankers after. I can indulge her whims—I can love her as well as a younger or handsomer man."

This extraordinary speech was also lost on

Laurel. She comprehended only that the sal-low man, with the black whiskers and tanyard odor, was still talking.

"For some time I've been looking for a wife," he went on, "who will assist me socially and help spend my money. She must have beauty, accomplishments and fine manners—all that I myself lack. About her antecedents I don't care a straw. I want a woman that Deepford people will look at, envy, run after. I am no favorite with your sex—I don't go about much, I have little to say for myself, and until to-day I never saw the one that I would ask to be my wife."

Laurel picked up her stray wits, and with the air of a queen moved suddenly toward the door.

"I must apologize for intruding upon you, sir," she said, coldly. "This man, who was neither her kinsman nor benefactor, inspired her with lively aversion. "I believe that you have told me the truth about myself—I am grateful for that. Permit me to say good-by."

He stepped hurriedly before her.

"Stop, Miss Hading, stop! I cannot let you go so soon. I have not said half that I want to say."

"You have said all that I care to hear," replied Laurel, with proud composure. And she waved him quickly aside. He slunk like a whipped hound under her high look. One moment, and she was at the outer threshold—she was standing on the asphalt walk. A door closed behind her.

"Thank Heaven that I am safely out of that house!" was the cry of her heart as she rushed by the green lawns down to the street.

Once there, she turned involuntarily and looked back.

Jasper Hading had followed his guest to the entrance gate. He was leaning upon it, staring after her like a stone man. A queer panic seized Laurel. She fled down the hill as though some evil thing was at her shoulder. Past the fine houses she went down—down, to the horrid red tan bed, over the bridge that spanned the foul-smelling brook, and into the Deepford station. With a cheerful hubbub the Boston train had just puffed up to the platform. Laurel shook the dust of Deepford from her feet and sprang into the nearest car. Robbed now of name and kindred, beset with mystery and perplexities, the girl seated herself in an obscure corner, drew her veil over her pale face and steamed away from the station.

CHAPTER X.

"I was an adopted child, Miss Bowdoin—the Hadings picked me out of the street. Perhaps my foster father would have told me the truth

had he lived long enough ; but he died suddenly, and at a distance from me."

It was Laurel who spoke—Laurel, sitting in a low rocker before Miss Bowdoin's fire, on the night succeeding her visit to Deepford. She had been telling her story, and there was a trace of tears on her long lashes. Miss Bowdoin, at the opposite end of the hearth, was listening attentively. She was fond of the girl, and felt a genuine interest in her affairs.

"It is a trying state of things for you, my dear," she sighed. "You must have found Jasper Hading a very unpleasant person."

"He was detestable."

"Will you keep your present name, Laurel?"

"There is no other to which I have the smallest claim."

"True, and a change might lead to mischievous comment. As for the person who has provided for your wants since the death of Jason Hading, I suggest that you go to the lawyers through whose agency your bills have been paid and demand a full solution of the provoking mystery. Acquaint them with Jasper Hading's story, and the legal gentlemen may possibly open their lips and give the desired information. I say possibly, because lawyers, as a rule, tell no secrets. I will bear you company. Let us go to-morrow, after school hours, for I see that you are consumed with impatience!"

Laurel beamed gratefully on her employer.

"You are very kind. He—Jasper Hading—insinuated that my own father or mother might be the unknown benefactor. How I hated the man for daring to think such a thing!"

Miss Bowdoin looked annoyed.

"I begin to feel a lively antipathy to that odious Hading. To-morrow, then, we will visit the lawyers."

And, true to her promise, Miss Bowdoin, on the following day, made ready directly after school, and the two set forth to interview the legal gentlemen. They were ushered into a private office, where a dapper gray man, the senior of the firm, received them courteously. Laurel told her story briefly.

"For years," she said, in conclusion, "I have been laboring under a great mistake—I have accepted the bounty of some person quite unknown to me, believing the money to be the gift of my uncle. Now I find that I have no kindred, and I am sure you cannot deny me the explanation which is my right. Who instructed you to bring me North? Whose money has provided for my needs since my foster father's death?"

The lawyer cleared his throat and smiled.

"Have you any complaint to make regarding

the treatment which you have received, Miss Hading?"

"No, no! I have been most generously dealt with."

"We—the firm—agree with you. In fact, we consider you a fortunate young lady."

Laurel felt that she had been accused of ingratitude.

"But so much mystery is exasperating, sir."

"Without doubt."

"Let me hope that you will now consent to unravel it."

He lifted his eyebrows.

"My dear Miss Hading, we are simply agents, acting for a party personally unknown to us."

"Is it possible?"

"We can give you such information as we ourselves possess, but no more. Four years and some months ago we received from another firm in—well, a distant place—instructions to find a young girl called Laurel Hading, then living in Texas, bring her North, place her at a first-class school, and provide for her support and education. We were told that Miss Hading had friends who did not care to reveal themselves to her, and that we must transact all business that pertained to the young lady. Funds have been transmitted with unflinching regularity, but no name mentioned, nor clew given, by which we could determine the identity of the sender."

Laurel looked dismayed.

"At least you will tell me the name and residence of the lawyers from whom you received the instructions and the money?"

He shook his head.

"My dear Miss Hading, it would be a breach of professional trust. At the beginning of the affair we pledged ourselves to utter silence."

"A wheel within a wheel!" murmured Miss Bowdoin.

"What can be the meaning of all this secrecy?" said Laurel, in a weary voice.

"Pardon me if I decline to venture an opinion," replied the cautious lawyer.

She regarded him with sudden suspicion.

"Have you any acquaintance with Jasper Hading, sir?"

"None."

"When you sent the Fort Lac judge to bring me North did you know that I was an adopted child?"

He gave her a wary glance.

"Your history had not been told to the firm, Miss Hading."

"Do you see any connection betwixt my more than orphaned state and the care that has been bestowed on me through your agency?"

"I see only that which is desirable for me to see," replied the lawyer, calmly. "Men in my profession limit the visual faculty, or extend it, as may suit the requirements of others."

Laurel arose from her chair.

"Then you refuse to say anything more on this subject, sir?"

"There is but one thing more to say, Miss Hading: You may consider us your bankers, both in a present and future sense, and draw upon us at will. The completion of your education does not terminate the interest which your friends feel in your welfare."

Laurel's lips tightened.

"Oh," replied Laurel, in a choked voice, "it is true, Miss Bowdoin—I feel it! All that Jasper Hading insinuated is true! I have a parent who dares not own me—who is ashamed to openly acknowledge my claims."

Miss Bowdoin frowned.

"Now, do not make yourself miserable over that idea, Laurel. Pray leave the matter as it is—in utter uncertainty. Where ignorance is bliss, or even peace of mind, is it not foolish to seek knowledge? Forget that you are not Jasper Hading's niece—return to your old way of thought, my dear, for you see that nothing can be gained by pursuing any other course."



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY OLIVIER MERSON.

"I will accept no further aid from any quarter. Convey this fact to the parties to whom I am indebted."

The lawyer bowed.

"Miss Hading, accept a bit of advice from an old man: Do not be too curious. You have received certain benefits from a mysterious source. Well, be content. Ask no more questions. The world is full of strange things. Comfort yourself with the knowledge that some one in it is most kindly disposed toward you."

When they gained the street again Miss Bowdoin said:

"I believe that lawyer knows far more than he is willing to tell."

"Very true," assented Laurel, sadly.

Several weeks went by. The gay holiday season came. It was the night before Christmas, bleak, raw, full of sleet. A sharp wind "nipped shrewdly" in the narrow, crooked Boston streets. All the pupils had gone home. Even Miss Bowdoin was out with friends. Laurel Hading found herself alone in the house. She sat at her desk in the deserted class room, and by the light of a shaded lamp, read the following letter, which she had just received from her friend, Paulette Dole:

"On the day when poor papa was carried away from Dole Haven, my girlhood, dear Laurel, seemed to end. For a little while after his de-

parture Mrs. Minto and I remained alone in the house. As it was imperative that I should know my resources, I fell to looking over my father's private papers and accounts. I soon found that he was not a rich man. How could a warm-hearted, open-handed sailor amass wealth?

"'He may be obliged to remain for years in that asylum,' I said to Mrs. Minto, 'and he will need a great deal of money for special treatment there. All that he has must be reserved strictly for himself. I am young and strong—I will work. If I possess a talent, the time has come for me to turn it to account.'

"With deep anxiety I began my self-examination. Teach? I rejected the idea promptly. You have a natural fitness for the work—I none at all. In music, painting and the other accomplishments I recognized my lack of ability. What avenue, then, remained open to me as a breadwinner?

"'Telegraphy or typewriting,' suggested Mrs. Minto; but I shook my head.

"'I have vitality, endurance, strong nerves,' I said; 'I will be a nurse.'

"'Oh, impossible!' cried Mrs. Minto, horrified.

"'I like routine, I like absorbing labor,' I urged; 'I shall find both in nursing.'

"'My dear, no candidate of your age would be accepted in a training school—you are too young by several years.'

"'I will make myself old, Mrs. Minto—I will bleach my hair and score wrinkles in my skin. I will prevaricate in the most unconscionable fashion, for the end justifies the means. Nursing, I feel assured, is the only thing that I can do well; and for poor papa's sake I shall not stop at trifles.'

"Mrs. Minto was shocked, dismayed.

"'You have been tenderly brought up, Paulette,' she said; 'you know nothing of hardship or menial service.'

"'True,' I answered, 'but I can learn as quickly as another. No service undertaken for the sick and helpless can be really menial. I shall think of papa, and do my best.'

"Dear Laurel, it is now many weeks ago since I held this conversation with Mrs. Minto, and to-day I am writing to you in a plain room, furnished with an iron bed, a dressing case, a table and a rocker. Upon the floor a bright rug is stretched. There is a window, in which a pot of mignonette blooms. Some water-color sketches adorn the walls, and the bookcase contains volumes in French and German. This place, not unlike a college girl's study, is in reality a nurse's room in a building of St. Matthew's Hospital; the little mirror on the wall reflects your

friend, clothed in the hospital uniform—a plain gingham gown with white belt and apron, and a muslin cap hiding the hair that was once so riotous. Already I have served my month of probation here and received admittance to the training school. More yet, the resident physician and superintendent speak most flatteringly of my capacity for work and my adaptability for hospital routine. I am now an assistant nurse in the casualty ward, with a salary of ten dollars per month, and board and lodging thrown in. The instruction which I receive—from superintendent, head nurses, lectures, demonstrations from the hospital staff—is, of course, a full equivalent for such service as I can render. My day work, which alternates with night duty, I begin before seven in the morning and end it at eight p.m. I am allowed an hour for daily exercise and rest, one afternoon and evening per week, and opportunity to attend a Sunday church service. I dress wounds, make beds and bandages, observe and report symptoms for the physicians, take a just pride in my clean ward and neat medicine closets, look sharply about me, and miss nothing pertaining to the details of my chosen vocation. You would hardly know Paulette Dole in the person who moves up and down the ward among the white-curtained beds, her gown, perhaps, odorously of carbolic acid and iodoform, and her mind full of temperature charts, capital operations, antiseptic dressings, a dead-white face just carried out, or a crushed and senseless creature brought in but a moment before on a stretcher. The close confinement, the tedious details, the pain and sorrow that first appalled me, seem already like a part of my life. I am ambitious for proficiency—I long to lessen human suffering—to dispute the sovereignty of Death with every saving art. I am no longer the girl that you knew at Dole Haven, dear, but a woman, seeking to lose herself in her profession—glad that she now has no time for memories!

"Laurel, I have seen Chester Coxheath again! Don't start. The glimpse which I had of him was purely accidental. It was on a visitors' afternoon. Our guests had brought in fruit, flowers and dainties, and the hospital wore a fête-day look. He came into the ward with one of the staff—evidently the two men were friends. In his buttonhole was a rose—on his face the same cool, cynical expression which I saw there on the night of our first meeting in the pine wood of Cape Cod.

"For a moment I thought my breath was going. The text-hung walls, the white beds, the whiter face of an etherized patient, just returned from the operating room, swam before my eyes.

By a supreme effort I drew myself together. He came slowly toward me. He was deep in conversation with Dr. Hartman, and did not look right or left. I bent over the pale face on the pillow. The curtain of the bed partially concealed me. He may have cast a careless glance at the figure in the hospital uniform—he may not have noticed me at all.

"Is she really ill, Hartman?" I heard him ask, coldly, "or is she playing some new comedy?"

"I assure you, my dear Coxheath, there is no acting in this case. I found her very ill—temperature five degrees above normal, and all the symptoms bad."

"I am no hypocrite—I shall not pretend anxiety when I feel none," sneered Coxheath. "Mark my words, whatever her temperature may be, she is deceiving you——"

"They passed down the ward. His step on the bare shining floor stung every nerve in my body. Thank God, he did *not* see me! In a moment the danger was over. He had disappeared with Dr. Hartman.

"From my window I hear an ambulance rolling off to answer some call for help. My hour of rest is over. The rush and hurry of life are all about me. I must go back to my post, ready to meet, with quick wit and dexterous hand, any new horror that may confront me there. Parted from my father by a catastrophe worse than death, forced now to grapple with every form of human suffering, your once gay, spoiled Paulette has taken very serious views of life and duty."

With tears in her eyes, Laurel folded up her friend's letter.

"Oh, my poor, brave girl!" she murmured. "I never dreamed that she possessed such courage."

Her own heart had forgotten to thrill at the name of Coxheath. With a smile she recalled her brief infatuation at Dole Haven.

"I must be very fickle," she thought. "I am sure it would be impossible for me, under any circumstances, to care for Chester Coxheath again."

Suddenly a rap sounded on the door of the class room.

"There's a gentleman waiting in the parlor to see Miss Hading," said the voice of a maidservant.

Laurel arose, startled and astonished. She knew very few gentlemen, and no one that was likely to call on Christmas Eve. When she reached the parlor her visitor was standing under a gas jet, with his back toward her, drawing off his gloves. At the opening of the door he turned, and she saw the sallow face and thin black whiskers of Jasper Hading.

"I have found you, then!" he cried, triumphantly. "I was forced to make a good many inquiries, but I am a man of perseverance."

She had paused, astounded, just over the threshold. Her lovely figure was sheathed in a plain black gown, without ornament of any kind; her yellow hair made a sunny crown above the classic whiteness of her face.

"I am at a loss to know why you should trouble yourself to search for me," she answered, coldly. The aversion which she had felt for this man in Deepford returned with tenfold force upon her in Miss Bowdoin's parlor.

He advanced eagerly.

He was dressed in good black garments of fashionable cut; but the odor of tan clung to him as tenaciously as ever.

"You haven't been out of my head a minute since the day you came to Deepford," he said. "I am like a man bewitched. I don't know how you managed to craze me at one interview—me, who never cared for women. But the mischief is done! I want you for my wife—I hunted you up to-night to ask you to marry me."

Laurel seemed to grow an inch taller.

"I regret that you should waste time and trouble on such an errand," she said, with frigid politeness, "because it is altogether vain. I cannot consider your proposal for an instant, sir."

His strange eyes grew a shade paler—his lips twitched spasmodically.

"*What!* you will not marry me?"

"Decidedly I will not."

"And who are you, to refuse a man like Jasper Hading? You were picked out of the street—you have neither kin nor name. I have condescended a good deal in asking you to be my wife. I might have my pick of all the marriageable females in and about Deepford!"

Laurel surveyed him with withering contempt.

"The condescension is quite uncalled for," she answered, "and I fear I do not appreciate it. Good night, Mr. Hading. I will instruct the servant to show you out."

He sprang betwixt her and the door.

"Wait a bit! I did not mean to make you angry. You are a handsome creature, and you are as proud as the devil. I would go down on my knees to you—I would kiss your feet, but I see that it would do no good. You do not like me—I am not your ideal of a lover. Well, I have news for you. Some time after your visit to Deepford I went up to the garret of my house—it was the Hading homestead, you'll recollect—and stumbled upon a lot of rubbish which my brother Jason had left there, for safe-keeping, prior to his departure for Texas. Mind, I had

never cared to look at the things before, but the thought of you made me curious that day. I wondered if Jason had ever known the real name of his adopted child, and if he had anywhere left a clew by which it could be discovered. Much of the stuff in the garret proved to be valueless; but after awhile I came to a small carved box of foreign workmanship, marked in my brother's handwriting with the one word—'Laurel.' It was locked. I wrenched off the lid, and found—what do you think? Letters—papers. Ah, your eyes shine—I have touched you on a tender point at last! You will not call the servant to show me out just yet? Ha! ha! Carefully I read over the contents of the box—it was fortunate that my brother Jason had the sense years ago to leave it in the old house—and by the time I was done I had learned many things: the secret of your birth—how my brother happened to find you deserted in the street—the name of your mother—the names of other parties, with whom you may, if you will, claim kinship—oh, yes, I have the whole story by heart; I also hold the proofs of it all; and if you wish to negotiate for them, if you care to make a bargain with me, why, here I am, open to offers!"

His pale cruel eyes shone with triumph. His voice, his look, were full of cunning. Laurel's heart burned within her. She longed to grasp him by the throat.

"Is it true?" she cried, wildly—"is it true?"

"That I have possession of the box and papers? Yes. You can see them for yourself, any day, any hour, if you are willing to pay my price."

"Your price, sir?"

"Marry me—that is all I ask—marry me, you beautiful icicle, and I will deny you nothing!"

An hysterical laugh arose in her throat. She choked it back.

"If you have found such a box," she cried, "it is *mine*! If there are papers, they belong to *me*. You are a thief, Jasper Hading—you are keeping my rightful property. I will call the law to my aid—I will demand my own. You will be forced to give up your booty."

He grinned mockingly.

"Will I? I think not! I have you in my hands. Trouble me in any way, and I will deny that I ever discovered the box—I will destroy it, and everything it holds. You and I are alone in this room—there is no witness to our conversation. The letters and papers are mine, Laurel, to have and to keep, till you force me to burn them, or bid me sell them to you on my own terms. When you are curious to know your origin, when you wish to treat with me, you will find me at Deepford."

He opened the door slowly—perhaps he thought that she would detain him; but no, though her heart seemed bursting she could not bring herself to speak another word to this man. Her pale face remained calm, her eyes followed him scornfully.

"Good-by till we meet again," he said; "for meet we shall, Laurel."

And Jasper Hading went out from her presence with a triumphant smile on his thin, twitching lips.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD TUNE.

(Gérard de Nerval, 1805-1855.)

THERE is an air for which I would disown
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies—
A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers.
The windows gay with many-colored glass;
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers
That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair,
A lady looks forth from her window high;
It may be that I knew and found her fair
In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

ANDREW LANG.



"THE 'GALVANIC,' BEING AN 'ALL ROUND CLIPPER,' INVARIABLY SHOWED THE WAY."

IN THE PALMY DAYS OF WRECKING.

A STORY OF THE BAHAMAS.

BY SAMUEL PRESTON.

IN the good old palmy days of wrecking in the Bahamas there lived one John Saunders—nicknamed Buck—who owned and commanded a very fast and handsome fore-and-aft wrecking schooner named the *Galvanic*.

In the times of which I write the wrecking fleet consisted of about a hundred vessels of various sizes, the most of which were remarkable for beauty and speed. In her day the *Galvanic* held the proud position of queen of this smart fleet. Whenever the anchors were tripped, the trim sails hoisted and the fleet got under way to sight the various wrecking grounds, in the hope of finding some stranded ship, or ship to strand, the saucy *Galvanic* always took and maintained the lead. Wind made no difference; be it a dead on end beat to windward or a run before with free and flowing sheets, whether it blew a double-reef breeze or barely filled the sails, the *Galvanic*, being an "all-round clipper," invariably showed the way.

The matter of speed was important, as, under
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the laws of the Bahamas, the first captain of a "licensed vessel" that boarded a stranded ship was appointed the wreckmaster. He virtually commanded the ship for the time being. It was his right and privilege to employ the wreckers and to control the salving of the property, and when settlement day came around he was entitled to claim and receive special compensation for his services.

John Buck, as he was familiarly styled, was a large, corpulent white man, a native of that breeding and training place of smart wreckers, Harbor Island. He had been to sea, or rather had been wrecking, from the time he could be trusted to take care of himself. The deck was his schoolroom, and the elements and an occasional rope's end his only teachers. His "book learning" was consequently entirely neglected, and while he developed into a sturdy, thorough seaman, he could neither read nor write. The lack of the latter accomplishments did not give him the slightest concern, however. They were not

necessary to his success as a wrecker, and besides, Mother Nature had made up for his educational shortcomings by endowing him with an uncommon store of shrewdness and common sense.

No wrecker that sailed the Banks was his equal in making a bargain, and in his day he justly stood at the head of his profession.

From the years 1845 to 1870 wrecking was in its prime. It was a most exciting, most alluring, most lucrative occupation. Within that period ship after ship, laden with valuable merchandise, was cast away on the Bahama reefs—some accidentally, but many, I am sorry to have to state, designedly. In one week in the year 1854 merchandise to the value of six hundred thousand dollars was saved from wrecked ships and brought to the port of Nassau, and about the same time the local newspaper also records the fact that no less a sum than ninety thousand dollars was awarded to the wreckers for services rendered in rescuing a valuable ship and cargo.

Collusion between the wreckers and the masters of passing vessels was a common occurrence, and resulted in the intentional wrecking of many a goodly ship, the master of which would hereafter be given a fair share of the salvage spoils as a reward for his participation in the fraudulent transaction. The writer remembers to have heard, when he was a lad, of cases where ships had not even been put ashore, but anchored only, their cargoes transferred to wrecking vessels, and the ships then scuttled and burned to cover up the iniquitous deed.

Nassau was an attractive port to shipmasters. There was money to be made there in various ways, and as a consequence ships often put into the port in distress. Many of these "lame ducks" were condemned and sold, and some were repaired. In a few instances, while a ship was being repaired, a rumor would be mysteriously circulated that she "is to be wrecked after sailing from the port." Wrecking vessels openly followed in her wake, and, after the lapse of a few days, returned with the cargo. "Accidentally wrecked" was the report, of course.

The trade in wrecking ships ultimately reached such a point, became so open and iniquitous, that, to the relief and satisfaction of honest people living at Nassau, the Bahama Government resolved to take action and to adopt such measures as would lead to its suppression. It is possible that this virtuous and commendable determination on the part of the government referred to may have originated in itself, without pressure from abroad. I am inclined to doubt this, however. I believe it was really brought out by representations from the Imperial Gov-

ernment. It was said, at the time, that the great English Lloyds, and the almost equally powerful Association of American Underwriters, who were being continually fleeced and victimized, made strong protests to the Imperial Government as to what was happening in the Bahamas, and that, as a result of these protests, Her Majesty's Government woke up, rubbed the cobwebs from its hitherto sleepy eyes, realized the truth of what was represented, and moved its puissant arm.

After all, it matters very little to the outside world how the reform was brought about; suffice it to say that, about the year 1865, the Legislature of the Bahamas enacted a stringent "Wrecking Law," an important provision of which was the creation of a court specially empowered to inquire into all the causes and circumstances attending a shipwreck in Bahama waters. Consequent on the enactment of the law and the creation of this court, collusive wrecking steadily and surely declined. The "Court of Inquiry" still exists, and performs its functions in a fair and able manner. Since its creation, and in consequence of its findings, one or two shipmasters have been tried before the General Court of the Colony for willfully wrecking their vessels. It publishes a full report of every case dealt with, and it deals with every case, and cites its opinion as to whether the shipwreck is the result of accident, design or carelessness.

In John Buck's day collusive wrecking was in its glory, and he was a past member in the art. If there was a chance for a bargain he was the man for the occasion, and when the time arrived to settle the terms of salvage with the underwriters' agent he was equally in his element, and as generally fortunate and successful.

All the great marine insurance companies found it necessary to have agents at Nassau. Lloyds appointed a Nassau merchant. Foreign companies, generally, were represented by their consuls. The American underwriters, however, probably thinking that everybody at Nassau was in the swim, sent a far-seeing, keen, practical man from Massachusetts to represent them, and located him at Nassau. He was a typical Yankee, and possessed in a marked degree all the characteristic shrewdness of his nation. He needed all these smart qualities, for his position brought him into contact with some of the brightest, cleverest people, in their special line, on the face of the earth—the Bahama wreckers.

One day, about twenty or more years ago, the ubiquitous *Galvanic* sailed proudly into Nassau harbor. From her topmast head a number of gay flags were displayed, headed by the white wrecking burgee, which indicated that she had come

from a wreck. The anchor was dropped, the sails furled, and as soon as she was allowed pratique by the Visiting Officer the boat was lowered and manned; two persons got in the stern, and were at once rowed to the public landing place.

Everybody recognized the portly form of John Buck, but his companion was a stranger.

On landing they proceeded at once to the office of the smart underwriters' agent, to whom John Buck introduced his companion, in his quiet, unassuming and self-possessed way, as the master of an American three-masted schooner, which he had found ashore upon Magee's Bank and taken off. The vessel had been left on the Banks in a safe anchorage, and he had brought the captain to Nassau in the *Galvanic* for the purpose of arranging the terms of salvage.

The master was then asked by the underwriters' agent to give the particulars of the disaster.

The following was his story: "After passing the Berry Islands he determined, as the wind was favorable, to take the short route across the Banks by the well known ship channel. Everything went on well until he reached Magee's Bank, when his vessel suddenly, unexpectedly and unaccountably ran ashore, and unfortunately at the top of high tide. Every effort was made to get her off, without success, and he was about to give the order to jettison cargo, when a wrecking schooner appeared and came to his assistance. The wrecker turned out to be the *Galvanic*, in command of Captain Buck Saunders. Captain Saunders immediately came aboard and offered to float his vessel, and to leave the matter of remuneration to be settled in Nassau by the underwriters' agent, whose decision he would abide by. No offer could be fairer, and it was at once accepted, especially as the vessel was in a perilous situation, was laden with a valuable cargo and was liable to bilge at any time. The wreckers went to work at once. Anchors were run out and hove taut, and the schooner was hauled alongside to receive cargo. One thousand packages were discharged into her, until not only her hold and cabin were filled, but the deck also was piled up with goods to half her masts. When this quantity had been taken out the *Galvanic* was hauled off and anchored near by. The windlass and capstan were manned by the wreckers, and the fore-and-aft sails hoisted. Under the steady strain put by the anchors and the pressure of the canvas little by little the vessel commenced to move off the bottom, bumping as she went, until she finally floated into deep water. As soon as she was safely moored the *Galvanic* was again hauled alongside and the cargo transferred. The cargo was delivered in as good condition as received.

Nothing had been broken into or rifled. In fact both vessel and cargo had been saved intact. The cargo was assorted merchandise, and valuable. The service was prompt, efficient and timely. No attempt was made by Captain Saunders to impose terms before making an effort to save the ship. He had the opportunity to do so if he wished. In fact, he never saw a body of men behave better and work better, and they deserved liberal compensation. It was Captain Saunders, too, who suggested that he should leave his ship on the Banks in charge of the mate, and proceed to Nassau in the *Galvanic* for the purpose of settling the salvage. This was a clear gain to the owners and underwriters, as the *Galvanic* had come by a much shorter route than his vessel could have taken, and besides, all the charges incidental to coming to port were saved. He had heard a good deal about Bahama wreckers, not to their credit, but if Captain Saunders and his smart, orderly crew were fair specimens, his experience goes to show that they are a much-abused class of men."

While this tale was being told Captain John Buck sat and listened quietly. There was no need for him to say a word, as the captain was representing the case in a much more effective way than he could have done. The underwriters' agent would believe the captain's story, and, on the other hand, would probably regard with some suspicion anything that he might say. He therefore wisely held his tongue.

In his transactions with the wreckers the underwriters' agent always endeavored to pursue a certain line of conduct. When a bad case came before him, and he had any reason to suspect foul play—that a ship had been designedly wrecked, or when the wreckers acted dishonestly and rifled the cargo—his terms were hard and unflinching. On the other hand, when the wreckers behaved well, and through prompt efforts saved property, his policy was to recognize such meritorious service with a liberal salvage. So long as ships sailed the ocean and the Bahama reefs stood in the way there would be wrecks. Wreckers were, therefore, a necessity, and being such, it was wise to encourage them to be honest and deserving by every means in his power. I am sorry to have to record the fact that he didn't often get an opportunity to carry out his liberal policy, as the cases which came before him were usually bad. The present was, however, a splendid exception; the best, most praiseworthy, that had ever come under his notice. It afforded him a magnificent opportunity to prove to the wreckers what he would do for them when they behaved well. He would award a liberal salvage.

He stroked his long beard, and looking at John Buck, said: "Captain Saunders, having heard Captain Blank's statement of the services rendered by you to his vessel, I agree with him that they were prompt and timely, and happily resulted in the saving of a valuable ship and cargo. I am prepared to reward you liberally. What do you

capacious trousers pockets, and looking the underwriters' agent straight in the eyes, said: "Mr. ———, I want \$4,000. I took 1,000 packages out of the ship. Call it \$4 a package. This is little enough for saving a valuable ship and cargo; but I like the captain, and don't want to be hard on him." And so it was settled for \$4,000. The



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

think about it? What are your ideas as to the amount you should be paid? I am anxious that you should be thoroughly satisfied, so as to encourage you to do the like again whenever the opportunity comes in your way. What do you say about it?"

John Buck rose up, plunged his hands in his

money was promptly raised and paid, and the same afternoon the successful *Galvanic* started on her return journey to convey the captain back to his three-master.

A few months after the truth of the case leaked out. It reached the ears of the underwriters' agent, and without saying anything he came to

the conclusion that he had been cleverly outwitted, and that John Buck had proved "one too many" for him.

The meritorious case was this: When the *Galvanic* arrived on the scene the schooner was slightly aground. John Buck and the schooner's captain had a short and effective private interview. Business was arranged and the wreckers went to work. One thousand bricks that lay on the deck were discharged into the *Galvanic*, and the stranded schooner floated. The ves-

sel was not taken to Nassau because it was thought some of the crew might tell, and thereby spoil the game.

What happened at the ship channel when the *Galvanic* arrived there I am unable to say. The actual sharings of a wreck salvage are always kept very secret, and known only to those directly interested. I can only surmise that a division of the spoils was made, and that the captain of the three-master pocketed a tidy little sum by the transaction.

NAPOLEON, ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA, AND THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA.



'ETAT, c'est moi," the boast of the fourteenth Louis, was far more true, and, indeed, was wholly true, of his great successor, who by his talents alone trampled out the smoldering embers of the Revolution, and having gained imperial power, so

wielded it as to reduce the nations of the Continent to abject submission, and so impregnated the events of his age with his personal character that, from his assumption of power to his fall, the history of Napoleon is the history of the Continent of Europe, and that history is never so true or so deeply interesting as when his everyday life and his private correspondence are laid bare, and the secrets of his diplomacy, and his relations to the great soldiers and civilians by whom he was surrounded are unveiled.

Even now, when two generations of men have passed away, the interest in the motives and actions of the great Emperor is as keen as ever, and the receptacles of state papers, diaries and private correspondence are being forced to yield up their treasures. It is but in these later times that the comments and correspondence of Napoleon himself, and the memoirs of his mother, of Talleyrand, of Metternich, of Maret, of Davout, Launes, Macdonald, Marbot and Pion have seen the light, and still more recently MM. Vandal and Tatistcheff have rewritten, and have shown that they were justified in rewriting, the story of the period from Tilsit to Erfurt, and from thence to the very edge of the catastrophe of Moscow. It is to the latter part of this period that the attention of our readers is at present directed, inasmuch as here are disclosed the events, almost irre-

sistible, that brought about the war with Austria of 1809, and the gradual alienation of Russia from the French alliance. Now, also, we learn how important a factor was the question of Poland in the Franco-Russian quarrel, and the curious manner in which it was connected with what may be called the double and contemporaneous courtship of Napoleon. The outline of these events has long been before the world, but the exact particulars, the indirect movements and the actual steps taken between the several parties are here for the first time disentangled and related, and invest the previous sketch with the precision and coloring of a finished picture.

But if the knowledge thus acquired depicts more clearly the marvelous industry of Napoleon, his versatility, his broad and lofty ambition, it also displays the profound immorality of his public character, the absence of truth and honesty in his personal and political transactions, and the intense selfishness of his thoughts and actions; nor, indeed, of his alone. He continues to express his perfect confidence in Alexander while taking strict precautions against his probable breach of faith; while, on the other hand, Alexander continues his fulsome adulation of Napoleon at a time when his distrust was at its height. Their discussions at Tilsit as to Turkey can only be compared to those of a band of brigands anticipating a robbery; and later on, when the partition was found to be impracticable, they lay it aside *sans qu'elles en soient préalablement convenues*. "He is a Greek of the lower empire," said Napoleon of his friend, on whom he professed to rely; and the opinion of Alexander, if less concisely expressed, was at least equally uncomplimentary: "He is," said he, "a man to whom all means are good by which he can gain his ends,

and with whom all, even to his passion, is calculated."

At Erfurt, as at Tilsit, when the imperial autocrats met to conspire against the liberties of Europe and the independence of Turkey, England alone was their stone of stumbling—England alone barred their way to universal empire, and her destruction was the seal of their unholy compact. "When I have taken Acre," said Napoleon, even then a prey to the infirmity of minds nobler far, though less inspiring, than his own—"when I have taken Acre, I shall find there much treasure and arms for 300,000 men; I shall raise all Syria in arms, march upon Damascus or Aleppo, proclaim the abolition of slavery, and put an end to the tyranny of the pashas. All the discontented will join me. I shall take Constantinople, found a new empire in the East, find my place in history, and, probably returning to Paris by Adrianople, crush the house of Austria by the way." His hatred of England was no doubt sincere, and not without cause; that of Alexander was probably simulated to please his associate, for the material interests of his empire at that time largely depended upon the commerce of England, and the French alliance exposed the loyalty of his subjects to a severe and dangerous trial.

Before reaching Paris from Erfurt, Napoleon had made his general arrangements for the campaign which he knew to be impending, but which it was still in the power of Alexander to prevent. But Alexander was no longer the young enthusiast for military glory. He had broken off with the fair and frail Narishkin, and had not as yet come under the spiritual dominion of Mme. de Krudener. His present mentor was Speranski, by whose aid he proposed to polish and civilize the material rough-hewn by Peter the Great and Catharine. In Napoleon he feared the astute soldier and diplomatist, but he still admired the lawgiver and administrator, the restorer of order, the patron of the arts and sciences, whose example in these respects he proposed for his imitation. His military ambition was confined to the conquest of Finland, the rectification of his European frontier, and the maintenance of the standpoint he had acquired in Turkey. A war with Austria was supremely distasteful to him. He had, moreover, recently received with imperial magnificence the sovereigns of Prussia, and had fallen to some extent under the influence of Queen Louisa, whose charms, though slightly on the wane, were enhanced by a toilet the graces of which the historian has condescended to notice, though its effect upon the Russian court was somewhat counterbalanced by the personal appearance and unpolished manners of her husband.

Napoleon soon became aware that, though the appearance of the alliance must be preserved, his success in the coming struggle must depend upon his own efforts. Though much displeased with the refusal of Alexander to join in minatory language to Austria, Napoleon was careful to conceal this, and to proclaim on all occasions their absolute accord.

However slight may have been Napoleon's hope of active aid from Russia, the nominal alliance at least secured him from attacks from that quarter, and this, at that juncture, was of immense importance. With Spain insurgent, France craving for peace, Germany honeycombed with secret societies, had Russia united with Austria, Prussia would certainly have risen, such aid as England could afford would not have been withheld, and the consequences might have been fatal. But Alexander, though alarmed and distrustful, was not prepared for so decisive a step, nor so flagrant and open a breach of faith. The course he took, though nearly allied to neutrality, was yet such as in the event of the fall of Austria would give him a claim to a share of the plunder, and that share was Galicia.

On reaching Paris from Erfurt, Napoleon's attention was first directed to Spain. It was necessary for the maintenance of his reputation, and before he could deal with Austria, that he should strike a decisive blow, put down the insurrection, at least for a time, seat his brother at Madrid, and by force of numbers drive the English out of Portugal. He at once withdrew from Germany his tried soldiers of the Army of the Rhine, replacing them from the newly raised levies. The veterans traversed France by various routes, and the towns through which they passed were ordered to welcome them with as much display as possible. From Bayonne they crossed the Pyrenees in eight divisions, led by as many famous generals, and commanded by Napoleon in person. To pave the way for the expedition proclamation was made of the abolition of all local "octroi," or customs duties, of feudal rights, and of the Inquisition, and about two-thirds of the convents were suppressed; and yet so intense was the feeling of the nation that even these deservedly hated institutions became almost popular because put an end to by Napoleon. The Spaniards made a gallant but ill-organized resistance, and were beaten at Tudela and elsewhere; Joseph, after an attempt to escape so dangerous an honor, was enthroned at Madrid, and the English under Moore had to retire, and, after a brilliant defense, to embark at Corunna. This, which it has been suggested by a French historian it did not suit Napoleon to witness, he left to Soult and

Ney and hastened back to Paris, where he arrived late in January, 1809, after an absence of nearly two months, and whence he directed Champagny to publish a number of falsehoods as to his having destroyed 80,000 Spaniards, and of an invasion of Sicily by Murat, as he said, to impose upon and alarm the English.

Napoleon reached Paris in violent ill humor, which he vented upon Talleyrand, less prudent than usual, and Fouché, who had joined to speculate upon his probable death in Spain, and upon Mme. de Chevreuse, whom he exiled from Paris. He accused Talleyrand, with coarse violence, of speaking in disapproval of the death of the Duc d'Enghien and of the occupation of Spain, after having advised both—a charge which the late revelations show to have been not unfounded, though Napoleon was incited to the act by his own fears of assassination. Talleyrand received the storm with his usual impassive calm, but he retaliated with interest by his advice to Metternich and Roumiantzof, who was in Paris upon the special business of the letter to England. Metternich, then representing Austria, was also at Paris, endeavoring, though with little success, to persuade Napoleon that Austria, though she had not recognized the new Kings of Spain and Naples, was pacific. He was a statesman of the highest class, a keen observer, far-seeing, well bred, not over-scrupulous, drawing conclusions which the results show to have been well founded, and who could stand unmoved the rudeness of Napoleon, at that time frequently shown at his expense. It was true, and is the one fragment of truth in a vast mass of correspondence, that neither party wished for war. Austria did not undervalue the fearful danger she incurred from the great military skill of Napoleon, or the large forces that he held cantoned in North Germany. Her choice, however, lay between two evils, and she was unwilling, by the disbanding of her troops, to leave herself at the mercy of an unscrupulous foe; while Napoleon had many cogent reasons for avoiding, or at least postponing, the contest. But Austria could no longer afford to nourish her army in her own country, and the finances of Napoleon, as is now well known, were at that time in a very depressed condition, and neither could he support his vast accession of force in his own territories. Reasons of finance, therefore, even were there no others, made war a necessity, and for it both parties had for some time been prepared.

Napoleon calculated on 400,000 men as sufficient for the campaign. He had raised the annual conscription from 80,000 to 100,000, and had given this a retrospective action over four years,

so that, by bringing up the arrears thus invented from the past, and anticipating the demand on a future year, he commanded an immense accession to the rank and file of his army, while from St. Cyr, La Flèche, the Polytechnic, and the various military colleges throughout France, he drew a large number of youths, mostly the sons of returned *émigrés* and Royalists, more or less qualified to act as officers. To those who remonstrated against the cruelty of such a levy his answer was, "Tel est mon bon plaisir." This arbitrary and exhaustive draft excited great discontent and alarm. The funds, already low, fell considerably, and a few outbreaks in the west had to be put down by force. The guard and the cavalry, under Bessières and Lefebvre, had already been dispatched from Valladolid, and the victory of Tudela and the surrender of Saragossa soon afterward placed Lannes at the disposal of Napoleon. Davout, Bernadotte and Oudinot were already in Germany. Masséna, at Strasburg, was engaged in the organization of the central division of the army; and thither also was sent Berthier, with instructions for the concentration of the several divisions upon Ratisbon or Donauworth, according to circumstances, in the fulfillment of which he showed that a first-rate chief of the staff is not necessarily a competent general. Prince Eugène had the command in the north of Italy, a post for which he proved unfit; but he was loyal to his benefactor, was one of the family, and in this Napoleon only followed the example of legitimate monarchs.

The Austrian preparations were on a similar scale. The Archdukes John and Ferdinand were placed with 50,000 and 40,000 men in North Italy and Galicia, and the Archduke Charles, a really great general, with 200,000, on the Inn and Isar, forming the main and central body of the army. These were regulars. There was also a reserve of 200,000 drawn from the militia.

Napoleon, anxious to make the most of the alliance, attempted to lead Alexander so to commit himself as to be unable to withdraw from participation in the war. He proposed a double guarantee for the integrity of the Austrian dominions providing Austria should disarm. To this Alexander agreed, but the proposal came too late. The anti-French party, including a number of Russian nobles resident in Vienna, was supported by the popular cry, so that the more prudent opinions of the Archduke Charles and of the Emperor himself were borne down, and the guarantee, which indeed could scarcely have been relied upon, was refused. It was probably the popularity of the war that led the archduke, at a somewhat later period, to issue a rather revolutionary

proclamation, inviting the support, in the cause of liberty, of the Italians, the Poles and the people of Germany, then for the first time recognized as a nation.

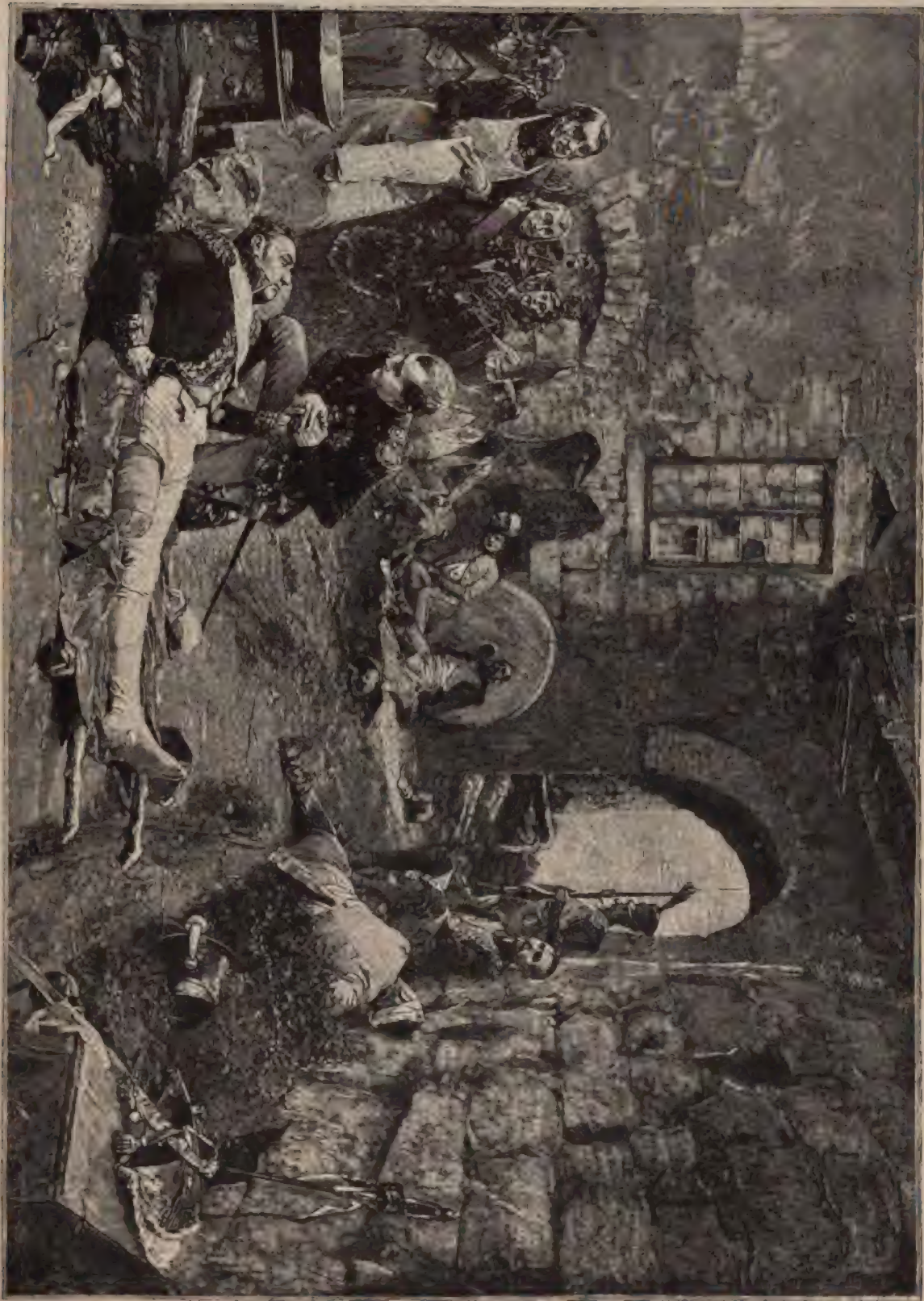
Both Napoleon and the archduke were out in their calculations as to each other's movements, the latter very seriously so. The archduke assumed that Napoleon would not be ready before July, while Napoleon expected the attack toward the end of April. In point of fact the Austrians crossed the Inn on April 10th, and the news reached Paris on the 12th. Napoleon left on the following morning, and reached Donauwörth on the 17th. Never were his military talents displayed to greater advantage. By the misapprehension of Berthier the French divisions were widely separated. Davout was at Ratisbon, Masséna and Oudinot at Augsburg, and at a point between them were the troops of Bavaria and Würtemberg. The archduke proposed, before the arrival of Napoleon, to advance between the French divisions, and to attack the German troops, thus isolated. Napoleon at once grasped the circumstances. He withdrew Davout from Ratisbon, adding to the order with his own hand, "*Activité, vitesse, je me recommande à vous.*" Masséna and Oudinot he advanced from Augsburg, and himself led the German troops in the centre; thus, by his more rapid movements, turning the archduke's plan against himself. The result was entirely successful. The Austrians fought well, but were outgeneraled. The French won the battles of Thann and Abensberg, and at Eckmühl Davout gained fame and a title worthy to be associated with that of Auerstadt. Landshut was captured, and with it the Austrian magazines. Ratisbon was taken by assault, and the archduke, driven across the Danube, left the way open to the capital. It was before Ratisbon that Napoleon was struck on the foot by a spent ball, and that Lannes, seeing the soldiers hesitate at the assault, seizing a ladder, cried out that, "though a marshal of France, he had not forgotten that he had been and still was a grenadier."

Vienna capitulated on May 12th, but the bridge was broken down, and the archduke with a large army held the opposite bank, to cross to which was necessary before the contest could be resumed.

The Danube, from Linz, runs broad, deep and strong, especially in the month of May, when the water is at its highest, and the stream most rapid, and most encumbered with floating timber. Above and below Vienna it widens out to a great breadth, and includes some scores of islands, among which the waters find their way by channels of very

variable breadth and current. Two of these islands were selected; but an attack upon one of them having failed, the choice fell upon Lobau, large enough to include the whole army. An arm of the river 700 or 800 yards broad, and including a small sand bank, divided it from the right or Vienna bank, while from the left bank it was separated by a stream of about 140 yards, or as broad as the Seine at Paris, and which, presenting a bold convexity to the bank, was favorable to the employment of artillery to protect the passage. Napoleon at once took possession of the island, and directed the construction of a pontoon bridge; but being anxious to complete the campaign and return to Paris, his impetuosity led him into a serious error—the pontoons were insufficiently protected from the material brought down by the stream.

The bridge was completed on the night of the 19th, and the army began to cross unopposed. The archduke awaited them, strongly posted in a half-circle, with a force of 100,000 men and 200 pieces of artillery, and when about 35,000 had passed over opened his attack. Lannes and Masséna led the French, who fought heroically; Bessières, who on that occasion was placed under the command of Lannes, charged the centre with a dense mass of cavalry which, exposed to a heavy fire, opened out as they advanced. Lannes thought the charge wanting in vigor, and sent Marbot, his aid-de-camp, to say to Bessières, "*I order him to charge home*" ("*Je lui ordonne de charger à fond*"). Marbot, feeling the rudeness of the order, tried, but in vain, to deliver it in private. Bessières was furious. "Is it thus, sir, you speak to a marshal of France? I will have you punished for this impertinence." The charge, however, was repeated with no lack of vigor. "You see," said Lannes, "that my message took effect." In the evening Bessières and Lannes had a violent altercation. Lannes quoted the Emperor's order. "Yes," said Bessières, "the Emperor informed me that I was to obey your advice." "Advice, sir!" retorted Lannes. "Do you not know that in military matters orders, not advice, are given?" A challenge passed, and the quarrel was about to be settled on the spot, when Masséna, their senior, scandalized at the idea of two marshals fighting in the presence of the enemy, interfered and separated them. The Emperor took part with Lannes, and Bessières submitted so far as to ask Lannes where he wished the cavalry to be placed. The answer showed a great want of taste and temper. "I order you to place them in such and such a place, and there to await my orders." The two had been sworn enemies from the time when Lannes



NAPOLÉON AND MARSHAL LANNES AT ESILING — FROM THE PAINTING BY HOTTIGNY.

and Murat were rivals for the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, when Bessières had befriended Murat. The marshals were brave soldiers, but most of them were men of violent and unrestrained tempers, and, like their great master, apt to use very coarse language.

The battle ended with the day, but had the archduke persevered it might have gone hard with the French, so great was his preponderance of numbers and artillery; but during the night re-enforcements were passed over, and long before dawn, when the fight was resumed, the numbers and the artillery were nearly equal. The second day, like the first, was bloody in the extreme. The villages of Aspern and Essling, though held, were held with fearful loss. Soon after daybreak the Austrian centre was again attacked; this time by Lannes, who broke the line and penetrated as far as the enemy's headquarters, which were defended by the archduke in person, a standard in his hand. At the critical moment, in mid career, Lannes was seen to halt and retreat, to the great relief of the enemy and to the astonishment of all. The bridge, which had once or twice been broken and hastily repaired, had finally given way, and Davout and the remainder of the army, with the ammunition, were left powerless on the right bank. The Austrians, aware of what had happened, redoubled their efforts. The French fought with the fury of despair. Aspern and Essling were four times and eight times lost and won; the French wounded, cut off from medical aid, lay untended where they fell; Lannes, not merely a brave soldier, but what was far more rare in that cluster of warriors, a fair general, the old and tried comrade of Napoleon, fell mortally wounded, the first of Napoleon's marshals who had so fallen. Masséna, short of ammunition, covered the retreat with the bayonet, without the loss of a single gun. To him was committed the charge of the island.

The killed and wounded at the battle were said to have reached 50,000 men. The experience of Austerlitz was not lost upon Austria, and the French had never been so stiffly opposed or sustained so severe a loss. Essling was claimed by both parties as a victory, and was certainly in some respects, like Eylau, a drawn battle. The retreat of the French, and the delay that followed, materially tended to lessen the "prestige" of the Great Captain, and the failure of the bridge was against him as an engineer. It is now known that the disaster was the work of an Austrian officer, who from a boat directed the heavier floating masses into the channel, and finally cut adrift a large floating mill, which carried everything before it.

The battle had lasted two days, and two more were spent in removing the wounded and disposing of the dead. The heavy loss, and his position upon an unbridged river, forced Napoleon to pause, and neither party could at once renew the contest.

While Napoleon awaited re-enforcements from France, and the army of Eugène from Italy, he busied himself with immense though silent preparations for a second passage of the river. He converted the island of Lobau into an impregnable fortress capable of containing the whole army, which might possibly have been attacked from Linz in its rear. The execution of the works was committed to Masséna, but Napoleon planned and directed. As he said himself with truth: "*Il n'est rien à la guerre que je ne puisse faire par moi-même.*" Powder, gun carriages, cannon, he knew how to manufacture, to frame, to cast; he knew also how to construct a bridge, and his foresight had attached to the army a corps of 1,500 sailors. The new bridge, or rather bridges—for there were three laid parallel—rested on piles, strong enough to resist any floating masses that might be brought against them. As an additional security there was laid across the river above the bridge the great iron chain, found in the arsenal, which had been used at the siege of Vienna by the Turks. The work was completed by the 20th of June, and the whole army was at once brought into the island, and preparations were secretly made for a number of floating bridges, so that the narrow stream might be crossed at once by any number of troops. The preparations were concealed by the broken and wooded character of the ground, and the enemy, thus misled as to the place of crossing, threw up works which proved useless, and the passage was effected at a point whence they could be turned. Six weeks were thus employed, during which the Archduke John, successful against Eugène, but recalled to the aid of the main army, retired upon Comorn and Raab, followed by the Italian army, which there gained a victory, and afterward joined Napoleon to assist in the renewed attack.

By the 4th of July, all being ready, the passage was effected during a fearful storm of thunder, lightning and rain, but followed by a clear bright day. The troops passed under cover of a heavy cannonade, and the French attacked at daybreak on the 5th with 70,000 men, speedily increased to 180,000, with 530 guns, to meet 140,000 men and 400 guns. The battle took place on the plain of the Marchfeld, in front of the village of Wagram. Davout led the right, Masséna the left, but, disabled by the fall from his horse, he sat in

an open carriage in the midst of the fight. Oudinot and Bernadotte led the centre; Marmont, with the cavalry, formed the reserve. The battle lasted till the evening, and was renewed on the following morning, Davout still on the right, Masséna and Bernadotte on the left, and Oudinot and Marmont in the centre. The Guard and heavy cavalry were now in the rear. The Austrian aim was to turn the French right, and intervene between it and the Danube, and the weight of their attack fell upon Davout, whose position was surrounded. "Tell him to hold firm," was the Emperor's message, "and the battle is won." Macdonald, who had long lain under the Emperor's displeasure, so distinguished himself that he received the rank of marshal on the field of battle. This was also a tacit acknowledgment that he had saved Eugène in Italy. "Sire," said he to the Emperor, "henceforward I am with you for life and death." Bernadotte, dissatisfied with the share of praise allotted to the Saxons, addressed them in a gazette of his own, which gave great offense and caused his departure from the army.

Such was the battle of Wagram, one of the most severely contested of the French battles, in which they lost 27,000 and the Austrians 25,000 killed and wounded. The Austrians retired in good order, protected by their artillery. Fortunately for them Bessières and Lassalle, being wounded, were not in command of the cavalry. They finally reached Znain, when an armistice was signed, even Napoleon remarking that "enough blood had been shed." Negotiations for a peace followed. Austria was well aware of the intense jealousy of Russia on the subject of Poland, and anxious to lead Napoleon to add a part of Galicia to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and so raise discord between the ill-yoked allies. But Napoleon was as superior to his adversaries in the cabinet as in the field. He proposed that part of Bohemia should be given to Saxony; but to escape from so inconvenient an arrangement, the proposal for the annexation of a part of Galicia to Warsaw was arranged to come from Austria, and was only assented to by Napoleon. At one time Napoleon had contemplated forcing the resignation of Francis, and the division of his empire into the kingdoms of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary, but the battle of Talavera, and the knowledge that the failure of the expedition on the Scheldt was due rather to the bad generalship of the English than to ability of the defense disposed him to moderation, to which contributed the attempt of Staats, and the international hatred which it betrayed; so that the Peace called of Vienna was speedily signed, and on terms less hard than had been expected. They were, how-

ever, severe, both as to territory surrendered and stipulations as to military force, besides a heavy payment in money. The cost of the war, as usual, was borne by the country in which it was waged, which also provided the heavy donations granted to the new Chevaliers, and to Masséna, Davout and Berthier, created Prince of Wagram.

Napoleon, on his return from Vienna, held at Fontainebleau a Court of Kings and Princes, his satellites, who came, with hatred in their hearts, to congratulate him on his victories over their brother Germans. Here also he received his brother Louis, who had incurred his severe displeasure by his conciliatory policy in Holland, and by his very moderate attempts to suppress the contraband trade with England. But the one subject which, at the time, eclipsed all others in his mind was the consideration of his marriage, and of the divorce which must precede it. Josephine, a kind-hearted although frivolous woman, had always been regarded with jealousy by the imperial family, and especially by the sisters and Murat; and Corvisart—who, scandal said, had declined to assist in the substitution of a child—had recently given an opinion that there was not the slightest hope that Josephine could have issue. The idea of a divorce was not a new one. General Bonaparte had threatened it, for domestic reasons, on his return from Egypt. In 1805, when the marriage of Eugène with a Bavarian princess was on the " tapis," the Austrian Minister had hinted that Napoleon himself might seek alliance with one of the old dynasties, and Josephine became aware that a divorce was possible. In 1808 the subject was revived by Fouché, who actually suggested it to the Empress, probably without instructions from Napoleon, but with the certainty that the step would be only nominally censured. On Napoleon's arrival from Vienna it was taken up in earnest, and being decided upon, was accepted by Eugène and Hortense as inevitable, and so pressed upon their mother. At a family council, held December 15th, 1809, Josephine gave a most heartbroken assent, and on the following day a decree of the Senate settled her future position and income. The civil marriage was thus easily disposed of, but the religious ceremony had been solemnized by Cardinal Fesch, under a general dispensation by the Pope, and was not so easily to be set aside. The Pope was a prisoner, and it was not to be supposed that he would grant to Napoleon what, some years before, he had refused, on principle, to his brother Jérôme. With a Russian bride the difficulty would not have arisen, but Napoleon, beginning to anticipate difficulties of another character in that quarter, felt it necessary to clear the way for an alliance with

Austria, for which an ecclesiastical divorce was a necessary preliminary. Finally, on a declaration by Napoleon that he had never really consented to the marriage—that is to say, had deceived the Pope, the cardinal and Josephine—a commission of seven obsequious prelates pronounced the marriage void; a proceeding contrary to the practice of the Church of Rome, but accepted without scruple by the imperial brother and father of the possible brides. Neither was the proposal for the new marriage delayed till the divorce was pronounced.

At Tilsit a marriage had been talked of between Jérôme Bonaparte and the Princess Catharine of Russia; and at Erfurt Talleyrand and Caulaincourt, under the direction of Napoleon, had mentioned to Alexander the idea of a marriage between Napoleon and his younger sister. Alexander, then under the influence of Napoleon, himself brought the subject forward, and expressed his cordial approval, but added that his mother had the disposal of her daughters. Napoleon did not fully commit himself, but he considered that there existed what he called “un engagement de tacite honnêteté.”

Napoleon, December 12th, authorized Caulaincourt to make a formal demand for the hand of the princess, and even, if all went well, to solemnize the marriage by procuracy, as the divorce was on the point of being pronounced, but closing with the extraordinary demand for “une réponse catégorique dans le délai de deux jours.” At the arrival of this letter the Czar was absent, and it did not reach him till his return to St. Petersburg, December 28th, when he repeated to Caulaincourt that, had the answer depended on him, he should accept then and there, but that he must have time in which to gain the consent of his mother, which Caulaincourt thought would be obtained.

Napoleon did not share this opinion, and as in his operations, both civil and military, he always took care to be provided with an alternative, in case the first plan should fail, so here he looked to Austria to provide the alternative, and he instructed Champagny to set on foot certain inquiries, and thus provide for the event of an unfavorable report upon the princess or of a refusal. As early as November 21st Champagny had sounded the Austrian Ambassador on the subject, which it appears had also been spoken of between Metternich and the French agent at Vienna; and before November 15th a conversation between Florot, the Austrian Secretary of Legation, and M. Sémonville, leaving no doubt as to the consent of the Austrian court, had been reported to Maret, and by him communicated to Napo-

leon, so that there was a sure alternative. The family council, the consent of Josephine and the decree of the Senate occurred on December 14th–15th, and were followed by a letter from Caulaincourt, who had not as yet received the dispatch of December 12th, but who was sending off the draught of the convention to be ratified by Napoleon.

Late in January Napoleon held a council of the great officers of state, nominally to deliberate upon the proposed marriage. The Emperor, opening the proceedings, pointed out that four marriages were open to him—with a daughter of Russia, of Austria, or of Saxony, or with a native of France, which last he should prefer, but that for reasons of state it was inadmissible. There was no official report of what passed, but Louis Bonaparte and Le Brun are understood to have spoken for Saxony; Murat, Cambacérès and Fouché for Russia; Talleyrand, Eugène, Fesch, Maret, Mollien, Berthier and Fontanes for Austria. The council again met on February 6th, but it was only to hear that the Emperor had decided in favor of Austria.

Alexander's absence, and the subsequent delays, retarded the answer so long that Napoleon suspected that the Czar was really waiting “pour filer un refus” until the treaty should be signed, and thus his object gained without the sacrifice of his sister. But on this occasion the Corsican was more than a match for the Greek, and at his own weapons. He was, said Maret, “trop fier et trop fin” to be taken in, and decided to inflict instead of receiving the slight. Napoleon, therefore, did not wait for the reply, but on the breaking up of the council on February 6th Prince Eugène delivered to Prince Schwartzberg the formal proposal for the hand of the Archduchess Marie Louise, which was at once accepted, and the contract signed. The answer from St. Petersburg, dispatched on February 4th, was practically a refusal, since it postponed the marriage two years on the ground of age. It did not reach Paris until after the closing of the contract with Austria.

It has been said, and with a certain amount of truth, that neither the breaking off of the marriage nor the discourtesy that accompanied it were the cause of the subsequent war between France and Russia. But if they did not cause the war the marriage might very well have prevented it. No doubt the main cause was the encouragement given to the Poles, and the large Galician addition to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw; but the marriage would probably have led to the signature of an anti-Polish treaty; which would have damped the ardor of the Poles, and to some ex-

tent have calmed down the strong feeling at St. Petersburg.

The marriage, supported by a great majority of the council, and pushed forward with more haste than dignity, was on the pattern of that of Louis XVI., and for that among many other reasons was never popular in France. It was, however, consummated with the usual extensive signs of rejoicing, and in due time the birth of a son was regarded as a pledge for the establishment of the Napoleonic dynasty.

And thus was closed the period, brief but pregnant with consequences important to all Europe, that connected the Conference of Erfurt with the war with Austria and the second marriage of Napoleon. The events that followed, and occupied the years 1810-1812—the marriage, the renewed difficulties with Spain, the alienation of Sweden,

the encouragement given to the Poles, and the gradual coolness and final breach with Russia, are chiefly known as having been succeeded by the campaign of Moscow. The war itself, aggressive, ill conducted, and deservedly fatal to Napoleon, has been fully described by many who, like Ségur, were sharers in its dangers, and who bear testimony not only to the courage but to the indomitable endurance of the French soldiers. The causes leading to the war, far more difficult of explanation than the war itself, occupy the latter part of M. Vandal's second volume,* and are unfolded and related there in a manner worthy of the earlier portion of his work, and calculated to sustain his reputation as in the foremost rank of the living historians of France.

* "Napoléon et Alexandre." Par Albert Vandal. Paris, 1893.



BY CHARLOTTE McILVAIN MOORE.

SETTLER'S CABIN, 1792.

TO SPEAK of ancestral homes to the Kentuckian is to appeal to his heart, and at once strike a responsive chord and awaken an enthusiasm that no other subject would arouse. His home was ever his castle, whether it was the primitive cabins in which the pioneers lived or the pretensions and elegant residences which now abound throughout the State. Those first homes were simply rows of the conventional log cabins of the times, built on the four sides of a square, the centre of which was left open and served as a playground, a muster field, a corral for the domestic animals and a storehouse for implements. The cabins thus built formed a fortress for defense against hostile Indians who then infested the country, and the court formed an inclosure where the

women and children would be safe from their attacks. These cabins were furnished with only the rudest conveniences of life. The bedstead was made by forked stakes being driven in the dirt floor, through the prongs of which poles extended to cracks in the wall, and over which buffalo skins were spread for a mattress and bearskins for a covering. The dining table was a broad puncheon hewed smooth with the adz and set on four legs of wood inserted in auger holes at the corners. For seating purposes three-legged stools made in the same way were used. These early settlers had no crockery ware; their table appointments were wooden plates, trays, noggins, bowls and trenchers commonly turned out of buckeye. A few tin cups, pewter plates

and delf cups and saucers were luxuries brought from the old country and used only on state occasions. The ample fireplace filled nearly one side of the house, and the solitary window consisted of an opening in the wall covered with paper saturated with bear's grease. The opening which served as a door was hung with a buffalo skin, and near by was suspended the long-barreled flintlock rifle on the prongs of a buck's horn pinned to the wall. Whole families frequently lived in one room of these confined cabins, and yet the Kentuckian's home was his castle, and he was lord of the manor. Notwithstanding the privations of this life, it was not without its pleasures. On rainy days and in the evenings the merry sound of the fiddle was heard; and the men in their buckskin hunting shirts, trousers and moccasins, and the women in their homespun linsey gowns, met together to dance the Virginia reel or play blind-man's buff and hide and seek in the quadrangle; and oftentimes the parties gathered together for candy pullings and made the cabins ring with their merriment. In these confined cabins the pioneers lived, ever happy at their humble hearth and home. The women hackled the wild nettle, carded the buffalo wool, spun the thread, wove the cloth and made the clothes, while the men provided game for the table and cultivated the corn field and vegetable garden in range of the rifles of the fort, sentinels being placed on guard to protect them from the stealthy approach of the hostile Indians who kept Kentucky for a hunting ground and crept upon the settlers unawares when they came from Ohio in small parties on their periodical raids for game, and were wont to attack the pioneers in the woods or at their work, many more being killed by these ambush attacks than in regular encounters. The pioneer women guarded the forts in the absence of their husbands, molded the bullets for their rifles, doctored the sick, and kept alive in the settlements the spirit of religion they had brought with them from the old country. When the itinerant minister they had induced to visit the settlement had turned the hourglass for the third time and still proceeded with his discourse the women never wearied, but heard the sermon to the end.

When the daughters of Boone and Calloway were captured in their canoes on the river at Boonesborough it is stated that they fought the Indians with their paddles, and when finally overcome and taken captives strewed their way with pieces of their clothing that their trail might be followed by their daring kinsmen, who soon in hot pursuit. Undaunted even when
ned with the tomahawk if they did not

desist, they defied the Indians and continued marking their course by dropping bits of their clothing and bending and breaking twigs along the route. Appreciating the value of live captives and believing they had placed a sufficient distance between themselves and their pursuers, the Indians allowed the girls to have their own way. The trail was soon found by Boone and his companions, and the girls were rescued.

At times, when it was found necessary to risk life to obtain water, these pioneer women bravely marched to the spring and filled their pails under the muzzles of the rifles of concealed Indians. When their cabins were attacked by the savages the determined courage shown by these women has few parallels in history. An instance is recorded when the Indians, having failed to force the strong door, attempted to fire the cabin and repeatedly applied the torch, which was as many times extinguished by these intrepid women. A brave woman, while in a house with only her daughter, was surprised by the Indians before she had time to bar the door, and one of the savages succeeded in gaining entrance to the house. The brave mother was, however, too quick in closing and barring the door for another to enter, and while she stood guard and fought the outside foes the daughter with an ax dispatched the Indian that had entered the house. The pages of Kentucky's history are full of narratives of like deeds that were performed by these women in defense of their homes, deeds of valor of which men might be proud, and at the same time they have preserved memories of the tenderer home life around their firesides that have ever retained their place in the heart of the true Kentuckian. Gradually these forts were abandoned, and as the country became less infested by the Indians small log cabins with a garden patch around them formed the Kentucky home; but not until the year 1789 is there any record of a brick house having been built. It was doubtless then a marvel of progress, as it is now a monument of antiquity.

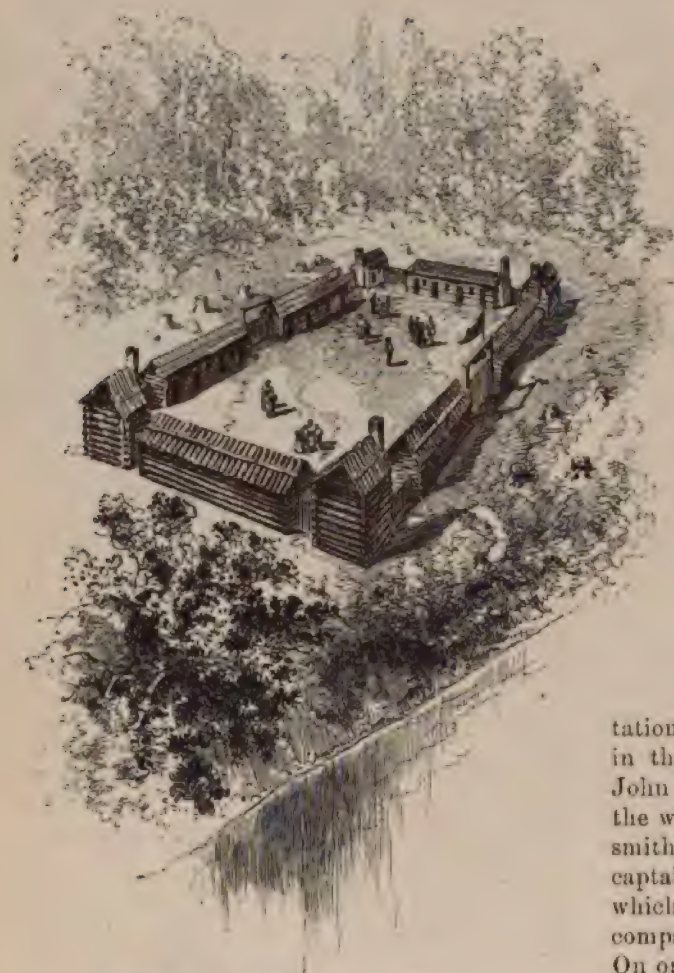
It was four years after the first exploration party blazed its way into the wilds of Kentucky, and two years before Boone took up his home in the wilderness of that State, that Virginia granted a patent to Colonel William Christian for 2,000 acres of land on the waters of Beargrass and Goose Creeks. This was dated June 4th, 1774. Two years later thirteen families, under Clark, made a settlement by the Falls of the Ohio, and in 1780 the Legislature of Virginia passed an act for the establishing of the town of Louisville. Colonel Christian subsequently deeded 1,000 acres of this original tract to Alexander Scott Bullitt,

who had married his daughter, the consideration being love and affection. One-half of this tract was afterward sold to Captain Frederic Edwards, who was a retired British officer, and is supposed to have built the old brick house now known as the Herr Homestead, in 1789 and 1790. It is to-day the oldest house standing in Kentucky, and built of brick which was manufactured on the place, put together in what is known as the old Flemish bond style, every alternate row being placed end-wise; the result is a building that has withstood the ravages of time for a century, and is in such a state of preservation that it bids fair to withstand the storms of centuries yet to come. The walls, twenty-four inches thick, are planted on a firm stone foundation. The large and spacious rooms are separated by a wide hall that extends through the building. The only attempt at ornamentation is found in the woodwork of the hall, which is of a double-scroll design. Time has not passed this decoration lightly by, and there is but one perfect figure remaining. The ceilings are high, and all the rooms have four windows, with eighteen panes of glass in each. The windows of the lower rooms are elevated fully ten feet from the ground, and convey the idea that they were thus arranged as a protection against the Indians, who were in the early settlement of Kentucky held in such terror by the white man. Hardwood mantels, seven feet high, are above each fireplace, so quaint in design that it is a wonder they have not already fallen into the hands of the relic hunters who invade the old homesteads of the impoverished aristocracy of the South in search of antiquities to decorate the homes of the *nouveau riche*, the rising aristocrats of the present day. The doors of the house—veritable relics of the past—are wide and low, with odd-looking panels, while the floors of white ash have been polished year after year until they have attained a surface that more closely resembles ivory than wood. A grewsome garret runs the whole length of the house, and invites all manner of speculations as to the spooks who inhabit it, containing as it does relics of bygone days, property of those who endured the brunt of the battle, braved the dangers and hardships of the pioneer, and whose records have long since been closed, these heirlooms being all now left to remind the present generation of a historic past in which their ancestors took a prominent part. In either end of the house is an open fireplace, six feet wide, containing in each sufficient brick to build an ordinary modern house. Six large flat stone steps form an entrance to the front and back, and near by is the old spring house, through which runs the clear, cold waters of a spring which in

the records of history or the annals of tradition has never been known to fail.

The stone used in the building was quarried from the ledges of limestone rocks on the place, and the lime for mortar and plastering was obtained from these rocks in a primitive way. The wood used in the house was all grown upon the place, and sawed with the old-fashioned whip-saw; the workmanship of both the interior and exterior of the building, though severely plain, is of the finest kind, and would put to shame the architecture of the many hastily built houses of the present time, so flimsy in construction and finish. The pencillings between the bricks are as smooth and fine as if they were to form the framework of a picture. So thorough is the workmanship in every detail, it is evident that several years were required to complete the house. Captain Edwards brought to his colonial home his military training and instincts and his English ideas. His house was the centre of neighborly gatherings, and a warm vein of social life was infused into this pioneer community. They gathered together to eat, drink and be merry, and to discuss the gossip of the neighborhood over a good square meal, at which the flowing bowl was never missing to lend its potency to this, not a "feast of fancy," but a "flow of soul." The ample rooms and cheery, open fireplaces were well adapted for such gatherings. Not only was the house known as the cradle of the now proverbial Kentucky hospitality, but there on Sundays the nucleus of the first Christian church in this section held some of its earliest and most fruitful meetings. The congregation, sitting on improvised seats of boards supported by rush-bottom chairs, listened to the Scripture as expounded by Alexander Campbell. Another famous preacher in those days was Elder John Smith, commonly called "Raccoon John," from the cap of raccoon skin he invariably wore. Out of these meetings grew the Beargrass Christian Church, one of the oldest of its denomination in the State.

Many traditions cling around the old homestead—tales of bloody deeds and fierce encounters that have descended from sire to son, and have lost nothing in the telling as generation after generation has passed away, leaving the traditions to be perpetuated and adding their halo of romance to the old homestead, thereby enhancing the interest in this oldest of Kentucky's ancestral homes. During the War of 1812, when the report was brought that the Indians were on a raid, and had crossed the Ohio at the mouth of Harrod's Creek, the women of the neighborhood were hastily gathered together and lodged for safety in the old Herr House, then the strongest



OLD FORT AT BOONESBOROUGH.

fortress of defense in the wilderness of Kentucky. There they remained, happy, no doubt, in spite of their anxiety, until a courier announced the danger was passed and they could safely return to their homes. Years before the house came into possession of the Herr family Major Edwards's wife met with a tragic death at the very portal of her home, and for long afterward the house was held in superstitious awe by all the people of the neighborhood; gruesome sounds were said to disturb the solemn stillness of the night as the ghost of Mrs. Edwards restlessly paced the lonely garret, and the stamping of the

horse upon which she had ridden to her death, to escape a pursuing Indian, echoed on the graveled driveway. The homestead, which had been the scene of brightness and revelry during the reign of its brilliant mistress, came to be shunned during the period of mourning, and regarded as an uncanny place in which to pass the night.

Captain Edwards soon followed his wife to the grave, and in 1813 the estate passed into the hands of John Herr, and has since been known as the "Herr Homestead." This John Herr was a native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and was among the early settlers who penetrated the wilderness and came to Kentucky. He settled in Jefferson County, in what was known as the Dutch Settlement. He was a man of powerful physique, six feet two inches in height, muscular and brawny, and noted in the settlement for his physical prowess, and enjoyed the reputation of being the best cornshucker and rifle shot in the neighborhood. A blacksmith by trade, John Herr was a fair type of Longfellow's hero of the world-renowned poem, "The Village Blacksmith." He was a great man in the region, and captain of the Dutch Settlement Rifle Company, which met and contested as marksmen with rival companies for quarters of beef and other prizes. On one occasion he caught some of the members



THE OLD HERR HOMESTEAD.



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

of the other company cheating. This infuriated his men, their Kentucky blood was up and a fight imminent. John Herr, with admirable self-possession, stepped forward, and in his clear, ringing voice said: "Wait, boys; I'll hit the bull's-eye three times. We will win yet." He accomplished the feat, and a serious difficulty was averted.

His sons inherited his ability as a marksman, and likewise his fine and manly character, and maintained the reputation for generous hospitality which has always been synonymous with the old homestead. Located as it is, far from the noise and bustle of the city, there is an air of dignified repose in this old mansion, situated in one of the



BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

most beautiful parts of Kentucky, on a green knoll commanding a fine view of the rolling country, the old house remains a monitor of the past. The grounds adjoin the old Woodlawn Race Track, famous thirty years ago, and which was once a part of the original tract granted to Colonel William Christian. Near by is the old Taylor Place, where, in the quiet family burying ground, the remains of President Taylor repose. Even the servants about this old home seem to belong to the past generation and are in thorough harmony with the dignified atmosphere of the place. Uncle Harvey, with his grizzled, woolly head, his patriarchal appearance and courteous and urbane demeanor, seems a relic of the past; and Aunt Marthy, with the regulation turban, as she peers through the kitchen window, looks as if she might have stepped out of a picture, and only dispelled the illusion and roused me from my reverie as she called from her domain, "Pears to me, Mars John, if you sits dar musin' much longer, dat fried chicken and corn bread 'ill all be spiled."

There are two houses neither so pretentious in design or construction as the old Herr Homestead, but which from their historic associations possess a national interest—the old homes where were born the two men who shaped the destinies of the Union and the Confederacy. Both Kentuckians and less than a year's difference in their ages, the

similarity in the early lives of these two leaders ends there; that of Abraham Lincoln having been passed in poverty, amid lowly and cheerless surroundings, while the childhood of Jefferson Davis was associated with the most pleasant environments. The log house known as the Berry Cabin, in which Abraham Lincoln was born, is now moss-grown and going to decay; and the neat frame house in which Jefferson Davis passed the first few months of his life has been torn down to make way for a church. It was situated on the old State road, nine miles from Hopkinsville, once a great stagecoach route. In 1884 several gentlemen purchased the property and presented it to Mr. Davis, who in turn conveyed it to the Bethel Methodist Church, when the old homestead was torn down, and upon its site a handsome church building was erected, to be a mark for future generations of the exact spot where the President of the Southern Confederacy was born. And thus it has been, and thus it should continue to be, that as decay claims the roof that sheltered the cradle, if possible the ground which the roof-tree covered should be dedicated to a sacred use, and either a church, a school, an asylum or a monument mark the birthplace of our national heroes.

As the Arab clings to his horse the Kentuckian clings to his home, and can always be raised to a pitch of enthusiasm or moved to tears at the first chord of "My Old Kentucky Home."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.

BY LIZZIE MAGIE.

PAUL GREGORY distributed programmes and sold little cornucopias of bonbons in a large Western theatre many years ago. He was a little fellow, with pale face and golden hair and blue eyes; such big, pretty blue eyes. But Paul's eyes did not dance and sparkle, they moved about slowly and sadly, for he was always thinking of his poor mother at home. The place Paul and his mother called home was a bare, comfortless garret in an old, rickety house. There, early and late, Mrs. Gregory sewed for a downtown tailor, who paid her but poorly for the coarse work her slender hands could scarcely do. But the rent must be paid and food and fuel must be bought, and her little orphan boy must be well clothed or he would lose his place at the theatre, and with it his salary of two dollars a week. So the worn and tired mother kept steadily, wearily at work while the tears rolled down her sunken cheeks, and her

long-drawn sighs were mingled with the moaning of the wind.

Meanwhile Paul, with his childish heart so full of hope and courage, and his busy brain constructing castles in the air, performed his simple duties almost joyously.

Some three or four months after his engagement at the theatre, when the days were growing shorter and the nights longer and colder, Mrs. Gregory's rapidly failing health began to become evident even to Paul. He determined to do his utmost to add to his slender income and to relieve his poor mother of the necessity of toiling so constantly. And dwelling upon it, his young ambition so increased that he thought it quite possible they would soon be able to move into better and more cheerful quarters, and perhaps by springtime, when berries were ripe, they could treat themselves to some cream to eat with

them, and they could, perhaps, buy a new rocker, and his mother should have a new dress and bonnet, and ever so many things.

Oh, the rosy dreams of youth, the golden prophecies of glad young hearts, how seldom are they realized! How seldom? Are they ever?

In one of these hopeful moods, softened by the tender recollection of his mother's patient face, Paul reached the theatre one afternoon. It was early. The doors were not yet open to the public. He had secured his supply of programmes from the office, and was arranging the little cornucopias in the bonbon basket, when one of the ushers came up to him.

"Say, boy, are you going to be in the opera?"

"What opera?" asked Paul, looking up.

"The juvenile opera the boss is getting up for the holidays."

"I hadn't heard about it," said Paul, growing interested. "Are you going to be in it?"

"Me? No-o!" was the indignant reply. "It's juvenile—all kids, you know." The usher was a young man of fifteen. Paul was a child of twelve.

Upon inquiry Paul ascertained the particulars. Martin Mordaunt, owner and manager of the theatre, had advertised for children to take part in a comic opera to be produced on certain afternoons during the holidays. Those selected for the principals were to be well paid. For a moment Paul's heart beat high with hope. What if he should try, and be one of the chosen ones!

The next day impulsive little Paul presented himself to Mordaunt as an applicant.

"Can you sing?" gruffly asked the manager.

"Yes, sir," answered Paul, adding, modestly, "and act, too, I think."

He had a good opinion of himself, this sanguine little hero; a good opinion that was not arrogant conceit, but simple, honest confidence and pride.

"You think!" laughed Mr. Mordaunt. "Well, we'll see—we'll see. But ain't you the bonbon boy?" he asked, taking him roughly by the shoulder and looking him closely in the face.

Paul's heart sank within him. He answered, briefly:

"Yes, sir; but Tom Chester says he'll look after my duties in the afternoon if I get a part in the opera. I'll be on hand at night as usual, sir. Oh, please, sir," pleaded Paul, thinking of the promise to pay well, "let me try!"

Tears were gathering in the big blue eyes, but Mordaunt did not notice them.

Not on account of the manly, pathetic appeal made to him—that had no effect upon the stony heart of Martin Mordaunt—but because of the truly beautiful voice and rare talent of the child,

Paul Gregory was chosen and assigned a leading part—the part of *Ralph* in the pretty opera of "Pinafore." It will be remembered that this was "many years ago," when "Pinafore" was "young and charming."

Those were busy, happy days for Paul; and even Mrs. Gregory's wan face seemed not so wan as usual.

At last the day of the performance dawned. The morning hours passed away. The curtain rose at two. The opera progressed. The plaintive notes of "The Nightingale's Song" were played, the prelude to *Ralph's* entrance. He commenced his song before he made his appearance. His voice was not loud and echoing. It was clear and high and melodious. It did not rush on its hearers, but floated to them softly, lovingly, and covered them with its caressing sweetness. It held the attention of everyone. Eager eyes watched anxiously the wing from which the little singer soon appeared. Slowly, gracefully, prettily shy, yet not forgetful of the character he played, the little fellow advanced to the centre of the stage. His mother, with the tears of pride in her eyes and a smile on her face, waved her handkerchief toward her little son. Paul's friends and acquaintances present applauded faintly at the closing of his song. This gave him courage. In the short interval before his next song Paul caught sight of his mother's pleased face, and strongly wished to make her justly proud of him. He threw off the slight shyness he had felt until now, and which had been supposed by many to be a well-assumed air of listlessness, and commenced the next song with a stronger voice, thrilling with the love it expressed. His fair face was turned upward, and was illuminated with an expression of adoration, as if he really loved the maiden whose praises he was singing. He was doing well, and felt he was appreciated. He was eager, enthusiastic, inspired. The electric wave of sympathy and harmony with the audience pervaded him. He was conscious of their approbation ere they demonstrated it; therefore at the conclusion of his song the thunderous applause that rang through the house did not at all disturb him. Bouquets of roses, which were originally intended for others, rained at his feet. He modestly acknowledged them, and responded to an enthusiastic encore. He had done well. He was pleased with himself. His success was assured.

Late that night the little hero and his mother trudged through the snow-laden streets to their garret home, and the roses—impromptu tributes to Paul's great triumph—were carefully placed in broken cups and bowls. Although the little

form shivered under the thin bedclothes, Paul had happy dreams that night.

In an elegantly furnished bedchamber, warm, attractive, comfortable, Martin Mordaunt fell asleep thinking of Paul. He had not failed to notice the little fellow's phenomenal success, and was already forming plans whereby he could make capital out of it.

All over the city people were talking of little Paul Gregory. Mordaunt had many inquiries concerning him from shrewd theatrical managers with an eye to business, but he sent them away without satisfaction. He made extravagant promises to the boy, and Paul and his mother were filled with delight in anticipation of the great change in store for them.

At the end of the week it was a bitter disappointment to Paul to receive not more than two dollars in addition to his regular salary. True, this was a great help to them, but he had expected more, for had not *Buttercup*, the little sister of Mordaunt's *fiancée*, whispered to him that she was going to get ten dollars for her part? But Paul had not yet realized the truth of the saying, "For unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Therefore the injustice sank deep into his heart; but he consoled himself by thinking of the future.

Shortly after the holiday performance the company booked for one week at Mordaunt's theatre in the latter part of January notified the manager that they would be unable to fulfill their engagement. About this time the papers had a great deal to say about the sufferings of the poor from the extreme cold weather. In an unusual fit of benevolence Mordaunt conceived the idea of filling in that week with a performance of the juvenile opera company, the proceeds to be used for the benefit of the poor. Accordingly he called the children together for rehearsal, and began to get out the advertisements. Taking advantage of the hit Paul had made, he determined to use his name as a drawing card. Therefore, a week or so before Paul's second appearance before the public, the billboards were covered with this announcement:

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF
LITTLE PAUL GREGORY,
THE WONDERFUL CHILD VOCALIST.

Paul had been told that he was to receive ten dollars for this engagement, and he went home to his sick mother with the joyful news. He was saddened by the sight of his mother's wan face, he whistled cheerily just to show her how full he was.

"Only a few more days, mamma," he said, as he kissed her—"only a few more days and it will be over with, and I'll have the money in my hands. And who knows, if I succeed as before, it may lead to something better right off, and then you won't have to work any more. Cheer up—cheer up, little mother. Only a few more days."

The bitter winter weather continued, and when Paul came home that night his little hands and feet were numb with cold, and his mother sat before a fireless hearth.

"Only a few days more," murmured Paul, as he fell asleep.

Monday night, in spite of the severity of the weather, the theatre was full of enthusiastic people, who greeted Paul with cheers when he appeared. His only sorrow was that his mother was not there to witness his success and smile her pleasure at him. But she was not strong, and it was too cold for her to venture out in her thin garments and walk so far. If she only had a better pair of shoes and could ride! Paul determined that she should be there the next night, at all events; and at the close of the performance he sought Mr. Mordaunt and requested a moment in private. He found the manager in the cozy reception room in the front of the theatre, surrounded by a few of his gay friends. They were evidently about to leave, for they were putting on their coats and wraps. Mordaunt stood by the side of a young lady, robed in costly furs, and who looked very much like little *Buttercup*. It was his *fiancée*. He left her side and came forward with ill-concealed annoyance at the intrusion. It was perhaps a bold thing for Paul to do, but he asked the manager to advance him one dollar of his salary.

"You're rather impatient, ain't you, coming around after money as soon as the curtain goes down?" growled the man. "Can't you wait till you've earned it?"

"But, please, Mr. Mordaunt, I don't want it for myself; I want it to buy shoes for my mother, so she can come to the theatre to-morrow night. I can do so much better when she's here to see me, you know," said the lad, with a vague hope that Mordaunt would see that it was to his own interest to have Paul's mother present.

"Haven't anything less than ten dollars, and you can't change that, I suppose," said the manager, carefully buttoning up his fur-trimmed overcoat.

"But I can soon get it changed," said Paul, eagerly.

"Oh, do hurry up, Mart!" said the young lady, impatiently.

"Run away, boy; I haven't time to bother with you now," said the manager, turning quickly away from Paul and taking the lady's arm. The little throng, laughing and jesting as they went, passed out to their carriages.

"But, Mr. Mordaunt——" cried Paul, appealingly, as that man, coldly indifferent, brushed by him.

Not another glance, not even a thought, was

guished one by one, and still Paul stood there in mute despair, and was only roused by being pushed rudely into the street by the unsympathetic watchman.

While little Paul walked through the cold, deserted streets, with his heart bowed down with grief, Mordaunt and his friends sat in a magnificent saloon, drinking costly wines and eating rare viands.



"HALF BURIED IN THE SNOW, LAY LITTLE PAUL GREGORY."

bestowed on the pathetic little figure in the door. He had asked for only one of the hundreds of dollars which had that evening rolled into Mordaunt's coffers from the people, from the people who, attracted by the name of little Paul Gregory, had come to hear him sing—only one of the many dollars—and it had been refused.

Paul stood in the grand entrance, listless, motionless, gazing vacantly after the handsome carriages. The lights in the theatre were extin-

What grand opportunities for doing good were open to this man with his splendid fortune! How much distress he could relieve, how many miseries avert, what noble deeds he could accomplish—were the generous heart not lacking! How much he could have benefited little Paul, that worthy lad, yet what mean advantages he heartlessly took of him!

The snow had fallen heavily in the night, and the next morning Paul was out early, working,

with an old snow shovel, before some fashionable residences.

Brave, ambitious little Paul! Alas, that your energies were not equal to your aspirations!

He hoped to earn before the night enough to buy his mother a pair of overshoes. He worked hard all day, but the darkness came on early, and the lowering sky threatened another heavy fall of snow. He had earned fifty cents already, but he needed ten cents more. Perhaps the man would sell him the shoes for fifty cents. He would go and see.

The wind was blowing cold and chill. He ran along the street as well as his benumbed legs would carry him. To escape a sudden gust of wind he sought shelter beside a tall fence. He leaned against it for support and rest, for he was tired, very tired, poor little Paul! And he was hungry, too, for he had worked hard all day without food. The icy chill that numbed his weary feet crept slowly through his slender frame,

and he sank upon the snow. In the bare old garret the patient mother watched and waited for her little boy in vain. In vain the eager audience called loudly for the raising of the curtain.

By the first dull light of the dreary dawn an early passer-by read on a high board wall these words:

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF
LITTLE PAUL GREGORY,
THE WONDERFUL CHILD VOCALIST.

And beneath, half buried in the snow, lay little Paul Gregory, frozen to death.

Kind fate had spared the loving mother the knowledge of her darling's death, for she had died alone while waiting for her boy.

Mother and son were buried together, and the expenses were defrayed by Martin Mordaunt from the receipts of the first night's performance for the benefit of the poor.

JERUSALEM IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

BY LYDIA HOYT FARMER.

"He who has not seen Jerusalem has never seen a beautiful city," was written in the *Talmuds*.

Let us take a brief glimpse of the social life in this memorable city about 64 A. D.

The view of the city of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives was sublime. It seemed a strong and almost impregnable city. A triple high wall rose beyond the brook Kedron and inclosed the entire city, save on one side, where the sheer precipice of rocks rendered approach seemingly impossible; therefore on this side there was but a single wall. The principal wall had many towers of unequal height, of which the most notable were Hippicus, Phaselus and Mariamne. The Tower of Mariamne, built by Herod the Great in honor of one of his wives, was surmounted by buildings very stately and ornamental.

The gorgeous Palace of Herod the Great could be seen rising behind these three towers, occupying the northwest of the Upper City. From the distance of the Mount of Olives these towers and imposing palace could only be observed in outline. The city appeared from that point to be a mass of houses closely grouped together, with flat roofs and terraces which looked like so many little cubes of white stone against the blue sky. Somewhat pretentious villas were dotted up and down

the hills, for the city of Jerusalem comprised within its borders both hills and valleys. But the crowning glory of the city was the Temple, on Mount Moriah, with its walls of dazzling white marble and roofs of gold studded with golden spikes, which, shining in the sunlight, caught the eye of the pilgrim and riveted his gaze from whatever side he might approach this imposing city.

Of the many cities of the East, Jerusalem the Beautiful excelled them all in splendor. Herod the Great had adorned the city with costly edifices. Spacious forums, theatres, gymnasiums and graceful colonnades testified to his lavish expenditure. But the great achievement of his life was the rebuilding of the glorious Temple, which was of such noble proportions that all the temples of Rome might have been placed within its ample courts.

Jerusalem was built upon four hills, Zion, Moriah, Acra and Bezetha. On Zion, in the Higher or Upper City, was the Palace of the King. This structure was of glistening white marble. The lofty towers and turrets added grace and beauty to the exterior outline, while the green groves and gardens surrounding the royal residence gave the needed touch of nature which always enhances art. The spacious apartments within were fur-

nished with regal splendor, the articles of furniture being of rare designs made of costly woods, while the smaller ornaments and various vases and table service were of gold and silver.

Mounts Moriah and Zion faced each other across the narrow and deep Valley of the Tyropœon, Zion being the loftiest elevation in Jerusalem. These two hills were connected with a colonnaded causeway built between the Temple and the Royal Palace upon Zion's crest. Behind the Sanctuary stood the Tower of Antonia, a gigantic fortress, erected upon a huge rock, and cleaving the air by its highest tower full seventy cubits high.

Leaving the Mount of Olives and nearing the city, one might note the crowds passing in and out of the gates of this centre of Eastern traffic and commerce. Here and there were caravans of camels laden with ivory, cinnamon, rich spices, gorgeous Oriental fabrics, and various articles of traffic from other Eastern countries. Also caravans might have been seen approaching from the direction of Jericho, that "City of Palms" which Herod the Great had restored to much of its former magnificence by erecting fortifications and royal palaces. Though the palace of Herod in Jericho had been partially destroyed by fire, it had been rebuilt by Archelaus, and at this time the highways to Jericho were made gay by frequent groups of pedestrians and perchance some high official in glittering chariot, bands of Roman soldiers—for Judea was under Roman rule—camels with their loads of balsam for which the country of Jericho was famed, and multitudes of Jews going to Jerusalem, bearing branches of olive, palm, pine, willow and myrtle trees, which should be employed in erecting the booths around the Temple during the coming Feast of Tabernacles.

One thousand years before this time, when the Temple of Herod gleamed in gorgeous magnificence upon Moriah's brow, upon that same sacred spot Solomon's Temple had glowed like the "Sanctuary of an El Dorado." The gold and silver accumulated by David for the House of the Lord was of the value of between two and three billions of dollars. To this Solomon had added uncounted wealth, and the most gorgeous structure of the centuries crowned Zion's Hill; gleaming with gold and silver, marbles and precious stones; hung with priceless tapestries, rainbow-tinted; while the Veil concealed the Sacred Ark, surmounted by the Cherubim with wings of gold meeting above the golden Mercy Seat, where Jehovah made visible His Holy Presence in the mysterious and glorious light of the Shechinah.

This second Temple of Herod, though larger

than that of Solomon, was bereft of the most sacred of Jewish emblems. The Ark and Mercy Seat and Cherubim of gold had disappeared, having been probably removed by Nebuchadnezzar when he captured Jerusalem. We would fain linger and note the Temple Courts, and picture the dazzling two-leaved gate covered with plates of gold, over which was twined a colossal golden vine, the clusters of grapes of which were formed of precious stones—rubies, emeralds, the topaz, amethysts, and others of various hues and brilliancy, for each year the Jews added grapes or golden leaves to this wondrous vine until it had become a marvel of the world. And we would like to enter these shining gates, leading to the Holy Place, as the High Priest lifted a gorgeous curtain of Babylonian tapestry, of blue, scarlet, yellow and purple, embroidered with the symbols of the constellations of the heavens—the colors being also of significant meaning: the scarlet signifying fire; the fine flax, the earth; the blue, the air; and the purple, the sea. But our subject leads us rather to the streets of the city and the homes of the inhabitants. As we have lingered on Temple Hill behind the crowds hurrying down to the Xystus, which was the Forum or Pnyx of the city of Jerusalem, we notice a band of Jewish women crossing the Kedron by a bridge which connected the Temple with the Mount of Olives. Along this road the priests of the Temple had opened various shops or bazaars, the income of which belonged to the powerful family of Annas the Sadducean. The most noted of all these shops was a bazaar erected under two magnificent cedar trees, which were frequented by clouds of doves. This was the Dove Bazaar, and according to the Talmuds these birds sufficed to supply pigeons for sacrifices for all Israel. Peradventure, under these very cedar trees, Mary, the mother of Jesus, purchased the doves which she offered in the Temple, after the birth of the Divine Babe.

There was another place of marked interest which we must not pass unmentioned. This was the Pool of Siloam.

Jerusalem had no natural water supply, unless we so consider the King's Pool, which welled up with an intermittent action from under Ophel. There were three aqueducts and a number of pools and fountains, and the Temple area was honey-combed with great reservoirs whose total capacity is estimated at 10,000,000 gallons. One of these reservoirs, called the Great Sea, would hold 2,000,000 gallons. One of the aqueducts constructed by Pilate, for which he took the treasury money from the Temple, has been traced for forty miles, though in a straight line the distance



A JEW OF JERUSALEM.

was but thirteen miles. It brought the water from the spring Elam, on the south beyond Bethlehem, into the reservoirs and under the Temple inclosure. The King's Pool flowed through a subterranean passage down to the Pool of Siloam, which anciently poured its waters into a third, called by Josephus "Solomon's Pool," before it proceeded to water the Royal Gardens. The "Waters of Shiloah that go softly" are supposed to refer to the rivulet flowing out of Siloam into the



A STREET IN JERUSALEM (VIA DOLOROSA).



A JEWISH HOUSE.

Royal Gardens of the King's Paradise.

Siloam is a sacred spot, not only now to the Moslem, but then most sacred to the Jew. It was to Siloam that the Levite was sent with the golden pitcher on the last and great day of the Feast of Tabernacles. It was from Siloam that he brought the water that was then poured over the sacrifice, in memory of the water from the rock of Rephidim; and it was to this Siloam water that the Lord pointed when He stood in the Temple on that day and cried, "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink." The Pool of Siloam was not then the ruin it now presents.

When the devout Jew, in the first century, might perchance have approached Siloam as the sun was setting and flooding Mount Moriah with his last gorgeous rays, bathing the white marble colonnades of the Temple with ruby light, touching its roof of gold with a blaze of glory so resplendent as to recall the wonderful descriptions of the awesome effulgence of the marvelous Shechinah, which no longer manifested its transcendent glory in the Holy of Holies,

zuzzah—a small oblong box, in which was a roll of parchment. This manuscript contained, in twenty-two lines, the two portions from Deuteronomy on love to God and on the blessings attached to obedience to the commandments. This Mezuzzah was hung above the door of the house.

It mattered not where it might happen to a Jew to be when the prayer hour arrived, in the market place, in the streets, in the synagogues, in the houses—even if surprised by the hour of prayer while in a tree gathering fruit—he must forthwith say his Shema. This prayer was recited by every Jew, morning and evening, throughout the length and breadth of Palestine. The time of the morning repetition was from the break of day to the third hour, or as Rabbi Eliezer declared, “It was better to say it early, as soon as there was light enough to distinguish blue from green.”

The Jew rarely knelt to pray—he stood with head bowed; and before commencing to pray he turned toward Jerusalem if out of the city, toward the Temple if out of the Sanctuary, toward the Holy of Holies if in the Temple at the hour of prayer.

Though women were exempt from the repetition of the Shema, every Israelitish man, woman and child, and slave, was bound to recite three times each day the Shemoneh-esreh, or eighteen thanksgivings.

The Jewish women in the households were held in high respect by their husbands and fathers, and their condition was far better than that of other women of antiquity. The Jewess occupied in her home and in the consideration of her husband a position very superior to that of the Roman matron of the same period. There was a still wider difference between the Oriental and the Israelitish woman. Moses gave her her true place in the home and guaranteed her rights.

Women of evil life were very ill regarded among the Jews, and received none of the homage with which the Greek courtesans were surrounded; and the frightful corruption described by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans had not made its way into Palestine, except among certain personages in high life to whom Josephus refers. In the Mishnah we find very beautiful sayings about the respect due to a wife from her husband. “The man owes his wife great respect, for it is only by the wife that prosperity comes to the man.” “He must love his wife as himself, and respect her more than himself.” “Beware of vexing your wife, for the tears are always ready to flow.” It was said, again, “The death of a good wife is for the man who loses her as great a calamity as the destruction of Jerusalem.”

But beautiful as these precepts are, the rabbis were not accustomed to regard the woman, from a religious point of view, as an equal with man. Women were exempted from observing religious duties on fixed days. “She was not obliged to wear phylacteries, to recite the Shema, to be present at the reading of the law, to wear fringes to her mantle, to hear the sound of the Shophar at the Feast of Rosh Hashanah, or to dwell in a tent at the Feast of Tabernacles.” These duties were not forbidden her, but she was excused from them if she desired.

When a woman kept her veil down it was forbidden under a heavy penalty to lift it, but she was free to do it herself if she chose. “By what signs can it be known if a woman is not married? If she appears in public with a veil over her eyes, but her head uncovered.” Young girls were less often veiled than married women. Paint was much used by Jewish women. One of Job’s daughters was called “Keren-happooc”—Horn of paint. The coloring (in Hebrew, Pooc; in Latin, Stibium, and Arabic, Kohl) was employed to blacken the eyebrows and eyelashes. The use of perfumes was very common. Holy oil, prepared by the priests for the Temple and not allowed to be used beyond certain ranks, was composed of olive oil mixed with myrrh, cinnamon, sweet calamus and aromatic cassia.

The usual perfume was made of aloes, myrrh and cinnamon. Houses, clothing, hair and the entire person were liberally perfumed. Women carried about scented bottles, and though the Jewish quarters in Rome might be unsavory, the Jews of Jerusalem paid great attention to personal cleanliness and frequent ablutions. The materials employed in the clothing of the Jews were wool for the poor, fine linen and silk for the rich, and shortly before the exile to Babylon cotton came in use. The Jews delighted in bright colors, and their garments were dyed in brilliant hues. The various shades were blended with taste, however, and in that sunny climate the richly tinted robes added picturesque vividness to rural and city scenes. Two indispensable garments were the tunic (Chatur) of linen and the mantle or robe (Talith), which was large or small, according to the purse of the wearer. The tunic fitted the figure, had sleeves and came down to the feet. The military mantle was red; those of high rank or of priests might be of purple or blue; those of the poor, of white striped with brown. Over the robe a girdle was worn, which might be of linen or of leather, or of silk richly embroidered.

The dress of the women was in form somewhat similar to the clothing worn by the men, but the

tunics were much fuller and the mantles more voluminous. The fullness of her mantle enabled the woman to carry bundles and other articles in its folds. The girdles of the women were very wide and long, being wound several times around the waist.

The coverings for the feet were of two kinds—shoes and sandals. The shoes were worn only by the rich, and those of the women were made of soft leather, handsomely ornamented and adorned with small bells. The sandals were usually made of the skin of camels, fastened to soles of wood.

The Jewish women of wealth wore many jewels—earrings, bracelets, necklets, chains, crescents worn around the neck, hair bands, and talismans of gold, on which were graven words out of the law. The bracelets were for the upper arm and wrist. Rings were worn upon the toes, ankles and fingers; satchels, purses, embroidered bags, fastened to the girdle.

The mirrors of a Jewish beauty were of highly polished metal, were small and were held in the hand. Should she desire to view her entire brilliant array, the fountain or smoothly polished panel must do duty for the reflection of her various fashions.

The Jews paid much attention to the hair. Both men and women wore their hair in long, curling locks. Men never cut their beards. Sometimes the women would plait their hair and fasten it back with combs and pins, but this custom seems to have been so largely followed by women of ill repute that in the first century Jewish Christian women were forbidden to plait the hair.

In public, women wore the turbans similar to those worn by the men. Jewish men did not indulge in the extravagance or effeminacy of dress affected by the Romans of that period. Upon one finger of the right hand a man of wealth wore a signet ring, and all carried the staff or stick, which among the young men of wealth became as indispensable an article as are the canes of modern youth. Some of these canes were of costly wood, ornamented with an apple, rose or pomegranate. As the Jews were forbidden by their law to make any image or likeness of anyone, statues of mythological characters, or any approach to any form of images, were not allowed in their houses, although after the conquest by Rome foreign luxury and manners introduced many hitherto forbidden customs among those of rank and wealth.

Among the Jews children were regarded with great pride, and the birth of a child was hailed with special delight.

It was expressly forbidden to make an exhibi-

tion of young children, and they were carefully guarded by the mother in quiet retirement. The exhibition of children as practiced by the Greeks and Romans was abhorrent to the Jews.

The Talmuds enjoined as a duty that mothers should nurse their own infants. The education of the child in Hebrew families was carried on at home, until a century before Christ, when the first school for children was opened in Jerusalem by Shimon ben Shattach, the President of the Sanhedrim and brother to Queen Salome. The High Priest, Jesus ben Gamala, made the founding of schools obligatory. It was a saying of the rabbis: "The breath of the children who attend school is the strongest safeguard of society." Public schools were not established in Jerusalem until 64 A. D.

As soon as the child could speak he was taught to recite verses from the law by his mother. When the child learned the written characters, which were in Chaldee, a written scroll of the verses was placed in his hand. At the age of twelve he was obliged to recite the Shema and to observe the Torah, and was taken up to the Temple feasts, and expected to observe the fast days and other ceremonies.

The "Pirke Aboth" thus fixes the various stages of the child's development: "At five years of age he should commence sacred studies; at ten he should devote himself to the study of tradition; at thirteen he should know and fulfill the commands of Jehovah; at fifteen he should bring his studies to perfection." These studies, however, were not onerous. A knowledge of reading, writing, and the repeating from memory important passages of the Torah, comprised the education of most Jewish youths.

If the young man wished to become a rabbi he would be taught to argue after the manner of the Targums and Midrashim, and would attend the schools of the Sopherim. In that climate the struggle for a livelihood was not severe. Food and clothing sufficed for the majority, and though every Jew must learn some trade, he had still many hours for leisure and meditation.

The religious education of the women was much neglected. Some rabbis even spoke of giving them none, declaring: "As to teaching the law to a woman, one might as well teach her impiety;" and as they required a text for these opinions they quoted: "Ye shall teach your precepts to your sons." Hillel was even more disrespectful to the capacity of Jewish women, saying: "Women foster prejudices." Jewish wives, though wealthy, were expected to weave wool, as well as attend to household duties.

All Jewish men, irrespective of rank or wealth,

were taught some manual labor. Rabbi Judas said: "If a man does not teach his son a trade it is as if he taught him to steal."

Though women were expected to be devout and reverent, the Talmud of Babylon places in the category of plagues "the talkative and inquisitive widow, and the virgin who wastes her time in prayers." The men were supposed to perform the religious ceremonies for the household. Very different was the behavior of the Jewish matron from the ostentatious display of the Roman wife. It was forbidden in the Talmuds "for a man to speak to a woman in the street, even to his own wife."

If the windows of the rooms occupied by the Jewish women looked out upon the street they were closed by blinds. The legal subjection of the Jewish woman was absolute. She was the property of her father before her marriage, and of her husband after.

In the first century there were two parties, the one advocating divorce upon any trivial action, the other holding to the interpretation of the Mosaic law as referring only to adultery as a cause for divorce. Hillel and Shammai differed in opinion on this point. Shammai held to the Mosaic cause, but Hillel and his followers rendered the words of Moses in the most extended sense. They declared: "A man may put away his wife if she prepares a dish badly; if she makes a blunder; if she lets the meat burn; if a woman goes out without veiling her head; if she speaks to the first comer; if she tells family secrets." The grave and famous Rabbi Akibah goes so far as to say: "If anyone sees a woman more beautiful than his wife he may repudiate his wife." But it must be said to the honor of Judaism that the national practice was better than such precepts; and the followers of the stricter Mosaic interpretation of the law declared: "The altar itself weeps over the man who puts away his wife."

Regarding marriage, there were three distinct stages—the promise, the betrothal and the marriage.

The promise was simply an engagement, informal, between two young people, and which could be broken at will.

The betrothal was an act of great importance, and was to last a year, and was held to be as binding as marriage. If a girl broke her betrothal promise she might be stoned like the woman who had committed adultery. Engagements sealed by the betrothal ceremony were considered final. The Talmuds give as a reason for the length of the betrothal that the young girl might have time to prepare her wedding garments.

Weddings always took place on the fourth day of the week, or the fifth if the bride was a widow.

The ceremony was always at sunset. There was no religious ceremony at the marriage, as Moses instituted no marriage rite.

The parents and friends arranged between them the price to be set on the young girl, which until the time of the Mishnah the bridegroom always paid; after that epoch the father of the bride provided her dowry; but the gift of the bridegroom must always be in excess of that paid by the father.

The betrothed man

was exempted from military service from the day of his betrothal till one year after his marriage, and during this time the young people were not to assist at any funerals, nor to enter a cemetery. "Nothing but joy should fill their hearts."

The most solemn moment in the marriage ceremony was that which marked the completion of the rite by the entrance of the bride into the home of her husband. Hence marriage was called "reception" or "introduction of the wife" into the home of her husband.

The bride went out from her father's house adorned with jewels and flowers, and attired in bridal garments perfumed and brilliant in hue.



A JEWISH LADY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY SICHEL.

Her young companions formed a procession around her, waving myrtle branches and carrying lighted lamps, while relations, preceding her, scattered ears of parched corn, and evinced great gayety and joy. The hair of the bride was worn loosely flowing, and her face was veiled. If the husband came to meet her they were placed side by side under a canopy, which was carried over their heads as they walked, and attendants enlivened the scene by bearing torches, dancing, and playing upon musical instruments. Arrived at the house of the bridegroom, the bride was met by a number of matrons, who arranged her hair in the manner of married women, and covered her head with a thick veil. Henceforth she could never again appear in public with uncovered locks. Then came the wedding feast.

It was the custom to evince the greatest joy, and even hilarious mirth, at these wedding festivities. Grave men danced before the bridegroom to do him honor. "When the son of Rabbena celebrated the wedding of his daughter he invited the rabbis, and as they were too jovial he brought a vase worth four hundred suz and broke it before them, to moderate their trans-

ports"—a strange device to sober his guests and prevent their excessive rioting.

The Jews buried their dead, as cremation was an abomination to them. There was no religious ceremony at funerals. Great demonstrations of grief were considered fitting reverence paid to the dead. The poorest Israelite was obliged by custom to have at least two players on the flute and one hired mourner at the death of his wife. The rich hired many mourners and musicians, while relatives and friends joined in the public lamentations. There was no gorgeous parade of pomp and ceremony as was observed in Roman funerals. In visits of condolence certain fixed rules of conduct were observed. The mourning lasted thirty days. During this time the men sat in sackcloth and ashes. Widows wore sackcloth all their lives unless married again.

"If we compare the treatment of slaves among the Romans and the Jews we shall find that there was not much difference; but if we compare the pagan legislation with that of Israel we find that the laws of Moses with respect to slaves were far more humane than those of either Greeco or Rome."

ON ENTERTAINING.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

THE HOSTESS.

IN these days of perpetual traveling and general intercourse, in which people are shot, as in a weaver's shuttle, from end to end of the world, and everybody is constantly entertaining or being entertained, a word about hospitality, and the art of being host (or hostess) and guest, may not be out of place.

Let us look first at the qualities that go to the making of the agreeable hostess and the welcome guest, for they are precisely the same, and may be briefly summed up as tact, thoughtfulness (which includes unselfishness), and the capacity to put ourselves in the place of others and do unto others as the golden rule suggests.

The very first thing for a hostess to remember, then, is what she has suffered or what she has lacked as a guest, and it will require a very limited experience indeed of life to show her that a warm welcome is the indispensable general preparation for a guest.

Can anything make one more uncomfortable, not to say wretched, than to accept an invitation from one's friends the McHays, and be politely

bullied on arrival for having missed the appointed train and failed to put in an appearance at the appointed time, through some unforeseen accident? As if the annoyance of detention, or mistake, were not punishment enough for any such failure without Mr. McHay asking why you didn't do this, that, or something else, while Mrs. McHay harps on the theme all during your first meal, with unpleasant apologies for the fish being spoiled and the soup cold, as though a guest's being in hot water was not of more consequence than either, especially with the ice of the visit still unbroken.

To make a guest feel that he is set to skate on remarkably thin ice that may be too thin almost anywhere (he does not know where, not knowing the characters of his host and hostess or the ways of the house), and that at any moment it may break beneath his feet and let a stranger in—or as he is apt to put it, "a fool for coming"—is, to say the least of it, not hospitable, but very much the reverse.

To reach your friends the Wistons, and be met with a tepid greeting by madam, who is chiefly

intent upon seeing that the carman has wiped his feet, and that her wall paper is not endangered, while the little Wistons hang their heads and refuse to speak, and paterfamilias looks up from his paper, and comes out, and shakes hands limply, and says he is glad to see you with no more real cordiality or warmth of greeting than if you were a white elephant and he an oyster, brightening up presently and saying, "Now we can have dinner—come on!" is, to put the case mildly, not flattering.

To get to your friends the O'Gormins, and be told that you have arrived at a fearful time for them, the cook having been taken ill and the housemaid as cross as two sticks because "she hates company," or the butler tipsy and the furnace not working, or the family asked to something very attractive, to which they can't go because you are not included in the invitation, with some tactful side remarks such as, "If you will come on wash day you mustn't expect hot meat" (when the day has not been chosen by you at all); or, "John said you'd get up all right from the train; you are used to blizzards" (when you have waited an hour quite across the city for him, or a cab, or some sort of help and rescue in a strange city after dusk), is not calculated to put one in the best of tempers. Nor is it at all likely to improve, as time wears on, to find the O'Gormins going off to amuse themselves in this or that way evening after evening, leaving you to wander disconsolately about the house and amuse yourself as best you can.

Neither is it one whit pleasanter to go for a visit to the Lanes, in an evil hour, and find yourself under surveillance, and watched and "entertained" within an inch of your life, so that you never have a moment or a soul of your own from the time you arrive until you draw a deep breath of relief on the train that takes you away, nor the least semblance of liberty of action—fearing to move a chair, to pick up a book; appalled by the sound of the breakfast bell if you are late, or of the luncheon bell if you have a friend making a call; lighting the gas as if you were robbing the plate chest, and taking a bath with a secret conviction that it is the hour for somebody else's ablutions; fearing to deviate from a cut-and-dried programme, of amusements and occupations for anything short of your own funeral, and feeling as if you were leading a forlorn hope when you ring for admittance after a certain hour which has been fixed for "closing the house," regardless of the wishes and engagements of its inmates.

For one hundred persons who are willing to ask people to visit them, even from kind and unselfish motives, there are certainly ninety who are

not willing to take the trouble to make them enjoy the visit after they get there, strange to say.

It is a great art to make anyone who is in, but not of, your family happy and comfortable and quite at ease while they are dwellers within your gates—to make them feel that they are not outsiders by incorporating them in the amusements, interests and occupations of the family, and yet hide from them all that insiders know of the working of the domestic machinery, and the faults, tempers, peculiarities of Jane or John. For of all families that ever beguiled a visitor into a false and miserable position, there is nothing to be compared to the quarrelsome one that makes him a judge and referee while domestic, political or religious difficulties are being discussed—those battles in which a victory is always worse than a defeat, and which are never decided and done with, are generally hotly contested at table, with a guest wishing himself anywhere else; and indeed the mistake he makes is in not flying the moment he hears: "John, I don't expect, I never expect, you to remember that I don't eat liver, especially when it is burnt like the piece you have sent me! Husbands have excellent memories when it comes to other women—don't you think so, Mr. Merryman?—but when it comes to wives," etc.; or, "The Presbyterians don't believe that an unbaptized child," etc.; or, "I'd be ashamed if I were you to call myself a Republican after seeing Smith's action on civil-service reform," etc.

How different it is at the Loves', to be sure! So different that I think no one ever crosses that threshold without a sensation of pleasure in entering, or leaves it without a shade of regret. The very house has a welcome for you in every pore. Lights twinkle friendliness at you before you reach it if you go at night—if by day, you find in the hall sunshine, and flowers, a crimson carpet, an air of comfort and cheer; in winter, an honest big fire, not a gas-log fraud. If the Loves are out the servants receive you not only politely, but hospitably, by the orders of their kind mistress, who will not have a rude, ill-trained servant attend the door, she says, for the sake of her friends, nor stay in her service at all for her own sake.

If they are in you get a hearty greeting and smile and handshake from husband and wife; the very children suggest a seat that is "most comfortable," and pull the shade down "to keep the light from striking in your eyes." You are pressed hospitably to take whatever the day and hour suggest as likely to be acceptable. There is always a cold joint and a warm welcome in that house, and one would feel ashamed to give half the trouble they gladly take for every guest.

In five minutes you feel thoroughly at home (except that in few homes are you so considered and your every wish and want so carefully and kindly studied and provided for), and begin to enjoy yourself, and go on enjoying yourself as long as you stay. There is no display, no ostentation, no formal entertaining in the way of dinner parties, teas and the like; you come and go as you please, guided only by your own good sense and good breeding. But you meet the pleasantest people there you ever met in your life; you find the newest books; you feel yourself as welcome as flowers in—January; you are yourself, and at your best; you get the best talk to be had in our country, and like to contribute your share to it—quite unobtrusively, in fact. If you are a bachelor you think of marrying just from seeing such a united, happy family. If you are cross or worried your chagrin drops from you like a cloak in that hearty, kindly atmosphere. If you are ill you are nursed back to life and health as sure as your name is whatever it is, if skill and care and loving kindness can do it. If you are newly married the whole family appear to be newly married too. If you are in trouble you are comforted and gently won to more cheerful thoughts in spite of yourself. If you are musical, or artistic, or traveled, you have the happiness of being with the most refined and cultivated couple you could find from Dan to Beersheba. If you are religious you find the sweetest spirit of Christian kindness and good will pervading the old and the young of that household alike, and generally a guest of honor who invariably turns out to be homeless, or sick, or out of work, heart or pocket, or a stranger.

There is such a perfume about their hospitality that I once said to Mrs. Love, "Do tell me how you manage to make and keep people so happy about you. Yours is so much the most delightful house that I have ever visited; and everybody thinks exactly the same thing—there must be some secret about it."

She shook her head laughingly: "I don't know what it is, what it can be," she said, "except that as a girl I was a particularly homeless, friendless creature myself, and I used often to think that if I ever had a home I should perfectly delight to make everybody in it or that came to it happy. Long before I got one at all I had that feeling very strongly—that our homes are not as happy as they ought to be and can be, and that we hold them too much as our own, built and supported for our own use solely. I remember that I got a 'housebook' then, having the housewifely streak very strong in me, and put down in it all my ideas for the

home of the future. I called it that. Would you like to see it? Here it is. Here are the various headings."

I took the little volume and glanced over its contents; and when I had done I no longer wondered over a state of affairs that I had long admired. The good sense, the good humor, the good feeling, the good breeding which was contained in that one book was enough to make the fortune of a thousand homes. I might dwell on the jottings, such as: "Parlor—Plenty of comfortable chairs for everybody; lots of sunshine, books and flowers and music; an open fire, a tidy grate; nothing too fine; not a china shop nor a museum; orderly, no dust, but not a shrine; no gossip received or given; above all, things homelike, and used constantly." And, "Dining Room—A clean cloth and a cheerful face always for breakfast, and something eatable. Fresh flowers upon the table, and somebody as homeless as I to enjoy it all. The sun when I can get it, and a good fire in winter. Servants never scolded, nor family differences, money troubles or worries aired during meals. Nothing said that could make trouble if repeated. Everything under lock and key, and left in order after each meal. See that whatever is left is saved for the poor if not needed. Nothing wasted. Mistress of myself, though china fall; patient and kind with new servants and old. No economy in poor food, and indifferent or bad cook—health and morals injured, and nobody the richer except the doctor." Or, "Expenses—Bills paid weekly always. Live below, not above my income by so much as a cent. Lend whatever I can afford to give outright. Borrow as little and seldom as possible, and don't let two suns go down without seeing it returned. Owe nothing, save 'to love one another,' and pay that debt scrupulously. Debt is degradation."

There was plenty to match, but what struck me most perhaps in my capacity of guest was her notes "On Entertaining—Not a *quid pro quo*. Not to eclipse anybody. Friends with the greatest friendliness from unselfish motives, and others whenever I can do so for the sake of my Best Friend, who has blessed me with the opportunity to bless. Remember that a guest is for the time being completely at my mercy, and entirely dependent upon my good temper, thoughtfulness, kindness, for all his comfort. As, for instance, see that the bedding is aired—a best bedroom has filled many a grave. Never shift a guest from one room to another—it gives them the feeling that they were better away altogether. Empty wardrobe and chest of drawers, and never go seeking my own effects among theirs, or enter

the room unless invited, or allow others to do so, and small medicine chest. A fire always lit and housemaid excepted. Arrange writing table, ink kept burning in case a visitor wishes to read or blotter, paper, pens, stamps, postals, telegraph write in his room, or laid ready to kindle.



AT THE BALCONY.—BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH.

blanks, mucilage, and notice to the effect that all letters put on the table in the hall will be posted twice a day. A pitcher of water, glass and spoon, Matches and a candle as well as lamp. Shoe polish, pins and hairpins, dressing gown and slippers, in case they are needed. Books in plenty, papers

and magazines; wrapping paper and twine convenient; a pile of handkerchiefs, comb and brush in bureau drawer for the belated and occasional—also umbrella and waterproof. A spirit lamp, box of crackers, sugar, tea, cocoa and coffee, in case an independent guest or a hungry one wanted to prepare something hot very early or very late, all on a tray in the press; also a hot-water bag and kettle, in case of illness, for the modest guest who won't disturb the family; also a little good brandy or whisky for the same. Notice to bid them ring twice for the housemaid, leave their boots outside the door to be cleaned. Hot water sent up regularly before breakfast and dinner, and bath at any hour they choose; plenty of towels, flesh brush, soap, tooth powder, washcloth. Additional comfort on the foot of the bed, always a good bed, and sheepskin rug beside it; make no one miserable in linen sheets except by request. Reflector lamp for reading in bed. Mosquito net to baffle the deathless fly. Clothes basket, and washing done for them without their troubling to find somebody. Flowers on the mantelshelf and the dressing table to welcome them, and the sweetest flowers for the saddest people; and especial kindness to strangers and the neglected and lonely, since I 'know the heart of a stranger.' Don't trammel a guest with any of 'the rules of the house,' except such as add to his comfort. Change the hour for dinner or for luncheon if it will be an especial convenience for him; the cook will survive, and rules were made for us, not we for them. If a guest is detained somewhere, and late for a meal, don't make a fuss about nothing; put his dinner in the oven to keep hot, and give it to him without apology. Let him know that you keep an extra cover laid always at your table, and that his friend need not fly as from smallpox when luncheon bell rings. Don't catechise him about his family or affairs, or entertain him altogether with yours. Remember to give his wife a little bouquet, to send his children some trifle, and to put him up a nice lunch when he goes. None of these things cost much time, thought or money, but if they did they could not be better expended than in making a friend happy and comfortable. Take entertaining easily, and make it easy and pleasant for others to take, moreover. Keep a welcome on the hob for everybody who comes, high and low, rich and poor. Never turn a poor man away from your door without seeing what you can do to relieve his need; or let your servants do it, which is the same thing. Try to give pleasure, sympathy, to show interest and kindness, to minister in little ways. A cup of tea, a closed door, a shawl, a bunch of violets, are trifles—yet not trifles. Re-

member that a guest comes to you for a change of scene and thought—sacrifice some of your own pleasures and employments to give it to them. 'Be swift to love, make haste to be kind.'

"Mrs. Love, now I know why my girls say always, 'Oh, papa, the Loves have asked me there, and I wouldn't miss it for anything!' why my wife is never too busy for a visit here; why I find myself drifting here whenever I get the chance to go anywhere; and why everybody else comes that gets the chance," said I, as I gave it back. "You were born a hostess. People are always telling you to 'make yourself at home,' but they take precious good care that you don't do anything of the kind; whereas you and my old friend Love make most people more at home than they possibly can be even under their own vine and fig tree. And those who have no homes of their own find here the best substitute for one to be found on this continent, I can tell them. May your children follow in your footsteps, your husband be known in the gates, and your imitators be as the sands of the sea."

THE HOST.

Men's wives have long had a most unenviable reputation for being almost invariably systematically and universally disagreeable to the friends presented to them by brave or hopeful spouses; but there is certainly something to be put in the other scale. There is the husband who asks the partner of his joys, with great tartness, "what on earth she sees in that woman who is always around," meaning her intimate friend of many years' standing. There is the husband who never dreams of putting on his hat to take a belated lady guest home, and feels that he has behaved nobly if he sees her to the car, two squares off, in fine weather; or if it is raining, or sleeting, or very hot, comes home as cross as a bear, and sulks with his wife all evening, remarking that he hopes no more of her friends will expect him to play escort, "rolling the sex up into a traveling bundle and giving it a kick," as he grumbles over the tremendous sacrifice, though he has marched about five miles in a political procession only the night before in far worse weather.

A susceptible husband, who never allows anything in the shape of a woman from sixteen to forty—especially sixteen—to come into the house without inaugurating a more or less silly flirtation with each of them, is a change from the merely selfish and prejudiced variety, but extremely embarrassing to his guest if she is a girl of proper feeling, and exasperating to his wife in the extreme in any event. Some hosts meet the family doctor on the stair with a scowl that says plainly, "What! you here again? A pretty bill I'll have

to pay." And others reserve this and other engaging evidences of their courtesy for the clergyman of the parish, or the governess's *fiancé*, or the alarmed young woman who has brought a parcel, the book agent, the gas man, the cook's cousin, the boy with a bill; and it is always a coward and a bully, and never a gentleman by any chance, who behaves in this way.

The invisible host is the very busy one who never can take time to entertain even angels; who is off before breakfast and picnics at a lunch counter, and gets home after everybody else has gone to bed; who is convinced that his being a professional man absolves him forever from calling to see anybody or taking the slightest pains to please any guest, from all the ordinary courtesies of life. Sometimes he is the very lazy one, who gets up at noon, unmindful of the fact that his guest has been up and dressed and longing vainly for breakfast for four hours at least; who dawdles around the house, potters about the garden, writes a few letters, amiably oblivious of the people staying in the house, and is so exhausted by these labors that he can only sink on a sofa in the evening and ask if there "isn't somebody who would like to sing for Smith or play billiards with Jones," since he is quite "done up."

Then there is a very terrible host with a mania for sightseeing, who takes a mild, unresisting guest and maps out a truly fearful programme for him, and sees that he goes through it, too, day by day—personally conducting him over machine shops, insane asylums, glass-blowing and shoe-pegging, basket-weaving and canning establishments, public offices, churches, water works, orphanages, art galleries and prisons, and making of him a mental and physical wreck in ten days, scarcely to be recognized by his wife or mother, and all from the kindest motives in the world.

The match for this style of host is found in the man who never can be induced to take a guest to see anything, however good or tempting. He has "seen Salvini," he says; or he "is tired of Patti." Irving and Terry he pool-pools as "over-rated"; the "Angelus" "doesn't appeal to him." Some other day—a day that never comes—he will see about tickets for "Parsifal," although he is "no admirer of Wagner." He "hates lectures" by Oxford dons; he doesn't care to hear Burne-Jones talk about art in Italy, or Haweis give "his views of music." Neither will he dine with Modjeska, or meet Coquelin at supper. He is temptation proof, or pretends to be, and calmly takes it for granted that his guest is equally indifferent, and "wouldn't give a pin to meet Wendell Holmes," or would be "bored to death by Lord Dufferin."

The apathetic host is worse even than the painfully talkative one who rattles on for hours about his splendid business, his incomparable wife, his remarkable children, his peerless horse, dog or gun. But the only host that a man finds it hard to forget and impossible to forgive is the one who gets out for him indifferent wines and bad cigars—that is, if he has a good cellar and a fat pocket-book.

The host who is your contemporary can be trying, if you are elderly—he tells everybody when he first knew you, and all the damaging things he can remember about you and yours. He calls attention sportively to your bald head, your wrinkles, your flesh; he is merciless to your pet vanities and weaknesses. He asks all the depressing old people he can lay hold of to meet you, and excludes all the young and agreeable ones on the ground that they also are contemporaries, and that you will enjoy seeing them again—which isn't true at all, for you have forgotten one half of them, and the other half have forgotten you, and they all entertain you with their rheumatism and gout and asthma, and losses and sorrows, and all the calamities and deaths and forgeries and bankruptcies that they can remember or invent in connection with themselves and others, besides all looking older than Thomas Parr, so that you quite long to get rid of them, and are thankful when Bridget, the pretty maid, brings in coffee and stays the flood of woes poured out by some old lady in her anecdote and bombazine who declares that she went to school with you.

Something might be said of the host who never will let you sink the ship while you are with him. If you are a doctor he asks you to prescribe for him, and describes his symptoms at great length, having you completely in his power. He talks of medicines, of consumption, leprosy, vaccination, and the like cheerful topics; he asks only doctors to meet you; he offers to show you the city hospitals; he asks you about Jenner and Koch, and homeopathy and electric baths, and cold-water douches and massage. If you are a clergyman it is all councils and synods, and bishops and Sunday schools and missionaries, and your views of Spurgeon and Pusey and Newman, the Briggs Case, the Council of Trent and Luther, or Père Hyacinthe. The greedy host is a trial to a simple man indifferent to the pleasures of the table, not provided with the accommodation of a camel or a palate a yard and a half long; and the parsimonious one is not one whit pleasanter to the generous guest who is not interested in screwing down butchers and detecting grocers, sifting coal, cheese parings and drip-

pings. The host who is persuaded that he has the finest collection of something (pictures, mis-sals, coins, stamps, photographs, plays or prints,) in the world is sometimes a little wearing; and the jealous host, who glares fiercely at the most innocent pleasantries and the most ordinary galantries when addressed to his wife, is the reverse of amusing; and the self-made, autobiographical host, who begins with himself in his cradle and leaves out nothing that can enhance his unaffected admiration of himself, is the greatest bore of all.

But, fortunately for his sex and his mother's, there is the pleasant, kind, gentlemanly host, like my friend Love, of whom I can only say that he is worthy to be the husband of his wife. Love meets you in a comfortable barouche at the station and nearly wrings your hand off. He brews "an appetizer" for you on arrival; he gives you a nice, sensible dinner always, and never poisons you with bad whisky, corked wine, or sour beer. He puts aside his business cares, and expects you to do the same. He is pleased and gratified by every kind thing done, and every nice word said to Mrs. Love. He puts you up at his club promptly, and introduces you to all the good fellows in it. He gives you a handsome dinner if he is flush, and if he isn't he always contrives some other pleasures for you in the way of drives, the theatre, or meeting interesting or notable people. If you are a stranger, or unfortunate, or down on your luck, he is only three times as glad to see you as if you were rolling in money; and he'll give you good advice, and a good check, too, if you need it, and he'll take you in to have coffee with his wife; and between them they'll send you home comforted and helped if it can be done by mortal aid.

If you are a woman, Love will leave you chiefly to his Sophy; but if he can serve you he will, and he'll entertain you delightfully, and always show you a deference and courtesy that will make you perfectly indifferent as to whether you ever vote or have any rights as long as you live, or not. If you have come to sell a book, or wind a clock, or put in a pane of glass, or leave a telegram, he'll not let you leave that house, I can tell you, without a good many pleasant words, and some food and sustenance as well if you'll take it; and a general feeling that life is worth living will be the one that you will take away with you, and a memory enriched, a heart refreshed by contact with a man who thinks that "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." If you were the President or the Queen you'd get about the same treatment, and would wish to go again, as everybody else does. Even the

servants at the Loves' rarely resign and never die if they can possibly help it; and anybody who knows them will bear me out in all I have said of them, and agree that if she is a model hostess he is as certainly a model host, considerate, kind, cordial, agreeable, in himself a host, so that if he received you in the humblest cottage in the land I do believe that he could make you as content as in a palace.

THE GUEST.

The very first thing for a guest to do is to come on the day and train on which he or she is expected, if it can possibly be managed—to give the hostess due notice as to that day and train, and then keep faith with her. To have gone to the station from three to five times, having changed the dinner hour, or given up an engagement, or prepared a late supper herself, the servant being out or gone off in a huff, is not likely to put a hostess in a mood to receive you rapturously, to say the least of it; and many a selfish guest consults only her own pleasure or convenience in such a matter, regardless of others, and for any trifle or from any change of mood will say, "Oh, I can go to-morrow just as well;" or, "Next week will do just as well as this;" or, "There is no hurry," more generally. It is a very simple thing to telegraph as well as write exactly when you mean to arrive, and not keep a coachman and valuable horses out in the cold two hours at a station waiting for you. There ought to be no misunderstanding, no mistake, no failure to arrive, as a rule. Accidents will happen, of course, and trains be delayed, but that is a different thing altogether from the haphazard fashion of taking a hostess off her guard by storm, which some guests seem to vastly enjoy, though few indeed are the hostesses with whom it is safe to try the experiment and who share the sentiment.

Next to the guest who never knows her own mind is the equally trying one of iron resolution who makes up her mind to do this or that, or go here or there, regardless of weather, entreaties, warnings, the discomfort to others, the certainty of risk and probability of danger—the guest who will go to a concert in a blizzard, cost what it may; who will go into the thick of a crowd, a mob, perhaps, and risk the life or limb of her escort, because "a mob is great fun—so exciting!" or leave at five o'clock in the morning when she could just as well take the ten-o'clock train.

Everybody knows the lazy guest, who is never ready for family prayers, for breakfast, dinner or supper, for engagements of any kind, however important and imperative; the guest whom nothing short of a fire can move, and who even then would not be in a hurry; who cannot be induced

to return visits, and has no more idea of the value of time than if she came from Neptune instead of Cheboygan, Michigan.

And the active guest, who is as enterprising as Miss Bird of traveling fame, and as tireless in

her pursuit of work or pleasure as though she was made of steel and iron, with steam for a motive power, is no light trial to a delicate hostess.

Then there is the susceptible male guest, whom even Mrs. Love cannot abide because he flirts



THE HOSTESS.

outrageously with everything from sixteen to sixty, and even tried his wiles on her Cecilia, who will not be fifteen for three months, unpacking his battered old peddler's pack of sentimental wares and putting all sorts of foolish notions in the girl's head when he spent a fortnight with them last year—invited because he was an old schoolmate of her father's.

Her friend Miss J—— contrived to write herself out of those good books of enormous good will, friendliness and charity which Mrs. Love keeps with the race, by talking, very spicily indeed, but very odiously, of all the social scandals of the day, and relating all the *risqués* stories and repeating all the *double entendres* she could think of—and that so persistently that Cecilia was practically kept in close confinement in her room while that visit lasted, her mother not wishing that she should lose the divine bloom of her sweet maiden innocence because she had felt obliged for a certain good reason to entertain Miss J—— for a week.

The exacting guest, who expects a round of entertainments, whom nothing can amuse because her mind is so vacuous and her dissipations already so great, is a terror in modest households where active duties are the rule and occasional relaxation the exception. There is nothing more truly awful than the person without intellectual resources or industrious pursuits who settles herself in the bosom of a family and practically says, "Here I am; now entertain me." You suggest a walk, she "hates walking"; you tell her there is a delightful new book on the table that will repay inspection, hoping to slip off and see to your private affairs, and she replies "that her eyes are bad," or that she is "tired of reading." You propose a drive, and she says that "nothing bores her so much." You ask her if she ever takes a nap in the afternoon, and she always replies, with emphasis, "Never!" You request her to amuse herself at the piano while you do this or that, and she says that she "gave up her music when she left school"—that kind of woman never learns anything after she leaves school, and makes a point of forgetting all she ever learned there. You hint with delicacy that you feel the need of repose and have some letters to write, or orders to give for dinner, and she stolidly replies that she "will wait where she is until you come back, but not to be long, because it is so dull." You talk to her until you feel as if your brain were an exhausted air receiver—as if you were walking across a desert under a burning tropical sun, and she sits stolidly absorbing it all in stupid silence; she can't talk—she has nothing to say, apparently, and if she had wouldn't know

how to say it. You go on talking until you feel yourself falling asleep and becoming imbecile; she sits there, staring and absorbing—she doesn't look, and hasn't intelligence enough to listen. You get up and give her the photograph book in desperation—she glances at two of them, and shuts the book, saying she "doesn't care for photographs, never did," with a kind of fatuous pride, as if it was a merit, like her saying that "sewing never was any pleasure to her." You find that she doesn't crochet, or knit, or make lace, or embroider, or do anything that any other woman does that you ever heard of. You get somebody to take her to a lecture, and feel as grateful as though your life had been saved, though you have paid more than you can very well afford for the tickets, and rush off to find your husband, not having been able to exchange more than a word with him since she came. Or you send her to the theatre, and congratulate yourself ardently upon the fact that you have "an evening off," like Bridget, your maid. Not a bit of it; she is back after the first act, or the first part, of "Famous Women"—her head ached, or "it was awfully hot and she thought she would rather come home." You talk to her again, and find her so insupportably unintelligent, non-receptive and unsympathetic that you are obliged to make some excuse and leave the room just that you may sit down on the right side of a closed door and groan—inaudibly. You wonder what on earth she does at home, and are told "Nothing much," and talk her over with your husband, who chaffs you good-humoredly about her. You try not to show your indecent exultation when she says she "must go." You get her off, showing every polite consideration to the last; and then you sit down and vow that there is no obligation solemn enough to induce you ever to ask that creature to your house again while you live!

Then there is the guest who won't allow any opportunity to pass her by unimproved in the way of making herself, not "one of the family," but *the* one; who reproves your servants, snubs your children, gives private orders to the cook or the manservant, inserts herself between you and your own husband even, if you attempt to discuss a private matter in her presence, tells your friend that she considers you very extravagant in the number of your fires or your table expenses, tells you that you keep too many servants altogether, and generally interests herself actively in what doesn't concern her, asking "why the marmalade is out," and "what has become of the claret," as if she were in a hotel for all the world, and using your house as if it were a place of public enter-

tainment, stays as long as she likes, and has her dresses made, her teeth filled, her skin treated, her shopping lists filled out and scored off, her photographs taken, and all her other little business matters settled to her entire satisfaction, seeing almost nothing of the family she is supposed to be visiting meanwhile.

The guest who is all osculation and endearments while a visit lasts, and then goes away and makes all the mischief she can by talebearing, exaggerations and ungrateful criticisms of her kind hosts, is simply beneath contempt. To talk to her of the sacredness of the salt, the debt of gratitude and the silence imposed by good breeding and good feeling on everyone who partakes of the hospitality of any family, is to talk of music to a deaf man.

Refinement of feeling, being instinctive, can never be taught, nor early training overcome; neither can ill breeding and bad habits be easily eradicated. And as the first virtue of a guest consists in coming properly, so the last is emphatically to go in due time—on the day fixed, always, unless urged heartily to remain, and then only for a brief period, except in the case of old friends and long-standing, peculiar intimacies, where formalities have been lost in affectionate security of welcome.

It is a good general rule not only thus to go, but thus going to observe two rules in packing—to leave nothing behind you that does belong to you, and to take nothing away that doesn't.

It is annoying a hostess by utterly unwarrantable carelessness for a guest to leave her overshoes and cloak and muff to be sent after her; and to discover that her copy of Browning and her husband's pet knife and one of the boxes of a silver toilet set are missing, or perhaps the brush and comb, is not calculated exactly to inspire respect.

Absence of mind unaccompanied by presence of property is pardonable enough, but when a guest of Mr. Love's went off with a new silk umbrella and his Plato, his dressing bag and an unframed print of Raphael Morghen's, after using his house as if it had been that of his worst enemy, that gentleman certainly had a right to say, on reclaiming these trifles, "My house is one of general entertainment for man, not beast, unlike an English inn," though nothing except being so flagrantly fleeced could have provoked him into such a rebuke.

Besides the *lettre de digestion*, as the French call the first communication from a guest to the person who has entertained them, after leaving, nice custom has decreed a pleasant observance—the sending of a book, or of some flowers, a box of bonbons, or some other pretty gift, either immediately or when the next Christmas or Easter shall come, merely by way of showing an ex-hostess that you keep her kindness in grateful memory. To show kindness, and to know how to receive, appreciate and return that kindness, is indeed the whole secret of entertaining and being entertained.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS.

BY HERMAN MONTAGUE DONNER.

FAR back through the enshrouding mists of prehistoric ages the patient, devoted toil of the scientific workers in comparative mythology and philology has given the modern world the vision of a nomadic people scattered over the eastern and central portions of Europe, whose physical hardihood was dedicated rather to the peaceful pursuits of tilling the soil, of hunting and of fishing than to the prosecution of petty warfare; and the harmonious utterances of whose language seemed in fitting correspondence with their peaceable disposition.

Only a vision, after all, which further scientific labor may either dispel or resolve into fact. This race was a branch of the great family known as the Ural-Altaic, and has received from the philologists the name of Finno-Ugrian.

Whether or not the Finns (by which collective appellation is to be understood all the western branch of the great Ural-Altaic family) ever did in reality inhabit Western Europe, there no longer exists any doubt that from very early times they were settled in its eastern and northern portions, though it cannot be at all satisfactorily determined at what date they separated from their Mongolian kinsmen now known as the Ostyaks and Samoyedes. It is at least certain that they were known not only to the Roman historian Tacitus, but also to the famous ancient Egyptian geographer Ptolemy, whose wide-reaching spirit of inquiry, working with the crudest materials for the enlightenment of after ages, on a subject which conveyed in his day but little other than a chaos of indefinite ideas, was fashioned by his



HELSINGFORS.

genius into the means of winnowing a considerable amount of wheat from a boundless store of chaff.

Both these celebrated writers were acquainted with this people by the name of Fenni or Phinni, who even at that time occupied a considerable portion of the eastern and northern part of Europe.



TAVAST FINNISH PEASANT TYPE.—DRAWN BY EDELFELT.

At the time of their first incursion into Europe over the Urals these ancestors of the Finnic race were known by the name of Chudes.* It was only natural that the wide tracts of country watered by the Volga should tempt the incoming tribes to settle there in the first place. We find indeed that these particular territories became the home of a tribe of the Finno-Ugrian race, actually mentioned by Herodotus, and styled the Permians by the patriarch of Russian literature, Nestor of Kieff, who wrote at the end of the eleventh century.

These Permians were evidently a very enterprising and thrifty people, for they were not only known to the Greek colonists of Olbia, with whom they engaged in trade by means of the great water ways of the Volga and Euxine Sea, but they stood equally well on a commercial footing with the Scandinavians, to whom they were familiar by the name of Biarm. On all hands they were reputed to be immensely wealthy, especially the tribes settled along the banks of the Dwina. It was the custom when a Permian died to leave only the half of his wealth to his heirs, the other half being consigned to earth with the body of the dead man. In this way enormous riches came to be accumulated in the tribal burial ground, which was guarded with the most jealous watchfulness.

* The name of Chude is doubtless identical with the appellation which the Russians have bestowed upon the Eathonians, Tschuchni or Tchnuchonzi, signifying "strangers."

Not unnaturally the cupidity of the Scandinavians was aroused, and a considerable amount of interesting legend clusters about an attack which they seem to have made upon the Permians, with the object of carrying off the booty, as their practical minds held to the opinion that so much wealth would be of infinitely more value to the living than the dead. In this attempt they partly succeeded, but narrowly escaped being surrounded and cut to pieces by the infuriated Biarm.

In course of time, as the power of the Chudes began to decline, the Russians, who had recently entered the country, seized with the same desire to become masters of the vast riches which their neighbors had acquired, began to make war upon them. Gradually the Chudes were driven further and further north; but their resistance was of the most desperate and unflagging kind, and the long and wearisome war threatened never to come to an end.

History is vague about the manner in which the issue was at length reached, and legend again steps in to atone for its shortcomings. It tells us that the two belligerent nations, seeing no likelihood of a speedy termination of the war, determined on a novel expedient to end it. Re-

course was to be had to a contest for supremacy between a chief from each side. This idea, of course, presents no novelty: the legendary lore of nearly every nation and people furnishes us with a combat between the chosen champions of contending armies, which is to decide the most momentous issues—in this we only see that instinctive seeking after effect which leads a people to clothe prehistoric great events in the garb of marvelous individual achievements on the part of some ancestral hero: the spirit which has given us a King Arthur, an Odin, a Roland, a Cid, a Frithjof.

We are reminded, as in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in the *Eddas*, in the *Nibelungen*, in the *Shah Nameh*, of an age in which the people were but as nameless masses which merely lived to do the will and to wreak the vengeance of kings and chiefs. But the Chudic legend is distinctly novel in its details.

The nature of the contest which was to decide whether the Chudes or the Russians were to be the dominant power was indeed a peculiar one. The chosen twain on whom devolved the fate of these two nations were to decide it rather by force of arm than of arms, for the all-important contest consisted in the felling of a tree—the one



MARKET PLACE, HELSINGFORS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDELFELT.

who first accomplished the task was to be the victor.

The phlegmatic Chude immediately went stolidly to work near the roots; the wilier Russian (so runs the legend) began at the top of his, and finished first!

Thus these early forefathers of the Finnic race became subject to the Slav. Again, however, we are informed by legend that the Chudes, totally unable to accustom their independent spirit to the new order of things, and seeing no hope of successful resistance to the ever-increasing power of their Russian conquerors, resolved rather to end their existence than continue in a state of subjugation, however mild. Accordingly, gathering together all of their immense riches of which they had not been despoiled, they retired in a vast body into the caverns of a great mountain, which fell over them and buried them with all their wealth.

The particular branch of the Chudes known as the Biarni or Permians, driven north by the victorious incoming Russians, came into the territories lying between Lakes Ladoga and Saima. There, multiplying and thriving, they finally settled, being then known by the name of Karelians. Other Finnic tribes had at an earlier date occupied the north of the Scandinavian peninsula, where they received the name of Quanes; while yet others peopled the country from Lake Saima to the Baltic Sea, and were known as Tavasts.

The latter and the later-arrived Karelians gradually merged, and were called by the wider generic appellation of Finns, giving their name to the country they inhabited; as did their brethren the Lapps, wandering in the more northerly climes between them and the Quanes. It must not, however, for a moment be supposed that this great Finno-Ugrian race gravitated entirely to the north. Several tribes, when the Permians settled about the upper reaches of the Volga, pushed on to southerly and western tracts in the search for a fertile soil and favorable climate, but have all been since either swallowed up by more recent immigrant nations or been driven northward in their turn, with the very notable exception of the Magyars.

The western branch, then, of the old Ural-Altaic family of the human race—that is to say, the Finno-Ugrian—comprises four distinct divisions:

1. Ugrian (Ostyaks, Voguls and Magyars).
2. Volga-Bulgarian (Cheremicians, Mordvinians, Chuvaks).
3. Permian (Permians, Szyrenians and Votaks).

4. Finnish (Finns, Esthonians, Livonians, Crevinians and Lapps).

It would, perhaps, be more correct to class the Lapps (with whom the Quanes are practically identical, being the Norwegian Lapps,) as a fifth division, differing as they do considerably from the real type of the race who have given their name to Finland. With the tribes comprising the first three divisions we have here no concern. Indeed, with the aforementioned most striking exception of the Magyars, they are of no consequence, being reduced to the state of poor, half-civilized peoples wandering over the boundless steppes from stream to stream, seeking a precarious livelihood by rod and gun; some of them knowing the Christian religion by name, but most of them heathens, who divide their worship between trees and stones and the god of the heavens, whom they call Num—in short, a horde of peaceable, hospitable, harmless nonentities.

My purpose in the present paper is with the last of the four groups; and of the different peoples into which that group is subdivided, with the first-named therein, i.e., the Finns. Concerning the Esthonians and Livonians, suffice it to say here that, though even in the same group of the Finno-Ugrian stock as their neighbors across the Gulf of Finland, they have branched apart in language as well as in historical destiny, and have long since ceased to have any independent political existence, though they can lay claim to a distinct nationality on social and philological grounds; where the Esthonians in particular offer a very interesting field of study, especially in the domain of comparative mythology and folklore. As for the Crevinians, the last of the race died out in 1846 in Courland. The Lapps, as we have already said, differ so greatly from their remote connections the Finns that they may perhaps more properly be considered as forming a fifth group by themselves. Of an inferior type, both physically and intellectually, they are compelled by the rigor of the climate in the extreme northern latitudes where they dwell to lead a nomadic life, dependent on their reindeer both for sustenance and transport.

Their numbers are now reduced to about one thousand, and there is little cause to doubt that they will ere long share the fate of the extinct Crevinians.

As we turn now to that part of the great Finno-Ugrian family which has made the country between Lake Ladoga and the Baltic its own and given it the name Finland, we discover at once that the Finns are clearly divisible into two sections, distinguishable by differences of appearance as well as of demeanor and character.

These two sections, as the reader will remember, bear the name of Tavasts and Karelians.

It must not be thought that this division of the race is an arbitrary one in any sense, for no supposition could be further from the truth.

The Tavasts and Karelians were in former times, although of common Finnic origin, two distinct tribes. The Tavasts were, in fact, originally the same as the Esthonians, when they occupied part of the country now known as Russia. Driven to the northwest by the incoming Slavonic peoples, the tribe found itself parted in its migration by the head of that arm of the sea now called the Gulf of Finland. One half passed along the northern shores of the gulf, and pushed on until their progress was arrested by the waters of the Gulf of Bothnia, and became known by the name of Tavasts; the other half followed the southern coast line, continuing westward until they too were confronted with the view of a sea which stemmed their advance: this people became the Esthonian nation, destined to feel the yoke of both German and Russian despotism; yet through all preserving their customs, their religion and their language—in short, their nationality.

Scandinavian sagas relate that the Russian Empire was founded by the Swedish Viking Rurik in the year 862 A.D. It appears that at that time Finnish and Slavonic tribes were settled side by side in the fertile tracts of country lying around Lake Ilmen. Like all the countries bordering on the Baltic, this district was subject to the devastating inroads of the Vikings, and as a means of finally propitiating and securing the good will of these irresistible warriors the inhabitants resolved to invite their chieftains to come and rule over them. The invitation was accepted by the three brothers who were then at the head of the Vikings; and one of them, Rurik, became ruler over the country around Lake Ilmen.

The Finnish tribes called the Vikings Ruotsi, which the Slavs converted into Rhos and applied to themselves, whence the later development, Russian. The latter people were more daring and clever than their Finnish neighbors, and gradually ousted them.

A town sprang up on the northern shore of Lake Ilmen which was soon a thriving power. This was the city of Novgorod, which, ever increasing in wealth and importance, soon possessed a military strength so great that it put an end to the Biarmic or Permian state, of which we have spoken before, and forced the Finnish tribe to quit their settlements.

The expatriated people, driven north like their brethren the Tavasts before them, arrived in the country north of the gulf, and, under the name

of Karelians, established their penates side by side with their congeners in those regions lying between the settlements of the latter and Lake Ladoga which are watered by Saima and its thousand attendant lakes.

The Tavasts and Karelians, thus established side by side, have remained so ever since. At first there was bickering and strife in plenty between the neighbors, notwithstanding their consanguinity, but they seem ere very long to have acknowledged the ties of affinity and gradually merged into one consolidated nation.

It would really appear to the careful student of national idiosyncrasies as if these two tribes had been providentially set down together to fuse into one strong, hardy, virtuous and progressive people, and thus atone to humanity for the sorry spectacle presented by their poor wandering brethren scattered about the extreme north and northeast of Russia, so remarkably did the virtues and faults of the one counterbalance and round off, as it were, those of the other, till an essentially harmonious, homogeneous whole resulted. The Karelian would seem to have been created to leaven the austerity of the Tavast with his joyous temperament, and the Tavast divinely commissioned to infuse his steadfastness and earnestness into the mercurial Karelian.

The latter is open and frank in his disposition, and has a gayety of manner which at times reminds a stranger of the more warm-blooded sons of the South; at others, of the Swedes, who have been called "the French of the North." It is the Tavast, however, who has more emphatically impressed his personality upon the Finnish nation, and given it the *imprimatur* of his sturdy, independent spirit, with its unswerving directness of aim accompanying doggedness of purpose and endeavor. The Karelian is inclined to overlook providence for present pleasure; to burst into song in the sunshine and shrug his shoulders resignedly under a gray sky; to spend for the day rather than save for the morrow; to put his hands in his pockets at sight of the meagre larder, and good-humoredly whistle an accompaniment to his dreams of a full cupboard past and to come. The Tavast will rather stint the good things to-day to make sure of their lasting to-morrow; he loves a bright sky, but does not forget the cloudy one; he does not sing at his work, but plods steadily on in a phlegmatic turn of mind which is equally brought to bear on his means of relaxation.

Between these two different types stands a third, forming a connecting link: this is the Savolaxer. In him we find the highest type of the pure peasant Finn. Though an offshoot, as



SAMOYEDS.

it were, of the Karelian, he combines with the latter's happy disposition a head for business and a knowledge of affairs which, with his capacity for thrift, have enabled him to derive very material benefit from his position on the system of canals and lakes connecting the interior of Fin-



VOGULS.

land with the gulf. His individual development has been favored by the circumstance of his central location, which has saved him in a great measure alike from the depredations and the tyranny of Swedish masters on the one hand and Russian on the other, and enabled him to prosecute in comparative tranquillity the means of attaining wealth and culture.

Nowhere else among the Finnish peasantry

ing; whose hands, singularly well formed, are hardly suggestive of manual labor; and whose carriage is rather graceful than otherwise—the whole combining to form a personality certainly sympathetic.

The same influences of an outer higher civilization which penetrated comparatively early to the Karelian, thanks to his magnificent water chain, and bestowed on him a more complete and ready communion in the mental and material progress of the great world, have also penetrated, albeit more slowly, among the Tavasts, so that now it is only in South Tavastland, Northern Nyland and the interior of Satakunta that the people have preserved much of the racial and social



are to be found such various evidences of home comfort as are visible in the Savolaxer's house. In the district of Kuopio, far in the interior, there reigns, on the authority of a well-known native writer, "a superabundance of silver, silk, spices, wines and cigars."

This prosperity of the Savolaxer tends to make him perhaps a little contemptuous of his eastern neighbors, with their happy-go-lucky methods; but if a little inclined to be arrogant on this score he wears his superiority with good nature.

In regard to personal appearance, neither beauty nor grace can be conceded on behalf of the Tavast, who, with his thickset frame, square-jawed features, dull expression and deliberate, not to say awkward, movements and gait, rather repels than attracts at first glance. In most curious contrast stands the Karelian, whose figure is tall and slender; whose eye is bright and dan-

CATARACT OF IMATRA.

characteristics of the original immigrant tribe: in all other districts the constant infusion of foreign elements, either through ever-recurrent wars or the less violent but more insidious action of commercial intercourse, together with the settlement, at various periods, of more or less numerous bodies of strangers from the different Teutonic peoples, have resulted in the gradual transformation of the original Tavast to such an extent that in this nineteenth century he is

scarcely further remarkable than by the distinguishing qualities of mind and character which the Finnish nation in general owes to the stamp of his powerful individuality.

And here I may be allowed to trace the broad outlines of that individuality, which by virtue of its strength has breasted each succeeding stream of invasion and attempted subjugation, and kept its head above the flood with astonishing courage and resolution; so that neither Slav nor Teuton, though each in turn the conqueror of his little neighbor, could ever succeed in merging the Finnish nationality into his own.

Virility of the most marked kind, manly fortitude and indomitable tenacity of will lie in the very marrow of the Finn; so much so as often to degenerate either into the merest obstinacy or unreasoning aversion to everything new; thus he has clung, through all the vicissitudes of continual warfare, with its accompanying horrors of devastation and famine, all the more terrible because of the poverty of the country, with unflinching devotion to his customs and his creed, and above all to his language. It may be inferred from the fact of the Finns being so constantly involved in strife and bloodshed that they are a warlike people. Nothing could be further from the truth. In no single instance, I think I may with safety assert, have they been the aggressors; indeed, they are positively remarkable for possessing a most peaceable disposition. The very fact, however, of the frequent recurrence of violent conflict between them and their Swedish and Russian neighbors proves them to be as distinguished for courage and endurance as for inclination to peace. Yet, though the Finns never would for a moment tamely submit to provocation, ever opposing a determined front to attack, when once conquered they have observed a steadfast loyalty and an exalted conception of the sacredness of an oath of allegiance which must perforce extort the admiration of foe as well as of friend.

Precisely this uprightness of principle is one of the most strongly marked characteristics of the Finn: it is a guiding motive in his everyday relations with both personal friends and business acquaintances—*honesty* is writ large across the pages of his book of life.

Of course, as no character, however bright, is without its shadowed side, so does the Finn manifest among all his virtues the leaven of Adam. We have seen that with all his capacity for persistent severe toil he can scarcely merit encomiums on the score of thrift. This partial indifference to the future hangs together with a certain indolence with which he is justly reproached. At first

sight it may appear as if I were guilty of a contradiction of terms—many a reader will be apt to cry out that hard work and indolence are scarcely compatible. Yet it is a fact that the two go together not infrequently; in the case of the subject of this essay they certainly do. Indeed, the one may be held to superinduce the other—the phlegmatic temperament of the Finn would seem to emanate from a kind of callous resignation to vicissitudes of fortune, with which the penury of the soil and the caprices of the spring climate have rendered him familiar; and since continuous struggle and frequent hardship are among the unalterable conditions of existence, why, he may seem to argue within himself, relinquish the little relief that is afforded by going to work in a leisurely manner whenever less stern necessity admits of a certain measure of relaxed application? There is, after all, much call for consideration in such a plea.

Revengefulness is another vice with which the Finn is taxed. With all his love of quiet, he can be very passionate when aroused: the slow current of his blood would appear to have slept the longer in order to husband its strength and depth for the fierce irresistible rash and overflow of some future moment of wrath. And in many cases this outburst of anger, instead of dying out quickly, subsides into a smoldering fire of animosity that is willing neither to forget nor to forgive. A further charge advanced against the Finn with less justification is that of drunkenness. Certainly he is not free from the vice, but the traveler may spend days and sometimes weeks without meeting an inebriated person outside the sailor class, and in the latter instance the drunkard usually will be found to be a Russian.

Having said this, I come to the end of the category of the Finn's evil qualities. It used to be urged against him that he was excessively slow in his ideas, unwilling to countenance innovations of any sort. Of the peasants of the far interior this is doubtless to some extent still true, but the stimulated national pulse of the last quarter of a century has quickened the spirit and mind of all classes alike, and the Finns of nowadays are well abreast of the times in intellectual activity as well as in material comfort: indeed, the nation stands on a higher plane altogether of civilization than its huge neighbor and master—but of this more anon. Even the unreasoning obstinacy so peculiar to the Finnish temperament is becoming less characteristic of this sturdy tiller of an unwilling soil as wider views are being opened to his ken.

From the enumeration of these defects to turn to the consideration of the brighter side of

the character of this hardy people is a task over which the pen joyfully lingers. The ethical bent of the Finnish mind is rather contemplative than searching and quick; it is more modeled for steadfast adherence to accepted ideas than disposed to questioning and argument: hence it throws out its anchor in the calm sea of religious feeling, and feels it can ride out all storms in safety—without wearying itself in futile attempts to fathom the undiscoverable mysteries of the Supreme Good, it rests in placid faith in the beneficence of Providence: in a word, having accepted the doctrines of Lutheranism, the Finn carries the same singleness of mind and honesty of purpose into his religion that he does in his relations toward his fellow man, and fears God with earnest devotion. The trait of honesty, of respect for the rights of others, is so inborn in the very nature of the Finn that his country approaches more nearly than any other to the ideal state ascribed to Normandy under the rule of Duke Rollo, when a man might leave valuables in the public highway without any apprehension that on his return he would find his property missing. It has been insisted on in this paper that the Finns are a hardy race; but in order to fully appreciate the significance of the term it is requisite that one should have studied the history of this people, first under Swedish domination, then under Russian; their country ever, no matter under which master, the theatre of that bitter strife between the great rivals of the North of Europe which again and again, and yet again, devastated Finland's cornfields, cultivated with such expenditure of forethought and unremitting care and anxiety; burnt her growing villages and towns; destroyed her struggling industries; decimated her population with fire and sword; and further reduced the miserable inhabitants through the horrors not only of famine, the constant attendant in the train of those internecine wars, but of pestilence. Yet through all this story, centuries long, of rarely interrupted suffering, actual or expectant, flows that redeeming stream of heroic long-suffering, of patient endurance and uncomplaining self-denial, sung with such touching pathos by the muse of the "Homer of Finland," Runeberg.

How could a people survive so terrible an apprenticeship in national evolution unless it possessed inexhaustible virility, a knowledge of its virtue and a belief in its ability to shape its destiny? And these stanch virtues of faith, hardihood, patience, courage and honesty, and withal of unaggressiveness, abide in the Finn of to-day, and cheer him to hope for the morrow of political freedom. Young as is this people, considered

as a national entity, it has made surprising progress in the last half-century in *belles lettres* and the fine arts. The feeling for the beautiful was ever innate in the breast of the Finn; even when the turmoil of his hard lot crushed its expression, the soul of music was astir within him at the laving of his granite rocks by the sea waves, at the sighing of the breeze among his pine and birch forests, at the foaming of his waterfalls and the rippling of his numberless canals and lakes; the sense of the artistic awoke responsive at sight of his acres of waving corn, of his limpid streams and pellucid lakes, of his dark-green fir belts kissing the water's edge; and the sublime spirit of the sweetest and purest poetry filled his being as year after year the vast, calm serenity of the summer midnight brooded in the mysterious hush of its faint rose half-light over his beloved land, paling the glow of the festival bonfires he lights on his granite eminences.

With a soul thus attuned, the Finn, directly destiny seemed to point to an eventual satisfaction of this craving for a national existence in independence, felt the spirit stir within him with the fervor of productive as well as receptive genius; and an array of writers, poets, artists and musicians rose into prominence, whose inspiration and whose theme was Finland.

And here will I pause awhile; for we are now brought to the consideration of another factor in the life and progress of Finland which confronts us with new aspects, new potentialities—we pass from the pure Finn to the Finlander, by which name I would wish to designate the Finnicized Swede.

* * * * *

My purpose in this paper is not historical, beyond the outline tracing of the Finn's progress across the limitless Altai steppes to his present abiding place: hence I shall not discourse minutely on the various armed or peaceful expeditions of the Swedes into Finland. Suffice it here to say that the Scandinavian element in the population dates from a little over a thousand years ago, when the first extensive migratory movement took place; a large body of Swedes crossing the Baltic, and settling in the Åland archipelago off the southwest coast of Finland. Some of the immigrants seem to have pushed on to the mainland and settled in the southern part of the province of Nyland. At various periods further bodies of Swedes made their way to the same region, and extended their new homes along the southern coast eastward. Some three or four hundred years subsequent to the first migration another extensive movement from the Scandinavian peninsula occurred. This time the wanderers took

the direction of East Bothnia, the coasts of which province they peopled between parallels of latitude 62° and 64°.

These pioneers were in due time followed by others at various periods, until the Swedish population in some places extended twenty miles inland.

The Scandinavian element thus introduced has remained in the ascendant ever since, in the districts they first occupied. It has, however, merged completely into the Finnish nation, and the Swedes are animated by the same intense love of their country, by the same deep fervor of patriotic feeling, as their co-subjects of Finnish extraction. This does not, however, hinder an inevitable rivalry in certain directions, as we shall see presently.



CANAL AND LOCKS

The character of the Swedish Finlander is more emotional than that of the Finn, and therefore possesses less of steadiness and patience. On the other hand, he is much quicker not only to think, but to act; with a keener perception of the bright side of life, and a corresponding promptitude to seize on its every opportunity for yielding pleasure, he combines a sensitiveness that is less fitted to withstand its constant trials than is the phlegmatic temperament of the Finn, whom the long necessity of fighting for his very subsistence has inured to the idea of hardship and possible penury. Nevertheless, much of this impatience of worry has left him, by reason of the very fact of his having lived side by side with the stolid Finn for so many centuries; he has gradually acquired much of the latter's philosophical

calm, and now differs greatly from his brother across the Baltic. Indeed, though preserving his language intact, he speaks it with a different accent, having lost that peculiar singsong intonation which distinguishes the speech of the genuine Swede; and the latter professes to look down upon his Finnified relative in consequence.

The influence of the Scandinavian element on the Finnish character has been powerful for good: just as we have seen how fitted for each other were the Tavast and Karelian, so have we to acknowledge the great service done to their descendants by the infusion of Swedish blood. Just that requisite amount of vitality and buoyancy of spirits which was to keep them from sharing the fate eventually of their poor nomadic cousins on the northern steppes of Russia was

here grafted into them: to the Finnic pertinacity and patience was added the Teutonic energy, with the quickness more peculiarly Swedish; and thus the inhabitants became welded insensibly into one nation, with community of thought, of interests and of traditions.

The rivalry between the two different racial factors of the nation which we have before hinted at was, of course, from the first inevitable. The spirit of the Finns was always independent,

and under Swedish domination they maintained their language, which the latter, to their lasting great honor, never attempted to suppress. Of course, on the other hand, there was no possibility of the disappearance of the Swedish language so long as the country was part of the dominions under the Swedish crown; and when in 1809 Finland passed under the rule of the Czars the Scandinavian element was too thoroughly part and parcel of the land's institutions, nay, life, for its continued existence as the mother tongue of a great proportion of the inhabitants to be jeopardized.

The abiding together of the Finnish and Swedish elements in the "Land of the Thousand Lakes" presents many features of interest, more particularly in the province of East Bothnia;

which, by the way, contributes a constant flux and reflux of migration between Finland and the United States. I have said that the Swedes peopled the country to a considerable distance inland. The traveler will thus, on proceeding from the coast, say at Wasa, into the interior, find himself pass from one village, where Swedish is spoken, to another, but a little way further, in which almost solely the mellifluous vowel sounds of the Finnish tongue will fall upon his ear. And should he keep to Swedish-speaking territory he will discover to his surprise that among the many rural communities there is a diversity of custom and of dialect as great as among the Finns: indeed, to the inhabitants of Sweden some of the dialects of their remoter inland brethren across the Gulf of Bothnia would be with difficulty intelligible, so much do they contain of what has become archaic.

This province of East Bothnia has in one respect an unsavory reputation in the rest of Finland, for in it the knife is occasionally too freely wielded. The youthful inhabitants are frequently in a state of feud, and then regular pitched battles will take place between rival villages. Curious to relate, Swedes and Finns are alike hot-blooded and combative, and display equal zest in these faction fights. Finland is such an exceedingly peaceful land that this condition of things is distinctly anomalous, and is only to be accounted for on the ground of inherited warlike instincts, traceable to the days of the great king Gustavus Adolphus, when this particular Finnish province was one of the richest recruiting grounds for material to sustain the prestige of the Swedish arms, then so glorious and so dreaded throughout Europe. On the other hand, the East Bothnians have the reputation of being perhaps the finest skilled workmen in the country.

Speaking generally, the Swedish Finlanders are sharper and keener in business, more enterprising and desirous of keeping in touch with the outer world, than their Tavast and Karelian brothers, and as a consequence are more well to do and more progressive in their ideas and habits. Until quite recently the intellectual accomplishments of the nation were to be credited almost entirely to them: thus Runeberg, the great poet of Finland, the recognition of whose genius has become well-nigh world-wide, wrote in Swedish, as does he who of all Finnish authors is the only one widely known in the United States, Zacharias Topelius, whose "Surgeon's Tales" in their

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English translation have won such popularity among Americans.

Since, however, the discovery of the marvelous "Kalevala," the fifth great epic poem of the world, with which New Orleans made Americans familiar in a series of gorgeous pageants during her Mardi-Gras festivities of 1893, the consciousness of a national entity thus so powerfully awakened in the breasts of all Finns has gone on increasing in strength; and a galaxy of writers in the Finnish tongue has sprung into prominence, and given the young nation a literature surprisingly rich and varied, considering the very limited time which has elapsed since its inception.

The rising spirit of intense patriotism thus created, fostered and brought to vigorous bloom has resulted, as was only to be expected, in the cry of "Finland for the Finns." It can be readily understood therefore that the supremacy of Swedish as the official language is seriously threatened by this movement.

The whole question of the language of the country has already for many years been a very vexed one, and has divided the population of Finland into two camps; the *Svekomans* and the



PEASANT WOMAN IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

Fennomans, and at times the contest between the two has been waged with exceeding bitterness, which is on every consideration greatly to be deplored. On the one hand, the great body of Swedish officialdom sees with dismay the approach of a possible revolution—which may deprive them not only of their salaries, but also of that social and political supremacy which they have for centuries enjoyed in the country their forefathers conquered; and it would be beyond human nature if they did not look askance at any tendency involving such a lamentable contingency.

They argue—and in so far their reasoning is worthy of the most respectful and earnest consideration—that should Swedish be abolished the one powerful link connecting Finland with the outer world would be snapped; for outside the limits of the country scarce a soul is to be found who has any ability whatever to distinguish Finnish from Malay or Portuguese. The only reply to this assertion which can claim to be effective appears to me to lie in the *tu quoque* line of argument; adopting which, the Fennoman retorts that Sweden is very far from holding the position that was hers, by virtue of her statesmanship and military genius, two and a half centuries ago; and that consequently the Svekomans cannot assume for her language that importance which Sweden's responsible position as mistress of all the Baltic shores and their seaports then conferred upon it as the medium of the commercial and social intercourse of the North.

Unfortunately, however, the Fennoman party, seemingly mistrustful, in face of the inbred conservatism of the Finnish character, of such a general adoption of their views as should be commensurate with the ideas of progress which their ambitious eagerness impatiently fostered, were not content to await the gradual growth of popular sentiment in their favor, but coquetted with Russia.

In doing so there is no doubt that they harmed their cause far more than they advanced it; and, wise enough to see the application of the fable of the quarrel between the horse and the stag, which the former called upon man to decide, they abandoned the perilous course which would lead them into the very jaws of Russian Chauvinism. The spirit of the age is in favor of the just recognition of struggling nationalities, and it is in this fact that the Finns, strong in the sense of loyalty and honor which is so thoroughly ingrained in them, should repose their confidence. Assuredly time will right them if they bury internal dissensions and combine on the question of language in concerted action. It should be comparatively easy to do this: the recognition in

1884 of Finnish, after a long period of interdiction by Russia, as standing on a complete equality with Swedish, should soften asperities.

If, as some assert can scarcely be doubted, the Scandinavian tongue is destined to eventual exclusion from Finland, its exit ought not to be hastened by partisan rancor, the rather that the latter is woefully apt to defeat its own ends; the Finns should never forget the glorious services rendered to their national existence itself by that very tongue which, in the sublime conception of their foremost poetic genius, bequeathed to them the everlasting heritage of memories of their heroic deeds on the battlefield in the cause of freedom; which has given them their national anthem itself, the majestic "Vårt Land." The sacred memory of that May day in 1848 when the combined genius of Runeberg and Pacius stirred the soul of the nation and set its pulses wildly throbbing with patriotic fervor should forever keep the Swedish mother tongue safe in a warm corner of their heart, and preserve it from extinction. In nowise does it menace the attainment of national independence—how can it with such associations?

Americans would, perhaps, still have a somewhat erroneous conception of this drama of a national evolution unfolding itself in the quiet, far-away North of Europe if I were to omit stating a further consideration which forms a potent factor in the growth of the national movement. I refer to the necessity of distinguishing between the various classes or grades of the Swedish-speaking population. The distinction I wish to emphasize is not merely one of rank, of condition, of material welfare. It is rather one of official position—it is entirely one of sentiment.

By this last term I do not mean that the distinction I make is a sentimental one, but that there are two divisions of the Swedish population distinguished by an utter difference of sentiment on the all-absorbing topic of a national entity. I have said before that it is only in the nature of things that Swedish officialdom should regard with dread the ripening of an agitation which threatens its supremacy, possibly its very existence. This feeling is shared by the prosperous town element in general; there is "fluttering among the doves," if such a simile may be permitted in respect of anything so undovelike as a mercantile community. But apart from the Swedish nobility, who naturally head the Svekomans faction, foreseeing as they do the glittering ax raised aloft to clear away the undergrowth of their privileges from the roots of the tree of the Finnish Constitution; the officials of the administration, with their inherent love of the traditions

of Swedish rule, and the great, active, thriving merchant class of the seaports, with their direct intercourse with Scandinavia, there stand the sturdy Swedish rural communities, who, devoted principally to agriculture or fishing, according to their location in the interior or on the coast, make common cause with their brethren of pure Finnic extraction, and, while clinging to their own language and customs, have the birth of Finnish political independence and the raising of Finland to the status of a distinct free nation fully as warmly at heart as the most enthusiastic of Finns proper.

A last most potent factor in the political contention of Svekomans and Fennomans, which is rapidly strengthening the latter party, is to be found in the constant recruiting of the progressists by the members of the rising generation, who are naturally attracted by the picture of a Finnish nation rising to a place beside the young states of Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia.

All the fire of youthful enthusiasm finds a vent in this beautiful ideal: energy and vigor are best insured by ambition just out of its teens; the coolness and experience of older heads will bridle aspiration with judgment and prudence—and so the consummation may be reached. But to that end wise and calculating minds are needed; Finland possesses them in her older generation of living patriots—let her listen to them! They counsel continued, quiet loyalty; forbearance under aggravation; faithful observance of all duties; the continued fostering of national thought, to find expression in literature, art and painting; and patient waiting for the fruition, when Russia shall have perceived that to have at her entrance gates so peaceful, trustworthy and progressive a nation in the untrammelled enjoyment of complete liberty must conduce to the steady increase of her own long-sought prosperity, and raise her, where she may ill thrive as a taskmistress, to the proud station of benefactress.

"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

BARRYMORE, the president of the bank, was in his office when the smart brougham rumbled into the street and stopped at the door.

From a stool near the window Fergus looked down at the dark-blue liveries and silver trappings, the crest on the panels, the champing bay horses, and then at the one occupant of the vehicle—a girl, in a superlatively *chic* toilet, her pearly face and exquisite figure softly outlined against the sumptuous white cloth lining of the brougham, an English pug dog, with a collar of silver bells, perched on the cushions by her side. Fergus's head grew a trifle giddy.

"There she is!" he whispered, excitedly, to the clerk nearest him—"there she is, Fleming!"

Fleming was new at the bank—a shabby, silent old man, always pegging away at his work and looking neither right nor left.

"Who?" he asked.

"Who, you old stupid!" answered Fergus, wildly. "Why, there, in that carriage—Barrymore's daughter—the handsomest girl the sun ever shone upon! She drives here often to meet her father."

Fleming's melancholy eyes, sunken under thick gray brows, followed those of the younger man, and rested on the elegant brougham and its charming occupant. Long and steadily he gazed,

and if his heart was pounding madly under his well-worn tweed coat Fergus could not know it.

"What's her name?" he muttered, with dry lips.

"Gracious Heaven! what should it be but that of her father!" replied Fergus. "You know *his* name, I suppose. You must have brought credentials to him a month ago."

Fleming had been a month in the bank. He nodded meekly.

"Yes, of course. I didn't mean just that; but it's of no consequence."

A door opened, and the president of the bank stepped out of his office. He was a middle-aged autocrat, with prosperity written all over his portly figure. He had a cold, keen eye, and an air of frigid hauteur. He consulted a magnificent watch, marked with a monogram in diamonds, then glanced through the window at the waiting brougham, and went briskly out of the bank, and down the steps to the carriage side.

The pug dog rattled his silver bells. The girl in the *chic* toilet leaned forward with a ravishing smile.

"Now you are done with business for *this* day, are you not, papa?" she said.

The hard lines of the autocrat's face softened.

"Yes, Clytie," he answered—"yes, my love."

And he took a seat by her side, and the smart brougham rolled briskly away.

The hour struck for the closing of the bank. Fergus descended to the street. He had not gone a dozen yards when he heard a step at his back, and Fleming hurried breathlessly up to him.

"Ah!—that is—if you don't mind, I'll walk along with you, Fergus," he stammered.

Fergus felt a faint surprise, for Fleming was not a social man—he avoided rather than sought his fellow clerks.

"Oh, no! Of course I don't mind," answered the young fellow, absently—his thoughts were traveling after things far remote from old Fleming.

The latter, for a few moments, shuffled along beside him in embarrassed silence. He was very seedy. His linen seemed slightly frayed, his trousers bagged at the knees. The evening was cold, but he wore no overcoat. He had a neglected, forsaken air.

"The young lady that we saw in the carriage—Miss Barrymore," he began, timidly—"you seem to feel a good deal of interest in her, Fergus."

Fergus colored to his handsome, honest brown eyes.

"Interest, man," he answered, gloomily. "I wish that were all! Cannot you see that I am making a tremendous ass of myself—that I am quite off my head?"

Fleming, who was much shorter than his companion, peered eagerly up into the bright young face above him.

"You mean—what?" he queried, softly.

"Come, now, you'll not laugh at me, as the other clerks would be sure to do?"

"Certainly not."

"I like you, Fleming—you are not what is called an attractive person, but I have always liked you since you first came to the bank. I'll make you my father confessor. I think of Miss Barrymore by day, and I dream of her by night—I'm madly, furiously, hopelessly in love with her!"

"Good gracious!" said Fleming, in a shocked tone.

"Yes, I am!" persisted Fergus, recklessly. "The first time she came in that brougham to meet her father the mischief was done! It was summer weather. She wore a pale-blue gown, with pink roses in her corsage. Her hair reminded me of cowslips. She looked like an angel. Since that hour her face has floated in a heavenly mist before my eyes. The newspapers call her the belle of the season, and chronicle all her movements. I spend my evenings hovering the doors of theatres and opera houses, or

in the vicinity of aristocratic balls and parties, watching for her carriage. Sometimes I am rewarded by the sight of her, sometimes not. Now, don't dare to smile, Fleming, or I shall wring your neck. After all, it is simply

"The desire of the moth for the star—
Of the night for the morrow."

I never spoke to Miss Barrymore but once."

"Once—did you speak to her *once*?" asked Fleming, in incredulous astonishment.

"Yes. It was about that little dog which she takes everywhere—the pug with the silver bells. One day, as I was returning from an errand, I encountered her carriage at the door of the bank. The dog leaped out and barked at me violently—even threatened to tear my trousers. She called him off, and apologized in the prettiest way possible. 'Rex'—that's her name for the little beast—'Rex had nerves,' she said, 'and they were somewhat deranged. He was not really ill-natured.' I assured her that I felt certain of that fact. I knew by his charming inky countenance that his temper was seraphic; and I ended by snatching up the abominable little canine and depositing him carefully on the cushion beside her. Her liveried lackeys glared at me, but I didn't mind. 'Oh, thank you, sir!' she said, and smiled in a way that quite finished me. I haven't been the same man since that day," moodily.

Fleming regarded his companion with critical attention. Had the younger man been aware of the scrutiny—which he was not—he could have borne it without flinching, for Fergus was strong, handsome, clean-hearted, alive with youth and energy. His frank eyes looked the world and all mankind straight in the face.

"Let me see," ventured Fleming, at last; "didn't I lately read somewhere that a Miss Barrymore, a belle and a beauty, was as good as engaged to some swell of the town?"

"Oh, yes, I saw that rot," said Fergus, striding along with a great access of irritation. "Keith the brewer is the fellow. He's just come into possession of several millions, and a dissipated cad he is, or gossip lies. Why, he isn't fit to touch the hem of her garment! Yet," sadly, "I dare say old Barrymore thinks him a good catch. The fathers of this generation seem quite willing to give their daughters to such men."

"Has Barrymore other children?" asked Fleming, in a low voice.

"No. This girl is his sole heiress. She has been brought up like a princess."

"And what are *your* prospects, Fergus?"

Fergus stared, then laughed.

"I haven't the shadow of any! My salary is



"HE SAW MISS BARRYMORE GO FORWARD TO THE BED."

barely sufficient to keep my mother in comfort and supply my own fairly modest needs. She's an invalid—my mother—and of course I'm bound to do my best by her, for she's the dearest woman in the world. If you're thinking of me as a possible suitor for old Barrymore's daughter, stop where you are, Fleming—I'm not such a maniac as that. It's purely a moth-and-star business. Thank Heaven! I have still a grain of common sense left in my head."

He sighed heavily, then turned into a side street, and stopping before a small, unpretending house, began to fumble for his latch key.

"Do you live here?" asked Fleming.

"Yes; come in and take a cup of tea."

Fleming looked at him wistfully.

"I fear it might trouble your invalid mother."

"Not a bit of it. My mother is always glad to see my friends." And he convoyed Fleming into a stuffy little hall, where the gas was turned low for economy's sake, and up a stair, covered with a threadbare carpet, in which Fleming's heels caught uncomfortably, to a shabby parlor, and the presence of a pale, tiny woman in mourning, who sat there, mending household linen by the light of a shaded lamp.

A fire burned in the grate. A cat purred on the hearthrug. An agreeable smell of tea and buttered toast filled the air. Homely as the room was, comfort pervaded it.

Fergus presented Fleming to his mother, and the pale, tiny woman welcomed her guest hospitably.

"I am sure," she said, in a kind, sweet voice, "that I have heard my son speak of you." And so she had. Fergus had often told her that Fleming was an extraordinarily queer old duffer. "Come close to the fire—you must be very cold." She had noticed that he wore no overcoat. "We will have tea immediately."

Mother and son tried to make Fleming entirely at home there at their modest supper table, but the man ate and talked sparingly, and as soon as supper was over he arose to go.

"I wish I dared to offer him one of your coats, Fergus," whispered the lady of the house.

"Imagine the figure he would cut in it!" Fergus whispered back. "When he saw himself he would turn and rend you. He is a pygmy, and I am like Saul, the son of Kish."

Fleming went blundering down the dark, narrow stair, and the hall door closed upon him.

"Where does he live?" asked Fergus's mother.

"I haven't an idea," answered Fergus.

"Has he a family?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Such a queer, silent man! He looks as though the world had used him ill."

"The world uses most of us ill," muttered Fergus.

He read his evening paper, then lighted a cigar and went down into the street. A raging fever filled his blood. He turned his face toward the opera house—there he had seen her more than once; and to-night the fates were again propitious, for hardly had he secured a coigne of vantage near the entrance when a stylish landau, with the familiar dark-blue liveries and satin-smooth horses, drew up at the curbstone, and from the vehicle alighted three persons—Barrymore, pompous, autocratic; a handsome, queenly woman, in an opera cloak bordered with white ostrich tips—his wife; and then a blond, golden-haired angel in old-rose silk, with Parma violets in her bosom—the enchantress who held Fergus in her spell—the star to which he, the humble moth, lifted his vain desire.

A brightly joyous vision, with red lips softly smiling, and blue eyes luminous—Fergus's foolish heart beat madly. She passed within a few feet of him, leaving in his nostrils the odor of the violets which she wore. As he strained his fascinated gaze after her, Fergus heard something like a groan, and lo! there at his elbow stood Fleming, with a face all pinched and gray, and one hand clutching a projection in the wall for support.

"Good God, you here, Fleming?" said Fergus, awkwardly. "Whatever is the matter?"

Fleming seemed unable to answer. Had he been drinking? No; there was not the smallest suspicion of liquor about him.

Fergus took him by the arm.

"You are ill," he said, kindly. "Let me lead you home."

"I have no home—don't bother," answered Fleming, in a dull, queer voice.

"Oh, come now, you don't mean anything as bad as that! Where's your boarding place, then?"

"Never mind," said Fleming, rallying; "I'm all right now—I can find my way quite well. It was a sudden pain, but it's gone. I bid you good night."

He drew away from the young fellow, and slipped off into the crowd. Fergus saw him no more.

But the following morning he was in his place at the bank, and to Fergus's cheerful "How do you find yourself, old chap?" he grunted some unintelligible reply, and stared straight down at his ledger.

For the next few days the two men exchanged only brief greetings. Youth is selfish. Fergus was absorbed in his own affairs, and the elder clerk refrained from thrusting himself on the notice of the younger.

It was the last day of the year. The weather had turned bitterly cold. A rim of frozen snow covered the ground; the clouds hung low; the wind cut like a knife. Fleming, passing Fergus's desk, touched the young fellow's arm and whispered, timidly:

"The Barrymores give a ball at their Back Bay house to-night. It's Miss Barrymore's birthnight—she was born on New Year's Eve."

"Good gracious! how do *you* know when she was born?" said Fergus, staring.

"How do we know anything in these days, my dear boy? Through the newspapers, of course. I mentioned the ball because I felt sure that it would interest you." A little quiver of excitement filled his voice. "Look! there's her carriage now, coming down the street!"

Fergus's pulses leaped. Yes, the brougham was even then at the door. The pug, as usual, lifted up his sooty face on the cushions, and his mistress, wrapped in rich dark furs, leaned forward and glanced up at the bank.

Her gold hair gleamed under her Virot hat; a faint color glowed in her cheek. How young she looked! how radiant! And this was her birthnight! Fergus felt a mad desire to rush out and offer congratulations—to implore her to invite

him to her revel. Oh, to dance with that girl once—just once!

"Anyway," he said to himself, with reckless desperation, "I'll see her at that ball, or die in the attempt!"

Barrymore came forth from his office drawing on his gloves. With a smile on his lips he entered the carriage, and sat down by his fair daughter.

Fleming's pen scratched industriously. His humble gray head leaned low over his ledger. He did not look up again for a long time.

"I shall not see you to-morrow, Fleming," said Fergus, as both men made ready to leave the bank, "so I'll wish you a happy New Year in advance."

Fleming gave the young fellow a strange, sad look. Fergus wished at once that he had not said it. To a homeless man the words might sound like mockery.

"I say, Fleming, if you've nothing better to do, come and dine with my mother and me to-morrow," urged Fergus. "Everybody ought to be jolly at New Year. Two is the hour. I shall expect you without fail." And waiting for no answer, he rushed away.

As night fell the cold increased, but that mad fellow Fergus, prowling in the vicinity of the Barrymore dwelling, did not feel it. The splendid house was ablaze with light from garret to foundation. Carriages rolled up, with blooded horses champing at frosty bits. The great entrance door, swinging wide to admit the guests, afforded Fergus fascinating glimpses of an interior like fairyland—palms and clustered lights, jewels and marvelous tissues, a carved stairway smothered in roses, and fair girl faces moving up and down. Once some one came to a front window, and through the parted lace looked down into the street. A girlish figure in creamy white, with yellow hair and happy, smiling eyes, and strings of pearls shimmering around her milky throat—Miss Barrymore. Fergus, standing in the nipping cold, hustled about by servants and policemen, gazed and gazed; but hardly had his greedy eyes drank in her loveliness when a man in evening dress appeared beside her in the window—bent down, with a devoted air—whispered—drew her away. Heaven above! who could that be?—who, but the rich brewer Keith, with whom Miss Barrymore's name was now linked! Fergus stood tingling to the finger tips with raging jealousy. The strains of a superb orchestra floated out on the night. Figures began to whirl past the windows in the mazes of the dance. Full of gloomy wrath, Fergus watched them. Was it possible to rush in there and hurl that brewer

down the stone steps? As he stood meditating the matter he espied a small gray man dodging among the spirited heads of the horses. He was trying to cross the street. He looked pale and breathless, as though he had hurried. He waved his hand to Fergus—his whole air cried aloud, "Have you seen her?—have you seen her?"

"Good Lord! what has brought old Fleming *here*?" was Fergus's involuntary thought. "Why is he following me about?" Then, moved by a kindly impulse, he started to meet him. "I must help him cross," he said to himself. "Of course, he wants to get a peep at the dancers."

Fleming dashed recklessly into the middle of the street. The stones were coated with ice—he slipped suddenly and fell prostrate. Carriages blocked every inch of the way, and close at hand a coachman, striving to rein a pair of fiery horses, yelled out a sharp warning to the fallen man. Too late, however, for the iron hoofs struck Fleming as he started to rise up. When Fergus and a policeman reached and lifted him from the slippery stones a thin streak of blood darkened his lips, and he made neither sound nor sign.

"Do you know him?" said the guardian of the night to Fergus.

"Yes."

"Where is his home?"

"I have no idea. Take him to mine—I will care for him. I fear he is badly hurt, poor chap."

A vehicle was called, and Fleming conveyed to the small, unpretending house in the side street. A surgeon, hastily summoned, pronounced his injuries internal.

"He will not last till morning," said the man of science as he wiped away the blood that still welled up to Fleming's pale lips.

The old clerk gave him an eloquent look.

"If you have affairs to settle," said the surgeon, gently, "you had better speak of them at once—if you have friends we will call them."

Fleming's eyes roamed to the face of Fergus.

"Bring *her*!" he said, faintly. "Clytie—Miss Barrymore—tell her everything, and she will come."

At such a moment who could waste time in questions? Fergus felt the exigency without understanding it. He rushed into the street, and away to the Barrymore mansion. Up the stone steps he went, and through the stately portal, into the light and warmth, the perfume, the flowers and the faces that filled the hall. To the servant who barred his way he said:

"I wish to speak with Miss Barrymore—I *must* speak with her!" and something in his face awed the man. Fergus was pushed into an anteroom,

and its door shut betwixt him and the revelers. A few moments later she came to him there, with the flush of the dance on her cheek, her pearls shimmering, her large eyes full of wonder. And a queenly woman in velvet and diamonds came with her and held her hand.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Barrymore's wife, with a great apprehension in her haughty handsome face.

Then, while the music pealed merrily in the neighboring ballroom, Fergus told his errand.

"The man was knocked down at your very door," he said. "He is dying in my home. He wants to see Miss Barrymore—she must go to him at once, or it will be too late."

The lady in velvet and diamonds grew deadly pale.

"Do you know why he wishes to see my daughter?" she asked.

"No, madam. But, doubtless, *you* understand the matter."

"I do," she shuddered. "Show us the way to him."

The trio entered a carriage, and were driven straight to the house in the side street. There Miss Barrymore alighted, but her mother shivered and shrank into the farthest corner of the vehicle.

"I trust my daughter to you, sir," she said to Fergus. "Take her to your friend, and I will remain here."

So Fergus led the beautiful creature into his shabby home, up the narrow stair, to the room where Fleming lay awaiting them, in the dignity of approaching death. He saw Miss Barrymore go forward to the bed—saw the long fur cloak slip away from her ball dress, revealing her bare white arms and jeweled throat—saw her kneel, and lay her fair face close to Fleming's on the pillow—saw those dazzling arms creep about the neck of the injured man—heard her sob out an incomprehensible word, and then, seized with a sudden panic, Fergus retreated from the chamber and closed its door softly.

The clocks of the city struck the last hour of the New Year. He waited, and presently she glided down the stair and into the room. Her face was pale and wet with tears. As he looked at her Fergus did not need to be told that Fleming was dead.

"It is your right to know the story," she said, holding out both hands to the young man. "He

wished me to tell you. He was my father. Mamma loved money, success, position. She had no patience with his failures and mistakes. So she left him, taking me, a mere infant, with her. She secured a divorce; she married again, and I was brought up as Mr. Barrymore's child. I never heard the truth—never dreamed of it till to-night." A sob swelled her throat. "For years my father, forsaken, heartbroken, alone, has drifted about the world, always poor, always unsuccessful. He told me just now that you were the only person who had ever shown him any real kindness."

"I!" exclaimed Fergus, overwhelmed.

"Yes; and oh, I thank you with my whole heart—I can never, never thank you enough! Often my father has been tempted to claim me, but when he saw me happy, and living with no wish ungratified, he unselfishly renounced the thought. He went poor, lonely, neglected, that I might be rich and without a care. Was it not cruel that I should dance to-night, while he watched outside the house, in the bitter cold, for one glimpse of me? And he was stricken down there, under the hoofs of my guests' horses! Oh, I blame mamma—I blame Mr. Barrymore—for rearing me in utter ignorance of my poor, poor father! Yes, it is indeed true that you alone of all the world have been kind to him—and if to him, why, then, also to *me*!"

* * * * *

A few months later two friends stood on the steps of a fashionable clubhouse, and talked of an event which was then agitating society. One said:

"Barrymore is greatly cut up, for he is very fond of his adopted daughter. Everybody knows that she will inherit his fortune. He tried to push Keith's suit, but the girl was like rock—those sweet-faced blondes can show spirit enough at times."

"Just so. And Miss Barrymore had an excellent reason for rejecting Keith—there was another lover in the background."

"Ah—yes—the clerk at the bank! A mere nobody; but the girl has married him, it seems, in spite of all opposition. Of course, for his wife's sake, old Barrymore will be forced to help the young fellow forward. Lucky dog—that clerk."

"En vérité."

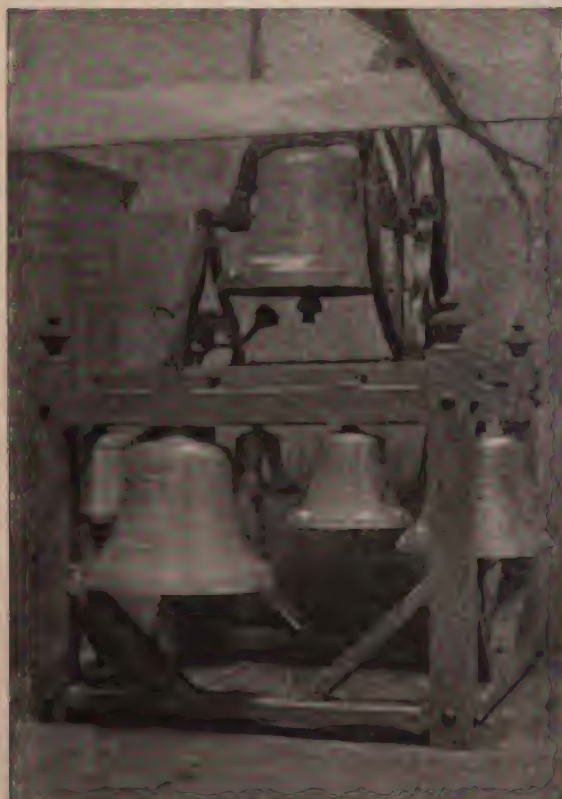


RINGING A PEAL.

CHIMING BELLS.

By S. H. FERRIS.

HARK! How the music of the bells rings out upon the mellow midnight air! How the notes vibrate and revibrate from spire to spire! They



CHIME OF TEN BELLS.

throb along the brightest streets and pulsate into the darkest nooks of the darkest city alleys. They swell and echo back and forth above the quiet fields and silent gliding streams of the country. "Christ is born!" "Peace on earth, good will to men!" The tuneful tidings are carried to prince and pauper, to millionaire and mendicant. Thousands of hearts are rejuvenated by the music. Across ocean and land, over mountain peaks and peaceful valleys, past scenes of toil, strife and contentment, the imagination wends its way to distant Bethlehem, with its ever-to-be-remembered manger, and there creates anew the mind picture of the Saviour's nativity. Christmas morning. Yes! And Christmas chimes have rung it in almost around the world.

But not alone are bells devoted to welcoming the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace. They play an important part in many of the commoner as well as the more serious incidents of existence, and few other inanimate objects have so closely woven themselves into the life of men, or become so intimately associated with their most joyous and saddest moments. Bell notes mingle with the gayety of the marriage ceremony and with the sound of mourning at the grave. They summon the workman to his toil, and announce the end of each day's labor. Children, too, leave their mirth and play when the school bell rings, and still in many a New as well as Old World village "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day." The Sabbath also would scarcely

be recognized as such did not the voices of the church bells mingle in the air.

In literature bells have a peculiarly interesting place. "Shandon Bells," Moore's "Evening Bells" and Poe's beautiful poem "The Bells" are familiar echoes from the realm of poetry. Prose writers as well have devoted volume after volume to descriptive theme and narrative composition on subjects connected with them. The press also has become interested in bells, and in this country there is printed and published at least one newspaper devoted exclusively to their interests.

From a purely mechanical point of view bells are an interesting product of human handicraft. When they were invented, and by whom, it is believed that no one claims to know. It is probable, however, that in some distant time, when men lived in a primitive way, preparing their food in big pots swung above open camp fires, some one discovered the sonorous qualities possessed by hemispherical vessels, and that this led to the casting of the first bells, which retained much of the shape of the old cooking utensils. This form, however, long since gave place to the conical shape that is now generally employed.

The earliest bells were made of iron, and those of inferior quality that are manufactured at the present time are still cast from the same material. The best bells, however, are now composed of bell metal. This is made up of pure Lake Superior copper and the finest East Indian tin, combined in proportions that vary with all of the individual makers, each one of whom guards as the most precious of secrets the formula that governs the quantities of the various substances that are used in his furnaces.

It has long been thought that the addition of gold and silver to the metal improves the tone of the bell cast from it. It has never been satisfactorily proven whether or not this belief has a foundation in fact. There is certainly, though, a rumor or tradition connected with nearly all of the world's famous bells to the effect that they

are composed to a greater or less extent of the precious materials, and in some cases there is a possibility that the rumor may be true. Especially is this the case as regards the *Ozar Kolokol*, the Great Bell of Moscow, but only an analysis of the metal of which it is made will ever determine the truth or falsity of the many stories connected with it.

When a particularly fine chime is being cast interested parties generally gather at the foundry, and following an old custom, throw pieces of precious metal—sometimes fragments of old jewelry and family heirlooms—into the melting pots. A retired bell manufacturer was recently asked if these improved the tone of bells.

"I cannot say as to the bells," he replied, "although I am quite certain that they improve the size of the foundry's bank accounts. The gold and silver that are dropped into the crucibles sink to the bottom of them, and are recovered by the foremen, much to the profit of their employers."

There are many interesting stories connected with the casting of nearly all of the celebrated big bells of the world.

The largest bell now hanging anywhere on earth is in a Buddhist monastery near Canton in China. It is made of solid bronze, and was cast in the year 1400. It is 18 feet high by 45 feet in circumference, and is sufficiently extensive in size to furnish a dwelling place for a small family beneath its spacious dome. Its whole exterior and interior are covered with 8,400 embossed characters that tell a single story that is one of

the Chinese classics. This monstrous old monarch of the bell world gives forth a wonderfully sweet sound when it is struck, and it is said that its splendid tone is due to the fact that the lives of eight men were sacrificed in its casting.

Another famous Chinese bell, that is only a little smaller than the one located near Canton, hangs in a big tower at Peking. When it was decided that this bell should be made, the Emperor ordered Kuan-yu, a celebrated mandarin, to cast



BELL MOLDS.

it. Many times the founder heated his crucibles and poured their contents into the molds. Just as many times the castings proved imperfect, and at last the Emperor became exasperated and sent forth the decree that if there was but one more failure the head of unlucky Kuan-yn should pay the penalty for it. Ko ai, the mandarin's beautiful daughter, immediately visited an astrologer to discover, if possible, if there was any way of protecting her parent from the dire disaster that threatened to overtake him.

"The blood of a maiden must be mixed with the metal to insure a perfect casting," advised the learned seer after he had consulted his books and the stars.

The next time that the furnaces were lighted Ko-ai secured permission from her father to be present at the foundry. Amid a dead silence the taps were drawn, and the molten stream began to pour into the mold.

"For my father!" cried the fair Ko-ai, and then she threw herself into the seething mass of white-hot metal. One of the workmen bravely attempted to rescue her, but only succeeded in getting hold of her shoe. The casting proved perfect, but Kuan-yu was taken to his home a raving madman.

At the present time whenever this bell is struck it gives forth a solemn, sonorous boom, followed by a low wailing sound, like the cry of a woman in deep distress, and the people who hear it say, "There's Ko-ai calling for her shoe."

Nowadays no alchemic mixture of human blood is thought necessary to produce bells of as fine tone as any that have ever been made. The methods used by the various manufacturers in their foundries are all practically alike, differing only in particulars of minute importance. A porous iron mold is usually employed. This is composed of two parts, an inner and an outer one. These parts are covered with moist, plastic clay. What are known as "sweepboards" are then affixed to central pivots and revolved around them, thus shaping the clay to the exterior and interior form of a bell in much the same way that a potter with his wheel makes a plate. The two parts of the mold are then placed together, and the interstice between them filled with molten metal. When this has cooled a perfect bell is the result.

The tone of a bell depends entirely upon its weight. A light one gives forth a shrill, high note, while a heavier one produces a deeper, lower sound. When a bell of 500 pounds is struck its pitch is very near C of the diatonic scale, while that of one of 1,000 pounds is close to A flat. To produce a set of bells to give all of the notes of

the scale it would therefore be necessary for them to be of the following weights and dimensions:

Note.	Weight.	Diameter.
A.....	6,200 pounds.	66 inches.
A flat.....	5,500 "	64 "
B.....	5,000 "	62 "
C.....	4,200 "	59 "
C sharp.....	3,600 "	57 "
D.....	3,000 "	54 "
E flat.....	2,800 "	52 "
E.....	2,200 "	48 "
F.....	1,800 "	44 "
F sharp.....	1,600 "	42 "
G.....	1,300 "	39 "
G sharp.....	1,100 "	37 "
A flat.....	1,000 "	36 "
A.....	900 "	35 "

In casting chimes it is customary to manufacture bells as near the weight specified for the desired tones as is possible. When taken from the molds, however, they are generally three to five per cent. heavier than it is designed they should be. Chipping and grinding are therefore resorted to as a means of reducing the size and securing the wished-for tone. The abrasion of the surface of a bell, however, injures its musical qualities, and in making an especially fine chime great care is exercised to have the bells come from the molds of exactly the weight to give the note which it is intended they should render.

It is generally supposed that this country has no bells possessed of interesting histories. True, the United States has nothing to compare with the eight-hundred-year-old bell furnished by the Bishop of Carthage for exhibition at the World's Fair, or to rival in size "Old Carolus" that hangs in the tower of Antwerp Cathedral and requires sixteen strong-armed men to ring it. Nevertheless the dawn of next Christmas morning will be heralded throughout Uncle Sam's dominions by the ringing of several bells about which stories can be told that are percipient and odd.

There is a bell at Washington, D. C., whose history dates back to the very beginning of modern civilization on this continent. It is a trifling affair as regards size, its dimensions being only 8 x 6½ inches, yet its notes have sounded to call the great discoverer Columbus to prayer and sacred worship. It was brought from Spain in December, 1493, and set up in a church at San Domingo. It was the special gift of King Ferdinand, and bears the initial of his name, "F," in old Gothic character, upon its surface. When La Vega, the new City of the Plains, was founded, church and bell were both bodily removed to it. There its notes smote upon the air to summon the hardy Spaniards to mass, and served, how fre-



OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

quently none can tell, to recall to the minds of the venturesome explorers memories of their sunny homeland located far away across the sea.

In 1564 a terrible disaster overtook La Vega. The new City of the Plains was destroyed by an earthquake, and the little bell that had faithfully performed its work for nearly three-quarters of a century in the New World disappeared amid the ruins. About twenty-five years ago, however, a shepherd, while searching amongst the branches of a fig tree that stood upon the site of the ancient church, discovered the historic bell, and it was afterward forwarded to Washington. The fig tree, as if to preserve it from oblivion, had lifted the bell from amid the crumbling mass of masonry and stone, and it is now known as the "Bell of the Fig Tree."

Away up in the dark North End of Boston, in the centre of the city's most dismal district of poverty and crime, stands the Old North Church—the church from whose belfry gleamed the signal lanterns that started Paul Revere upon his famous

midnight ride to arouse the sleeping farmers of Lexington and Concord.

The tower of this ancient edifice rises 175 feet from the ground, and to ascend its interior is by no means an easy task. Yet it must be undertaken and accomplished by every interested lover of bells, for when the climb is ended the toil is repaid by a sight of what, in the words of the inscription, is "the first ring of bells cast for ye British Empire in North America. Anno 1744."

It is a toilsome trip up many a crooked stairway and steeply inclined ladder. The neck is constantly craned to escape contact with stray beams, and the faculties are busily employed to keep the head from bumping against protruding posts. In the midst of the dust and cobwebs comes a suggestive remembrance of Dickens's description of Toby Veck's belfry, where that famous sexton was accustomed to seek companionship and consolation in dire trouble and despair. "Far up the dim and winding stair went weeping Toby Veck, up, up, higher up, and smote upon those spirit bells that hung in shadow there."

At last the top of the final stairway is reached,



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



CATHEDRAL OF THE INCARNATION, GARDEN CITY, L. I.

and all around are the big bronze bells. Across the river stands Charlestown where,

"Meanwhile impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore stood Paul Revere.
Now he putted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That is all! And yet through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night,
And the spark struck out by the steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

The bells of the Old North Church that were silent witnesses of the placing of the lanterns for

whose light Paul Revere watched so earnestly are eight in number, and they bear the following inscriptions:

No. 1—"This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, New England. Anno 1744. A. R."

No. 2—"This church was founded in the year 1723. Rev Timothy Cutler, the first rector. Anno 1744. A. R."

No. 3—"We are the first ring of bells cast for ye British Empire in North America. Anno 1744. A. R."

No. 4—"God preserve the Church of England. Anno 1744. A. R."

No. 5—"William Shirley, Esq., Governor of Massachusetts Bay in New England. Anno 1744. A. R."

No. 6—"The subscriptions for these bells were begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, Church Wardens, 1743, and completed by Robert Jenkins and Jno. Gould, Church Wardens, 1744. A. R."

No. 7—"Since generosity has opened our mouths our tongues shall ring aloud its praises. 1744. A. R."

No. 8—"Abel Rudhall of Gloucester cast us all in England. Anno 1744."



TRINITY CATHEDRAL, OMAHA, NEB.

These bells are among the few in America that are arranged for ringing in the old fashioned English way as a peal. The difference between a chime and peal is not generally appreciated. Many people use the terms interchangeably, as though they were alike in meaning. A chime, however, is manipulated by a single person, while a peal requires the services of one man for each rope, and who for the time being represents a bell, and is called by the name of the note that it renders. In a chime the clapper is moved, not the bell; but in a peal the bell is turned completely upside down, thus throwing the resonant music far out into the air.

"I was born near Christ Church, in Salem Street," writes Samuel Francis Smith, the author of the words of the national anthem "America," "and I well remember how the chime of bells from December 1st till Christmas, and afterward till New Year's, used to ring every evening. The object seemed to be simply to produce sound by striking all of the seven or eight bells at once several times between dark and nine or ten o'clock. On Christmas Day the Old North Church, profusely ornamented with evergreens, gathered a crowded congregation, and the clanging bells sounded for some time before the service, and also at its close. People who depended on their Thanksgiving turkey usually doted on their Christmas goose. Presents were not, as a general thing, exchanged, and the day found but slight celebration. On December 31st the clangor of the bells continued till midnight, after which three or four sweet Psalm tunes were played, ringing the old year out and the new year in, as in the parish churches in the mother country."

The last time that the melodious peal at the Old North Church was rung was in 1824, when Lafayette was welcomed to Boston. Since then the big bells have been silent because of the lack of men sufficiently skilled to properly ring them—for pealing is now almost a lost art in the United States. It seems probable, however, that on Christmas Day of the present year notes from the old peal will once more vibrate through the atmosphere above the Puritan city.

Next to the oldest chime in the United States now hangs in Philadelphia. It is located in the belfry tower of Christ Church, at the corner of Second and Church Streets, and for nearly a century and a half, with only a brief interruption at the time of the Revolutionary War, the bells have been used to welcome the birth of every Christmas Day.

In the olden time it was customary for the people of the city to gather on Second Street, opposite the church, on Christmas Eve, and listen to the

music of the bells. The throng was always a holiday assembly of motley character. Beggars in rags rubbed elbows against rich people dressed in purple and fine linen, and children of seven stood beside grandparents of seventy. Just before midnight the bell ringers always arrived, and following a custom that has been in vogue ever since the chime was erected, passed through an iron gateway and along the tomb-lined path which leads to a side door, where they entered, and then climbed a narrow stairway to the tower above.

Just at midnight the bells always rang out a joyous Christmas song, and the people were accustomed to greet it with a loud "Hurrah!" Then a deep silence would fall upon the throng as they listened to the sweet-voiced choristers chiming through the night.

The history of Christ Church chime is briefly told in an inscription on a tablet attached to the door that leads to the bell tower: "Purchased in London in 1754 for £560; the whole weight is nine thousand pounds, the largest weighs two thousand and forty pounds and has this inscription upon it, 'Christ Church, Philadelphia, recast at the Whitechapel Foundry by Thomas Moore, 1835.' On each side of the other bells is the simple inscription, 'Thomas Lester and Thomas Pack. Fecit 1754.' Brought to this country on the ship *Myrtilla*, Captain Budden, without charge of freight. They were invariably rung when his vessel was in port. The man who put them up came over in the same vessel, having assisted in making them in London. He refused compensation for his work, merely requesting that at his death the bells should be muffled and rung without charge. This was done, not only at his death, but at that of his wife also."

There are many facts of interest connected with the Christ Church bells besides those mentioned in the inscription. In 1774 they rang for the last time on the birthday of the King of England, and July 4th, 1776, together with the old bell in Liberty Hall, Philadelphia, they patriotically proclaimed "liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The bells gave a merry peal on July 7th, 1775, when the celebrated fighting Quaker battalion entered the portals of the venerable church to listen to the remarks of the Rev. Mr. Duche on the duties of the hour. In 1778 they likewise gave a happy welcome to a large body of Masonic brethren—among whom was George Washington—that gathered to celebrate the Feast of St. John.

During the Revolutionary War, when the British army was moving toward Philadelphia, the

bells were all removed from their hangings and hidden by the commissary of military stores at Bethlehem, Pa. Here they were safely preserved until the English soldiers evacuated the Quaker City, when the chime was restored to its accustomed place.

On many a solemn as well as festive occasion the bells have rung since then. When all that was mortal of Peyton Randolph lay cold in death within the walls of the church the chime pealed forth a solemn dirge, and hundreds of other times in later days the bells have tolled when prominent American citizens have died. "I now pronounce you man and wife," repeated by the rector, has also been the signal for the bells to join in joyous wedding music when unnumbered happy couples and their friends have started to leave the historic church.

From eleven to twelve o'clock every New Year's Eve the chime rings a muffled farewell requiem to the dying year, and then from midnight until one o'clock it peals forth a joyful welcome to the newborn twelve months. This custom has been observed ever since the bells were first erected.

Mr. David Head, an Englishman, has been the bell ringer at Christ Church for nineteen years, and at the present time it is considered quite fashionable for the ladies of Philadelphia to endeavor to learn the art of chime manipulation under his tutelage.

Among the largest and most complete chimes in the United States is the one hanging in the bell tower of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. Most chimes are made up of but from eight to a dozen bells. The one at Holy Trinity, however, is composed of no less than twenty-five of the bronze-throated musical implements. These are hung upon horizontal bars located one above the other, the first holding seven, the next five, the next seven and the next three; while three others, two large and one small one, swing from an independent frame situated higher up in the belfry. These bells range from 16 inches to 4 feet in diameter, and are cared for and rung by Mr. Charles Rahill.

Another interesting Philadelphia chime hangs in the belfry of St. Mark's Church. It was erected in 1876, and rung for the first time in June of that year. It is apparent, however, that the sweet notes coming from these bells have not always been welcome sounds to the ears of some of the surrounding populace. A glance at court records shows that on February 24th, 1877, Mr. George Harrison and others secured a special injunction prohibiting the use of the chime at any other times than when the three divine services were held on the Sabbath. Friends of the bells,

however, decidedly objected to the mandatory terms of this injunction, which had been granted to men who apparently had "no music in their souls." An appeal was therefore made to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and a decree was issued that granted permission to have the bells rung for a short time on all legal holidays, prominent church festivals, and when a wedding was being celebrated or a funeral observed within the sacred edifice. This court decision has since been found sufficiently comprehensive and elastic to permit of the chime being used at practically all times when the church officials have found it convenient or desirable, and the people have reasonably expected, to have it sounded.

The sweetest-toned chime that will be used anywhere in the United States to welcome next Christmas Day hangs in the spire of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, at Garden City, Long Island, and is known as the Centennial Chime. The edifice where it is located, although not of large size, is conceded to be the perfection of all that is best in church architecture and appointment. It was built by Mr. A. T. Stewart, and is at once his mausoleum and a monument to his generosity.

The chime was originally cast for and was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, where it hung in the main tower at the northeast angle of Machinery Hall. During the exhibition it was frequently played in concert with Gilmore's famous band, and its magnificent notes echoing and re-echoing along the shores of the Schuylkill caused many a lover of chime music to pause enraptured by the effect.

On the opening day of the Centennial the bells were first rung at sunrise. Then at nine o'clock, when representatives of all the nations of the earth had gathered and President Grant had formally declared the exhibition open, the bells were the first to proclaim the tidings, joyfully ringing out the news to the world in clear and resonant tones.

The bells are thirteen in number, each one of them representing one of the original States of the Union. They weigh from 300 to 4,000 pounds, the total weight being over 21,000 pounds. They represent a complete musical octave and one-third with a flat seven and a sharp four, and possess remarkable clearness and richness of tone and great penetrating power and volume.

The bells are hung in heavy oak frames, with the largest of them in the centre, so arranged that it can be rung separately as a church bell if it is so desired.

This chime is played upon in much the same

way that a gigantic organ might be, by means of two rows of levers and a row of pedals. These are connected to the bell hammers by steel wires, and the manipulation of the whole chime is remarkably easy.

Another very sweet-voiced chime hangs in the tower of the Church of the Redeemer, at Astoria, N. Y. It is made up of ten superbly toned bells, and was presented to the parish by Mr. Cornelius B. Trafford. The benefaction is beautifully commemorated in the lines :

The arrangement of chime bells known as "Cambridge Quarters," or the "Westminster Peal," is now very popular in the United States. These peals are usually made up of four bells, representing the third, second, first and fourth below of the musical scale. The melody produced by them is taken from music written by Handel, and is very pretty and effective. The finest Westminster peals in this country are located at Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and at St. Agnes's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York city.



BETHESDA CHURCH, SARATOGA, N. Y.

" His earth-day work is over, he takes his evening rest ;
Light lie the turf that covereth his true and knightly
breast.
His memory cannot perish, it must pass to future
times :
And who can tell what souls in heaven may bless the
Trafford chimes ?"

One of the finest chimes in the West hangs in the belfry of Trinity Cathedral, at Omaha, Neb. It is made up of ten excellently attuned bells, and is certainly worthy of at least a few words of brief commendatory mention.

In conclusion it may be said that at the present time a revival of interest in chime music is sweeping over the United States. Many new sets of bells are being erected, and old sets that have been disused for many years are being returned into service. The movement is certainly one to be commended, and it should be earnestly hoped that in the not distant future sweet-voiced chimes, with all their tender memories, will be as common to the towns and villages of this country, and eventually to its literature, as they now are to those of Merrie England.



CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR IN FRONT OF OLD TRINITY CHURCH,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY BETTINE K. PHILLIPS.

CHRISTMAS EVE. A crisp, cold, sparkling Christmas Eve. The snow lies heavy on the bosom of the brown earth; the stars glitter aloft; and over all the white glory of the moonlight falls softly, like a divine benediction, as if through ages there still lingered in the air the echo of the sublime "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve in a great city. It is needless, however, to blazon the fact, to proclaim it from the housetops or write it in letters of fire, for he who runs may read; it is apparent throughout the whole eager, busy metropolis, and scatters in its trend a magic irresistible.

You cannot escape it if you would. You would not if you could. It greets you at every turn. It gleams at you through the windows of the great emporiums, resplendent in their holiday glory. It beckons to you from the less pretentious shops, for "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker" are alike glad and gayly bedizened. It nods to you from the sprigs of holly and evergreen with which the Jews, great and small, have not forgotten to adorn their worthy steeds. It bewilders you at every corner where "Dagos," wise and otherwise, hawk their gaudy, garish trumpery. But best of all, it beams at you from the people's faces. Everybody is in great good humor. It is a jostling, hurrying, hustling crowd, but it is a jolly crowd withal.

The very air is charged with a magical, mysterious sort of fellow feeling and freemasonry that is infectious, and that it is difficult to resist.

As, however, there are exceptions to all general rules, so amid the two million happy souls there is one who not only resists the prevailing festive, frivolous tendency, but who positively prides and congratulates himself on his stoicism.

"A pack of fools, one and all," he mentally characterizes the eager, pushing, hurrying throng about him, as he stands rigid and erect on the "L" platform, his fur-lined coat buttoned up to his chin and his sealskin cap pulled low over his eyes.

His very attitude and manner are a protest against his surroundings. He fairly bristles with suppressed condemnation and disapproval. He would like to put a stop to all this nonsense forthwith, but as that is impossible he can only suffer in silence the discomfort entailed by the bustle and confusion, and bide his time. "His time" means when all these daft people shall have regained their sober senses and usual equilibrium, and are chewing the cud of bitter reflection and

regretting their foolishly squandered money. He chuckles sardonically at the thought, and intuitively slips his hand into his well-filled pocket. None of his money will be recklessly wasted; of that he is morally certain.

He smiles again when he thinks of the disappointment of his clerks and office boy. He would have been a man of stone indeed if he had failed to detect the covert excitement and expectancy that had prevailed throughout the day, and the vigilance that had attended his every movement. But he congratulates himself now that he had remained impervious and oblivious to the last, even when the bumptious office boy had purposely got in his way as he was leaving, and officiously anticipated his overshoes and hat, and insinuatingly and suggestively wished him "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

As the door banged he had heard the boy anathematize him as a "stingy old miser." He wonders vaguely now if he is "old." The "stingy" does not affect him greatly. He has lots of money and does not care a snap for it. But the "old"—that is a different matter. There are gray hairs in his scant brown locks, certainly, and a mere suspicion of baldness at the apex of his crown—course that offensively young office boy!—and there are furrows on his brow, and, worse still, furrows in his heart. But—Bosh and nonsense! How glad he will be when the flurry and claptrap of Christmas are over!

"Stingy and old," is he? Blast that boy! He will see that he is promptly discharged the first of the year. "Stingy," indeed! What is money to him? Does he not give away more than the specified tithe of his income every year? But for all that he does not propose to be bulldozed and coerced into encouraging foolish precedents which he does not approve, even at the risk of being branded as "stingy." And so arguing, he had walked majestically away from his crestfallen, disgruntled henchmen. But he cannot walk away from the fact that it is Christmas Eve. It obtrudes itself at every turn in a dozen disagreeable ways.

He waits for several trains, but even then a seat is an impossibility. The car is jammed, the atmosphere foul, the crowd vulgar and vociferous. He was a fool to have foregone, to-night of all nights, his usual luxury of a coupé. At the next stop, thoroughly disgusted, he leaves the car. It is not his station, but a block more or less matters not. He saunters listlessly up the avenue, in

sharp and perverse contrast to the hurrying, scurrying masses, and stops in an aimless, perfunctory fashion before a brightly lighted shop window. It is certainly not the gorgeousness within that has attracted him. As a matter of fact, he has not observed it at all.

Of what is he thinking as he stands there, a lone figure in the night, pathetic in his isolation? Of a sweet-faced, soft-voiced woman whom he had once called mother? Of a bright, eager, ambitious boy he had once known? Of a Christmas—ah! how many years ago!—when he had kissed somebody under the mistletoe and life had seemed a dream of bliss and brightness? Of the woman he had loved and lost? Of the years since, that had apparently brought peace and prosperity, but had in reality been laden with a freight of dead and blasted hopes, and had developed him into a grizzled, discontented, middle-aged man?

He turns impatiently. A little child stands beside him.

She is a quaint, incongruous figure in the brilliant glare of the electric light. She is shabbily, almost scantily, clad; a large shawl is thrown loosely over her head and held close under her chin; her face is pinched and wears that peculiar pallor that tells its own pathetic story; her eyes are marvelous in their dark beauty, and are fixed yearningly on the dazzling contents of the window. She is, however, oblivious of the inspection to which she is subjected. Her entire sentience is absorbed on the fairyland before her.

Suddenly she breaks into a laugh—a merry, spontaneous, irrepressible, childish laugh, that falls like the tinkle of silver bells on the crisp, cold air. The sound of her own mirth startles her perhaps, for, looking up, she encounters the man's strange, penetrating glance.

"Why do you laugh?" he asks.

"'Cos it's Christmas," she answers, promptly, "and 'cos I'm happy."

Child, almost baby, that she is, the answer rouses his wrath. Is it possible that this hapless waif has stumbled on the jewel of life that has so long and persistently eluded his diligent, covetous search?

"Happy!" he echoes, with fierce and unwarranted sarcasm. "What have you got to make you happy, you miserable, half-clad, half-starved little simpleton?"

"I've got my mamma, and it's Christmas, and— Oh, please, sir, I didn't know it was a sin to laugh!" And the small face puckers into sudden queer, alarming wrinkles, and she blubbers outright.

"And now," bending over her, "what are you

crying for?" His tone is a trifle less harsh, but the child is at last thoroughly frightened and jerks away from his touch. As she does so something falls from her grasp with a sharp, metallic ring.

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy! I wish I had staid at home!" with renewed sobs at this fresh calamity.

John Greateorex stoops to recover the money, and as he lifts the paltry piece a spasmodic change passes over his face. It is a curiously shaped coin that he picks up—indeed, it is but a half-coin, and bears a crudely wrought monogram, "J. H. G.," his own initials. He stares wonderingly, and then he quickly compares it with a similar half-coin attached to his watch chain.

A memory of the day, years ago, under the apple trees weighted with bloom and fragrance, when he had carelessly carved these same initials, comes back to him with a force almost overpowering.

"Where did you get this?" he asks, huskily, so fiercely grasping the child's arm that she is frightened into another fit of weeping.

"I stole it. But oh, how did you know?—how did you know? I will never do anything so wicked again."

"Stole it! Stole it from whom?"

"From my mamma. But I did not mean to be wicked. I was so lonesome, and it was so dark, and she was so long coming, and it was Christmas, and I did not have anything, and the Flanagan children had lots of things, and so I climbed on the chair and took mamma's little box, where she kept that. I knew it was money and would buy something nice; and besides I wanted to get rid of it, because whenever mamma looked at it she cried, and kissed it, and said, 'John, dear John,' until I hated it and 'John, dear John,' too. But I am sorry now. I will take it back to her and tell her how bad I have been. Give it to me, quick. Oh, I have been away so long!"

But John Greateorex still fingers the coin as if loath to part with it.

"Why did your mamma allow you to come out alone in the cold and dark?" he asks.

"Oh, she didn't know. Didn't I just tell you that I ran away before she got home from the factory?"

"And your father?" with a curious catch in his voice—"where is your father?"

"I ain't got none."

"And your mother is poor and works in a factory, and cannot buy beautiful things for you like these in the window?"



"SHE IS SHABBILY, ALMOST SCANTILY, CLAD."

She nods affirmatively.

"What is your name, little one?" with more anxiety than is dreamed of in the child's philosophy.

"Wood—Deil Wood."

"Well, Miss Wood," drawing a happy breath of relief, "would you like to have something pretty out of that window?"

She regards him with a startled, curious look, as if to detect a hidden sarcasm.

"Me?" she gasps. "Me? Something out of that window? You are fooling me."

"No; honor bright, Deil, you can choose whatever you like."

"Do you mean," slowly, "that I can have Angelina?"

"Angelina?" puzzled. "And who is she?"

"There she sits in the swing, with the red

shoes and blue dress and yellow curls. I named her the very first day they put her there, and I have been here every day since to look at her. But I never thought she would be mine. Do you suppose the angels in heaven are as beautiful as she is?"

John Grentorex does not answer. He thinks he has found an angel himself—a shabby and forlorn one truly, but already he catches a glimpse of heaven through the light of her wonderful eyes.

"Come."

He takes the child's hand and enters the great store.

"What is the price of the doll in the window?" he inquires of a showy-looking saleslady with hair as yellow as the doll's in question, and dressed quite as stylishly, with diamonds additional.

"Cash—cash!" she sings out in a shrill, uncultivated treble. "Cash here! What is it, sir? Oh, yes, the doll in the window? Twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents. Would you like to look at one?" reaching up for a box.

"I would like to have that one," he says.

"Oh, there is no difference, I can assure you! They are just the same: and you could hardly expect us to take anything out of the window during the holidays. Now, these—here is your change, madam—are—"

"I want that special doll or none," interrupts John Grentorex, courteously but firmly. "You understand, of course, that price is no object. I have promised it to this little girl."

The "little girl" gasps for breath, and the condescending saleslady is momentarily subdued, wondering, meanwhile, at the oddly assorted couple—the well-dressed, *distingué* man of forty-five; the shabby, weird, hungry-looking child.

"I will see what can be done," she says, almost meekly. "Mr. Rosenbaum, this way, please. What can I show you, miss?"

Mr. Rosenbaum advances. He also is immaculate as to his attire and imposing appearance. Indeed, he might easily be mistaken for a foreign nobleman of high degree. In reality, however, he is only an American floor walker, which, perhaps, is almost as good.

"This gentleman," explains the saleslady, "de-

sires to purchase the doll—the twelve-dollar-and-ninety-eight-cent French doll—in the window. He——"

"I am very sorry," interrupts the floor walker, deprecatingly, but I am afraid we cannot accommodate the gentleman. Will no other doll answer? We have every variety—some much handsomer. You see, sir, it is contrary to our rules to disarrange the——"

"Price is no object, Mr. Rosenbaum," enlightens the saleslady, in an undertone.

Mr. Rosenbaum immediately undergoes a transformation, and his Semitic proclivities assert themselves boldly, casting the splendor of his raiment and the conventionality of his demeanor ignominiously in the shade.

"Ah!" he says, obsequiously, "in that case I will see—I will see."

The upshot of all of which is that in a few minutes Angelina is in the saleslady's hands.

"Will you have her in a box?" she asks, graciously, as she makes out her check.

The child, who has watched the strange proceeding silently, wonderingly, is by this time wrought up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement; her cheeks are aflame with a feverish flush, and her eyes are revealing new and latent beauties.

"No, no!" she breaks in, vehemently, speaking for the first time. "I don't want her in a box. I want her just so."

"And why not, little girl? It will be ever so much better."

"It will not. They put my papa in a box and carried him away, and he has never come back. Oh, no, don't—please don't," imploringly, "put Angelina in a box!"

To his own amazement and the child's discomfiture John Greateorex stoops and kisses her square on the mouth.

"Can you find your way home?" he asks, when they are again in the street.

"Oh, yes; and I must hurry," with

sudden contrition, "for mamma will be there by this time, and she will think I am lost;" and she starts off at a brisk trot, Greateorex keeping pace.

The silence is broken but once, and then by a soft, gurgling laugh from the child.

"I didn't think he looked like you. His pictures don't."

"What pictures? Like whom?"

"Why, Santa Claus, to be sure."

"The deuce!" growls John Greateorex. "What a queer lot she is!"

The child's course merges gradually from the gayly lit thoroughfares into dingier, shabbier ways. Finally she stops before a desolate-looking, dimly lighted tenement house.



"SHE IS DOWN ON HER KNEES, CLASPING THE CHILD."

The door stands open; a worn, gaudy oilcloth covers the hall, and there are metal tips on the stairs.

The janitor, smoking a vile pipe, lounges in autocratic possession of the stoop.

"The mither was after looking for yez only a bit ago," he volunteers; "and she's got it in for yez, too, ye bad gurrul!"

On the second landing they pass a frouzy child, with dirty face and unkempt head, but toggled out withal in much cheap, faded finery.

"Wherever have yons been this long toime, Dell Wood?" she cries out, in a shrill, sharp voice. "Yer mamma wants yons now this minute. Goodness gracious! Where did yons get the loikes of that?" staring in open-eyed wonder at the doll. "Whose is it?"

"Mine," and the one word is a marvel of comprehensive triumph and happiness.

"Naw! What is yons givin' us?" replies the other. "Go 'long with yons!"

"That is Gertrude Flanagan," confides Dell to her companion, as they toil up the next flight. "Her father is a policeman. They live on the second floor and are rich. They have got a doll, too, but not like Angelina."

It is not until they climb to the very top and rear of the double-decker that Dell pushes open a door and rushes in.

John Greateorex pauses on the threshold, and then almost reels, for the voice that greets the child rouses a thousand memories, tender and tragic, that have slumbered for years.

"Oh, you wicked little runaway! How could you play mamma such a trick and frighten her so? Don't you know that naughty children must be punished, even if it is Christmas Eve? Oh, Dell, my darling, I am so glad you are back and well! Why, my pet, I have been almost frantic!" and she is down on her knees, clasping the child and smothering her with kisses.

To John Greateorex, standing in the grim shadow, it seems as if the poor place is radiated by a light celestial, and that the rustle of angels' wings is not afar.

"But what is the meaning of this?" indicating the doll. "Child—child, you have not done anything wrong?"

"Oh, mamma, I don't know! I 'spec' I is I met Santa Claus—such an ugly, cross man! But he gave me this and came home with me; and he is out there now."

Aware of a stranger's presence, she arises quickly and advances to where John Greateorex stands in the shadow. His heart throbs fiercely, for it has been years since he last saw her, this woman that he had loved in his youth—loved with a love so

deep, so absorbing, so abiding, that even the memory of it has excluded the possibility of all other loves. She is very unlike her small, dark, elfish daughter, and very like the tall, fair girl he once knew. The same sad, slumberous, purple eyes; the same delicate complexion; the same abundant brown hair so thickly flecked with gold; the same erect, high-bred bearing; the same slender, shapely hand. John Greateorex sees this quite plainly, for it is extended toward him, in courteous greeting, as she begins to speak.

"You have been very kind to my wayward little girl," glancing upward, "and I hardly—" Suddenly she stops, retreats a step and sinks into the nearest chair. "You, John Greateorex—you here?" burying her face in her hands.

"Yes, Miriam," eagerly springing forward and bending over her. "But do not shrink from me. Do not, for God's sake, turn away: What harm have I ever done but to love you better than anything on God's earth or in heaven above? This is my only crime," taking forcible possession of her hands, "though I know you think me a scoundrel. But listen, listen, Miriam; give me a few moments for justification out of the arid waste of years. I would not maliciously vilify the dead, but surely something is due the living, and I will be vindicated in your sight. It was his treachery that separated us—your own husband's—not mine. I knew it afterward, when it was too late; when all that saved him was the fact that he was your husband; when there was no hope of redress, no hope of anything but dull, bitter, irretrievable despair."

"Yes," she says, speaking slowly and with effort; "I knew it then, also."

"You! And how?"

"He told me himself. It was part of his cruel scheme. When I was fully in his power he taunted me with it; he boasted, he gloated over me; and I, his wife, the mother of his child, I—God help me—could but loathe him. Oh, it was horrible!" shuddering.

"Great God! the fiend! He should have been——"

"Never mind," she admonishes, softly. "Remember he is dead now. We will leave him to a higher tribunal."

"Dead—yes, thank Heaven! and can no longer stand between me and my own. Is it not true, my darling?"

The child, with Angelina clasped tightly in her arms, has fallen asleep in the big rocker. A refrain from a Christmas carol, in some neighboring chapel, celebrating its annual festival, floats up above the tumult of the town, to the little

room, where these two are so near the stars and heaven, and in the melody of the music her answer is lost.

* * * * *

"Hello! what's this?" sniffs the irrepressible office boy, on New Year's Eve. "You don't say the old duffer has done the handsome thing, after all?" For there is an envelope on every clerk's

desk, containing a crisp ten-dollar bill. "Whew, tenners! You fellers is playing in big luck. I guess, now, mine is only a 'V,' opening it, when lo! out tumbles a double gold eagle.

He was not discharged either; and now he and Dell are on the best of terms, whenever that young princess is pleased to drive, with Angelina, to her new papa's office.

A DASH INTO PINEAPPLE LAND.

It was a sultry afternoon in February. The bees hummed in the blossoms overhead, and sails lay becalmed on the glassy lagoon in the distance, over which now and then a great heron flitted lazily. The tennis players had given up the lawn to the sprinkler, and all nature—the generous, indolent nature of subtropical Florida—dozed in light siesta.

Under the palm trees in front of the Hotel Indian River, at Rockledge, sat two sojourners from distant States, languidly interviewing mine host Andrew Lee about that enchanted realm over which he presides with such grace during the so-called winter months. Winter? It seemed a harsh and foreign-sounding word then and there; yet those same idle sojourners, only three days before, had been as idly feeding sea gulls from the deck of the Clyde steamer *Iroquois*, as it bore them southward from the icy bay of New York.

Suddenly our colloquial reverie was broken by the cheerful disturbance attendant upon the arrival of a train at the little station in the midst of the orange groves just back of the house—the four-o'clock train from the North. Another moment, and the new arrivals were swarming down the pathway—surprised-looking men, women and children, whose heavy clothing, wraps, furs and galoches were in amusing contrast to the white flannels, blazers, bare heads and tennis shoes of the residents, as well as an affront to the midsummer temperature prevailing. As we were watching the advent of these travelers from a boreal clime, one of the huge flat-bottomed Indian River passenger steamboats, coming out of the South, glided up to the landing and discharged another load of passengers. These latter were tanned and sunburned, wearing linen clothes and Panama hats, and many of them carrying branches of coral, strange flowers and air plants, ripe pineapples, and enormous green cannon balls which were ascertained to be cocoanuts fresh picked from the trees.

"Just back from Lake Worth," remarked Mr.

Lee, in explanation of this deputation from the tropics.

Whereupon our ambitions were fired, and sudden resolutions taken, to push on southward, even unto this remote and wonderful region where one might stand beneath full tropical skies, yet upon the soil of the United States. Rockledge itself is far south, in comparison with Jacksonville and St. Augustine, being more than 150 miles nearer the equator than the latter city. But Lake Worth is as much further south of Rockledge, with a corresponding difference in climate and products, not to speak of being, up to a very recent period, vastly more difficult of access. Hence it was that, until the extension of the Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Indian River Railway, the region was known only to hunters, canoeists, yachtsmen and other hardy explorers, and a few gentlemen of wealth and enterprise who settled at Palm Beach with a prophetic view to its manifest destiny of development.

At Rockledge the orange is king. At Lake Worth the pineapple and the cocoanut dispute supremacy, while the giant "rubber tree," with its banyanlike branches that grow downward and take root in the ground, flourishes as in Central America and the West Indies. Mr. Flagler having adopted the pineapple as the distinguishing device of his East Coast railway line, that delectable product is evidently regarded at the present time as the typical one of southeastern Florida. Land suitable for pineapples is found all along the East Coast, Mr. Lee informed us, but the climate does not allow of a successful cultivation north of Rockledge, the plants being unable to stand a prolonged frost. The cultivation is very simple. The land is cleared, and a crop of cowpeas plowed under. A good, artificial fertilizer is put on, and the sprouts are planted in regular rows, two by two feet, about 10,000 to the acre. At intervals the fertilizing is renewed, according to the means of the grower; the more fertilizers, the bigger fruit. It takes eighteen months to

ripen the first crop of about 8,000 apples. The next year every plant will send out one or more branches, that will bear pineapples, and this will go on for six or seven years, but the grower usually plows up the field after the fifth year. The price depends entirely upon the size and quality of the fruit. The Porto Rico and the Egyptian Queen, with one or two new varieties, are considered the best. The plant is propagated by slips.

Many farmers in the North who have been reading the glowing descriptions in the farm journals of the pineapple fields in the south of Florida are desirous of knowing just "what there

Coast, and I cannot deny that spruce-pine land, nearly valueless for other purposes, will make first-class pineapple land, while the cost of clearing it and planting the pineapples is comparatively small. Finally, the work of preparing the soil, planting, fertilizing and caring for the plants can be done by people who don't understand the least about farming. Still, I should advise the new settlers not to rely exclusively upon this tempting industry. The danger is not that the crop may fail, because this will hardly ever happen, but that future prices will be too low if all engage in cultivating it. Governor Mitchell said in his message of April 4th, 1893, 'It is reasonable to expect that



FEEDING THE SEA GULLS FROM THE DECK OF A FLORIDA BOUND CLYDE STEAMSHIP

is in it." A trustworthy local authority says: "I have seen the leaders in this industry, Captain Richards at Eden, whose income from pineapples has been from \$300 to \$700 per acre; Mr. J. L. Jensen from Kolding, and Postmaster Sorensen from Aarhus, both at the new settlement 'Jensen,' and many others farther south. I have had them tell me their experiences, and I have seen the plantations. I cannot deny the fact that there is money in growing pineapples, as all the people I saw have become wealthy by it. I cannot deny that the value of the crop in this State increased from \$147,000 in 1891 to \$600,000 in 1892, almost exclusively on the East

when the whole farming element of a country is directed toward the production of one particular crop increased prices will not prevail,' and something of that kind may occur if the whole southern part of the Indian River country should be turned into pineapple fields. It must be remembered that this fruit is not nearly as popular as the orange or the peach. I believe with Governor Mitchell 'that in diversity of crop production alone there is wealth to the farmer.'

The trip from Rockledge to Lake Worth, which will be very soon if it is not already a luxurious though comparatively commonplace all-rail affair, was at the time of our visit, last February, pict-



AVENUE OF COCOANUT PALMS, LAKE WORTH.

uresquely broken by an all-night sail down the broad and silent Indian River, of which salt-water lagoon both the St. Lucie Sound and Lake Worth itself, like the Halifax further north, are really parts and continuations. Lake Worth and the Indian River are now being connected, in fact, by the new canal at Jupiter, where is sit-

uated one of the most important lighthouses on the Atlantic coast, together with a United States life-saving station.

Here we are in the wild country of the Seminoles, with the Everglades on the west, the lagoon and the Atlantic Ocean, with the Gulf Stream flowing close in by the shore, on the east. Palm



PINEAPPLE PLANTATION.

Beach is the fertile perinsular strip, scarcely a mile wide, which here separates the wild ocean from the dreamy lagoon. This latter beautiful sheet of water, called Lake Worth, is some fifteen miles long, and from one to two miles wide. It is almost completely surrounded by hotels, villas and tropical gardens. Thousands of cocoanut palms, bananas, guavas, limes and other tropical trees fringe its shores; while deer and small game, flamingoes, cranes, wild turkeys, ducks and myraids of birds of all kinds abound in the neighboring wilds.

This lake, broken only by Pitts Island, at the northern end, might be called the altar before which the torrid and temperate zones have joined in wedlock indissoluble. The most useful and desirable products of the Northern States have here a congenial home beside those of the equator. A New Englander may find his potatoes, sweet corns, tomatoes and other garden favorites, and can pluck, with scarcely a change in his position, products that are usually claimed as Brazilian. He finds in his surroundings such strange neighbors as coffee, the tamarind, mango, papaw, guava, banana, sapodilla, almond, custard apple, mamme apple, grape fruit, shaddock, avocado pear, and other equally new acquaintances. These are all neighbors, actual residents, natives of the soil, not exotic immigrants or ex-acting visitors to be tenderly treated. Giant relatives, equally at home, are the rubber tree, mahogany, encalyptus, cork tree and mimosa. All these, within forty hours' travel of New York, if reached by an all-rail trip, are to be enjoyed in a climate that is a perpetual May. To-day the taste and labor of wealthy pioneers have lined the lagoon's fair shores with elegant homes. One of these, the McCormick Place, has become famous. It is situated at Palm Beach, on the eastern shore of the lake, and faces westward or inland. It thus receives the cool air from the lake and the breezes from the Atlantic. The entire estate

comprises one hundred acres, all under high cultivation. It has a water front on both lake and ocean of 1,200 feet. In this lovely spot Mr. McCormick built his mansion. Perhaps nowhere on the continent is so great a variety of vegetable growth presented in one locality as is here to be seen in full perfection of lusty growth. The great variety, uncommon beauty and prolific growth of the cacti alone is a marvel. The fruits are not a collection of trees, but of groves, from the gigantic cocoanut twenty years old to the dwarf guava bushes of two summers' growth.

It is in this favorite though remote spot that the same clear-sighted business instinct which gave the migrating public the wonderful Spanish caravanseries of the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar at St. Augustine has reared a veritable fairy palace—this time in a kind of splendid amplification of the New England colonial type of architecture—called the Hotel Royal Poinciana. This astonishing place derives its name from the Poinciana regia, a magnificent tropical tree growing in abundance all about the grounds and in the surrounding country. It is at all times an object of grace and beauty, but when blooming it is a blaze of crimson splendor.

When, after two or three days' sojourning and lotus-eating upon this enchanted *presqu'île*, we joined the sunburnt band of pilgrims returning to Rockledge, we were ready to exclaim that "the half had not been told us." Another week, and we were tracing out crystallized pictures of palmetto jungles on the frosted window panes in blizzard-bound New York. Even after the experience, it seemed hard to believe ourselves, and much more so to convince others, that such a series of contrasted sensations could be actually brought within the compass of a fortnight's outing. The remembrance of that possibility gave us then, and gives us now increasingly as it recedes further into the past, a thrill of enthusiasm for "our own, our native land."

A SUGGESTION FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY H. E. BANNING.

JUST a little pile of paper, but how much pleasure it gave!

Only a shaving calendar, it is true, but one so unique that it gave especial satisfaction. Let me tell you about it.

We all know the extreme difficulty of securing acceptable presents for our gentlemen friends, particularly when they are provided with all pos-

sible means for self-gratification and our pocket-books are not very plethoric.

It was something so in this case, an ever-recurring question with each returning Christmas: "What shall we give Uncle X?"

Slippers, neckties, handkerchiefs, books, pictures, bric-à-brac, gems of foreign art? No, he has plenty of these already; and still the query

went on, "What shall it be?" It must be something nice, for he is so nice himself, and likes such dainty things.

At last a casual remark that he "never had but one calendar that he really liked, and that was one in which the leaves were large enough to wipe his razor on, and he learned the quotations while he was shaving," settled the question, for it gave somebody an idea.

The present must be a calendar of soft paper, with leaves large enough for shaving purposes. But how the idea grew! First, it must be a family calendar, and every living member, near or remote—except the recipient himself, of course—must be asked to contribute. Then it was decided that blank newspaper would be the best material, and the colors chosen were a pure yellow and white.

This was cut at a printing office into sheets similar in size and shape to commercial note paper, or about six inches wide and eight long, and perforated across one end, about an inch from the edge, that the leaves might be torn off easily. Then the date and the day of the week for the coming year were written at the top of each leaf, the white pages being used for Sundays, birthdays and holidays.

Taking it for granted that each contributor would like to send a message as often as once a month, the leaves were assorted, Uncle Sam's mails called into requisition, and each member of the family given twelve yellow leaves, one in each month—two white leaves for Sundays, and another white one to be filled for his own birthday—and asked to write something original or quoted on the upper half of the page, so that it might be preserved if desired, while the lower half could be used for the razor.

"Is Uncle X going to wipe his razor on all

these good thoughts?" asked the one boy of the family.

All the writing was done with colored crayons or pencils, as ink would be liable to spread on the soft paper.

When the leaves were collected and arranged in their proper order there were good wishes, old family sayings, jokes, wise, witty and helpful quotations, with selections from favorite hymns and Scripture for Sundays. Each contributor had voiced himself and given of his best.

It was an old family, and five generations were represented by their birthdays, from the great-great-grandfather and grandmother who had "passed into the skies," but were still remembered, down to the seven years' old great-great-granddaughter, the baby of the family.

The birthdays of the deceased members of the family were filled, by the one who made the calendar, with the date of birth and death and some quotation or saying characteristic of them. The holidays, extra Sundays and surplus leaves were also filled with appropriate quotations by the same hand.

A white cover, with yellow chrysanthemums, in water colors, painted by a niece with artistic aspirations, gave a pretty finish. Holes were made with a bell punch, about an inch and a half from the edge on each side above the line of perforations. A stiff wire was passed through these and bent over at the top like a catchpin. Through these loops of wire a yellow ribbon corresponding in width to the thickness of the calendar was smoothly drawn and tied at the top in a large bow for convenience in hanging.

It was a great success, a source of constant pleasure to givers and receiver, and will be remembered as one of the most successful Christmas presents of that year.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE Arctic expeditions of 1893-94 have been baffled or have met with disaster. Mr. Peary, after a strenuous and persistent effort to reach the northeastern coast of Greenland across the inland ice, returned to his headquarters at Anniversary Lodge. In the long-continued and furious storms which drove him back his men were crippled and many of his dogs perished. Most of his party returned in the *Falcon*, which arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on the 15th of September. He himself, with Hugh Johnson Lee and Matthew Henson, remained to renew the attempt across the ice cap in the spring of 1895, and complete the exploration of the North Greenland coast. The scientific work done by the members of the party and by the scien-

ists who went up in the *Falcon* was considerable. The shores of Melville Bay were charted for 150 miles, and the glaciers were carefully studied at Inglefield Gulf, where seventeen have their outlet, and at Disco. Most of the Greenland glaciers terminate in vertical faces from 100 to 1,000 feet in height. These faces show a stratified arrangement of the ice, with layers sometimes twisted over each other. Mr. Peary, after his return from the ice cap, made a special journey to Cape York, and there discovered the famous mass of meteoric iron, the existence of which was reported to Sir John Ross by the Eskimos in 1818. The search for the lost Swedish naturalists, Björling and Kallstenius, who were wrecked in 1892, was fruitless.

KAFIRISTAN, the tract of country lying between the frontier of India and the Hindoo Koosh Mountains, is an almost unknown region. It is difficult of access to Mohammedans, for no Kafir is held in any consideration in his own neighborhood unless he has managed to slay at least one follower of Islam, and it was not until 1883 that any European had entered the country. This was W. W. McNair, of the Indian Survey Department, who remained two months in Kafiristan and estimated the number of its population at 600,000. In 1885 Sir William Lockhart crossed a portion of this secluded region, and in 1889-90 Mr. G. S. Robertson spent more than a year there. He affirms, indeed, that McNair never entered the true Kafiristan. Mr. Robertson read an account of his own experiences before the Royal Geographical Society last summer. The land

day with a chief priest, explained to him how common fat men were in England. "He looked at me," says Mr. R., in quiet surprise for a few moments, then his face brightened in a curious way, and he said, 'I know very well what you mean. I once killed a very fine man on the Asmar frontier, and he was fat just as you describe.'" Mr. Robertson was struck with the intelligence of these men. On one occasion he took a lad with him to India and back, and paid him 280 Indian rupees. The boy asked for Cabul rupees, and Mr. Robertson made the calculation, the Indian rupee containing 16 annas and the Cabul 12½ annas. When he handed over the sum the boy at once said it was wrong, and this proved to be the case. At another time Mr. Robertson had forgotten the arrangement of letters which enabled him to open a puzzle lock. He showed the lock



PREHISTORIC PEEPS

THERE WERE OFTEN UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH GAVE TO THE HIGHLAND STALKING OF THOSE DAYS AN ADDED ZEST!

consists of a number of valleys, deep, narrow and tortuous, crossed by smaller and still narrower glens. The passes into Badakshan are not less than 15,000 feet high, and those on the Chitral side are entirely closed by snow in winter. The various tribes are in this way isolated from each other and from the outer world. Up to 9,000 feet the mountains are well timbered. All the rivers ultimately drain into the Cabul River. The inhabitants are believed by Mr. Robertson to be the descendants of the old Indian population of Eastern Afghanistan, who refused to embrace Mohammedanism (the name "Kafiristan" signifies the "Land of the Infidels") and fled to these valleys, where they mingled with the original inhabitants. Their physical type is magnificent, of its kind, slender, well-knit and full of endurance. The features are Aryan, and the expression of the face is generally full of intelligence. Fat men are wholly unknown. Mr. Robertson, talking one

with its letters to a Kafir friend, a man who had never before seen a printed letter, yet he took the lock and played with it till he opened it, and never after forgot the necessary combination. The religion of these people is idolatry, with traces of ancestor worship. The creator of all things is Imra, and there are many minor deities, Gish, the war god, being the most popular. The Kafirs affirm that it was he who killed Hasan and Hussein, the grandsons of Mohammed, and then played polo with their heads. His shrines are in every village, and if you wish to compliment a Kafir you compare him to Gish, while *Gish Istri*, or Gish's wife, is the prettiest thing that can be said to a Kafir woman. The spirit of a dead man becomes a shade, and in the Kafir hell, which is underground, the wicked are burned. Cashmere is the most sacred place in the world, because it was the first created land, and the earth was populated by a dispersion caused by a confusion of

tongues which came upon the people sleeping in Cashmere. In the morning a man could only understand the speech of one particular woman, so that the company separated into pairs and wandered off in different directions into the world. The Kafirs do not bury nor burn their dead, but place them in large boxes on the hillside, or in some secluded spot, sometimes even by the side of the road. The boxes are made very large and bodies are added as long as the wood holds together. Constantly engaged in quarrels, the Kafirs, nevertheless, have no blood feuds; but if one is killed his slayer becomes an outcast. His house is burned, and his property is plundered by the dead man's family. His direct descendants and his children-in-law share the disgrace; and they find a home in some one of the villages which are set apart as cities of refuge. Marriage is an affair of purchase. A man sends his friend to the father of the girl and asks her price, ordinarily eight cows, though a rich suitor may have to pay sixteen. If the father agrees to the marriage the man goes to the woman's house, where a goat is sacrificed. There is no other ceremony, and the pair are looked upon as married, but the woman does not leave her father's house till the full price is paid. Divorce is easy, and consists only in the sale of the wife by the husband. Polygamy is common, and when a man dies his wives may be retained or sold by his brothers.

REPORTS of the Canada-Alaska boundary survey will not be published for some time to come, but two points seem to be admitted. Mount St. Elias lies on the Canadian side of the boundary line; and its height, 18,023 feet, according to the latest measurement, is considerably less than that of Mount Logan, which has an altitude of 19,534 feet, and must therefore be regarded as the loftiest mountain in North America.

ONE Arctic expedition of 1894 was successful; that of Commander Holm, of the Danish Navy, on the east coast of Greenland. His vessel, the *Heidbjørn*, left Copenhagen, August 11th, and, after working its way through dense fogs and waters filled with floating ice, anchored in Tasiusarsik Bay. There is good holding ground. A river abounding with salmon flows into the bay, and its shores are covered with vegetation. A storehouse and a provisional dwelling for the members of a meteorological party were built, and Commander Holm returned to Copenhagen on the 17th of September.

IN South America Colonel J. M. Pando, who explored the region of the Madre de Dios River in 1892-93, and continued his work last year to the Purus and the Aguiry, is

about to undertake a third journey, to the Jurua and the Javary, in company with an English surveyor, Mr. C. Satchell.

THERE are now two permanent settlements in Novaya Zemlia, and in July thirty-eight Samoyedes were added to the village on Karmakul Bay. The population of the island amounts to 90, all told.

THE Commissioners on the Boundary between Bolivia and the Argentine Republic, Colonel Olaseaga and Dr. Quijarro, who met at Salta in November, 1894, are charged with a scientific exploration of the country, in addition to the survey for the boundary line.

HERR RICHARD PAYER describes his observations in an extended survey of the River Napo, a great tributary of the Amazon. About halfway up the river he found semi-savages, belonging to the Zaparo family, and divided into tribes which take their names from the lakes and rivers on which they live. They speak a guttural language, and in physiognomy closely resemble the Mongols. One tribe is called by the men of Spanish race Orejones, from the practice of stretching the lobes of the ear to a length of several inches, ornamenting them also with disks of wood, as recorded by Alcedo. The Napo has many irregularities in its bed, and is not navigable for vessels drawing more than six feet of water. Above the junction with the Curaray the average depth is three feet. The stream is full of islands, many of them floating masses broken away from the banks and held together by the tangled vegetation. The forests are dense, with numerous varieties of palms, India rubber, vegetable ivory, cacao, vanilla, sarsaparilla, cinnamon, mahogany, rosewood and other timber, besides bananas, sugar, manioc, rice, maize, coffee, tobacco, oranges, lemons and other fruits. The trade is principally in India rubber. The river sands are rich in gold, particularly in the Bermejo River.

THE Dutch exploring expedition in Borneo has reached the headwaters of the upper Kapuas River. On the flanks of the Kenepai Herr Büttikofer found many birds, insects and reptiles, some new to science. The mountain is about 4,000 feet high, and the ascent, which was made on the 18th of January, took two hours. Above 2,600 feet the rocks and tree trunks were clothed with thick moss, nourished by the mists which cover the mountain every morning till toward noon. The top, which is bare of trees, is about 300 feet long, and varies between 6 and 26 feet in width. At 10 a.m. the thermometer marked 74°. Of larger animals, Herr Büttikofer found the muntjac, or Java deer, gibbons, and very many orang-outangs.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

THE present may be called the golden age of the lexicography of the English language. It is indeed appropriate that our tongue, which of all those spoken and written on the face of the globe comes nearest to being the universal language, should be the most fully equipped with dictionaries. During the past decade scholarship and publishing enterprise have combined in England and America, particularly in this country, to develop this line of work; and, with the opportune aid of the vastly improved and cheapened facilities for pictorial reproduction, have achieved results far in advance of anything dreamed of in preceding generations. The latest perfected product of modern dic-

tionary making is the Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Company's new Standard Dictionary of the English Language, in two volumes. This great work, which has been some years in preparation, and upon which the publishers have expended a million dollars, has been compiled under the direction of an editorial staff consisting of I. K. Funk, D.D., editor in chief; F. A. March, LL.D., L.H.D., consulting editor; D. S. Gregory, D.D., managing editor, with Associate Editors John Denison Champlin, M.A.; Rossiter Johnson, Ph.D.; Arthur E. Bostwick, Ph.D.; with the further active aid of 247 specialists in the various fields of work. The first volume makes up 1,060 pages, three columns to the

page. The second volume, just issued, and now on the market, is slightly larger, and brings the volumes up to 2,200 pages, containing altogether 280,000 words and 4,000 illustrations. The extraordinary growth of our language, which keeps lexicographers at work from generation to generation, is illustrated by the fact that when Dr. Johnson published his dictionary he brought the language within 45,000 words; Stormonth raised the list to 50,000, Worcester to 105,000, Webster's (International) to 125,000, the Century to 225,000, and the Standard to nearly 300,000. Thousands of words are here admitted for the first time into a general dictionary, and over 4,000 have come from the electrical developments of the last few years. The space gained by throwing out obsolete words, or those which are of no practical value, has been many times occupied by the introduction of living words that should be found in a dictionary that appeals to the whole of the English-speaking race. To enumerate the many special features of the new Standard Dictionary would require a long and elaborate review. Suffice it to say that critical as well as popular opinion, both here and abroad, has given it a unanimously cordial welcome; and that it will fully justify its name with all who demand an illustrated lexicon covering the vast modern range of our language in its entirety, without the inconvenient bulk of the many-volumed encyclopedic dictionaries.

UNDER the title of "Sylvan Lyrics," in one of the most exquisite little volumes that modern book making can produce, are published the poems of William Hamilton Hayne (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). He dedicates the volume to the memory of his father, the late Paul Hamilton Hayne, in a quatrain worthy of that cherished poet of the South, and worthy as well of the high reputation which the son has attained in this finely chiseled form of composition:

"The heirship of your fire divine
Imparts these wavering sparks to mine—
Frail sparks that yearn by love updrawn
To find thee in the deathless dawn."

Mr. Hayne's delicately finished, incisive verses, mostly in a pensive though not melancholy nor pessimistic strain, have gained wide currency through the magazines in the past few years. It might be said, tritely, that his father's mantle has fallen upon him. The fact is that the younger Hayne, while inheriting in a marked degree the poetic sensibility, sympathy with nature and religious optimism which were distinguishing traits of the elder, possesses none the less a decided artistic individuality of his own. He evidently assents to that subtle dictum of Edgar Poe, that there can be no such thing as a *long* poem, properly speaking: that the poem can be no longer than the flush of inspiration, which in its nature is but a brief candle, a sudden glow that fades as quickly as it comes. Mr. Hayne's songs very rarely reach a length of six stanzas; and the great majority of them are quatrains, rondeaux and sonnets. But when we say that each stanza, each quatrain, each couplet, contains in itself some detached poetic thought, some striking figure, or some happy turn of phrase, we are asserting, as we mean to, that "Sylvan Lyrics" contains a greater number of genuinely meritorious verses in proportion to its volume than any maiden book of poetry that has been offered in many a long day.

"CHEIRO'S LANGUAGE OF THE HAND" is the title of the handsome illustrated quarto volume published by this occult, mysterious, adventurous and world-renowned palmist. Chiéro is a kind of scientific seer who reads "between

the lines" of the human hand, not only the past of individual lives, but also into the future, much farther than the average human eye can see. He believes in the art he practices, and in the Defense of Cheiromancy which prefaces his book brings forward many facts, both medical and scientific, to demonstrate that, as the hands are the servants of the system, so all that affects the system affects them. The ancient and approved principles of palmistry are carefully analyzed and elaborately presented, with the aid of numerous drawings and diagrams, illustrating the various types, lines, "mounts," marks, etc.; and a peculiarly interesting feature is the fac-simile reproduction of actual impresses, on carbonized paper, of the hands of a number of celebrated people, including Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mme. Nordica, Annie Besant, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Mark Twain, the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and others. These plates are given without comment, the student being left to trace out the lines for himself; for, as the author says, the owners of the hands are too well known to permit his readings to stand as a test. Mark Twain, however, characteristically says of his own: "Chiéro has exposed my character to me with humiliating accuracy. I ought not to confess this accuracy, still I am moved to do it." Chiéro does not give the tracing of his own hand. If he did, it would doubtless a strange tale unfold, in so far as it reflected his own extraordinary career, beginning with youthful study among the Brahmins of India, and culminating in his present tour of the world.

THE young people are most liberally provided for, both in an artistic and a literary way, in the new publications of the season. Besides the art books and new editions of old classics already noted, there are a number of the latest works of modern writers which seem destined soon to become classics in their turn. Thus, we have from the Appletons: "Madeleine's Rescue," by Jeanne Schultz, author of that universal favorite "Coletto," with some of Tofani's daintiest illustrations; "Chris, the Model Maker," a realistic New York city story, by William O. Stoddard, illustrated by Clinedinst; "The Patriot Schoolmaster," the fourth and concluding volume of Ezekiah Butterworth's series of stories devoted to the great patriotic leaders in American progress; and Mollie Elliot Seawell's historical marine narrative of "Decatur and Somers," that originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish "Timothy's Quest," by Kate Douglas Wiggin—a fanciful and touching story opening in the tenement-house district, for which Oliver Herford has made a great number of pretty pen sketches; "Three Boys on an Electrical Boat," a very up-to-date adventure story by John Trowbridge, who also wrote "The Electrical Boy"; and "When Molly was Six," a very "cute" book for little girls, written by Eliza Orne White, and illustrated by Katharine Pyle. An attractive novelty offered by Messrs. Hunt & Eaton is the "Gala Day Books," four little volumes to the set, each volume containing three separate stories, and each story accompanied by an illustration. These stories are all from the vivacious pen of Frances Isabel Currie, who wrote that much-appreciated juvenile book entitled "A Tiff with the Tiffins." "Little Miss Faith," the story of a country week at Falcous-Height, is by Grace Le Baron, and forms one of the bright "Hazelwood" series (Lee & Shepard, Boston).

AGNES REPPLIER'S new volume of essays (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) bears the title "In the Dozy Hours"—an allusion to Thackeray's naïf remark about certain pleasant but garrulous old prossers: "I read them in the dozy hours, and

only half remember them." It is not the fate of every author, even of those crowned with an ephemeral popularity, to be so much as half remembered, especially in a pleasant way. The surest method, we imagine, is to please unobtrusively, and then have something original, or at least novel, to insinuate into what the gentle reader fondly calls his mind. This is what Miss Repplier accomplishes, if not in one essay, then in another. The present volume (her fourth) offers a score of sufficiently varied ones, ranging from an inimitable cat chronicle (in which the Agrippina of "Essays in Idleness" reappears) to some optimistic remarks concerning the alleged "Passing of the Essay," a calamity which her own example, even more than her argument, assures us is not impending.

SPRAKING of essays, we are glad to note that Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have recently published, in two artistic and compact little volumes, "Selected Essays of Joseph Addison," with an introduction by Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University; and a "Selection from the works of Oliver Goldsmith," with an Introduction by Edward Everett Hale.

THE "Dictionary of United States History," by J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., is issued by the Puritan Publishing Co., of Boston, Mass. Its title suggests its value and convenience as a book of ready reference. It contains every historical fact of importance relating to this country, and it also contains a biographical sketch of every historically prominent person from 1492 to June 1st, 1894. Nothing seems to have been left out, yet nothing superfluous seems to have been added, and withal, this great mass of valuable matter being arranged as it is in alphabetical form, it takes but a moment to find any historical fact desired. It commends itself at once to all students of history; teachers and pupils will find it of especial value; ministers, editors, lawyers and all professional men will appreciate its convenience; in fact, it would be a handsome acquisition to any individual or family library. The illustrations, consisting of about three hundred portraits of distinguished Americans, are handsomely executed, and add much to the attractiveness of the book. It is printed on first-class paper, in large clear type, and is handsomely and substantially bound.

It is good to see so sterling an American classic as Washington Irving figuring in new editions amongst the illustrated holiday books. Nothing could be more sumptuous than the twin volumes "Alhambra" and "Conquest of Granada," published by David McKay, of Philadelphia. These books are resplendent in crimson, white and gold bindings, decorated with Moorish designs, and each is copiously illustrated with photogravures of the identical scenes whose famous beauty is enhanced by the magic of Irving's pen. Another classic in holiday dress is the Appletons' new edition (in the "Illustrated Foreign Classics" series) of Bernardin Saint-Pierre's immortal idyl, "Paul and Virginia," with a biographical sketch, and numerous illustrations by the eminent French artist Maurice Leloir. The Appletons also publish "The Farmer's Boy," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson, whose unique "Country School in New England" proved deservedly popular last season. In both these books the lights and shadows of country life through all the seasons are presented with delightful literary skill, and illustrated in the most novel and picturesque style by actual photographs from nature.

"CURB, SNaffle AND SPUR," by Edward L. Anderson (author of that standard work "Modern Horsemanship"), is especially designed for the guidance of those who train

young horses for the military service—that is to say, for the use of mounted soldiers. Everything set forth and recommended therein, however, is of importance, if not absolutely necessary, for the education of saddle horses in general. The author is an experienced practical trainer. His method begins with the untrained colt, the younger the better, proceeds through the various stages of his education, first with the snaffle bit only, then in the double-reined bridle, through the various gaits, manœuvres and halts, the use of the spurs, etc., and ends with some very sensible remarks upon the correction or management of the various vices to which individuals of the equine species are addicted, sometimes through natural perversity, but more frequently as a result of injudicious training. Mr. Anderson's book, based as it is upon a rational study of the animal's character, is of timely value, as "making for" well-trained horses, and, in consequence, good riding. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

DISTINCTIVELY an art publication, in the most luxurious sense of the word, is the Frederick A. Stokes Co.'s "Children of Colonial Days," a large quarto in illuminated boards, containing twelve fac-similes of water-color pictures of colonial life by E. Percy Moran. Accompanying each of these brilliant pictures is an appropriate story or graceful sketch by Miss Elizabeth S. Tucker, printed in tinted inks. Another charming "juvenile" issued by the same publishers is the "Treasury of Stories, Jingles and Rhymes," including reproductions of the water-color sketches that have made Miss Maud Humphrey famous as a delineator of child life. The verses are by such well-known authors as Edith M. Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Mrs. Mary Rice Miller and Elizabeth S. Tucker, in addition to the twelve most popular "Mother Goose" rhymes, and twelve standard fairy tales.

HOWARD PAUL, the well-known journalist, author and raconteur, and a valued contributor to FRANK LERLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, has brought out what he calls "The Komikal Kalendar" for 1895. It is attractively produced, and after the month, date and day of the week, boldly printed, so that it can be seen at a glance, there follows beneath an anecdote or a good story, briefly, brightly told, that justifies the words that appear on the front of the Kalendar: "A smile for every day in the year, with an occasional laugh." Published by E. & J. B. Young & Co., Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York. Postpaid for 50 cents.

"ZAPHEA," the new novel by John P. Stockton, Jr., just issued from the press of the Arena, is a story of philanthropic purpose, which may be further characterized as a departure from conventional standards in theme and treatment. Another Arena publication, also with a purpose—in this case in the direction of moral and physical ethics—is Dr. S. Barrington Elliot's "Ætæology," a treatise on generative life, including prenatal influence, limitation of offspring, and hygiene of the human generative system.

THE great Pullman railway strike of last summer, and especially the recent report upon it by the Federal Strike Commission, which fully vindicates the American Railway Union and exposes the conspiracy of railway managers which that union was organized to oppose, give timeliness to two unpretentious but significant publications from Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, viz., "A Story from Pullmantown," by Nico Bach-Meyer; and "The Rights of Labor," by W. J.

THREE piquant novels published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are, "Miss Hard" an Enigma," a character-

istic mystery story of a strange, impenetrable, fascinating woman, by Anna Katharine Green; "A Husband of No Importance," by Rita, forming No. 4 of the "Incognito Library"; and "An Altar of Earth," by Thymol Monk, issued in convenient 16mo. form, corresponding to the Putnam's authorized edition of "Ships that Pass in the Night."

"A MODERN DESPOTISM," by Marcus Petersen (Wesley Emery, Lansing, Mich.), is an exposition, in the form of a story, of the author's view of the inner workings of our present political system, particularly in the State of Michigan, "as it shall be viewed by those living thirty years hence."

THE Frederick A. Stokes Co. publish, in a *chic* little volume, "In the Midst of Alarms," an American newspaper-detective story, by Robert Barr, who is one of the most interesting of the new generation of story tellers.

BRET HARTE's latest short tales, gathered in a volume that takes its title from the longest of them, "The Bell-ringer of Angel's," are just issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From D. Appleton Co., New York:

THE FARMER'S BOY. By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated by the Author. Cloth, \$2.50.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA. By Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. With a Biographical Sketch. Illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Cloth, \$1.50.

MADEIRA'S RESCUE. By Jeanne Schultz. Illustrated by Tofani. Cloth, \$1.50.

CHRIS, THE MODEL MAKER. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE PATRIOT SCHOOLMASTER. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

DECATUR AND SOMERS. By M. Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

From David McKay, Philadelphia:

THE ALHAMBRA. THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA. By Washington Irving. Illustrated. In two volumes, cloth, colors and gold, \$2 each.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York:

TIMOTHY'S QUEST. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S, AND OTHER STORIES. By Bret Harte. Cloth, \$1.25.

IN THE DOZY HOURS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Agnes Repplier. Boards, \$1.25.

THREE BOYS ON AN ELECTRICAL BOAT. By John Trowbridge. Cloth, \$1.

WHEN MOLLY WAS SIX. By Eliza Orne White. Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. Cloth, \$1.

From Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York:

STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. In two volumes. Full Russia, \$8.50 per volume.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS. With an Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. Cloth, \$1.

JOSEPH ADDISON. SELECTED ESSAYS. Cloth, 75 cents.

From Laird & Lee, Chicago:

TAN PILE JIM. By B. Freeman Ashley. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.

ABOUT GIRLS. By Helen Follett. Illustrated. Paper, 25c.

From Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS. By Robert Barr. Cloth, 75c.

SYLVAN LYRICS AND OTHER VERSES. By William Hamilton Hayne. Cloth, \$1.25.

CHILDREN OF COLONIAL DAYS. Fac-similes of Water-color Drawings by Percy Moran. Decorative pieces and text by Elizabeth S. Tucker. Large quarto, boards, \$1.50.

THE TREASURY OF STORIES, JINGLES AND RHYMES. Illustrated by Maud Humphrey. Cloth, \$1.75.

Miscellaneous:

GALA DAY BOOKS. By Frances Isabel Currie. Illustrated. Four volumes, cloth, in box. Per set, \$1.50. Hent & Eaton, New York.

EDGEOLGY: A TREATISE ON GENERATIVE LIFE. By Sydney Barrington Elliot, M.D. Cloth, \$1.50. Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

A MODERN DESPOTISM. By Marcus Petersen. Paper, 50c. Wesley Emery, Lansing, Mich.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR. By W. J. Paper, 25c. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

WHITER THAN SNOW. By the Author of "Juror No. 12" Paper, 25 cents. J. S. Ogilvie Co., New York.

SINGLE HEART AND DOUBLE FACE. By Charles Reade. Paper, 25 cents. Optimus Printing Co., New York.

SPRAYS FROM PARIS. Poems. By Lila Gibson. Paper, two shillings. L. N. Fowler & Co., London.

CHEIRO'S LANGUAGE OF THE HAND. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2. Cheiro, New York.

SAINT AND SINNEER. By Fanny May. Paper, 50c. J. S. Ogilvie Co., New York.

LIFE AND INVENTIONS OF THOMAS A. EDISON. By W. K. L. Dickson and Antonia Dickson. Illustrated. Cloth, gilt, in box, \$5. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

ZAPHRA: A NOVEL OF THE DAY. By John P. Stockton, Jr. Paper, 50c. Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD PLEASURE TOURS.

WASHINGTON.—A series of short, personally conducted tours from New York, Philadelphia and adjacent points will be run December 27th, 1894; January 17th, February 7th and 28th, March 21st, April 11th, May 2d and 23d, 1895. Rates, including all necessary expenses for the three-day trip, with accommodation at the best Washington hotels, \$14.50 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$11.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

FLORIDA.—The usual series of tours to Jacksonville, Fla., will leave New York, January 29th, February 12th and 26th, March 12th and 26th, 1895, by special train of sleepers and dining car.

CALIFORNIA.—Two personally conducted tours to the Golden Gate will be run during the winter and spring of 1895. The first will leave New York and Philadelphia February 20th, and return April 12th. The second will leave New York and Philadelphia March 20th, and return May 16th. The rates for these tours will be made as low as is consistent with the best service. The number of tickets to be sold for each pleasure tour will be limited to one hundred. The importance of securing tickets in advance is apparent, as the train is composed exclusively of Pullman cars, and it is necessary to assign space when the tickets are sold. All unused tickets will be redeemed at their full value if presented at the General Office two days prior to departure of tour for which issued.

For additional information apply at ticket offices, or address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; Broad Street Station, Philadelphia; and 205 Washington Street, Boston.



"SHALL I WAKE HER?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
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NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A REIGN.

By V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

THE condition of uncertainty and suspense, not to say actual alarm, occasioned throughout Europe by the sickness and death of Alexander III. have long since been dispelled, and now that Nicholas II. has shown every disposition to maintain the pacific policy inaugurated by his father, the civilized world draws a long breath of relief, and even the most confirmed pessimist feels willing to admit that some good may yet come out of Nazareth.

The commencement of the new Czar's reign has certainly not been inauspicious. History does not recall a warmer popular ovation than that which greeted the youthful sovereign upon the day of his marriage, nor more enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty than those he has constantly experienced in public since his accession to the throne. His youth, his grace, his bonhomie and his perfect nonchalance in promenading the streets of St. Petersburg without an escort have won for him all hearts and made him the idol of the common people. Add to this the presence of

a wife whose charm of person and intellectual attainments place her above the average of her sex, and one is inclined to predict for Russia's young ruler a future fraught with benefits to his beloved country.

The problems which face the new Emperor at the threshold of his reign are many and varied, as may be judged by a retrospective glance at the changes wrought during Alexander III.'s occupancy of the throne and the conditions arising therefrom.

It is not my purpose to go too deeply into the details of the late Emperor's political course, but in order to present the reader with some idea of the actual situation it will be necessary to indicate in a cursory manner the general drift of his internal policy. Of the international situation we will speak later on in this article.

When Alexander III. mounted the throne after the tragic death of his father he gave it clearly to be understood that he had no intention of following the liberal line laid down by the former Czar.

And history will record that he never wavered in this determination, although, in spite of all his reactionary tendencies, his reign has not been entirely unproductive of good.

It must be remembered that the late Czar was a firm believer in the three cardinal principles of Slavophilism, viz., the Russian Orthodox Church, Russian nationalism, and the absolute authority of the occupant of the throne. The ideas of religion and nationality, it should here be said, are so intimately allied and closely interwoven in the Russian mind that they practically constitute one single principle of themselves. The strictly Orthodox, in fact, will not admit that a man can be a Russian at all, in the true sense of the word, unless he has been brought up in the bosom of the Russian Greek Church. Among the *moujiks* the term *Nyemetz*, which literally means German, is applied to all Protestants of whatever nationality; *Poliak*, meaning Pole, to all Roman Catholics, and *Bussurman* (*Tartar*) to all Mussulmans.

Now, the Russian Empire embraces within its confines millions of German, Polish and Mussulman subjects, who are all supposed to be, and actually are, loyal to the throne, but they are



THE YOUNG CZAR ON A HUNTING EXCURSION.



THE YOUNG CZAREVITCH AND HIS ESCORT ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN WAR SHIP "PAMIAT AZOVA."

nevertheless considered to be no more Russian by many of their Orthodox compatriots than the Sioux Indian is considered by us to be an American. The unfortunate truth is that the intolerance of the Orthodox clergy has prevented the assimilation of one-fifth of the population of the country, and its social and political absorption, by the majority. Alexander II. understood the necessities of the situation, and his attitude toward Lutherans and Catholics was most conciliatory during his entire reign. His successor thought otherwise. Instead of removing or neutralizing the religious differences of his subjects, the latter, as he could not proselytize heretics by force, strove at least to compel them to adopt the language and educational methods of the dominant nationality. The hardships of this system were most felt in the Baltic provinces, where an intelligent German Protestant population has for centuries enjoyed a large measure of local authority; but Poland, Lutheran settlements in the interior, and the Caucasus, also came in for their share of Russification. Government attention was also directed to the Stundists, other dissenters from

the Orthodox Church, and they, it is painful to say, suffered a severe persecution, as violators of a fundamental law prohibiting the conversion to any strange faith of members of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

The most important of the Czar's repressive measures were those directed against the Jews, over which so much ink has been spilled. Whatever may be said both for and against the wisdom and humanity of the partial expulsion of the Jews from certain parts of Russia, no observer can deny that the Czar was backed up in this undertaking by the sympathy of the vast majority of his subjects. The "Jewish cancer" had already eaten deeply into the vitals of the Russian people. An impartial and painstaking inquiry into the subject had revealed the monstrous iniquities of the Jews and their concerted action against the unsuspecting Gentile population.

It was shown that while the Hebrew population of Russia had produced only two great men to add to the nation's roll of honor—Rabinstein, the musician, and Antokolsky, the sculptor—it had furnished to the police registers an endless

number of usurers, swindlers, abortionists, vendors of poisonous liquors, receivers of stolen goods, firebugs, counterfeiters and bribe givers of every description. Nine-tenths of the corruption prevalent in Russian official sources was traced to Jewish influence and example. Ninety-nine-hundredths of the misery and penury to which the peasant population had been reduced was discovered to be the work of Jew usurers and

views, subsequently found its way into the British press under the caption of "Another Anti-Semitic Outrage."

The principal accusation against the Jews was that of "solidarity." It was shown that they were invariably banded together to work evil to the Gentile, and that no matter how heinous his crime against the Gentile community the Jew malefactor could always reckon on aid and com-



The Czarevitch (now Nicholas II.).

The Crown Prince of Greece.

Grand Duke George of Russia.

THE THREE PRINCES ON THEIR ORIENTAL TOUR, IN 1890-'91.

vodka sellers combined. One case was instanced of a Hebrew peddler establishing himself as a grog-shop keeper in a small village near Tula in 1881, and at the end of nine months owning every head of live stock and a third of the real estate in the place. This worthy, who was proved to have practiced the most outrageous deception on his unfortunate victims, was subsequently packed off to his home in Vilna, minus his ill-gotten gains; and his story, embellished to suit his own

fort from his coreligionists. Intellectually inferior to the Slav, entirely devoid of the lofty ideals that have inspired a Gogol, a Turguenieff, a Tolstoi, the Jew nevertheless, by reason of his commercial cunning and unscrupulousness, had succeeded in gobbling up some of the fairest portions of the country. That he did not gobble up what remained was due alone to the late Czar's timely action in issuing his famous decree expelling by administrative process all Jews who had

settled outside of the Jewish pale. Naturally the expulsion occasioned a good deal of suffering. Those gentle hearts who had been squeezing the last kopeck from the guileless moujik, after demoralizing and besotting him with poisonous rum, were doubtless greatly pained at the pros-

officers? Their wails were heard far and wide, thanks to the Jewish press of the European Continent; thanks to Baron Reuter, Baron Hirsch, the Rothschilds and the other innumerable Hebrew agencies that control European opinion like a huge octopus.



PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE, THE YOUNG CZARINA.

pect of returning to the Lithuanian ghettos whence they had emerged penniless a few years before! And who can picture the anguish of the worthy philanthropists who had so successfully extorted five hundred per cent. interest on their loans to spendthrift noblemen and young army

officers? In connection with this Jewish question, I think it will be interesting to the American reader to learn that while the Anti-Semitic agitation was in progress in Russia the suggestion was made to the Czar by a courtier friendly to the Jewish interests that a commission be sent abroad to in-



investigate the status of the race in the various countries where it enjoys full political privileges, and that the United States was singled out as one of the countries particularly suited for such investigation. The suggestion was adopted, and several reports have been sent to Russia from here at various intervals by the secret agents appointed for the purpose. If any hopes were ever entertained that these reports might tend to alter the Czar's decision they were doomed to disappointment. If anything, the facts gathered here only tended to furnish fresh argument to the Anti-Semitic influences at the Russian court.

The American reports were, however, not wholly averse to the

cause of Judaism. In fact, particular stress was laid on the beneficent life work of such distinguished Jewish citizens as Adolph Sapiro, the Seligmans, the Ladenburgs, the Belmonts, Felix Adler, Rabbis Gottheil, Wise and Kohler, and many others, for whom their Gentile fellow citizens entertain naught but respect. Attention was also called to the many excellent Hebrew charitable and scholastic institutions in this country. On

the other hand, the American reports did not relieve the Jews of the old charge of "solidarity," as shown that in New York

city, for instance, the number of Jews annually arrested for arson, receiving stolen goods, theft, abortion and other crimes was extra-

ordinarily disproportionate to the number convicted, or at least sent to state's prison, and the reason adduced was that, "thanks to the help of his coreligionists, the Jewish rascal escapes punishment, providing his crime has been committed against a Gentile."

I here translate another passage: "The methods of escape are various. Sometimes

OFFICERS AND MINISTERS OF THE
NEW REIGN.

they assume the form of bribery, and the case gets no further than the police courts; sometimes so-called 'straw bail' is furnished by a coreligionist, and when the culprit 'jumps' the bail (escapes) the public prosecutor finds that the bondsman owns nothing, or has deeded his property to his wife. Fraudulent bankruptcies, in which Christian firms are the sufferers, are very frequent in Jewish commercial circles, and the law scarcely ever touches the delinquents, who



THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW CZAR.



TROPHY OF OBJECTS COLLECTED BY THE PRESENT
CZAR IN HIS TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

are invariably backed up by their coreligionists. The American press is fully conversant with these facts, but remains silent, fearing to offend the Hebrews who are large advertisers."

The writer of one of the latest reports quotes a large number of cases in support of his accusations. Among others, the acquittal, through alleged bribery, of the Jewish actor Curtis, placed on trial in San Francisco for murder; the practical acquittal in New York city, through the instrumentality of a Jewish juror, of ex-Wardman Levy, charged with bribery; the miscarriage of justice in the case of the Jewish assailant of Deputy Marshal Goode, etc.

To return to our sheep—having disposed of the wolves—we come to Alexander III.'s modifications in the governmental system. These were,

as is well known, thoroughly reactionary. Not only did he cancel the ukase issued by his father calling together a consultative assembly of nobles, but he greatly limited the powers of the Zemstvo, a communal representative body somewhat resembling the various administrative local boards in this country—supervisors, freeholders, and whatever else they are called. The supervision of these local affairs was henceforth left to the landed proprietors, appointed by the government, and the peasants themselves were thus divested of their last vestige of autonomy. All this was truly discouraging to liberal-minded, patriotic Russians; and yet even they could not refuse the Czar praise for the rugged honesty of his character or the purity of his motives. He was a firm believer, I repeat, not alone in his divine right to occupy the throne, but in his duty to live up to the principles he had laid down at the start; and while his internal policy has stemmed the current of progressive thought called forth by his father's liberal reforms, he at least did not leave his country in a materially worse situation than when he ascended the throne. Despite the famine and the cholera outbreaks of the last five years, Russia is to-day more prosperous than she has ever been before. Her finances, under the able management of Messrs. Bunge, Vishnigradski & Witte, are in a comparatively healthy con-



A HIGH FUNCTIONARY TAKING THE OATH
OF ALLEGIANCE.



RUSSIAN ARMY MANŒUVRES, 1894.



THE IMPERIAL STEAM YACHT "POLAR STAR," IN THE PORT OF YALTA (CRIMEA).

dition, and her railroads extend over the most populated sections of European Russia, while the Trans-Siberian line is rapidly approaching completion. Her army also is on a splendid war footing, and her navy the third in the world, both as to tonnage and excellence of armament. To be brief, the present Czar has received a legacy of which he may well be proud. What will he do with it?

I think it safe enough to predict that the spirit of optimism natural to youth will cause him in the near future to relax some of the more stringent measures introduced during his father's reign. There are already portentous rumors of an impending change in the agrarian laws, which will relieve the peasants of a portion of their heavy burdens. Not even the most sanguine look forward as yet to the convocation of a representative assembly of nobles, landowners and clergy, but there is every indication that the *Zemstvos* will eventually be reinvested with some of the privileges they lost through Alexander III.'s action. From authoritative sources I have also learned that the attention of the present Czar has been called to the glaring defects and abuses of the Russian police system. A story is current that the present Empress herself was appealed to sev-

eral days after her marriage, through the medium of her own English governess, to intercede on behalf of an unfortunate student from the Baltic provinces who had been summarily exiled to Archangel for refusing to uncover himself as the imperial wedding *cortège* passed. His plea of suffering from a cold in the head availed him nothing, but the Empress's intercession did. It is also likely to result in a complete reform in the police methods throughout the country. Next to the police of New York, those of St. Petersburg, and in fact of all Russia, are the most corrupt in the world, and in addition to this they are invested with powers which allow them to exercise a most atrocious tyranny over a large proportion of the population.

No citizen in Russia is entirely safe from the espionage of the dreaded Third Section, and once accused, however unjustly, the victim finds little redress in the courts, for, even if he is acquitted, the police still have the right, as in the case above quoted, to banish him by administrative process. On the other hand, the levying of blackmail on gambling dens and brothels is a recognized source of income to every chief of police. The *Gradonatchalnik* (police master) of St. Petersburg usually leaves office a millionaire, when he

leaves it alive, not having been disposed of by Nihilists or quack doctors. The reorganization of the Russian police, if it really occurs, will, in my opinion, result in greater immediate good to the country than even a move in the direction of representative government.

Another excellent sign of the times, let us hope an evidence of the fact that religious intolerance has seen its day in the Czar's empire, is the announcement that the Lutheran pastors imprisoned for violations of the code relating to the proselytization of members of the Orthodox faith have received a full pardon. The treatment of these men and of the Stundists cannot be characterized in any other way than as religious persecution, even though the proceedings against them were in keeping with the law; and for that reason they deserve the sympathy we necessarily refuse to the Jews, who, despite the assertions of the Russophobes, owed their expulsion to their dishonest practices, that and nothing else. There is no denying that the Germans of the Baltic provinces have shown a certain arrogance in the past in their relations with the Orthodox Russians. They were the favored pets of all the Czars until Alexander III. came to the throne, and they made no concealment of their feeling of superiority over the Russian population. It is

only natural, therefore, that the latter, once having gained the whip hand, should seek to retaliate for past slights by the drastic measures of Russification already alluded to. It is the hope of every sincere patriot that the differences which have somewhat estranged the German subjects of the Czar from their fellow countrymen of Orthodox faith will now be removed under a mild and liberal policy; for, after all, Russia should never forget that some of her greatest sons first saw the light of day on that rocky coast of the Baltic Sea.

And now I come to the international aspect of the great change wrought by the hand of Death in the occupancy of Russia's throne. The question all have been asking since the accession of Nicholas II. is: Will Russia pursue her destiny as outlined in the more or less apocryphical testament of Peter the Great, or will she cease her march toward the southern seas and renounce all the aspirations of her past?

In spite of the general tone of the Anglo-Russian press and the recent interchange of courtesies between the courts of St. James and St. Petersburg, I cannot permit myself to believe that the Anglo-Russian *entente* is anything but a temporary situation brought about by the family ties that unite the crowned heads of both nations. Even if the young Czar were desirous of curbing



THE PALACE OF LIVADIA, AT YALTA, WHERE THE LATE CZAR DIED.

the ambition of his subjects to secure a southern outlet for the country's growing commerce it is doubtful whether he could successfully withstand opposition to his wishes. After all, the Czar, absolute monarch though he be, must sometimes bow to the will of the people, or at least be swayed by it.

Alexander II. was a man of peaceable disposition and thoroughly averse to war, yet he found

considered, few, if any, of whom are animated by aught than feelings of distrust toward the British leopard.

More substantial guarantees would be required to dissipate this feeling than the mere protestations of friendship on the part of the British royal family. The intrinsic selfishness of England's policy from time immemorial is a byword in Russia. To this day the tradition remains in



THE CZARINA MARIE FÉODOROVNA, WIDOW OF THE LATE CZAR.

it impossible to withstand the popular demand for an invasion of Turkey in 1877. Consequently those who are at present arguing that Russia will henceforth be guided in her course by a regard for Great Britain's interests, solely because the Prince of Wales has been warmly received by his bereaved sister-in-law and nephew, will ere long discover that behind the Czar there is a nation of one hundred and twenty millions of people to be

certain regiments which participated in the disastrous Anglo-Russian invasion of Holland in 1799 that the Czar's soldiers were cruelly sacrificed during that period by their more cautious allies. The charge is made that at the battle of Berghen, on the Peninsula of the Helder, the Duke of York willfully neglected to support the attack of the Russians on the French position, thereby encompassing their defeat with terrible



THE LATE ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN PEASANT EATING
KASHA.

loss, and eventually his own. It has been asserted that the duke was piqued by the Russian general's unwillingness to accede to the English plan of operations, and remarked, when requested to advance in the wake of his allies, that he would "first give these barbarians a lesson in civilized manners." Less than a month after this episode

the English general signed an ignominious capitulation, and withdrew from Holland with the remnant of his defeated army.

However, this incident is but a detail. Russia has had much more glaring evidence of English duplicity, bad faith and hostility since that period. The horrors of the Crimean War are still fresh in the mind of the Russian nation, but even these would be forgotten and forgiven were it not for Lord Beaconsfield's action in practically wresting from Russia's grasp the hard-earned fruits of her terrible struggle with Turkey in 1877. This blow wounded the country's pride as much as it affected her material interests, and it has rankled deeply ever since in the breast of every true Russian. Not satisfied with that success, England has since steadily opposed Russia's every move for elbow room in both Europe and Asia—and by elbow room I mean particularly the

effort to secure an outlet for her merchandise by the acquisition of a southern seaboard.

In what way, may I ask, is Russia to be benefited now by an alliance with an enemy of so many years' standing? Let us admit that through England's influence the Dardanelles may be opened to Russia's men-of-war, such being the recent assumption of a portion of the British press. What advantage could possibly accrue to Russia from such an arrangement at the outbreak of a general European war, with the Turk, who holds the straits, ranged on the side of Russia's foes? It would mean an immediate interruption of communications between the Czar's fleets cruising in the Mediterranean and the Russian Black Sea squadron. In other words, the sop Eng'land would be offering her rival could amount to very little indeed unless Russia fulfilled her destiny by grasping and holding the Dardanelles herself, a project toward which John Bull must necessarily ever be hostile.

We have also been told recently that the supposed Anglo-Russian *entente* relates to a final demarcation of the frontiers of the respective possessions of both countries in Asia. Here again I find it difficult to believe that Russia will agree to renounce all her pretensions on territories claimed to be within the sphere of British influence, or to play into the hands of England in the matter of the settlement of the Chinese imbroglio. Russia has everything to gain by an aggressive Asiatic policy, and nothing to lose. England, on the other hand, possesses India, the priceless pearl of the continent, and feels it already slipping through her fingers. The enmity she has fostered between her Mohammedan and Brahmin population is proving a two-edged sword which will soon be turned against her own breast. Observers of recent events in India have noted the growing unrest of its seething populations, and have heard the mutterings of a coming storm. Hundreds of Russian spies, secret agents, and even *agents provocateurs*, have been at work throughout the length and breadth of the land, for many years back, silently preaching the gospel of hatred toward the British conqueror, sowing the seeds of discontent with the present condition of things, and all the while gathering and forwarding every available scrap of news and information to the home government in St. Petersburg. The Mussulman population of India are constantly under the surveillance of men of their own creed, subjects of the Czar—Tartars from the Volga or Turcomans from Central Asia. Like Alikhanoff, the Russo-Turcoman, who instigated the Penjdeh trouble, these men firmly believe in the union of the Cross and Crescent under the



TYPES OF RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

banner of the White Czar, and their zeal in Russia's cause has not been found wanting. Russia has also recruited some of her secret agents among the high-caste Brahmins, who perform similar offices for her in the midst of the Brahmin portion of the population, which latter is even more hostile to the English than are the Mussulmans. I have heard the statement made by Russians, and I do not doubt its accuracy, that, in addition to what she earned by her theosophic hocus-pocus while in India, Mme. Blavatsky derived a steady income from the Russian Foreign Office for information furnished by her regarding the political situation.

I do not set myself up as a defender of this system of international espionage on Russia's part, but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*; and, moreover, it should not be forgotten that she is only following the example of England herself, which country has for centuries supported small armies of spies among her powerful neighbors. At this very day Russia is teeming with them. They are to be found in every walk of life, and are engaged ostensibly in every kind of pursuit. Under the guise of merchants, teachers of the English language, coachmen and what not, they find an easy access into every class of St. Petersburg and Moscow society, not excepting court circles. Almost every family related to the throne has its English tutors, butlers, and household servants of both sexes, and what they do not hear and know is simply not worth knowing.

This game of tit for tat, this mutual suspicion and distrust between the two great powers, has been going on ever since the Crimean War, and we are suddenly asked to believe that everything is to be changed, and that the differences of half a century, the clash of vital interests, are to be



RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMAN AND CHILD.

eliminated by one stroke of the pen. Such a result seems incredible to me. An alliance with England can mean nothing to Russia, either as regards European or Asiatic affairs. A maintenance of the alliance with France, on the contrary, implies an eventual reconstruction of the map of Asia, with the Czar's empire extending to the Indian Ocean and France's colonial possessions embracing Siam and the southern portion of the Chinese Empire. It is this dream, methinks, that spurred on the late Czar to devote so much time, attention and money to the development of Russia's sea power. These mighty iron-clads, with their marvelous mechanism and terrible death-dealing powers, were never intended to lie idly in the harbors of Cronstadt, Libau, Sebastopol or Vladivostock. It is to them, as well as to her mighty army, that the Russian nation looks hopefully for the extension of the Czar's borders to the long-yearned-for southern seas. Until this event is accomplished Russia and England will never really shake hands!

CHARACTERISTICS OF NICHOLAS II.

THE young Czar Nicholas Alexandrovitch has been called upon to assume the reins of government at a comparatively early age, since he was born at St. Petersburg about twenty-six years ago, or, to be exact, on May 6th (18th), 1868. China is the only other great country governed by a younger ruler, the Chinese Emperor being but twenty-three.

Of the Czar's boyhood and education there is little to be said. His tutor, General Danilovitch, was a highly accomplished man, although pedantic and not fond of science. Nevertheless the young Czar knows something of science, while

his knowledge of modern languages and history is extensive. The Czar is thoroughly well acquainted with the literature of France and England. Of French authors his favorites have been Victor Hugo and Lamartine, although while still young he preferred Jules Verne to any other. Of Zola's work he must have read a good deal, for the Duke of Sparta used to smuggle that author's books into his imperial cousin's room. He was once caught in the act by the late Czar, who vented his wrath on the poor Duke of Sparta in right down earnest fashion. Among the English authors appreciated by the Czar are Scott, Dick-

ens and Stevenson, while his knowledge of Shakespeare is extensive. He prefers French dramatic authors to English, and he has hitherto never missed an opportunity of seeing the French plays at St. Petersburg. As a language he prefers English to French. This may be because during the late Emperor's life English was the home language at the palace. Of classics he was taught nothing beyond the rudiments, but in civil law and finance he had a thorough grounding. In 1886 he entered an infantry regiment of the Guard and served in various capacities, proving himself a useful and popular officer. In fact, it may be said of Nicholas II. that he is an amiable and scholarly man of a decidedly peaceful disposition, and imbued with a spirit much more liberal than his father's. Nicholas II. resembles his late father in one respect—he is reticent and reserved and thinks over his plans himself, giving his subsequent orders with clearness and precision. He is evidently guarding against anything which may give an impression that he is being influenced by anyone. The first sign the new Czar gave of his independence was when M. Pobiedonostzeff submitted for signature the manifesto. This document had been drawn up by the minister, who expected the young Czar to sign it at once. But in this he was disappointed. The Czar read it through, and then had it telegraphed to the President of the Council of Ministers and to the President of the Law Department. On receiving their replies and their suggestions the Czar went through them carefully and altered the manifesto, rewriting it to a great extent, so that but little of M. Pobiedonostzeff's original composition remained.

Among other characteristics to be noted are the Czar's affability and extreme fondness for music and dancing. In fact, his lively disposition is in marked contrast to the somewhat gloomy reserve which in recent years characterized the late Emperor. Nicholas II. is very like his mother in physique, and has not inherited the giant frame of his father. He is about five feet eight inches in height, is broad-shouldered and well knit, while in face he resembles the Duke of York. His father personally interested himself in his education, endeavoring to train him politically for his future responsibilities. It has been stated that Nicholas II. has been kept aloof from state affairs, and that he has hitherto had little experience in such matters. This, however, is not the case. For several years he has been a member of the State Council, whose deliberations he has regularly attended. During the famine in 1891-'92 he was President of the Famine Relief Commission, a post which was no sinecure. He

was also President of the Imperial Commission for the Construction of the Siberian Railway.

In 1890-'91 Nicholas Alexandrovitch went round the world, visiting India, where he spent several weeks. At Calcutta he was entertained right royally, and created a good impression in the minds of the Viceroy's entourage. His companion was Prince George of Greece, a young man of great stature and enormous strength, who could beat even the late Czar in some of the trials of strength of which the latter was so fond. Prince George's strength stood him in good stead in Japan, when the Czarevitch was attacked by an infuriated Japanese policeman. The incident took place at Otsu, near Kioto, and was described by Prince George in a letter to his father, the King of the Hellenes. "We passed through a narrow street," wrote the prince, "decorated with flags and filled with crowds of people on both sides of the thoroughfare. I was looking toward the left when I suddenly heard something like a shriek in front of me, and saw a policeman hitting Nicky (the Czarevitch) a blow on the head with his sword, which he held with both hands. Nicky jumped out of the cart, and the man ran after him, Nicky with the blood streaming down his face. When I saw this I, too, jumped out, with my stick in my hand, and ran after the man, who was about fifteen paces in front of me. Nicky ran into a shop, but came out again immediately, which enabled the man to overtake him; but I thank God that I was there the same moment, and while the policeman still held the sword high in the air I gave him a blow straight on the head—a blow so hard that he had probably never experienced a similar one before. He now turned against me, but fainted and fell to the ground. Then two of our jinriksha pullers appeared on the scene; one got hold of his legs, while the other took the sword and gave him a wound in the back of the head. It was God who placed me there at that moment and who gave me the strength to deal that blow; for had I been a little later the policeman had, perhaps, cut off Nicky's head, and had the blow missed the assailant's head he would have cut off mine."

Journeying on to Vladivostock, the Czarevitch turned the first sod of the Trans-Siberian Railway. He then proceeded by road to cross Siberia to St. Petersburg, a journey of some five thousand miles, which did more to make him acquainted with the empire which he was to govern than years of study would have done. Last year Nicholas visited England, and was present at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York. He made a long stay, visiting the Queen, who learned to regard him with special favor.

"DELY!"

By NORA K. MARBLE.

A GAP of miles, of centuries, of solar systems, seemed to the girl to separate her from the people of Carson Hill. Rough, uncouth miners—what possibilities of future happiness awaited her here?

The morning mist, as she gazed from her open window, traveled up the valley and at length reached the mountain tops; the breeze made its own music as it stirred the pine groves; the birds sang, and glad as the streams in their flowing were the feathered creatures in their flight; all things seemed moving on—all—all but herself.

The girl clinched her small red hand and shook it at the camp below.

"I hate ye!" she exclaimed, fiercely. "I hate ye with all my soul!"

She was handsome, with a full, ripe beauty, alluring to the generality of men, and though she spoke with the accent of the mountains, it was greatly modified. Her voice possessed a softness unusual in that region, and a certain refinement of manner marked her as superior to her class.

"Good mornin', Miss Dely."

The face which smiled up at her from without the window was not a handsome one, but every line bespoke an honest nature, confiding and true. The words were simple enough, but the tone in which they were spoken nettled the girl.

"Good mornin'," she answered, laconically, and feigned to be busy with something in her lap.

He stood for a moment irresolute, devouring her beautiful face with his eyes.

"I heerd," he at length said, awkwardly, flushing to his brows, "that ye—ye were goin' up to Virginny City fer a spell, Miss Dely. Be it true?"

"Yes," frigidly, "it is true; only," with a tightening of the lips, "I'm goin' up there fer good."

The color died out of his face as he repeated:

"Fer good! Oh, Miss Dely, don't say that!"

She laughed scornfully as her gaze traveled past him to the mountains beyond.

"Oh, I'll have to come back on a visit now and then. Flint Culver," she retorted, "unless——"

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He knew what was passing in her thoughts. Virginia City, with its population of thousands! C Street, where people from all countries daily mingled and surged! Show windows glittering with attractive wares, marbled and mirrored lunch counters, luxurious clubhouses, and a general air of wealth and display.

"Ah!"

She drew a long breath of ecstatic delight at the visions which her fancy saw. Satins and laces, diamonds and pearls! How well they would become her! Women less beautiful than she rolled through the streets there in their carriages; women, less fitted to enjoy, married men with golden halos there every day.

"A bonanza king."

She laughed softly. "Why not?" her eyes said.

"Why not?"

"Dely!"

How the great strong fellow longed to put forth his rough hand and touch the small one



"LIKE A GREAT WATCHDOG HE HAD PACED BEFORE HER WINDOW."

upon the window sill. But he dared not--no, he dared not. For him, as well as a score of other rough miners, she had never expressed aught but scorn. He would have gone to the rack for one pressure of her moist red lips, but—but she was a star away above him in the heavens, and he— Something suspiciously like a groan escaped his lips as, with his hat drawn low over his eyes, he turned without another word and walked on.

So, in a few days, to Virginia City Delia Boyd went; and, behind one of those glittering show cases, she caught tantalizing glimpses of that gay world which she thought herself so well fitted to adorn.

Stray wafts of those pleasures she had longed for came to her at intervals, and from time to time rumors reached Carson Hill of her appearance in the so-called social whirl.

The hopelessness of his love and the fear of her scorn alone kept Flint Culver from journeying to Virginia City. Visions of nabobs vying for her hand haunted his uneasy pillow; of that beautiful face wreathed in smiles; of her eyes casting lovelit glances.

"She'll marry one of them fine gents afore long," he reflected, "and I—" The honest fellow generally broke down here, and groaned in agony of spirit.

* * * * *

"Dely!"

He couldn't contemplate his wife without a look of incredulous delight upon his countenance. It was like a dream to sit and watch her by the lamplight fashioning those dainty little garments. Dely, his wife, pale and listless to be sure, with dark shadows beneath her lovely eyes, but his to have and to hold till death should them part.

He never could think of those words without a tightening of the throat and the thought of how near he had come to losing her; of how pale and wasted she looked when, two years after her departure, she returned home, never to go back to the city again.

Like a great watchdog he had paced before her window during that month of illness, and when at length from the open casement she smiled upon him he felt his cup of happiness to be full.

"How ever I spunked up the courage to ax ye, Dely, beats me," he was ever saying, watching her with adoring eyes. "Lord! the very thought of it allers takes my breath away."

She stirred uneasily to-night at these words, but met his glance with a smile.

"I never hed no notion afore you went up to rity, Dely, that ye'd ever have me, but when

I seed you come back lookin' so peeked and mizerble, and a patient sort of a look in them lovely eyes, why—" He laughed softly, and shyly toyed with the little garment she held in her hand.

"Don't," his wife exclaimed—"don't, Flint, be always a-harpin' on that! I was sick and tired of the city, and so—"

"You jes' said 'Yes' when I axed ye; and I hope, Dely—I hope ye ain't hed no call fer to be sorry that ye did."

She lifted her dark eyes to his, and slowly answered:

"No, Flint, I hev hed no call to be sorry."

"And yer happy," wistfully, "ben't ye, Dely?"

"Happier then I hed thought of bein'," more slowly than before.

A man less fond than her husband would have noticed she replied more to a question of her heart than to his; but Flint Culver was satisfied, and settled back contentedly in his chair.

"When ye war down to Virginny City," he began, after a long silence, "I was afeerd, Dely—I was afeerd—" He broke off abruptly, startled by the change in her countenance. "What is it?" anxiously. "A pain, Dely?"

"Yes," with white lips, shading her face with her hand, "an awful pain. But go on, Flint, and tell me—tell me what you was afeerd ov."

"No," reflectively; "what's the use? I was powerful sot on ye, as ye allers knowed, and when I heerd as how ye war enjoyin' yerself down thar, and havin' lots of beaux, and all, it 'most sot me wild. But ye didn't marry none ov them city chaps, ye didn't, but jes' plain Flint Culver, what 'ud go to the stake fer ye to-morrow. Lord!" leaning back and lovingly contemplating her bowed head, "however I spunked up courage to ax ye I don't know. It beats all creation.—it jes' does."

She leaned toward him, pressing her cheek softly against his.

"You're a good man, Flint," she said—"a good man, and from to-night I intend to be a better wife to ye than I have been. I'm—I'm gettin' over them spells what worried ye, end—" She paused abruptly, and turned her face away to hide her tears.

The next morning she went about her household duties with a song upon her lips; so rare a thing astonished and pleased her husband, and more than once, after leaving the cabin, did he turn and listen to those cheerful strains.

"Happier then she hed thought of bein'."

He recalled her words of the night before with a feeling of thankfulness. She had been so cold, so reticent, so full of moods and fancies, that he

had often wondered if all women were so after marriage.

"They's cur'us critters," was his usual comment when his wife had one of her "spells," "cur'us critters, I vow!" And though at such time she was restless and unhappy, he never complained.

The morning was far advanced when, still humming a lively air, she seated herself beside the sewing basket, viewing its heap of snowy linen with womanly pride.

"Please, madam——"

The sun was high, and the shadow of the speaker reached to where the woman sat. She shivered slightly, but neither turned her head nor made any response.

Doffing his hat, the man stepped across the threshold.

With a cry of despair she sprang to her feet.

"Ned Woodruff, what brings you here?"

For a moment he stared at her in amazement, then broke into a coarse laugh.

"Delia Boyd, by all that's good!" he exclaimed. "What luck!"

A dull red crept to the woman's cheek as he resumed his hat again.

"You can't stop here, not fer a minute!" she exclaimed, hoarsely, as he was about to take a chair. "Do ye hear, Ned Woodruff?—not fer a minute!"

"I had no idea," he returned, gazing at her admiringly, "of bagging such game when I ran up here for a little shooting. You've grown handsome, my girl—almost as handsome as when I first knew you."

She struck her hands despairingly together as a cheery whistle broke upon her ear.

"He's coming!" all the color dying out of her face. "My God, he's coming!"

"Who's coming?" the man asked, with an evil smile. "Your—your——"

"Husband," tenderly. "Flint Culver, my husband."

A low whistle broke from his lips.

"And so you are married, Delia! Well, well!"

She grasped him by the sleeve, a slumbering fire in her eyes.

"Ye must get out of here, Ned Woodruff," menacingly, "before he comes—do ye hear?"

He laughed insolently.

"No; I prefer to stay and be introduced to your husband. I'm an old friend of yours, you know, from Virginia City, and——"

The whistle sounded nearer and nearer.

She fell on her knees.

"For God's sake," entreatingly, "go, and I'll meet ye—anywhere—anywhere but here!"

He reflected a moment, his bold eyes studying her attentively.

"Well, that's only friendly," moving as he spoke toward a rear door. "I'm anxious, now that I have seen you once more, Delia, to talk over old times. Meet me, then, to-morrow morning, by the great pine overlooking Dead Man's Gorge. Prompt ten, my beauty, or——" A meaning smile in the direction of the whistler, and he was gone.

Flint Culver watched his wife, as she silently prepared the noonday meal, with a puzzled air. Her eyes gleamed strangely, and a red spot on either cheek betokened undue emotion.

"Another 'spell,'" thought the poor fellow, "Lord, and I hed hoped she war clean over 'em! Women is cur'us critters; there's no countin' fer 'em nobow. 'This mornin' a-singin' like a bird, and now——" He paused in his reflections to look out of the window.

"That's the second time," he muttered aloud, viewing Ned Woodruff's departing figure, "that I've seed that city chap this mornin'. Gunnin' in the neighborhood, in course." But as Delia made no reply, nor stepped to the window to view the stranger, he relapsed into silence.

With a pang at his heart he noted the absence of the sewing basket that evening.

"Ain't ye well, Dely?" he inquired, anxiously, as she sat apart, moodily gazing out into the night.

"No, Flint," with something like a sob in her voice, "I don't feel well, and—and I've been thinkin' I'd like to run over to mother's fer a spell. You won't mind?" she pleaded, rising and leaning over his chair—"you won't, just for a day or two, Flint?"

The adoring fellow laughed softly.

"Why, no—not fer a day or two, Dely. Think of the many days I done without ye afore we were spliced. Lord! how ever I spunked up courage to ax ye I can't tell." And he drew her head down and kissed her tenderly.

The dial of the clock marked "ten" the next morning ere Delia Culver was ready to leave the house. She cast no glance behind her when once she had closed the door, but with unfaltering step and a resolute look upon her pale face took the path which led up the mountain.

Twenty-four hours! They seemed years to Flint Culver in his lonely cabin, but with a happy consciousness that the visit home had some connection with those little garments in the basket, he bided her return.

How handsome she looked! Her husband stared at her in adoring wonder as she crossed the threshold of the cabin once more. A light

he had never seen before glowed in her dark eyes; a feverish flush dyed her usually pale cheeks, and the look with which she greeted him set all his pulses into motion.

"Yer visit has done ye a power of good," he said that evening as she sat on a stool at his feet—"a power of good, Dely."

She looked up at him with a peculiar smile upon her lips.

"You believe I love ye, Flint?" she said, after a long silence. "Whatever happens, you'll allers believe that?"

"Don't!" he pleaded, a choking sensation in his throat—"don't, Dely! Yer trial is a long way off, and—"

"Trial!" she repeated, with a start—"trial!"

He nodded toward the sewing basket in the corner.

"To be sure," with a nervous little laugh—"to be sure!" and reaching up for his rough hand, pressed her cheek softly upon it.

That night Flint Culver thought his cup of happiness full.

* * * * *

From his bed of vapor the next morning the sun rose with a warm smile. Motionless was the air, full of low humming sounds pleasant to hear. The naked trees seemed to take on a rapt, expectant look, and over Dead Man's Gorge the buzzards hovered low with vibrating wing; a soft, warm, brooding day, in keeping with the mood of Flint Culver.

"I'm a-mind," said he, looking out over the mountains, "fer a tramp ter-day. I'll take my gun and— Why, Dely," alarmed at the change in his wife's face, "what's the matter with ye?"

"Nothin'," struggling with her emotion—"nothing; only—only, Flint, I hev a notion that—that—if ye go huntin' to-day you'll—" She stopped, and buried her face within her hands.

He laughed good-naturedly.

"Wimmen do hev sich fancies," he said, stroking his tawny beard, "there's no keepin' up with 'em. Whatever do ye think, Dely, kin happen to a great strappin' feller like me?" And kissing her reassuringly, he shouldered his gun and departed.

She stood in the doorway and watched his figure disappear from sight. He turned more than once, and never till his dying day did he forget her look and attitude.

"God!" she exclaimed, in agonized tones, as he took the road to the mountain. "God!" and with despairing eyes turned to her household duties again.

Slowly dragged the morning hours. Noon came and passed.

One! Two!

Fascinated, she watched the clock.

Three!

"I must go," she then said. "I must go."

With the look of one taking leave, perhaps, of all that was dear, she glanced about the homely room. Every article upon the cheap bureau she raised and pressed to her lips; every chair, every bit of furniture she touched with a loving hand, and then beside the sewing basket she knelt with outstretched arms.

Not a sound, not a sob escaped her lips; a moment thus, then she arose, and without another glance about the room went out and softly closed the door.

Along the path her husband had taken that morning she went with unseeing eyes. Blind to the beauty about her, deaf to the soft sighing of the pines. On and on, driven by a power she could not resist to that ledge of rocks frowning over Dead Man's Gorge.

"Dely!"

Beneath that sturdy pine, straight and inflexible as iron, her husband stood, his face white, rigid, terrible. He held something within his hand, which, at the sight of her white face, he hastily concealed in his breast.

"Thar—thar's a man down in the gorge," he said, hoarsely—"a dead man, Dely! Did ye know it?"

She stood speechless, the shadow of doom upon her face.

"I wouldn't hev axed ye," he continued, savagely, withdrawing his hand from his bosom, "ef—ef I hadn't found this here piece of the gown I bought ye myself, Dely, clutched tight in the feller's hand."

With a despairing cry she fell in an agony of supplication at his feet.

"I didn't mean fer to do it," she moaned, her arms about his knees—"I didn't mean fer to do it. He was comin' between you and me, Flint—he was; and oh, I had come to love you so—to love you so!"

"Don't tech me," fiercely tearing himself from her embrace—"don't tech me, woman, till all's cleared up atween us! Thar's somethin' I've got to know, and if—if ye hev deceived me I'll—" He stopped, choked with passionate rage.

"I didn't mean fer to do it," she repeated, stunned by his manner and words—"I didn't mean fer to do it. He threatened to tell you, Flint—he threatened to tell you all, unless—oh, I raily didn't mean fer to do it!"

"It's not that," savagely. "I'd hev hed to



DELY.

kill the varmint myself, mos' probable, some day. No, it's not that, but—but what went on afore."

"I didn't mean to kill him," she went on repeating—"I didn't. He laughed at my love fer ye, and when—when he put his wicked face to mine I pushed him from me—so, and he fell backward, and oh! oh—" Agonizing sobs choked farther utterance.

"It's not that ez troubles me, I tell ye!" fiercely—"I tell ye, woman, it's not that! It's what went on afore ye married me, that's what I want ter know."

She buried her quivering face in her hands.

"Don't ask me!" pleadingly—"oh, Flint, don't ask me!"

He grasped her roughly by the arm and dragged her to her feet.

"Then," his face like a demon's, "you've been nothin' but a lie to me—a brazen, livin' lie! Ye'll admit that, won't ye?"

She raised her head and looked at him sorrowfully.

"No, Flint Culver; I have been to ye a faithful, lovin' wife, and that you know—that you know."

He did know it, and that fact, coupled with another, visibly softened and touched him.

With a gleam of hope in her eyes she threw herself once more at his feet.

"I have loved ye," she sobbed—"I have loved ye, Flint, good and true. Say you believe that—oh, say you believe that!"

"I do believe it," after a pause, a note of tenderness in his voice—"I do believe it. But then," his glance falling, unhappily, upon that gaping rent in her dress, "ye told that more'n once to that city chap down in the gorge. Go!" all his wild rage returning—"go down and tell it to him again!"

She made no effort to save herself as she went backward over the ledge.

"I did love ye," with a last look into his fear-stricken face—"I did love ye, Flint, good and true."



WINTER DOWN SOUTH—EVENING.

BY ETHEL HATTON LEITNER.

Ten poplar trees are sighing
With the passion of the gale
As it passed, their wet leaves drying,
Whispering—whispering, "Ye are dying!"
Till they shivered and turned pale.

Down the yellow leaves come sailing
Without a crink or sound,
Where the jasmine vines lie trailing,
Wind-swept, and torn, bewailing
Summer's ruin all around.

And the oak's long branches, reaching
Bare and empty overhead,
Impatient of Time's teaching,
Are like trembling arms, beseeching
For their treasures lost and dead.

Just the pine's green plumes are swaying
Through the chill but sunlit air—
And the wind's soft fingers straying
Through their green harp strings, are playing
Nature's "Miserere" there.

Every heart bath its November,
Where the winds of Memory sweep—
And the faces we remember
Shine from out the dying ember,
And lost voices haunt our sleep.

THE STORY OF THE SILKWORM.

By THEO TRACY.

THE recent introduction of the silk industry to a part of the Roman Campagna hitherto deserted and very near Rome, where the new corporation's buildings will be established, is an important and significant fact in Italian commercial matters. It means that Italy, aroused to the injustice of other countries appropriating her rich and beautiful wares to themselves, without giving her a tithe of the credit that is wholly hers, is about to assert her rights in this as in other commercial matters; that the rich and exquisite fabrics which have gone from European sellers to our own markets stamped with the names of other countries, that have really represented only the "middle man," will hereafter bear Italy's own name; that the fabulous prices made by this same "middle man" will be as greatly decreased while Italian industry will be proportionately augmented; that, proper commercial arrangements having been established in Italy's capital, these important commercial transactions will take place with Italy herself; that Italy is waking up to such an appreciation of her commercial and industrial capacities as she has never had before, and in a way that will do more to fill her treasury, and more substantially and satisfactorily, than any loan she could obtain on even the most friendly terms. Rome, so near the centre of Northern and Southern Italy's silk-raising districts, is the proper centre of this business, not only because of its position, but because it puts and keeps this business, which means so much to the country where it is unquestionably carried—as has been proved by famous scientists—to the greatest perfection, directly before the notice of the country's legislators and commercial powers.

The chief silk-raising districts of Italy are near the lakes—especially Como—and in the extreme north, where is situated one of the most beautiful provinces in the world—the province of Veneto-Lombardo, just this side the mountains from Trieste. The whole province is fair and beautiful, but its garden is the country, or "Paese," as the Italians call such a division—neither province nor country, but something between the two—of Friuli. It is a territory of gentle undulations, richly wooded, and of broad, fertile plains, rolling gently down together from the foot of the bold and rugged Carnian and Julian Alps and the snow-capped Dolomites, that make the loveliest of amphitheatres for this beautiful tract, to the silver line of the Adriatic,

that forms its far-distant base. Every hilltop of Friuli is crowned with historic ruins; every valley has been the scene of some historic action; there is not an inch of Friulian territory but is devoted to some progressive industry; there is not a custom of its people but is simple and real and picturesque; there is not a system of healthy co-operation but has found its way to and taken firm hold in Friuli; many, indeed, have originated there; its noblemen, its great land proprietors, its peasants and its operatives all work together, in delightful harmony and with united interests, for the best development of the fair land's rich resources. We owe at least a score of beautiful productions to Friuli; but as these productions have come to us through other markets, they are commonly known by the names of the places where these markets are situated.

Chief among Friulian industries—chief, indeed, among all the industries of Italy—are the silkworm culture and the silk trade. Surprising as it may seem, more than one-fourth of the silk commerce demands annually comes from Italy, and a greater part of this is from Friuli. None of the varied occupations of the Friulian is so dear to them as agriculture and those pursuits that include agriculture. Nature seems to have vied with herself in pouring out the richest stores of her richest fruits here; peasants and contadini cherish and cultivate these fruits with loving pride, and wealthy proprietors strengthen and foster this pride in every kind and loyal way. Foremost in the class of agriculture and industrial promoters was the Commandatore Pecile, who bequeathed a generous sum to the development of Friulian soil and Friulian industry. He provided that the income of this sum was to be used for the maintenance of free-lecture courses to be given to the farmers by the most skilled and scientific agriculturists, both general and special; the lectures were to be subsequently published in easy language and in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution among the attendants. The Pecile income was also to provide new and important agricultural implements and accessories, to be placed at the disposition of the working agriculturists; in the establishment of competitive agricultural fairs and exhibits, with substantial prizes of seed and tools and other agricultural helps, and money.

The people's natural love for agriculture has been stimulated by healthy emulation in every possible branch, but especially in mulberry rais-



TAKING THE COCOONS FROM THE BUSHES.

ing and silkworm care and improvement since the great physician and scientist Pasteur, who made Friuli his own ground of study from 1865 to 1870, declared it "the place of places" for "Bachicoltura" (silkworm culture), and for the best cultivation of the mulberry shrubs and trees, whose perfection means so much in this delicate science. The men's special part of the industry is the care of the mulberry trees, which must be spaded and weeded constantly, and carefully enriched in spring and in autumn. There is the greatest ambition among these men to produce each the longest, straightest and most symmetrical rows of trees, covered with the greenest, richest and juiciest foliage at exactly the same time. If time permitted we might make a long study of the mulberry culture here. It is extremely interesting, but not perhaps so idyllic as the study of the worm itself as we may consider it in the most minute detail in the building of the co-operative silk-culture institution established in this district since Pasteur's dictum; it is quite as thoroughly understood here, too, as are the secrets of mulberry growing in the Friulian fields. It is these two facts that have combined in producing such an immense quantity of silk in this little territory—always taking into consideration the marvelous temperature and sunshine, the artistic disposition of the people of Friuli, and

their devotion to the profession that nourishes and takes from a tiny, fragile creature the softest and richest and daintiest clothing of fashion's leaders.

The centre of the silkworm industry in Friuli is the pretty little town of Fagagna, a clean, tidy, happy little place of some 2,500 inhabitants, more than one-half of whom are silkworm growers; and the centre of the silkworm industry in Fagagna is the house of the institution I have referred to—the Co-operative Silk Company of Friuli. It is an airy, cheery, two-story building, furnished and fitted with every necessary accessory for the business. As the men take pride in their mulberry trees, so the women love and take pride in the silkworm culture itself, treating every phase of the little creature's existence with the utmost skill, and handling eggs, moths, worms and silk with as artistic a touch as the lacemakers of Burano or the crystal artisans of Venice bestow upon their own delicate wares. This is another great factor in the production of silk in Friuli that raises the aggregate of results to such an enormous figure there, for while whole tracts of defective cocoons are found in other silk-producing countries, nearly every cocoon is absolutely perfect here.



REMOVING MOTHS FROM BAGS, PREPARATORY TO GRINDING IN MORTARS.



AT WORK WITH THE MICROSCOPE.

One of the most curious parts of the whole silkworm story is how the little creature escaped from China, where for centuries upon centuries it was so zealously guarded that any person suspected of even an attempt at exportation was instantly put to death. It was in A. D. 550 that two monks who had been sent to China as missionaries from Rome, and who, by virtue of their office, were allowed the unusual privilege of free passage among the people, decided that a quantity of silkworm eggs would be an appropriate gift to the then great ruler of the Orient, Justinian. The wise monks saw the marvelous power for wealth that lay in these little creatures, and felt intuitively how perfectly the soft climate of their own Italy was adapted to their culture. Very attentively, though secretly, they observed every step in the process of their propagation, until they had mastered every one of their secrets; and then, as the time of their service drew near its close, they hollowed out their large and heavy walking sticks, and watching their opportunity from time to time, added now a little and then a little, until the hollows were filled with silkworm eggs. How stealthily they worked can scarce be imagined, for the brave monks knew that detec-

tion, or even suspicion, would mean instant death. After the hollows in the walking sticks had been filled they were securely sealed and the outward journey commenced. The vicissitudes and manœuvres of these monks would make a long but intensely interesting story which we may not now stop to study. The Roman Emperor was so delighted with the gift and the information that came with it that he immediately de-

voted himself to the study of how it could best be utilized; and he did this so efficiently that the culture of the worms, beginning in Constantinople, the seat of Roman government in the East, spread quickly through Turkey and penetrated into Greece, establishing itself so firmly in the southern part of Greece that its name was changed from Peloponnesus to Morea, the Latin name for "mulberry." From Turkey and Greece the (to lands outside China) new industry wound its way into Africa and Spain, and then into Sicily and the Italian mainland. It went thence to France in 1840, and then extended to England, Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and, finally, Russia. But its culminating point—that in



SEPARATING THE MOTHS, AND PLACING THEM IN THE MUSLIN BAGS.

which its richest and greatest development took place—was Italy. Its time is revealed in the poetic words of an Italian scholar who said: "The news of the discovery of America reached the Old World clad in silk from the Orient, both voyaging in diametrically different directions and meeting in Italy." It was not until this century, however, that the importance of and resources for silk culture began to be understood in Italy in such a way as has led to its present immense, perfect development. This eventuated through the influence of one of the heads of the powerful and ever-progressive famiglia (family) Dandolo, of Venice, who established himself in Varese, near the Lake of Como; from him the country's early silkmakers and cultivators were known as Dandoliere.

Now for the study of the worms themselves. Most of the Fagagna culture cocoons are handled in the co-operative building, because it is so perfectly adapted to the business, both as regards position and fittings; but in some cases the entire culture of the worms and the primary care of the cocoons are intrusted to the peasants with admirable results. The moth is so capricious as to the time of its birth that it refuses to come to the light at any other hour than from three to seven in the morning. The majority of cocoons allotted to this part of the business are arranged on twine strings fastened at the top and bottom of wooden frames or screens with three or four folds or leaves, and with two divisions to each fold; the strings are placed just far enough apart for the cocoons not to crowd. The day and even the moment of the moth's birth are so well known that even if the little creature is hurried into existence by incubation a large and carefully trained company of attendants is in waiting, for instantly after the birth comes the mating, and if the crossing of certain choice breeds that are kept apart in light, cellular boxes is to be accomplished not a second of time must be lost.

Then comes the placing of the moths for the laying of the eggs; either in tiny bags of book muslin just big enough at the bottom for the mother moth to rest comfortably upon, and drawn closely up at the top with a string run through the muslin, or on a two-inch square of the same muslin, where the moth is covered with a little tin cone open at the top. The egg laying lasts for thirty hours, and averages about five hundred for each moth. In eight days the mother moth dies, her living work is done, and she must be made ready for the next step in the process. If she has laid her eggs in the muslin bag she is left with them until she

dies; if she has laid them on the muslin square she is taken from the eggs directly the laying is finished and sealed up in a little brown-paper envelope just the size of the muslin square to which it is attached. One of the most important steps taken by Pasteur in his great study of silkworm culture in Friuli was the invention of a microscopic examination of the mother moth's body—the last condition in which the little creature serves the science and industry to which its short life is devoted. This examination takes place in August, September and October, and is one of the most exacting parts of the whole process. Very much of the perfection of the Friulian breed, and therefore of the Friulian silk, depends on it. It is called the "System Pasteur." For it the mother moth is taken from her prison, put into a tiny porcelain mortar and ground there with a little porcelain pestle until the body becomes liquid; a drop of this liquid is then placed between the lenses of a very powerful microscope, which shows the exact condition of the mother's composition; if the slightest imperfection appears among the globules all the eggs of the moth in which this imperfection appears are thrown away; if not, they may go on to the next stage. This examination is extremely critical, and may only be intrusted to the most skilled and faithful hands.

To retrace our steps a bit. After the eight days of the mother moth's life are accomplished the eggs are ready to be filed away; then the greatest care must be taken to keep the different varieties or breeds distinct. Before the time of birth or selling comes the eggs must be detached from the muslins on which they have been laid. For this the muslins are put in water for about five minutes, and then they are easily detached with the assistance of the fingers. After this they must be carefully washed and rewashed until they are perfectly clean, and then dried on a piece of blotting paper, where they remain three days or a little more. In late autumn the eggs must be put in little bags to the weight of about two hundred grams each, and the bags must be put in well-ventilated rooms of absolutely even temperature. Early in January the eggs are put in hibernation; that is, they must either be sent high up on the mountains, or they must be removed to double-walled rooms cooled with ventilators and refrigerating materials, and lighted with paper or linen windows. Hibernation must continue until early April, the temperature being gradually increased to from six to eight degrees Réaumur during the last few days. The worms are born about ten days later, the births being almost simultaneous; a few that venture to come out a

bit in advance are called "spies," and a few that appear tardily—the "stragglers," as they are named—are immediately thrown away, that the progress may go on symmetrically. It is a pretty fact that if the birth of the moth were left entirely to nature it would be simultaneous with the blossoming of the mulberry tree on which it depends. The newborn worms are one millimeter in length. Directly they are born they commence to eat ravenously, and continue until they literally burst their skins; then they entirely stop eating and become very restless, moving about continually until they find a place to which they may hang themselves by tiny threads of silk. In twenty-four hours the first skin and the entire lining of the stomach and of the tracheal tubes are discharged; then comes what seems like sleep, but what is in reality lively mutability, or changing and renewing. As soon as this is over the worm begins to eat even more ravenously than before. These changes are usually repeated four times, at intervals of from four to six days. During these periods the little creatures are simply digestive mechanisms and undergo the astonishing number of seven thousand augmentations. Quite as surprising as this is the fact that about forty thousand worms produced from an ounce of eggs devour from eight hundred to one thousand kilos—two thousand four hundred to three thousand pounds—of mulberry leaves in their short lives of from thirty to forty days! After the fourth and last change the worm eats in six days a quantity equal to what it had eaten in the first thirty days. Eight days after this last change the worm stops eating and puts itself in readiness to spin the cocoon. The spinning of the cocoon occupies three days, during which occasional pauses are made—to rest, it seems; but it is only seeming, for it is to these pauses that the different strata of silk are due.

The food of the silkworm must be very carefully prepared and administered if perfect cocoons are to be produced. The first three "feeds" are of freshly gathered mulberry leaves cut to a hairlike fineness with extremely sharp knives; beginning with the fourth "feed," small yearling twigs may be given. A set of frames, about the size of a single leaf of the first or cocoon frames, is prepared for the feeding. These frames are placed horizontally and separately, and only about the worm's length apart. The frames are perhaps three inches deep, and are filled with the finest of chopped mulberry leaves to serve as both bed and food. It is on this mulberry-leaf bed that the newborn worms are gently brushed—they must never be pushed suddenly, lest they come in sharp contact with some foreign substance, and

they must not be touched at all if it is possible to avoid touching. The feeding frames are put, as I have said, very close to each other, and the beds are placed in gradation, the one over the other. Each has a foundation of strong brown paper perforated just so as to admit the worms in their different stages of growth. The supply of food on which they rest being exhausted, they naturally crawl upward to the second frame, thus leaving the first free to be removed, and, if the producer has not a large supply of frames, renewed and placed above the second bed for the next change. The little creatures make a noise when eating that is like the crumpling of light paper. The worm is from six to seven centimeters in length when fully grown; its breathing orifices are at the side, and its silk-spinning organ is an excrescence under the lower lip, and not in the mouth, as is so generally supposed. This important organ consists of a glandule divided into two long, spiral tubes. These tubes are extremely thin at the start; they gradually enlarge, then diminish and then meet again, becoming thinner and thinner, until they at last join the organ that does the spinning—the *filiera*, as it is called in the Italian language.

The silk is composed of two threads; issuing from the tubes already mentioned, they join and adhere by means of a glutine with which they are wet at the time of issuing. The issue begins when the glandule can contain no more food. Directly the substance issued comes in contact with the air it assumes consistency and adheres to the object the worm has selected to attach his pretty prison to. About fifteen days after the cocoon is completed the moth appears. At that moment when the chrysalis, changing its skin, becomes a moth the phenomena of two distinct discarded suits may be seen inside—that of the larva which became a chrysalis and that of the chrysalis which became a moth. The weaving of the cocoon is begun exactly like a spider's web, but all the subsequent movements of the weavers are in the form of an open figure eight. The larger and thicker the cocoon becomes the smaller and thinner the worm. When it is time for the worms to spin their cocoons small twigs and branches are placed close to them, and to these they affix their dainty prisons. Great care is taken in the symmetrical selection of these twigs, as well as in the feeding and watching of the worms; for it is a custom to take the finest cocoon branches to the village church, and after they have been blessed by the good padre they are hung near the altar or in some other conspicuous place. This is a stimulant to great emulation. Deep pride is felt, too, in the exhibition of

cocoons and cocoon branches at the agricultural fairs to which I referred early in this article.

The cocoons are very carefully stripped from the branches, or wherever the worm has affixed them, and that part of them which is intended for propagation is attached to the folding frames. In the part saved for spinning the chrysalis is killed by heat, and the cocoons are transported in bulk to the spinning factories. I have known an average production of sixty-eight kilos of Fagagna cocoons to thirty grams of eggs; this average has been fully maintained, and has sometimes even increased to eighty-five kilos of cocoons to an ounce of eggs. There are 60,000 eggs in an ounce and 60,000 cocoons in a kilo, and ten kilos of cocoons



WEIGHING THE EGGS, AND PUTTING COCOONS IN SPECIMEN BOXES.

equal one kilo of spun silk. If the moth of the golden home cocoon (one of the three standard breeds) is crossed with the white Japanese moth the result is a fine orange thread larger and heavier than the ordinary silk; the cocoon is also larger. Besides the golden and the pure-white cocoons there is the green Japanese, as it is called, which is really a most beautiful sulphur tint and very valuable.

In this same fertile country of Friuli there is another beautiful little town which is called Martignacco. The former Syndic (mayor) of this town is a wealthy capitalist and landowner. In accord with the progressive spirit all about him, he has built a silk-spinning factory in his own large and beautiful garden. In ventilation and lighting and mechanical appliances it is a model worthy to be copied in any large city. Almost the entire female population of Martignacco is interested in silk spinning, and scores of the women are employed in the various departments of this factory so happily established and so practically carried on by the Count Deciani. They are an especially happy, blithe and agile company, and every now and then while at work they break into snatches of folk songs so exquisite in harmony and part blending that an approaching stranger hesitates long before making his presence known, and thus entailing the silence which is sure to follow. This factory of Martignacco seems like a magician's shop; great baskets of beautiful cocoons stand at intervals all along the long double aisles; behind these baskets there are three rows of women at each aisle



WATCHING FOR THE BIRTH OF MOTHS.

—first, those who start the silk from the cocoons by deftly whirling them about in very hot water with little whisk brooms, after the girl who presides at the basket itself has ladled about a pint of cocoons at a time into each of the three basins that she must keep supplied; second, the spinner, who sits just behind her, and stops or starts her machine by touching an electric button at her foot—her chief care is to keep the threads from the cocoons (it takes five cocoon threads to make one thread of silk) always united, while the basket girl watches zealously that her supply of cocoons be kept even; then there is the girl who joins the threads so deftly, if they break in the passage from the spinning to the winding reel, that the joinings would never be de-



PREPARING THE FOOD FOR THE WORMS IN THEIR FIRST DEVELOPMENT.

tected; she, too, must watch three spinners. After winding, the beautiful fluffy skeins are taken from the reels and carried into the countingroom, where they pass into the hands of experienced weighers. It is the aggregate weight of the skeins that determines the spinner's daily wages. The skeins in their natural color are exquisitely beautiful; they are like spun sunbeams and moonlight more than anything material and tangible.

The cocoons are opened after the looser silk is spun from them; the chrysalides are taken out and converted into an excellent fertilizer. The matted and broken cocoon shells that remain are manufactured into what is known in the commercial world as "raw silk."



GRINDING, AND MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION.

A TRIP TO BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.

BY M. DE BLOWITZ.

I.

SINCE 1882 Bosnia and Herzegovina had not shown, so to speak, a sign of life. While the other little Balkan states were constantly in commotion and a continuous cause of anxiety to Europe, the very word "Bosnia" seemed to have been blotted out from the memory of men.

In the early days of last June I received a call from Mr. Redfern and M. Guttmann, two young and intelligent agents of the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits*. They told me that their company was planning an excursion to Bosnia-Herzegovina; that the Austro-Hungarian Administration of the two provinces, wishing to show what it had already accomplished for the little country whose destiny Europe had confided to its care, would do all in its power to render the trip a pleasant one, and they urged me to join the little caravan which was about to get under way. I accepted unhesitatingly. It was a charming way of spending my holidays, the more so that it offered me the opportunity of satisfying a long-persistent curiosity. On the day after this visit I met Prince Roland Bonaparte, who informed me that he was to be one of the party, and that we were to travel together. That, again, was charming. The prince as a traveler is curious in the Greek sense of the word, attentive and penetrating; his observations are always to the point; and he is extremely affable, and, like all real travelers, the least exacting person in the world, putting up with everything as it comes. The thought of his companionship strengthened my desire to undertake the trip, and I made arrangements accordingly. The unexpectedly hot weather, however, which came on just at this moment obliged the prince, on his physician's advice, to go instead to Switzerland, and in the afternoon of the 9th of July the Orient Express started without him toward Bosnia.

I may mention here that my purpose in writing these pages is to make known the Bosnia of to-day, which remains for the immense majority of Europeans a *terra ignota*. I desire to reveal, in the course of this plain narrative of my trip, the changes which have taken place in a country which hardly fifteen years ago was as inaccessible as any corner of Central Africa. I am neither an explorer nor an intrepid traveler. The very fact that I can run through a country is of itself sufficient proof that it is easily accessible and a pleasant place in which to stay, and they whose only idea of real "travels" is a trip, say, about

the Albert Nyanza, will do well not to go further in these pages. I have no intention, therefore, of telling any tales of exciting adventure or daring enterprise; on the contrary, I wish to show that to visit Bosnia to-day is the easiest and the most charming thing in the world, and that they who have become sated with the Riviera, the Roman Campagna, the Rhine, the Champs Elysées, or the Scotch lakes, can, without quitting Europe, and without undergoing any pleasurable privations or extraordinary sufferings, visit a new country which everyday familiarity has not yet classed among those agreeable goals of excursion imposed upon the curiosity of school-boy holiday makers. Let me relate, then, the pleasant stages of my trip as simply and unaffectedly as I may.

The train went directly from Paris to Vienna, where we were to rest for thirty-six hours. My readers know already that, save for the charming passage of the Geislingen, which we accomplished on the following morning, where the railway, returning on itself and skirting a fresh, verdant valley, mounts steadily to the summit of the high declivities, revealing a picturesque landscape full of surprises, there is no portion of the route more monotonous and less captivating than that which leads across the plains of Germany and Upper Austria to Vienna: and it is scarcely before reaching the very gates of the Austrian capital that the traveler's curiosity is aroused by the rich spreading panorama which is, as it were, the necessary foretaste of every capital in the world. As for me, abandoning for the moment my fellow travelers, only to join them two days later, I hastened across Vienna to catch the train for Budapest.

I must confess that no city in the world holds or interests me less than Vienna. There is none whose commonplace and everyday characteristics less excite my curiosity, nor any the study or observation of whose inhabitants is less sterile. It is, let me say, as a town, merely "one of a dozen." And every time that I return to it I am struck by the fact that the older it grows the more improvised is its appearance. The Viennese, however, whom one meets abroad—for I have not been permitted to judge them very much at home—are extremely gracious, amiable, good-humored and well educated. This leads me to suppose they are equally charming in their own country, for it is scarcely likely that there are special

brands of Viennese for foreign exportation, and an inferior product for home consumption. During the few hours that we passed at Vienna I took a good *droschky*, driven by a "cabby" of much sagacity, and showed my son, who was with me, the powdery Prater with its hot inelegance of aspect, the leading arteries of the capital, the cathedral, which is a little stiff in its lines and *dépaysée* amid so fast-rushing a world, and the conventional government buildings, which complete the impressions of this town, toward which converge reluctantly the multifarious and heterogeneous elements of the most complex empire in the world.

On the other hand, Budapest has for me an invincible attraction, and when on the morrow—a warm, bright day—I was at last permitted to install myself in the shade high up on a balcony of the Hôtel Hungaria, overlooking the Danube, I experienced one of the most agreeable sensations that I recall. Here the ample breadth of the stream diminishes the force of the current, and the Danube passes majestically under the two imposing bridges which hide its course where it bends far below beyond the town with the dimensions and the appearance of a stream opening out into the sea. In front frowns the ancient and lofty fortress of Buda, which formerly held Hungary abject and trembling under its cannon, and the Burg, formerly Imperial, where watched the implacable eye of the conqueror. Both fortress and Burg, however, are to disappear forever. A new royal château is going up near by, which will take the place of the old yellow barracks which serve now as dwelling for the King of Hungary in this capital, finally recovered from the age-long domination of Austria. Below, the life of the river is unceasing; and the whole warm, brilliant, animated picture is most enlivening. Budapest! The very word names an idea which is big with the future. It is synonymous with restored liberty, unfolding now at each forward step; it is the future opening up before a growing people. Whole districts of the capital will one day be rebuilt and reappear under a fresh aspect; and this immense meeting point between the East and the West adds daily to its power and its attractions. Never have I seen in any capital the signs and advertisements more strenuously insistent upon the use of the national tongue. All that I noted were in the Hungarian language, save one odd exception, the words "*entreprise de pompes funèbres*," in good French, as if the word "*funèbres*" were not the least French of the tongue spoken by the gayest of nations.

On the morrow of our arrival we lunched at Ste. Marguerite's Island, pearl of the Danube,

nest of flowers, sweet odors, and cool air, whence and whither the white steamers go—a spot unequaled by any one of the public gardens of any of the great cities from the Vistula to the Spree.

Our fellow travelers arrived at two o'clock, conducted by M. de Horowitz, Assistant Director of Bosnian Affairs, who was to accompany us during our entire stay in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The sun fell hot upon the endless and monotonous plains, arid even in their oppressive fertility, over which we were soon passing between Budapest and Bosna Brod. Only now and then the appearance of a Hungarian peasant in a floating white dress that streaked the burning landscape as with a brilliant calcined line gave variation to the scene. But finally the evening came, with scarcely undiminished heat. Crossing the Danube by ferry, we were at last in Bosnia. It was with a veritable feeling of relief that we had quitted the burning and endless *pousta*, and the moon which lighted the strange picture of a loaded train upon a boat, reflecting its curious silhouette in the silvered waters, revealed also our first Bosnian peasants running along the river edge to assist at our crossing and arrival.

If, fifteen years hence, the future Governor of the Soudan invites some tourists to come and see what he has made of that country, and if toward midnight a railway guard cries, "Khartoum! passengers change," such tourists, I imagine, will have pretty much the same impression as I when, toward midnight, suddenly startled from my dozing, I heard the cry, "Bosna-Brod! tout le monde descend!" The Austrian wagons were to go back to Vienna, and we were obliged to change into the Bosnian train. There was indeed, then, a railway across this wild and savage Bosnia!

Here M. de Horowitz took the lead. I have never seen anyone act with a greater calmness or more constantly to the point. There is a great charm in the clever face of M. de Horowitz, Assistant Director of Bosnian Affairs, the right arm of M. de Kallay, and the most perfect type of the functionary who is never surprised, never disturbed, never brought completely to a standstill, and never capable even of hesitation. Once a difficulty arises he looks it squarely and smilingly in the face, delighted at the thought of fighting the matter out, and sure of conquering. Of middle height, slim, with a slightly ironic expression, but an eye at once penetrating and sympathetic, he is willingly retiring when his intervention is not necessary, but always at his post when the right moment comes. His plain and voluntarily *négligé* dress in nowise distinguishes him from others, but when need be he can assert himself with an authority so natural that his figure stands



SARAJEVO, FROM THE ROOFTOPS.

out clearly and exactly in the place his position assigns him. A gesture, a glance, a brief remark, and matters which a moment before seemed all confusion are set right as if by enchantment. He has Bosnia at his finger tips. He knows men and things there, and he places them unhesitatingly and exactly in the places allotted them. He is, moreover, a traveling companion who makes everything glide smoothly; without insistence, but readily, he reviews the work accomplished, without ever inserting a word which could lead one to suppose that he has had the slightest hand in it. Indeed, he hardly allows his subordinates to treat him as a superior, nor permits anyone to praise him. But it is apparent that he takes a real pleasure in praising other people, and assigning to his chief, M. de Kallay, the merit of all that people approve around him. It is he who from this moment on until we quit Herzegovina will direct our steps and watch over the programme of the trip.

In each compartment were two great armchairs opposite each other, forming a bed, much as in a Pullman car, and there in this privacy my young companion slept profoundly until even long after sunrise. I, however, had not come to sleep. With the first streaks of dawn I had unmade, if

I may so say, the bed, restored the armchair, and drawn back the curtains. I was not long unrewarded. The train was moving with its dull and regular rumble across a landscape exquisitely fresh and gracious and seductive to look upon. Rounded slopes, covered with a thick and varied foliage, skirted on either side a long and winding valley. On our left the Bosna, reflecting the pale emerald of the hills still drowned in shadow, rushed turbulently on, raising foam flakes as it dashed against rocks impotent to bar its passage; while along the stream on the left bank, separating hill and river, ran like a wide ribbon, glistening white under the first rays of the sun, a long silent road, upon which at rare intervals passed a sort of chariot drawn by two swift-stepping little Bosnian horses, excited by the morning air, and driven by a man in a red fez, who seemed now and then, with his quick, sharp cries, to be trying to urge his beasts to a race with the train, which outstripped them, whistling ironically across the valley. From time to time the view opened up effectively, the vale became a smiling valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of pleasantly wooded mountains. Farmhouses and mills were scattered about the valley, across which still ran the highroad and the river, while at the far extremity appeared some village, still fortified as in the times of Mussulman feudalism. White houses of a village huddled close together

under the crenelated towers and the high walls of the fort, like a flock of sheep trembling beneath a cromlech.

At 7:30 we came to a halt at Zenika, the second or the third station in Bosnia. Close by the railway line, in the shade, a long table with a fresh white cloth wooed us by its gay and bounteous aspect to partake. The foaming beer in tall glasses, the Giesshubler in bottles fresh from the ice, as was shown by the moist, transparent beads on the outside of the bottles, the dishes of fish and meat already dressed, recalled the early morning repasts of England at which, without the annoyance of servants, the family assembles to fortify and refresh itself, perhaps a little austere, before the labors of the day. I had been awake for at least four hours; so that this first meal on Bosnian soil, there by the roadside, at the beginning of a splendid summer morning, and after so radiant a journey ever since the dawn, chased every shadow from my mind. About the table, his eye on every point, watching the waiters and directing them with a word or a gesture, hovered with the greatest vivacity a quite round little man, all smiles and amiability, notwithstanding his preoccupations. He wore a small soft gray felt hat, a little jacket, little trousers and little gaiters enveloping a vigorous little leg. The face, as round as the rest of him, was just shaded

by a little black mustache; the complexion was high-colored; the eye, small, black and piercing, gleamed through silver-mounted spectacles; and his short, chubby arms were in as constant movement as a child's aerial telegraph. The voice, sharp and resonant, carried orders in all directions, and scarcely could M. de Horowitz manage to stop him long enough to present to us M. Pojeman, a sort of *intendant général* or *officier de bouche* as the expression used to be, whose duty it is to inspect the eight hotels constructed by the state on Bosnian and Herzegovinian soil. This little person, so round, so indefatigable, so full of resource and so inexhaustibly stocked with imagination, accompanied us as a joyous and beneficent providence throughout our stay,



M. DE KALLAY, THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE.

and I scarcely do my duty in fixing only in this connection, amidst the acclamations of our grateful stomachs, the not-to-be appreciated silhouette of our friend Pojeman. Where this rare pearl was discovered, this man who has increased the resources of Bosnia, yet has never said, "That is impossible," I know not; but to have found him, to have understood his special aptitudes, and to have discovered the right field of activity for them, prove once more the remarkable talents as ferreter-out of men which is one of the forces as well as one of the great resources of M. de Kallay.

At 11:30 we entered the station at Serajevo, in ancient Bosna-Serai.

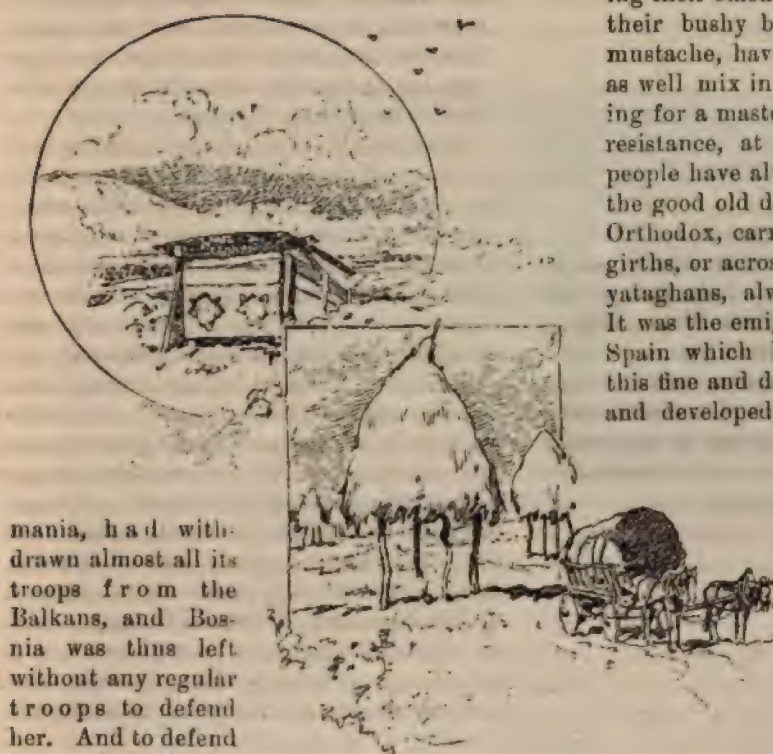
II.

CONQUEST or progress, it is with blood that the book of humanity is written. The page consecrated to the taking over of Bosnia and Herzegovina is no exception; it, too, is stained with the inevitable sanguinary horrors, but nowhere is the trace more inexplicable. From Bosna-Brod to Metkovitch, from the Danube to the Narenta—from end to end, that is, of the conquered provinces—is only about eighteen hours of an indolent train. The two armies which in 1878 penetrated hither to take possession of this corner of the Balkans in virtue of the decision of the Berlin Congress started, the one under command of Feldzeugmeister Baron Joseph Philiporic of Bosna-Brod on the Danube; the other, under the orders of Lieutenant Marshal Baron Jovanowitz, from Metkovitch on the Narenta, and it was after incessant combats, after heroic fighting for eighteen days on the part of both armies, that they succeeded in joining their forces at Serajevo



SERAJEVO—THE BAZAARS.

and captured with the greatest difficulty the fortress whose fall was the virtual end of the struggle and the sign of definitely entering into possession of the country. Both Turks and Orthodox had risen with the same enthusiasm, and the "Spagnols," the Spanish Jews who had fled from Spain during the terrors of the Inquisition of Philip II., and who had settled in Bosnia in considerable numbers, also took up arms against the common foe. The Austrians say to-day that only the Mussulmans rose to fight *pro aris et focis*, in defense of their Prophet and their wives. The truth, however, is that Orthodox Bosnia also resisted, rose up against the unknown, and to drive back the soldier who was described as the soldier of the Pope; and in their turn the Jews swelled the ranks of the resisting army because they had found here in the shadow of the Crescent a safe and peaceful place of refuge, and because the armies whose chaplains spoke in the name of Rome recalled to them the vague and remote but terrible past of the tortures endured by their ancestors. Against these convinced and voluntary combatants, flocking from the hamlets, appearing from behind each isolated cabin, massing for ambuscade or guerrilla warfare at a score of points in each defile, constant daily combats were inevitable. Sometimes desperate battles were necessary. It was a tale of ground slowly won, of dead and dying strewn by the rivers or among the hills, of the daring penetration of wild corners held in ambush. It was necessary always to give immediate battle, for a regular siege of the fortresses great and small, and of the feudal castles frowning on the hilltops, might have had the most disastrous consequences; and in the plain, even when all seemed quiet, death haunted the invaders' footsteps. The peasant who seemed to be working peaceably in his field, indifferent, or moved merely by a dull astonishment at the passage of the troops, once they had vanished from sight snatched up his gun hidden in a furrow, took shelter behind a wall or tree and fired on the soldiers. It might really have been said that it was the "Spagnols," knowing the modern story of their former fatherland, who taught the Bosnians how to defend the soil of their country against the foreign invader. But Bosnia and Herzegovina were too feeble to resist effectually the power of a great empire, and it is sufficient testimony to their heroism to repeat that eighteen days of the liveliest hostilities were necessary before the two Austro-Hungarian armies were able to lay hold as conquerors of these two corners of the earth, defended only by peasants and volunteers. Turkey, owing to the common action of Russia, Austria-Hungary and Rom-



mania, had withdrawn almost all its troops from the Balkans, and Bosnia was thus left without any regular troops to defend her. And to defend her against whom? Against whom was directed all this prolonged and violent resistance? Against Austria-Hungary, legally invested with possession, and in order to preserve her soil for Turkey, which had yielded up the two provinces after a feeble and merely nominal resistance. And this is the odd—I may add the unheard-of—side of this struggle, absolutely without historic precedent. It was in the interest of a master who had abandoned them; to defend a soil which he had given up, to preserve for him a sovereignty which he had voluntarily let slip—for no one at Berlin dreamed of forcing Turkey's acquiescence, and before her absolute resistance, which would have plunged Europe into a terrible general war, the entire congress would have recoiled—that Bosnia and Herzegovina fought. This fact is stupefying. But instinctively, blindly, Mussulman, Orthodox and "Spagnol" Jew flung themselves in the path of the Austro-Hungarians, and I know not if the Franciscans—the only Catholic religious order which then occupied convents, and which even to-day, with their large leathern girdle restrain-

ing their black robes, their rounded civilian's hat, their bushy beards and formidable brushed-up mustache, have a distinctly militant air—did not as well mix in the ranks of those who were fighting for a master who had abandoned them. The resistance, at all events, was terrible, for this people have always had the passion for arms. In the good old days the Bosnians, whether Turk or Orthodox, carried at their belts, in their saddle girths, or across their shoulders, guns, pistols and yataghans, always marvels of damascene work. It was the emigration to Bosnia of the Jews from Spain which brought thither the rudiments of this fine and delicate art, later on happily applied and developed as a refined industry in the better class of arms. It is the old story of the dissemination after the Edict of Nantes of the fine flower of French industry over the hospitable soil of certain European countries. Alas! these treasures have disappeared; only here and there an authentic specimen can be found saved from the sweeping application of the orders, given after the tak-

ing over of the country, to surrender all arms or to destroy them. Yet, before the victorious entry of the Austro-Hungarians, each Bosnian, each Herzegovinian was a walking arsenal, and if these beautiful weapons did not carry very far they



AT THE ENTRANCE TO
A MOSQUE.



THE BOSNA AT SERAJEVO.

the country, what is known to-day in Bosnia as the pre-Kallaic era, the administration had been disastrous, and the memory of it rather a humiliation for the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

It is useless to recall this page of history. It lasted nearly four years, and was a period of routine, careless indifference, or ignorance, which ended in 1882 in an insurrection and asks nothing better than to be forgotten. In that year, however, the superior administration of the two provinces passed into the hands of the Minister of Finance of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; who was then, and who is still, M. de Kallay. From this moment all is changed. The powers given to the new administration are almost unlimited. The civil element has been substituted for the military element, and pacification has succeeded conquest. The greatest effort is made to reassure all minds. Not a single minaret has disappeared, not a muezzin is deprived of his resources. On the contrary, the school of the Sharriat

were sufficiently effective in the petty ambuscade warfare proper to the land.

To-day weapons and ambushes are things of the romantic past. The spectacle now offered is not less unique than that of its resistance to the invader. Twelve years have sufficed under M. de Kallay's administration not only to remove all traces of the wild, inhospitable, inaccessible Bosnia of which I have been speaking, but indeed and especially to banish even the memory of those dark days of strenuous battle, and to wipe away from the hearts of both invader and invaded all traces of the hate which then animated them. Up to 1882, from the time of the Austrian entry into



OLD JEWISH CEMETERY.



FESTIVAL PROCESSION OF ROASTED SHEEP AND CATTLE, AT SERAJEVO.



TZIGANE MUSICIANS.

is opened, and under the direction of a reis el oulemas, a smiling, affable and learned Mussulman, teaches the law of the Prophet, which the pupils are then called upon to practice as khadis or judges. The school of the Sharriat at Serajevo is, indeed, to-day one of the most interesting and liberal establishments imaginable. It is a building in the Moorish style, with inner galleries, and the *patio* which recalls the Lions' Court of the Alhambra. The floors, the lecture rooms, the dormitories, the library, the refectory, the chapel or room of prayer, and the vast "study" of the head of the school, are models of the Oriental taste for comfort and repose. Through the gallery and lecture-room windows, across every opening, indeed, of this clear and luminous spot, one has an adorable view of the old Serajevo with its innumerable minarets, stuck as it were all up the gentle declivities of the surrounding hemicycle of hills which slope to the right bank of the Bosna, and linked to the Spanish quarters and the bazaar by an old bridge leaping with one bound, in the Venetian style, from bank to bank of the river.

To-day Serajevo, which is growing under the action of civilization, and aspires to take its place in the modern world, has, like Constantinople, the city type in this respect, its Stamboul, which is on the right bank; its Galata, occupied by the "Spagnols" and the Orthodox, who are still recalcitrant to modern life, its bazaar, its Sharriat school, which has been willfully removed from the steep streets of the old town, and the Orthodox school, where in spacious cells young Bosnians are fitted for the priesthood. But it has also its

era, its modern or even its European quarter,

where during the last twelve years European houses have been built, where the price of land has increased a hundredfold, where hotels are open to travelers—this time private enterprises, in which the government has not had to intervene—where modern shops deal in foreign products, and where already sham Orientals, dealers in *pastilles du sérail*, lay their nets for the unwary traveler who ventures into their Brummagem warehouses. "They are all old friends," said to me the French senator, M. Jacques Hebrard, who happened to be with me; "we shall find them again under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. They sell at Serajevo Oriental stuffs in gold and silver stripes, made at the Batignolles, and Persian carpets in which cotton and vegetable fibre play the preponderant rôle."

It is here in this quarter of the town, also, that the Catholic colony whom the Austro-Hungarian would tempt hither comes to settle. Here rises the pretty cathedral built a few years ago in a gracious, mingled style of half Renaissance, half Gothic, and here also the Franciscans, under the new régime, flourish luxuriantly, throwing out their vigorous and quickly invading branches. Only the Protestant element seems absent, and indeed it is not easy to see how, in this quadruple competition, it can manage to find and cultivate a plot big enough to develop in its turn.

I have already said that it was the infiltration of the Spanish Jews who brought to Bosnia and Herzegovina the art of damasquinage; it is the Persian contact, felt across Eastern Roumelia even in this part of the Balkans, which has introduced into Bosnia the art of the carpet weaver; and it is the contact of the Mussulmans, the life

of the harems, which has transmitted to the harems of Bosnia and Herzegovina the pretty science of weaving those soft and flexible cotton and silken or purely silken stuffs known as "bez," in which the Turkish women, closely veiled, drape themselves with so fine and becoming a dignity, and the suppleness of which accompanies like a veritable second skin their nonchalant movements when they venture out of their homes. These three industries, all



charming and adorning with their beauty many a Bosnian interior, were falling into decay and on the point of perishing when the era of Kallay began. There, as everywhere, the intervention of the new administrative head of the country was quickly tangible and salutary. State manufactories were constructed. An attempt was made to find the weavers of both

tary. State manufactories were constructed. An attempt was made to find the weavers of both



1. Law School of the Sharriat. 2. Entrance to the Grand Mosque. 3. Cemetery. 4. Harem of the Mayor.
5. Carpet Weaving. 6. Interior of a Caravansery.

SERAJEVO SKETCHES.

sexes who had preserved the tradition, and who knew how to recover the vanishing art of design, to work the pure wool, to give it at once suppleness and resistance, and in particular that beautiful vegetable coloring which nothing can alter, and which preserves the brilliance and solidity of the wool, in contrast with the ready decay which follows the application of mineral dyes. The same thing was done in the case of damasquinage, and in the model atelier of Serajevo, where a whole collection of young apprentices and experienced workmen are reviving a glorious industry, a short time ago threatened with destruction, the best workmen of Toledo will find victorious rivals. As for pure silk stuffs, or tisanes half-wool, half-silk, a woman of much zeal, devotion and intelligence, under the direction of the Countess de Kallay, provides the women of the harem with the *matières premières*, the silk thread or woolen strands, either white or dyed, and is already succeeding in infusing new life into that inimitable and gracious weaver's art, the renown of which even traversed the all but inaccessible bounds of these provinces, and which, at the points where it was here developed, pro-

duced results rivaling the most delicate and coquettish products known. I have referred to the Countess de Kallay's rôle in thus seconding her husband, but I might have added that this entire family is devoted heart and soul to the reawakening—to the creation, one might almost say—of this country, henceforth open to the world. M. de Kallay related to me how, when he was building the three hotels of Ilidze, the watering place near Serajevo where we were to establish our headquarters, it was his little girl, ten or twelve years old, who, seeing his embarrassment to find a name for the hotels, said to him: "Why, call them Austria, Hungary and Bosnia." And so it was. The Countess de Kallay has become an active and devoted auxiliary of her husband in their great creative work. She has supplemented the enthusiasm peculiar to her by that gentleness of hand, that grace of persuasion, which are so precious, if not even indispensable, in winning over conquered peoples to the conqueror. And in truth this is no slight compliment which I pay the Countess de Kallay, for the Administrator General of Bosnia and Herzegovina has managed to group about him a veritable *élite* of fellow la-



BASHI-BAZOUKS.



JAJCE.

borers intrusted with the interpretation and the realization of his ideas.

III.

WHEN on Friday, the 13th of July, we arrived at the station at Serajevo great animation reigned there. All the chief functionaries of the central government of Bosnia and Herzegovina had come to meet the train, first, because the railway stations in some of the countries of the Danube are at certain hours the goal of the lazy even from the neighboring towns; secondly, because the functionaries came to pay their respects to M. de Horowitz, their friend or their superior, and to



WITHIN THE GATES.

meet M. Henri Moser, a former well-known traveler, who has become the official agent of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who has devoted to his new task all his knowledge of men and things, and whose selection does again great honor to the perspicacity of M. de Kallay; and finally, also, because they desired to welcome us to their capital. What most struck me in the successive introductions which took place at the station was the gayety, the youth and enthusiastic vivacity of all these men by whom M. de Kallay was surrounded, and who fulfilled the highest and most responsible functions. What also struck me in these countries, where the language spoken and the struggles sustained recall continually the image of Russia, is the complete absence of uniforms. All these men, municipal and departmental authorities, heads of departments or what not, went about in short light coats and straw hats, smoking a cigarette, always on the alert, and ever ready to break into smiles, and speaking as it happened, with an equal facility, Bosnian, German, English, or French, for the travelers that made up our party spoke generally one of these four languages. Yes, in this intentional simplicity of dress, in this easy bearing, and this natural affability which cropped up on any and every occasion, I felt that the era of conquest was long gone by, and that at last had come the era of peaceful, uncontested and—a few days later I might have testified to it—friendly possession. Moreover, the rude Bosnian of the pre-Kallaic era has had his rough edges worn off: the military uniform no longer frightens him, appearing to him the useless symbol of a force which he has not to fear because he does not dream of facing it, and what to-day he likes and respects most is the gray jacket, the yellow slipper, the little hat of straw or felt of the fair or the dark-skinned young man who moves about with so much ease, who is everywhere at once without ever being embarrassed, who answers graciously all questions, and whose activity takes daily form and substance in some fresh progress or some new transformation. Thus at first when we made the acquaintance of Baron de Kutschera, Governor of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Baron de Berks, Prefect of Serajevo; Baron de Molinary, Prefect of the Department; Baron de Pittner, Prefect of Police, and of a number of other leading men whose names escape me at the moment, and who ran laughing along the platform, we looked to find a little of that automatic stiffness which everywhere else is the spontaneously generated product of officialdom. With the exception of the Governor, Baron de Kutschera, who certainly is not a young man, the ages of all the

great personages of the province are between thirty-six and twenty-five, and I believe that Baron de Pittner, the very remarkable and very vigilant Prefect of Police, who has powerfully contributed to the admirable security of Bosnia, has not reached his thirtieth year.

"Yes," said to me M. de Kallay, a few days later, "of two men of equal ability I would always choose the younger, because the work that I have undertaken must be done not only with devotion, but even with pleasure and enthusiasm. Youth is enthusiastic; it devotes itself ardently, for it has as yet nothing to regret and everything to hope."

And indeed, everywhere in this Bosnia and this Herzegovina during my stay I found again and again the active, vigilant, good-humored "youth" of M. de Kallay. In the adorable little town of Jajce I met M. de Jakupowski, at Mostar M. Bessarowitz and M. Zambour, and everywhere I recalled the words of the minister: "The work I have undertaken must be done not only with devotion, but with pleasure and enthusiasm."

We set out almost immediately for Ilidze, the charming and breezy thermal station, where very active sulphurous baths and mud baths of a remarkable efficiency have been restored and surrounded with attractions which make the place the Tusculum of Serajevo.

A great green umbrageous park, new and comfortable hotels surrounded by spacious lawns, a large band stand of the kiosque type, a vast restaurant opening out upon the grass, the official residence of M. de Kallay, flowers, ponds and *parterres*, galleries linking the hotels, and some shops with a picturesque display of wares in the arcades—such are the calm, gracious, reposeful impressions of this spot. A covered way leads to the little station of the little railway which links Ilidze and Serajevo, and during the warm summer mornings and afternoons there is a constant stream of travel back and forth between these two points, a few minutes only being required for the lively, often fashionable inhabitants to exchange the heat of the town for the cool shadows of the Ilidze Park. Shortly the electric light will fling the final halo about this astonishing series of metamorphoses, and Bosnia would be on the highroad to becoming a mere *succursale* of Cannes or San Remo if, happily, the inhabitants and the government were not bent by common accord on preserving the ways, costumes, language and manners of the country, however much it may change in other respects. For instance, it is an old Bosnian tradition for a man on the eve of his marriage to come to carry off his *fiancée* on horseback at the gallop. The bride-

groom in his finest outfit arrives in front of the bride's house, who awaits him, also in her most splendid attire, at a spot agreed upon. She jumps lightly into the saddle, and as the horse dashes off with the flying couple the parents of the girl come up, fire several shots in pretense of pursuit, and the lover then drops his gracious burden at the house of a relative, where she passes the night, and where she is sought on the morrow to celebrate the marriage. This strange pretense of the legendary rape shocked the legal instinct of old Austrian bureaucracy, and the custom was abolished. But this act very nearly brought about serious disorders. M. de Kallay revived the custom, and won forthwith innumerable sympathies. This is an illustration of his discernment in everything. His habit of uprooting abuses in order to tolerate well-established customs is one of the chief causes of the popularity of the present government. But its solicitude, happily, is not confined merely to such matters as these. Without incurring a debt, and simply with the budget of the country, which amounts to-day to 21,000,000 francs, 509 kilometers of railways and 5,000 kilometers of ordinary roads and highways have been constructed, 400 public schools have been established, churches and temples have been built, government buildings have been put up, as well as eight hotels in the principal centres at Ilidze, at Jajce, at Banyaluka, at Mostar, at Jablanitz, and everywhere cheapness wedded to quality and well-being are, as a result of state surveillance, a constant seduction for the traveler. On the day of the races at Ilidze I walked in the park in order to try to converse with the people who had assembled there amid the cool shadows of the trees waiting the opening of the gate. Two little girls from ten to twelve years old had joined the group, with which I had begun with some difficulty a conversation, for I found the exact expression only after some searching. In the most natural way in the world the two children intervened in the conversation, and, now in one language, now in another, expressed themselves in any one of three or four with much precision, and when I showed my surprise they told me that they had learned these languages at school, and only there. I had never seen, indeed, in any country a more striking completeness in administration, and I began to be almost amazed at not having come across the slightest hostile criticism or blemish. But luck was on my side. In one of the open shops of the arcades I met an Austrian officer in whom I recognized both a critic and an opponent. "Ah," said he, ironically, "you have come here from such a distance to see this wonderful country. Well, really, it wasn't worth the trouble! What

have you seen? Railways, roads, public buildings. There is nothing very original in all that, and with a budget of 21,000,000 of francs it is easy to do that sort of thing; but what good has it done to the peasant? Things are dearer than ever, and the taxes go on increasing. And then, where else did you ever see a government which gives board and lodgings? All that makes us blush up to our ears. To-day the Bosnian scarcely ever touches his fez or his turban to salute us. In our time he knew too well the *kourbash*, and bowed down to his very toes."

Delighted at having thus discovered this opposition, I rushed back and told my friends what I had heard. "Of course," they said, "it's a soldier who cannot console himself for the change of *ré-gime* from military to civil, and whose ideal of a civilized country is the centre of Africa, where the animal is worth only the trouble of killing him. But it is odd and rather sad that it is one of us who plays the rôle of critic, when the natives themselves have only praises for us."

But this chance meeting proved to me once again that always and everywhere the function of an opposition is to remind reformers that nothing has been done so long as anything still remains to do.

IV.

SUNDAY, the 15th of July, was the first day of the Ilidze races. We were present. I have no intention of describing these races: I am in no sense writing here a tourist's journal. But I may say that the races were extraordinarily interesting, taking place as they did here at Serajevo, in Bosnia, and being, as they were, still one more proof of what has been so rapidly done in transformation of the old Bosnian soil.

On the morrow there was a great banquet. Mehemet Bey Capetanowitch, a Mussulman, who was one of those who offered the most heroic resistance to the Austrians, and who is now Mayor of Serajevo, presided. When the toasts began he raised his glass in all sincerity to his guests and "to the prosperity of the rulers," for, to preserve the fiction of autonomy, no toasts are drunk in honor of him who is no longer sovereign, nor even in honor of him who is not yet. It is with infinite precautions that the process of substituting one empire for another goes on. Thus by an ingenious subterfuge the green standard of the Prophet has been adopted in place of the flag of the Sultan. People fear the Koran less than the Crescent.

Bosnia, like every country which aspires to become a goal of travel, has its mountain. It is called Mount Trebevic, and is 1,700 meters above the level of the sea. Some 100 meters below the



THE BRIDGE OF MOSTAR.

summit is a pavilion constructed by the Alpine Club, and at the summit, from the top of a sort of stone table, the traveler has a most extended view of Bosnia; indeed, the view embraces almost the entire country, with its constant circles of mountains, its lakes and rivers, its green hills and arid rocks. The splendor of this view, after a three hours' scramble up the slope on the backs of the sure-footed little Bosnian horses, and the sight, I might add, of the cloth laid in that high air, were equally rewarding. One has there no repugnance for the kid's meat roasted between two stones, and which an old Albanian carves with infallible sabre, with which, I imagine, he has in his day and generation cut up meat of quite another flavor.

Two days later we were at Jacje. The railway leading thither is not yet completed, and the part beyond Travnik has not yet been opened to the public, but we were allowed along this trunk of the line. We were then obliged to follow the winding course of the Plevna before, across a ravishing valley, we reached Jacje. This exquisite corner is lodged in the angle formed by the confluence of the Plevna and the Verbas to the left of the highroad, which reached the town by

a superb new bridge. The meeting of these waters, rushing down their rock-strewn rapids and joining there with a tumble of white foam, is an extremely impressive spectacle. And only a few steps from here is one of the most precipitous, satisfactory mountain cascades one is likely to come upon anywhere. The country is indeed a land of bright waters. Farther on, as one follows along the Verbas, are the Lakes of Jezero, formed by the Plevna and the Verbas. I find it impossible to describe the scene here as it appeared at our arrival. On one side is a background of hills of the sweetest, softest green; on the other a broad highway, running in and out among the hills, and now and then opening up into broad valleys, runs from Jacje to the end of the lakes. The road was full of people. Near the middle of the larger lake had been constructed a landing place, where a veritable flotilla of little pirogues, some of them fastened together by twos, or even by threes, awaited us. And the pirogues were bright with awnings, flowers and flags, while seats passing across the boats thus linked together were protected against the sun by native tapestries. All about in the isolated boats were musicians, tziganes, filling the air with

strange, tremulous harmonies, and at the extremity of each boat stood a Bosnian boatman, guiding the craft with picturesque, regular cadences of movement. The sun fell hot upon the scene. The azure waters reminded one of the divine tones of Capri, and the flowers, streamers and awnings were reflected in the still depths against a background of softly floating clouds, forming a mimic heaven.

"O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world."

For one rare hour it was a vision of fairydom. The busy world of practical men had vanished. And when we disembarked at Jezero upon the steps of the tourists' house at the very edge of the lake, when we beheld the buildings covered with people, the flags flying, the white Turkish women gazing curiously across the mysterious *musrabijeh* of the harems, and all this varied population waved their streamers, uttering the cry "Zivio, Zivio!"



ILIDZE.

while the strident trumpet sounded, in spite of us came crowding to our memory a suggestive jumble of artistic names and scenes—Tarsus, Shakespeare, Cleopatra—and we seemed to be assisting at some antique spectacle of the ardent crowd saluting from the shore with their cries the Egyptian Queen lying nonchalantly on the royal purple of her bark. Sarah Bernhardt must really go one day to Jezero, and M. Jakupowski,

the amiable and ingenious head of the district, must once again play the rôle of stage manager and revive for the modern Cleopatra this incomparable picture, in which she alone is worthy to be the centre, and to the brilliance of which she alone can give the final touch of perfection.

The following day, beneath old oaks on the summit of the Karaula, close to a limpid spring which drops thence into the valley, the highest point of this extraordinary route from Mostar to Travnik, dating from the period of Turkish domination and preserved by the Austrians, who have scarcely succeeded in rendering it practicable, running as it does now over those cliffs among the clouds, now into those abysses which make up the character of this inexhaustibly diversified country, we breakfasted, owing to the indefatigable efforts of M. Poje-man, and fixed almost our last impression of Bosnia proper. For we were now to pass into Herzegovina, to visit its capital Mostar—Mostar the burning, whose warm wine invades the heart like a joyous, ardent ray of sunlight; Mostar, where the minarets rise from the rocky walls to hills which hem in the town, and whose sombre bridge is the boldest, most



STREET IN MOSTAR.

powerful and characteristic work that Balkan art has as yet bequeathed to the ages to come.

While my friends lingered on here waiting for the boat which was to take us from Metkovitch to Trieste I returned on my steps to spend the 23d of July at Jablanitz. But it was not to escape the 100° in the shade which reigned at Mostar that I returned to this pleasant, shaded vale; it was to visit once again that marvel of mingled art and nature, the gorges of the Narenta, which, between Jablanitz and Mostar, cover more than thirty kilometers, with which it is impossible to compare either the Gothard, or the Via Mala, or any other famous pass, and where between the turbulent waters of the Narenta and the precipitous cliffs along the path unceasing astonishment and a whole series of vivid and changing emotions both charm and awe the traveler. The work done here to cut a way through this once impassable obstacle between the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which it now binds together in quick and close communion, is stupendous, and it has been completely victorious. What route was ever more full of surprises? What a changing kaleidoscope of striking or luminous pictures is revealed as the locomotive dashes along these dark ravines, in and out of tunnels, while above the burning July sun illuminates the jutting cliffs that surround each little vale! Yes, this Bosnia, yesterday unknown, but now awake and opened up to the curiosity of the world, contains within her borders by a caprice of nature all that can charm the imagination of the liveliest and most sensitive traveler. It has Ilidze, it has Jajce, it has the prehistoric place called Boutmir, now coming into prominence through the investigations of the archæologists; it has Banyaluka, it has Mount Trebevic, it has the Narenta gorges, the Lakes of Jezero, the sources of the Bosna and the Bouna; it has the Carsija, the great bazaar of Serajevo, with its incessant activity, its shops which both sell and manufacture the products of the Bosnian market; it has its hotels, more comfortable than any I stopped at later on at Trieste or Venice, or Munich or Nuremberg, or Mayence or Cologne—it is, in a word, the fresh and seductive *résumé* of whatever can please those who are quitting for a time their homes to find elsewhere refreshment for mind and body; and yet I look upon what it has and is only as the first portion of the task undertaken by its rulers.

Hitherto, it is true, Austria has not drawn any revenue from the occupied provinces. But the four Bosnian regiments, which serve for three years in the active army and for nine years in the reserve, which are garrisoned in Vienna, Buda-

pest, Banyaluka, Bihac, Mostar, Serajevo, and Suzla, and are commanded by Austro-Hungarian or Bosnian officers, are solid troops, well set up, obedient, enduring, and with a military air. But Austria has created in Bosnia a veritable nursery of high functionaries, and the budget of the two provinces has sufficed to accomplish all the transformations, and will so suffice for a long time still to conduct them on their way to the goal of their ideal, namely, that of becoming the model Balkan state. This is the reason why Bosnia-Herzegovina are of such general interest; this is why they impose themselves upon the attention of all.

V.

At Metkovitch, on the Narenta, we embarked on the *Trieste*, one of the large Lloyd steamers which ply regularly up and down the Dalmatian coast. Within an hour we were out of the stream, entering the channel of Narenta, which leads down to the Adriatic, a sea which remained for fifty-six hours without a ripple. We had skirted this strange, almost mysterious coast of Dalmatia; we had passed the islands Lissa and Lesina, rendered glorious by Tegetoff; we had visited Spalato, almost entirely built in that astonishing palace of Diocletian; Sebenico, where on the Venetian piazzetta falls the rounded silhouette of the shadow of the Byzantine dome, and at whose doors is the constant roaring of the Kerka Falls, the Dalmatian Niagara; we had admired the incomparable daring of the Zariot sailors, and were talking with somewhat noisy enthusiasm of the arenas of Pola, of the old Roman palace as fine as the *Maison Carrée* of Nîmes; and there, grouped together under an awning on the deck, in that superb morning air, we were recalling the men and things that we had seen, and especially the picturesque and grandiose and incomparably strange world of Dalmatia, with its islands sown so capriciously along its coast, some as baskets of flowers, some haunts of brigands, some dangerous reefs, some harbors of refuge, when one of the passengers who had boarded the steamer at Zara joined us, and in a loud voice, in the purest Italian, spoke as follows: "Yes, granted, Dalmatia is a unique land in its picturesque beauty and its power to arouse curiosity. Its islands have given to Austria the only ray of glory that it has been able to fix now for a half-century upon its imperial crown, and its sailors, the best, the cleverest, the toughest in the world, suffice to carry its colors on every ocean. And yet it has done nothing and it is doing nothing for us. But for Marmont, whom Napoleon I. made Duke of Ragusa, we should not have had even the single road which permits us to travel from

one end of the country to the other without risking the sea trip. Austria has always been a step-mother to us, and we might almost regret the victory of Tegetoff over the Italians."

"No—no," I said to him—he was a rich Zariot—"you are mistaken. She has done a good deal for you, but you have not as yet quite understood how much. She occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina. Shortly Sebenico, which joins Spalato by a railway, will thereby become linked to the railway across Bosnia, and your country, with Plivno as central point, will have those occupied provinces as *hinterland*, thus becoming an integral part of Croatia, Slavonia, Hungary and Austria. Dalmatia will then be the narrow rocky ribbon of country bordering the most fertile, diversified, and the most active of the provinces. Your railways will go to Zara and Fiume, and you will have on the one hand the sea for girdle and the iron way for the life-giving artery. When this day arrives, and Dalmatia, become an integral part of Bosnia and Herzegovina, will be as the sea elevation, the façade on the Adriatic of the Austro-Hungarian Balkans, no one knows what brilliant and fruitful future will dawn for you.

Bosnia and Herzegovina will then serve as models for the little Balkan states, still plunged in the arid period of an ill-defined constitution; Montenegro and Servia will cease to cherish illusions, and Servia, which is casting all around her covetous glances, will then gaze toward Bosnia only to seek to imitate its enterprise and activity. Yes; once Dalmatia is thus soldered to the occupied provinces, once the Danubian Austria-Hungary is supplemented by the Dalmatian coasts and its green islands, which are at once a labyrinth and a rampart, the empire will be sufficient unto itself; and the Balkan peninsula, following in the footsteps of Bosnia and Herzegovina, fortified and revived by works of civilization, will serve in turn as a rampart against invasion, and its independence and tranquil future will be forever secured.

"That is the way," I concluded, turning toward the high Dalmatian coast—"that is the way that Austria, by occupying the provinces, has worked for the future of your country. I have faith in a future for you worthy of your country, a future for Dalmatia which will satisfy the most ambitious of her sons."



GAME OF THE LEATHERN BOTTLE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FORTY-SECOND STREET MURDER.

By CHAMPION BISSELL.

I.

THE "Monsieur Dupin" of Edgar Poe and the "Sherlock Holmes" of Conan Doyle are both said to be dead, but analytic and deductive talents have not departed from the world, and they are as applicable as ever to the solution of the puzzling questions so often presented by crimes. Indeed, as to these puzzles, they spring up all the time. Any criminal act is essentially an aberration and demands explanation. Men live and prosper by being useful to society; why then does any individual expect to benefit himself by taking a hostile attitude toward the community as a robber or a murderer? And if his first step is illogical what becomes of the others? How many strange perversities crop out during the execution of a criminal design that is conceived and carried through in darkness, secrecy and deceit! And yet everything that is actually done becomes a fact, and connects with all the facts that go before and come after, and this chain once seized at any point, the links in both directions can be handled, and unless suffered to drop will conduct unerringly from the start to the conclusion of the crime.

This is substantially what Thomas Harland said to me over a bottle of claret one spring evening at his house on East Fifty-eighth Street. We had been discussing the singular murder of an apparently inoffensive young man at the table of a boarding house on Forty-second Street on the preceding evening at about dusk. The newspapers, after their usual exhibit of bald and unconvincing narrative, involving curious and unnecessary misspellings of names and misstatements of facts, announced that as yet the police had no clews, and that while the proprietress of the house was not yet under arrest the police action exercised upon her rendered any attempt at flight impossible.

The verbiage of the reporters of the service we were justified in extracting the details as matters of fact: Mrs. Toploin, a boarding house at No. 1014 East Forty-second Street. It was not the style of a fashionable, but was thoroughly respectable, and exacting references. There were fifteen boarders, merchants with their mistresses or two, and several students, besides two medical students. On the morning of March 26th, 189-, the young man passed off as usual, and at about ten o'clock was nearly ready to leave

the basement dining room for their rooms, when an alarm of fire was sounded in the neighborhood down the street, and the noise of the engines and trucks of the Fire Department caused a hasty escapade of the entire company, as it was thought, to the sidewalk and the front balcony and doorsteps above. No one noticed the exact movement of the departure of the others, nor was any reckoning made of the full tale of the groups in the three localities. All the servants in the house joined the guests and the landlady, and the parties of observation remained at their posts during a quarter of an hour. The servants were the first to return inside, and their screams of horror soon recalled the entire household to the dining room.

There they were appalled at seeing Jasper McClintock, the older of the two law students, reclining in his chair, stone dead, and bleeding from a wound in his left breast, from which the handle of a dinner knife protruded. The other student immediately brought in a police patrolman, who caused the surgeon of the precinct station to be summoned. The doctor pronounced the man dead, and locked the doors in order that no change should be effected in the position of the body or furniture pending the arrival of the authorities and the coroner.

The coroner came in due time, accompanied by the captain of the precinct. The pair of officials entered the room in which the corpse lay, and admitted the accredited reporters of two or three newspapers who had found their way to the scene of the tragedy with such instinct as brings the condor of the Andes from the clouds to a dying animal. Each of these persons took copious notes, and one of the reporters made a free-hand sketch of the surroundings. Then an undertaker was called, and the corpse was placed in his charge; after which the coroner went to his office to summon a jury for next day, the police captain returned to the station house and made certain entries in his blotter, while the reporters hurried to their desks to write their several stories of the event.

The dining room was then free to Mrs. Toploin and her guests.

"I have some acquaintance with one or two of Mrs. Toploin's boarders," said Harland. "Suppose we step around to her house and see if they are in, and we may possibly interview the lady herself."

II.

WE reached the house in a few minutes. The remaining law student, Thomas North, was at home, and greeted Harland effusively.

"This is a gloomy old hashery now," said the young fellow. "We are all awfully cut up about McClintock's death, especially Miss Bevere, you know, the older one of the two schoolma'ams. Not that she's so very old, you know, but the

"Well," said North, "I went down the street a little distance with one section of our people. There was another lot on the balcony. She wasn't in our party."

"Was Mrs. Toploin?"

"No; she staid on the balcony."

"I would like to see the scene of the affair," said Harland.

North took us into the dining room. We found



"IN A MOMENT OF FRENZY I BECAME HIS EXECUTIONER."

other one is so very young—hardly out of school herself. Now, Miss Bevere is hanging around twenty-three, to say the least; and she's awfully cut up. Says she hardly feels like coming to the table with us, and cries a good deal. Like Niobe, all tears, you know. A regular gusher."

"And when you all ran out to see the engines and things was Miss Bevere with you?" asked Harland.

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Mrs. Toploin there, engaged in domestic duties, and were duly presented to her. She willingly pointed out to Harland the spot where the unhappy young man sat when he received the fatal blow, and even indicated the chair which he occupied.

"No one of the other boarders will use it now," she said. "So it stands in this corner."

"You were on the balcony," observed Harland

to her, in an unconcerned manner, "when this affair was going on?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice who the other occupants of the balcony were?"

"Not exactly—not perfectly, that is. Oh, I remember Miss Girard was there, because she craned her neck over the balcony as far as she could reach, and spoke about how beautifully the zodiac light—I think she called it by that name—showed down in the west, and said she was so sorry Miss Bevere wasn't there to see it, because she was so fond of astronomy and stars, and things."

"Yes, I see," said Harland. "And have you got the tablecloth yet that was on the table at the time?"

"That has been thrown into the wash closet, because it's all bloody."

"But not actually into the water yet."

"Oh, no! We wash only once a week."

"Suppose you send for it."

The tablecloth was fished out from the soiled linen, and Harland spread it upon the table, over a layer of newspapers.

"I place the papers between the cloth and the board," he remarked, "so as not to shock the instincts of Mrs. Toploin, who would naturally object to having a dirty cloth come in contact with her mahogany."

Mrs. Toploin placed the chair in the precise spot in which the unhappy young man had occupied it, and then Harland adjusted the tablecloth so that the bloody portion was just opposite the chair. Then, smoothing it out, he examined with great care a certain section of the napery apparently a little over six inches in length and three inches in breadth, and distant about four or five inches from the edge of the table. Following the direction of his gaze, we saw at this place an island of white cloth in the middle of a huge blood stain, or rather a congeries of stains and blotches, having the unmistakable dark-brown color of dried human blood. On this small section of the linen, comparatively free from stain, Harland directed a long and searching gaze. A slight indentation on the left-hand side of the oblong patch attracted his attention, and he carefully raised the napery in order to ascertain whether or not it was in reality a dent arising from the pressure of some hard substance or an accidental wrinkle in the cloth.

"What difference does that make?" I asked of him.

"I don't know what difference it does make, but it may make a great deal of difference," was the reply. "When we get down to facts there is

no question as to the size, either relative or absolute. The mosquito is a no less important fact than the elephant, and one of the species might be an invaluable link in a chain of evidence. Now, just notice," he continued, drawing me aside to a window and holding the linen up against the light, "the position of this clear spot in the sea of blood, and the circumstance of its being there at all; and its shape, the rough outline of a human hand, and not a large hand either, but on the contrary smaller than that of almost any man; these lead up to the conclusion that the person who dealt the fatal blow to this young man rested with the left hand upon the table near him and struck with the right. When the person struck, the blow was a heavy one, and in order to intensify it the assassin leaned firmly and strongly on the table. Now see, the clear space is about six inches long and three wide; and on the left side, halfway up and about half an inch from the edge, tell me what you see across that part of the parallelogram. Look carefully; use this pocket magnifier."

I obeyed, and was sure that I discovered a faint impression, as if a narrow piece of metal had been forcibly pressed upon the surface of the linen. I turned to Harland with an expression of surprise upon my features.

"Yes," said he, "you look surprised, but you needn't. The impression there is perfectly natural. Paper will take ink, tow will catch fire, metal pressed down on linen bast will leave a mark, just as a stone set into soft wax leaves a mark. This is the highest kind of evidence. The murderer of this law student had a small hand and wore a heavy ring on the third finger."

"And does this discovery bring you much nearer him?"

"Or her?"

"Her! A she! You don't mean to say——"

"I don't say anything. When we are interrogating a mass of facts we don't assert anything. We reserve our statements until we are through with our questions. Now, a man may have a small hand and wear a ring on his third finger; but this cuts off perhaps nine-tenths of the adult male population of the globe, and not more than five-tenths of the adult female population. Therefore it is a plain case of the Rule of Three that it is odds of five to one that this deed was done by a woman. I don't assert that it was, and my induction of facts may as yet be too scanty. There is danger of losing time in adopting a supposition, or rather an inference, as a working hypothesis, too early in the game. But all the same, that is my hypothesis at the present moment. I am going to look for the woman."

"It seems incredible that one of the gentler sex should be implicated in such a bloody act."

"As the missionary said to the tigress! History is full of murderous women. Fiction writers recoil before the actualities. They are afraid the public will refuse to buy novels that are made up of feminine atrocities. Women would commit ten times as many murders as they do if their opportunities were greater. I think I see a woman's hand here—right on this tablecloth. Is it a Lady Macbeth who has slain a king, a Marquise de Brinvilliers who has put a relative out of the way, a Judith who has beheaded a Holofernes, or a Jael who has spiked a Sisera? At any rate it is worth while to try to find out. I am going to become a client of Mrs. Toploin's hospitable hashery during the next few weeks. There is no money in it, but this affair interests me, especially because the reliable morning journals state that the police are absolutely without a clue."

III.

THE days came and went. The mysterious murder case dropped out of the newspapers, as all human transactions will—the five-column story of one day being succeeded by one of two columns next day; that in its turn being followed by a column of uninteresting "hash," and next day bringing a new sensation, and the total disappearance of the previous one, especially if, as in the present instance, no arrests follow. The police, in the Toploin case, stated they found "nothing to go on." The presence of all the boarders on the balcony, the steps and the sidewalk appeared to have been satisfactorily established; none of the servants had been implicated, no one had been seen to enter or leave the house during the short time in which the dining room had been left, and thus there was apparently a void space where the evidence of human beings or facts had no place of existence. Such at least was the conclusion of the police detectives.

Harland had been an inmate of the Toploin establishment about four weeks when one evening he came to my room, and, after smoking a cigar, slowly and gloomily said:

"I wish the facts had been different, but as they are they have guided me to the discovery of the guilty one."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed, with genuine surprise. "And have you a case for the authorities?"

"No; I shall never report it."

"Why not?"

"The culprit is a person whom I wouldn't hang if I could, and I don't think I could if I wanted to, because a confidential confession is not admis-

sible evidence, and the actual, patent, provable, incriminating facts are most scanty. From certain isolated facts Kepler guessed at, or rather jumped at, the laws of planetary motion, which succeeding discoveries have verified. So in this case, having a few facts, and connecting them with others, I taxed a certain person—no one else being present at the interview—with the deed, and an immediate acknowledgment was the result. But what shall I do with it? Well, comparatively nothing;" and here Harland sighed.

I knew he would go on if I were to keep still; so I said nothing, but silently extended the box of Garcias.

Harland lighted a fresh cigar, and began thus:

"You see it's this way. Here is a very young man killed under mysterious circumstances; that is, the attendant facts are limited in number, simple in character, and apparently unsuggestive. I say apparently, because all facts suggest something. But the conclusions suggested have sometimes such short legs that they are unable to run far. They tire out and fall down quickly, and end their career then and there.

"Such was the case here. The inferences of the facts were so weak that they lay down and died at the police station, or at farthest in the coroner's office. But still *somebody* killed Jasper McClintock.

"Now, McClintock was a young man, and almost without means; no creditor would kill him, and he could not have had debtors whom he was oppressing. This eliminates one of the sources of assassination, and quite a copious source next after political frenzy or rancor. But where a young man is concerned, particularly when he is quite good-looking and well educated, and ambitious both as to the future and as to his immediate influence upon those around him, there and then accept the advice of the great French criminal hunter, '*Cherchez la femme*'—look for the woman.

"I was doubly inclined to look for her after I inspected the tablecloth. You remember the day. I showed you the impression of a hard substance, presumably a ring, on the napery at the precise point in the clear space where a hand had rested while the cloth was being covered with blood from McClintock's wound. It was no old woman who did the deed; old women don't kill young men. Young women sometimes do, on sufficient provocation. Whoever killed this young man did not come in from the outside. The fire in the neighborhood was not kindled as a prelude to an assassination; and an outside enemy would not have chosen the dinner-hour in a stuffy basement of a boarding house as the proper time for a mur-

dorous attack. The probabilities were all in one direction—that a young woman in the house had strong motives to kill the law student, and did kill him at an unforeseen crisis of events.

“Was it one of the servants? Hardly. They were all elderly except the waiter girl, and I learned that she had only been with Mrs. Toploin a few weeks. Besides, she was not of agreeable appearance, and was of that build and general make-up that no young man would look twice at her. Could it have been one of the three married women who were inmates of the house? As to these and each of them, I made rigorously definite search. Each is young, newly married and apparently fond of her husband. They might be fond of flirtation if there were the materials for flirtation at hand; but such excitement, if indulged in at all by them, must have been found outside, because the house was and is a deadly dull one. McClintock could certainly have carried on a clandestine, perhaps a guilty, intrigue with one or the whole three outside of the house, and thus by some act of faithlessness have drawn upon himself the fatal anger of one of them; but the fact that their presence was accounted for on the evening of the murder, each one standing beside her husband on the sidewalk, balcony, or steps, removes them from the field of suspicion, and necessarily absolves the husbands also.

“You observe I am using the old-fashioned ‘method of exhaustion.’ It is old, but you can’t improve on it. There are fifty ways of getting into an inclosure. Forty-nine of them the trespasser did not use—therefore he did use the fiftieth. A crime had been committed. Any one of twenty persons might have been the perpetrator. But we establish with tolerable certitude that nineteen of them were not concerned in the affair. We are therefore compelled to suspect the twentieth, and in our procedure to assume as a starting point the guilt of that person.”

“That person being in this case?” I asked.

“Miss Bevere is the culprit; that is, my suspicions, fortified by my researches, all pointed to her. And nothing she has said or done since that fatal night negated this conclusion. Nobody remembers seeing her on the street, the steps, or the balcony. Her grief was, apparently and probably, more excessive at the time than that of anybody else; in fact, by all accounts it was very demonstrative at the time, and ever since that she has been melancholy and *distracte*. You know I have watched her narrowly, and with all the intentness that the desire of supporting a hypothesis gives to the observer.

“I may as well tell you, because I know it will go no further,” continued Harland, “that I

have done in this affair some detective work which the rigorous moralist might not approve. You know that there is a widespread distrust as to the soundness of the maxim that the end justifies the means. It may and it may not. It all depends. In this case I am at sea as to whether my means were justifiable. But after all I only placed myself on the same footing as the house chambermaid. I had a key fitted, and I searched the young woman’s room on four different days.”

“But the knife——”

“I know the knife was not pulled out of McClintock, and I wasn’t hunting for knives. I was looking for motives, impelling causes, evidences of the existence of facts that might call for compensation or equivalents. These are the great forces.

“Unless one is on the scent of a crime it is certainly an unjustifiable act to ransack the private correspondence of any person, but all of Miss Bevere’s passed under my eyes. Women always keep letters. This one not only followed that rule, but she kept rough copies of her own replies, and these were carefully intercalated between the others. They formed a true recital of real life. But I only concerned myself with her correspondence with McClintock. It seems that she had known him before either of them came to New York. They were both from one of the upper counties of the State, near Lake Champlain, and they had boated together, and things had gone pretty far, and some of their lovemaking had taken place even then by letter; and she had come to the metropolis first, and at this time there was a large manufacture of letters, and even after he had come down to study law in Rudd & Bell’s office there was an occasional letter; but more copies of hers to him than originals of his to her. McClintock was cooling off. In fact, the cooling process had gone on to a zero, a region of absolute congealment.

“I also lit upon a suggestive fact in the discovery of a number of programmes of the Garden Theatre, Star, Broadway, Grand Opera House, each one either Bernhardt, or Fanny Davenport, in “La Tosca.” Always “La Tosca.” There were no other ones—no opera bouffes, no Casino comicalities, no high comedy by Coghlan or Rehan. Why this iteration of that gloomy tragedy, unless for its portrayal of the heroine sending a traitor to his death by means of a dinner knife planted in his heart? The ages and the characters of the victims were different, but the essence of the wrong was the same in each case, and the glittering fiction of the dramatist became a grisly truth in the humble dining room of Mrs. Toploin.

“I also examined this poor girl’s slender li-

library. Of course I found a volume of Byron (all sentimental young women read Byron), and there was Browning and Swinburne—poetry to prose about ten to one. Here is a suggestive circumstance: the passages descriptive of revenge and of retribution, or rather reprisal, are numerous and margined with a pencil. You begin to see your way, don't you?

"I thought I saw my way, after this fashion. Here is a woman whose education and training have been those of the ambitious country girl of obscure origin, whose introspections have been painfully minute, and not always carried on with good or even reasonably fair judgment. Her actual standards of comparison being few and lowly, and her ideals of attainment (derived from history and romances) being numerous and high, she acquires an exaggerated sense of her own importance, and of the cruelty of a society that refuses to recognize her superiority. Then she falls in love, and immediately invests the object of her affections with innumerable attributes and qualities which no man born of woman ever possessed, but such as a romantic girl extracts from an alembic in which she has distilled in one boiling a King Arthur, a Sir Galahad, a Lancelot, a Henry of Navarre, a Milton, a Napoleon, a Patrick Henry and a Washington.

"It is, for the time being, a rare happiness for a young man to be loved in this way, but when the eyes of his worshiper come to be opened, as they always do, and she awakes to the fact that her vision of masculine splendor is a mass of common clay stuffed with sawdust, no one need envy his condition. It may be that 'hell has no fury like a woman scorned,' but a near approach to her is found in the woman who has with all the forces of her nature loved a man to the utmost extent of self-deception, and then wakes up to the fact that he has never really loved her, and that for her delusion she has mainly herself to blame.

"This I took to be the emotional attitude of this young woman to McClintock. There is no need to enlarge upon him. You meet with his type all the time, everywhere, in a large city. He had found out that New York swarms with girls more or less desirable in themselves, and full of promising speculation as to the future in the line of professional business and success. The Bevere girl was not potential; there were no possibilities in her. He threw her over as one throws away the stump of a cigar, and with no more remorse. I don't think he was conscious of any moral trespass, and as a matter of fact the girl may have been as much to blame as he was—if indeed there are any moralities, or grounds for blame, in this

unfathomable medley and mixture of human emotions styled lovemaking. Now," continued Harland, rising up, "suppose we go around and interview the lady. I have prepared her for it by describing you as a discreet and skillful criminal lawyer whom I have retained as her counsel in anticipation of any trouble that might arise. This frees her from all fear as to the results of any talk which she may have with you—all such communications being inviolable, as even children know."

IV.

Miss BEVERE received us in Mrs. Toploin's front parlor. The etiquette of the New York boarding house requires this, and also that other occupants shall quietly drift away, and that interviews which are not unduly prolonged shall not be broken in upon. Harland presented me in my capacity as a lawyer whom he had retained in view of possible contingencies, and stated that it was of vital importance that the absolute truth should be told to me, adding that the great and often fatal mistake on the part of culprits was in the deceptions practiced by them upon counsel.

The young woman was tastefully gowned, yet her demeanor was not only subdued but distinctly sad, and her eyes told a story of sleepless nights.

"I take your word as to this gentleman," she said to Harland. "You know I have no secrets from you as to this sad affair."

"And I may say to you, Miss Bevere," I interposed, "that even if Mr. Harland and I were engaged in a conspiracy to wreck your safety the laws of our State expressly provide that no one can be convicted upon his own confession alone; and there is no other evidence against you. Therefore you are absolutely safe, so far as human justice goes."

"Except for the publicity and disgrace of the affair," said the young woman, wearily, "I would care little. Life has no longer any charm for me, nor has it had during quite a long time. My dream of happiness, as associated with Jasper, was a short one, delightful while it lasted, but when once broken in upon by the unrest of doubt it was never restored to its first sweetness. In a moment of frenzy I became his executioner. Am I sorry? I am, and I am not. And yet remorse is the stronger feeling; and so long as I live—which I hope will not be long—Jasper's look of horror and deadly fear as the blade sank into his flesh will never pass away from my memory. He was too much surprised to make any motion from his chair until the faintness of death came over him, and then it was too late. All—the whole dreadful, hideous act—did not consume more than a few seconds of time, as it seemed to me."

"You had given him warning?" suggested I.

"In various ways," answered the unhappy young woman. "Often I had said to him, 'Jasper, can you expect to be happy in life if you persist in making me so wretched? Will not some dreadful fate overtake you? Can you count on going unpunished? If God doesn't do it I may.' He usually replied that any disappointments of mine were of my own making; that it took two to flirt, and to make love, whether lightly or seriously, and that if one fell away the other must be satisfied to fall away also. As to fate overtaking, and all that, why, the world was full of mended hearts, and divorce courts, and wounded affections healed by money judgments, and nobody the worse for them.

"It was more and more borne in upon me that no compensation was possible for me against his faithlessness, and what I believed to be his deliberate treachery, except in revenge. At that juncture I happened to witness Sarah Bernhardt in '*La Tosca*.' No words can describe the emulative passion with which I saw her plunge the knife into the breast of the base official who had betrayed her. Again and again out of my slender savings I found the means of repeating my view of this great exhibitor of human emotion. I also frequented Miss Davenport when she acted the same part. Her personation was feebler; she acted *La Tosca*; Bernhardt was *La Tosca*; but still the zeal inspired in me was kept up, and finally I myself caused the tragedy to be performed once more in the room below.

"I think I feel better, if any betterment is pos-

sible, because Mr. Harland discovered the truth where no one else suspected it. The burden of a concealed crime, if indeed this retribution can be called a crime, must become unbearable if one is obliged to bear it alone. Mr. Harland seems, at least to me, to have removed a portion of the dreadful weight which conscience lays upon me. Why I was not discovered when the inrush of the boarders and servants began, on that fatal night, I could not even surmise. All was confusion and outcry, and it must be that I was supposed to have entered the room with them. Certainly no one has ever manifested in any way that I was even remotely suspected."

Harland and I rose, and extended our hands to the young woman in a sympathetic good-by.

"You are very generous," said she to him, "to have expended so much time and skill in this quest, and then not to make any avail of it. I almost wish you had given me up, or would do it; and yet I hardly know—it might save me some trouble. Good-by, and may you never regret your kind sympathy."

V.

It was just one week after this interview that the morning newspapers contained the story of the suicide of Miss Alithea Bevere at Mrs. Topjoin's boarding house, 1014 East Forty-second Street. She was found dead in bed, a vial of hydrocyanic acid on a table at her side. She left no confession. Her secret, except as to Harland and myself, was extinguished with her life. As often happens, the coroner and the police found no clew to the causes of the tragic act.

THE MECHANISM OF THE STAGE.

BY ARTHUR HORNBLow.

IN nearly every new theatrical production strenuous efforts are made by author and manager to present to the public novel and extraordinary effects, both spectacular and mechanical. In the better class of theatres, it is true, these effects are subordinated to the play, but in many houses it is not unusual to find some uncommon mechanical effect the *raison d'être* of the play itself—for instance, the play of "*Blue Jeans*," which revolves around its famous buzz saw.

In this respect the theatre-going public of the present day has been spoiled. Theatre goers of the last century were more easy to please in the matter of scenery. Signs tacked up announcing that the stage represented the interior of a ducal palace or a country road were deemed all suffi-

cient. But nowadays not only must each act in the play have a most elaborate and complete setting, reproducing the drawing room or street called for by the dramatist as realistically as possible, but it is also expected that the playwright shall be given free rein to his imagination and call in his manuscript for thrilling spectacular effects that years ago would have been considered both absurd and impossible. And the more difficult and extraordinary the effect to be exhibited, the greater the curiosity on the part of the public to see the play and the better its chances of financial success.

One of the most familiar spectacular effects done on the stage, and which is seen in almost every melodrama produced, is the shipwreck at sea.

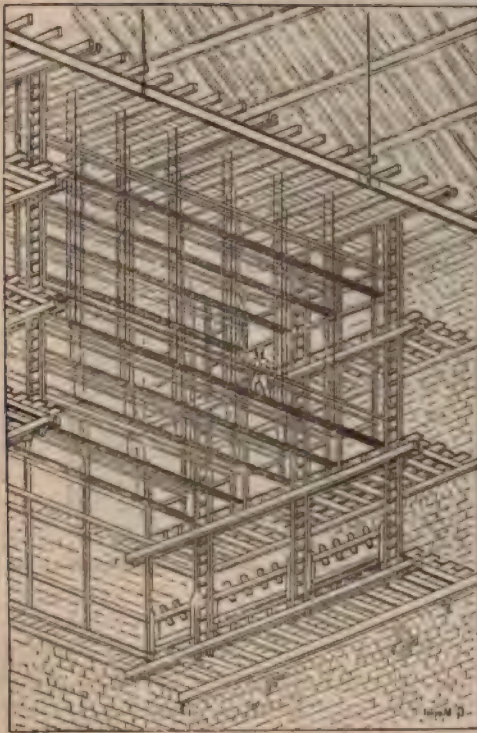


FIG. 1.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE "FLIES."

In a piece called "Eight Bells," produced some time ago at the Union Square Theatre, the shipwreck scene was used in a somewhat novel way. On the rise of the curtain the audience saw a large steamship lying alongside a dock. After a number of scenes on the quay the signal is given for departure. The last passenger goes on board, and the steamer gets slowly under way and moves off. The spectators left upon the wharf wave their adieux, and while the steamer moves slowly

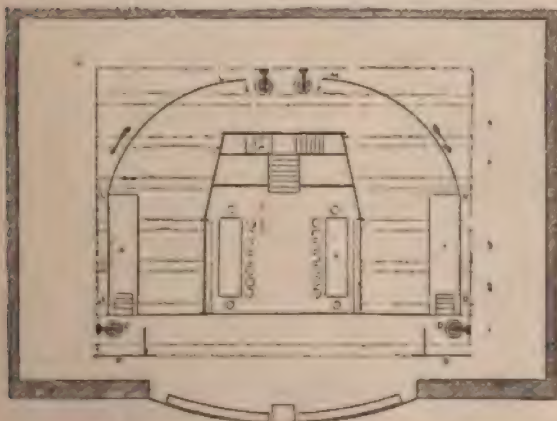


FIG. 2.—STAGE PLAN OF THE SHIP IN A STORM AT SEA.

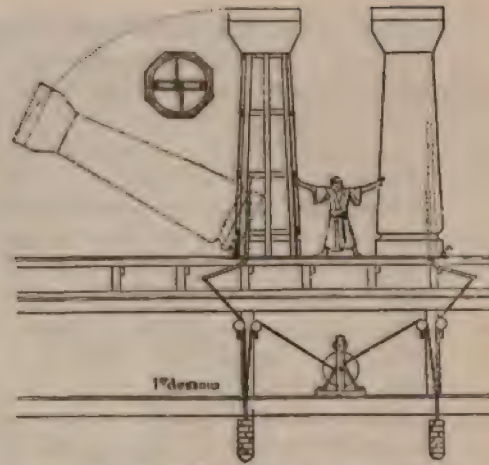


FIG. 3.—MECHANISM OF FALLING COLUMNS.

to the left of the stage the wharf recedes to the right, so that in a few moments the steamer is seen alone, with nothing but sea on all sides. The stage is now darkened for a moment, and when the lights are raised the steamer is seen from another point of view. It is sailing away from, and presenting its stern to, the audience, as shown in



FIG. 4.—SECTIONAL OUTLINE, SHOWING MECHANISM OF PIANO TRICK.



FIG. 5.—SHIP IN A STORM AT SEA.

Fig. 5. A full view of the interior of the steamer is given, and then the fun, by a clever troupe of acrobats, begins. The tables in the cabin are crowded by hungry passengers, some of whom are already affected by the ship's motion. After the meal the seats and tables are removed and a dance is organized—the couples waltzing to the strains of a piano played by a long-haired pianist, also an acrobat. Outside, night is falling, and the moon lights up the waves. Black clouds

scurry across the sky. Everything foretells the coming storm. The vessel begins to roll. Inside the cabin, the passengers fall over each other, and after one big roll the pianist disappears headforemost into the piano (Fig. 6). The storm grows worse, and the lightning more vivid. The steamer begins to sink, and finally goes to pieces, and the curtain falls on this effect.

Now let us see how all this is worked behind the scenes. Fig. 2 shows the ground plan of the steamer and the panorama. The dotted parallel lines, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, indicate the positions of the wings. It is thus seen that the steamboat itself occupies the entire stage. The usual back cloth and side pieces are replaced by a panorama representing the wharf, the setting sun, the open sea, then night, and finally the tempest. The panorama is divided into two parts, each about forty yards long and each moving in a different direction, as shown by the arrows in the drawing. Then they are rolled on vertical drums at the points marked C, D, E, F. The panorama begins to move, of course, directly the steamer sails.

The steamer itself is solidly built and has two floors, the cabin floor and the bridge. Of course, it is far from being built on the proportions of a real vessel, but this defect is easily concealed by the scenic artist, who arranges his perspectives to suit himself. By a gradual sloping of the lines an effect of considerable length is obtained.

When the steamer appears to start, the wharf, which consists only of a few painted planks, is lowered to the cellar. At the same time a hollow



FIG. 6.—PIANO TRICK.

iron tube, on which is rolled a green cloth to represent the sea, is pulled to the footlights by the orchestra leader. This covers the bare boards and gives the effect of the open sea. Under this cloth crawl two boys who have instructions to move the cloth with their arms directly they get the order. Making waves in a melodrama is not altogether an enviable position, but even that humble work has been the starting point of many a successful actor.

Although appearing to be under way, the steamer does not really move at all, the moving panorama giving that impression. And as the steamer is suspended from a swivel the rolling is easily obtained by men with ropes in the wings pulling first on one side and then on another.

The trick with the piano performed by one of the Hanlon-Lees during the storm (see Fig. 5), is always creative of amusement and usually mys-



FIG. 7.—TABLEAU OF THE DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM.



FIG. 8.—THE ENCHANTED TOWER.



FIG. 9.—MECHANISM OF THE ENCHANTED TOWER AND PASSING SHIP, AS VIEWED FROM THE REAR.

tifies an audience. Yet it is very simple, and how it is done can be seen at once by consulting Fig. 4 (page 183).

An entire volume would be necessary to describe all the trick scenery and mechanism used on the stage. I shall merely speak of those effects with which the public is most familiar.

Everyone has seen the fairy in the pantomime, or *Mephistopheles* in "Faust," appear suddenly in a ghoulish manner from the very bowels of the earth. This is done by means of the "trap," an indispensable feature of every stage's equipments. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where there are three such traps, and in most of the other New York theatres, the trap is worked by a wheel, but the lever system is better. The creaking of the wheel is not heard, and the trap is less likely to get "stuck" at an inopportune moment.

In a melodrama recently imported from England, called "The Span of Life," there was a stirring scene representing a lighthouse in the open sea, with a steamer heading directly for it, the story being, of course, that the villain has extinguished the light and the steamer is speeding on to certain destruction. This is merely a modification of "The Enchanted Tower," which was produced many years ago in Paris with phenomenal success. In the French piece a beautiful princess is imprisoned in the tower by a wicked uncle, and finally rescued by her lover, who arrives in a magnificent ship. The vessel, both in the French and English pieces, is managed very cleverly, giving a perfect illusion to the audience. It is seen from every point of view, sailing from the spec-

tator, directly toward the spectator and to all points of the compass, and it always appears to be a perfectly constructed model of at least five yards in length, while as a matter of fact it is a perfectly flat piece of wood without any construction whatever. (See Figs. 8, 9.)

One of the most successful pieces of stage mechanism introduced of recent years, and one that brought a small fortune to its inventor, was the horse-race scene used in "The County Fair." (See Figs. 12, 16.) This effect, which was invented by the actor Neil Burgess, has since been imitated in dozens of plays, and Mr. Burgess has already been through several lawsuits to protect his rights.



FIG. 10.—RAIN AND HAIL.

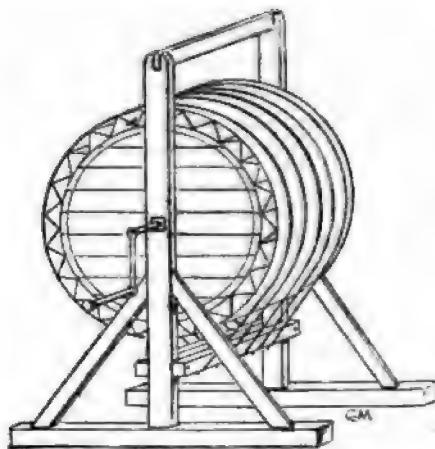


FIG. 11.—WIND.

In the scene as shown in "The County Fair" three full-sized horses, mounted by their jockeys, gallop at full speed on the stage without moving from one spot. The horses are really galloping on a species of treadmill. This treadmill turns a panorama, representing the race course and distant fields, in the contrary direction, and so gives the illusion of motion to the horses. Near the footlights, and traveling as fast as the panorama and in the same direction, is the fence of the track.

Naturally the three horses do not run abreast. One horse appears to the audience to be forging ahead, while presently it is passed by the horse that was only third a moment before. The explanation of this is simple. Each horse runs on an independent "treadmill," which is made to go quicker or slower by the machinist as the race requires. A powerful blast of air, supplied by a ventilator stationed in the wings, adds to the illusion by inflating the jockeys' silk jackets and blowing about the horses' manes.

Such an effect as this is naturally very costly, the necessary special machinery and cost of installation being exceedingly expensive.

One of the heaviest items in the building of a theatre is the equipment of the stage and the installation of the proper machinery for moving the scenery, and it is a part of the theatre which the public never sees. All kinds of systems are in use in the theatres for handling the heavy sets of scenery as well and quickly as possible. The most modern and perhaps the most elaborate and costly of all the systems in use is that of the Opera House at Budapest, where the scenery, the curtains, traps, etc., are lifted and lowered by hydraulic machinery. This Opera House cost the good citizens of Budapest 8,000,000 of florins.

Another striking stage effect which calls for elaborate machinery is the earthquake as done in Wilson Barrett's "Claudian," and in Massenet's opera "Samson and Dalila." The effect is very rarely attempted because of its great cost and the difficulty in carrying it into execution.

In "Samson and Dalila," for instance, the author's directions for the earthquake scene were as follows: "Samson, made prisoner by the Philistines by Dalila's treachery, is led upon the stage. His enemies have blinded him, and a child is guiding him. The crowd scoffs at him and insults him. He asks the child to lead him 'near the marble pillar' which supports the edifice. The child obeys. Samson takes the column in his mighty grasp. The column shakes and finally falls, and with it the whole building." The method of working the earthquake is shown in Fig. 3 (page 183).

In "Herculaneum," an opera produced in Paris several years ago, there was a representation of the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of the city. (See Fig. 7.) The effects of flames, thunder, lightning and hail were used in this piece. Just before the catastrophe happens the stage is crowded with people, and at the first

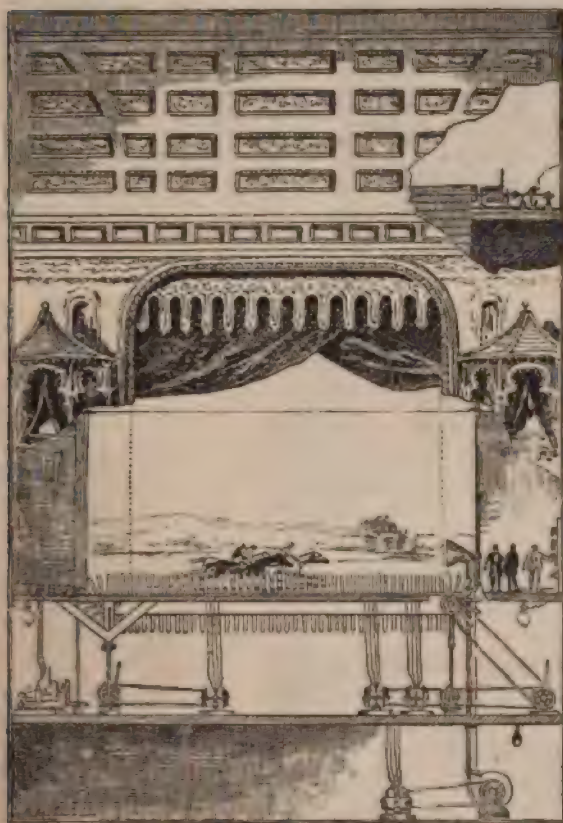


FIG. 12.—HORSE-RACING SCENE AS VIEWED FROM THE FRONT.

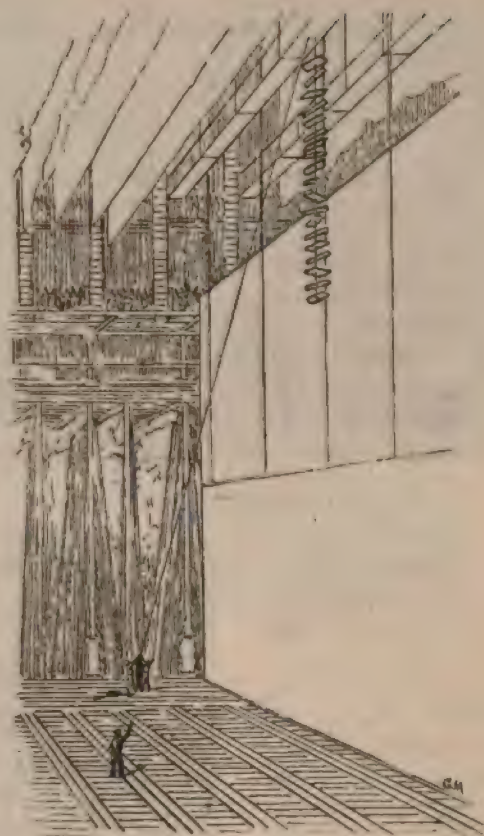


FIG. 13.—STAGE THUNDER.

trembling of the earth several of the buildings fall on the heads of the gay throng. This appears very dangerous, but it is not really so. The most massive pieces of masonry are only made of light papier-maché, and when they hit an actor bound from him instead of laying him prostrate.

Another opera in which there is a striking effect is Wagner's "Valkyries," with the mad gallop of the warlike virgins in the clouds.

In the third act of this opera the scenery represents a wild and rocky region. In the distance is a high mountain covered with forests. On the rise of the curtain four warriors are scanning the sky. One makes a strange cry, which a distant voice echoes, and then immediately a valkyrie appears in the sky galloping across the banks of clouds on a white charger. (See Fig. 14.) The effect of this scene on the audience is very weird and uncanny. The distance of the apparition is judged with difficulty, and it appears much farther off than it really is by the adoption of expedients I will explain later.

Presently another valkyrie crosses the sky at a lightning speed, followed by others, and this is kept up until they all exeunt and leave *Wotan* with *Brunhilde*.



FIG. 14.—PHANTASM OF THE VALKYRIE, IN WAGNER'S OPERA.

Now let us peep behind the scenes. We see that a huge scaffolding built upon the same principle as a switchback has been erected at a height corresponding with that at which the valkyries are seen from the front. (See Fig. 15.) The shelf is twenty-four yards long by two wide, and is furnished with rails on which fit the dummy horses. The riders are children



FIG. 15.—MECHANISM OF THE VALKYRIE PHANTASM.



FIG. 16.—HORSE-RACING SCENE AS VIEWED FROM REAR OF STAGE.

dressed to represent valkyries. When the signal is given the horse is pushed down the slope with its rider, and on the greased rails it goes like the wind, the little girl or boy carefully holding on and brandishing spear and arms to give an appearance of life. To further add to the illusion of great distance, between the auditorium and the valkyries is hung a black tulle curtain, while, behind, two powerful calciums throw their light on

the riders' white costumes.

Everyone, probably, has seen a performance of Meyerbeer's opera "*L'Africaine*," and will remember that the action passes principally on board of the large vessel commanded by the brave *Vasco de Gama*. The plan on which the stage vessel already described is built may be taken as a model for all others of the same kind.



FIG. 17.—TABLEAU IN THE BALLET "AMOR."



FIG. 18.—BEHIND THE SCENES AT A BALLET SPECTACLE.

Fig. 19 shows how the swan is made to appear in the first act of Wagner's opera "Lohengrin."

The recent improvements in the practical application of electricity has worked a small revolution in the theatres and lessened the danger of fire, which was always very great, to almost nothing. In our more modern theatres gas is not used at all now, and the gas connections are only put in to use in the event of a temporary accident to the electric plant, as sometimes happens. Electricity, moreover, has permitted of far greater elaboration in the arrangement of lights and illuminations in spectacular pieces.

A pretty effect in a ballet, and one which is

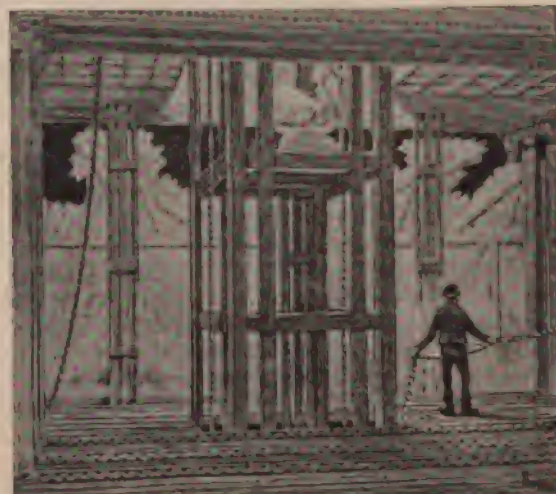


FIG. 19.—THE SWAN IN "LOHENGRIIN."

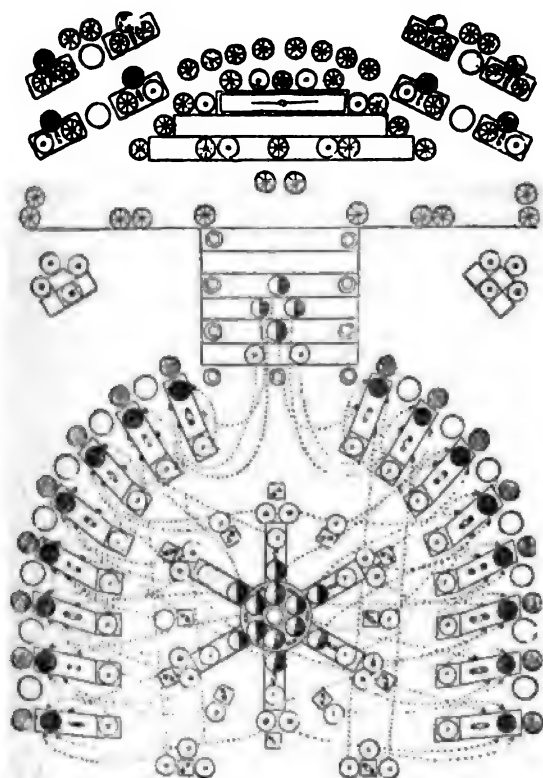


FIG. 20.—STAGE PLAN OF THE TABLEAU IN "AMOR."

often used, is to have the ballet girls dance with a living flower in each hand. The life, in this instance, is the electricity, which glows on the dancer touching a button and displays all manners of colors. The flower is held in a kind of tube in which is a tiny battery.

Electricity is also used for imitating lightning during a storm. The thunder is made in various ways. In Italy they roll on the stage a large barrel full of stones; in France they shake a large sheet of tin. When the "Fool's Revenge," in which there is a dreadful storm, was produced at the Théâtre Français, they rolled a large iron ball on the very roof of the theatre. Being directly

over the audience's head, the effect was striking. In America a large drum is most often used. A thunderbolt striking the stage is not often seen in plays here, but it is frequently done abroad, and it is very simple. The villain takes refuge under the tree as a shelter from the storm, and of course is killed. The bolt is done in this way: A long silk thread is hung from the flies to the tree. It is invisible to the audience, and it is covered with a mixture of gunpowder and water—in other words, it is a long fuse. It is well dried, and when ignited in the flies the tiny flash travels down toward the tree with the rapidity of "real" lightning. At the same moment a dreadful crash is heard. The tree is splintered, and the villain falls dead.

An important feature in the production of a spectacular piece is the organization of the ballet.

The first principle in arranging a ballet is symmetry of lines. There lies the whole science. Everything must be symmetrical. Whatever the girls dance, perfect symmetry must be preserved or the ballet is a failure. Fig. 17 shows the famous ballet "Amor," which was such a success at the Scala in Milan some years ago, and which was afterward done in Paris and New York under the title of "Excelsior"; while in Fig. 20 is shown how the designer of the ballet, L. Manzotti, planned out where each dancer was to be and where she was to go.

Jastamant, a famous ballet master who died recently, used to compose an idea for a ballet as he would a waltz, jotting down on sheets of paper the various figures and attitudes that he considered would make a ballet harmonious and pleasing to the eye. (See Fig. 21.)

In conclusion, I think it may be conceded that if the dramatic author or composer has worked hard to turn out a clever play or remarkable opera, the stage manager and stage machinist also deserve some little share of credit for the success that follows.

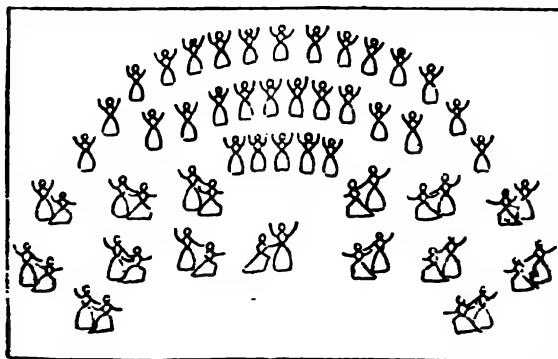


FIG. 21.—NOTATION OF A BALLET ENSEMBLE.

A CHINESE TRIAL.

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

I AM not quite certain, but I am inclined to believe, that the Chinese are a much more orderly and law-abiding race than any I have yet met. They have no police force, so to speak, no station houses and lockups, and their jails are few in number and small in size.

One county penitentiary at home has more accommodations and more inmates than all the jails of a Chinese province of ten million souls.

Justice in China is a tremendous power. It is administered by high officials, and is invested with forms and ceremonies which, however antiquated and grotesque they may appear to foreign barbarians, serve nevertheless to impress and awe the natives who witness them.

A friend of mine had a servant who quarreled one day with a fellow servant. To obtain vengeance he, with two relatives, lay in wait the next evening for his foe and gave him a severe drubbing. The matter was reported to the magistrate, and the offender arrested by a runner, who corresponds to a court officer. A number of us attended court the next morning and watched the proceedings. We arrived early, in time to see the judge and his retinue come from their private rooms and enter the court. They paused before a large stone tablet inset in the wall, on which was inscribed the official decrees making the place a tribunal and appointing the magistrates who had at various times occupied the bench.

The salutation is done partly out of honor to justice, and partly as a reminder that the judge himself is subject to a higher power than his own, and may be punished in another tribunal like the malefactor whom he punishes himself. This salute over, the magistrate, amidst the bowing of his retinue, took his seat at a handsome carved ebony table on which hung down a cloth of rich silk embroidered with Chinese characters in gold.

The characters read literally, "As large as the moon," but belong to a famous quotation that "in the large or full light of the moon all things, and even guilt, become visible."

After the magistrate takes his seat two secretaries occupy places at small tables on either side of him. Other officers take handsome chairs to right and left, while several court *attachés* stand in various parts of the room. One of these carries a very curious instrument. It resembles a paddle, whose blade is perforated, and is made of wood faced with leather. This corresponds to the staff worn by the tipstaff of the last century, and is used to punish contumacious witnesses.

When a party is detected in a lie, is disrespectful, or uses improper language, the runner strikes him with this cruel paddle with full force across the mouth. Sometimes the blow is so severe as to knock out the teeth of the luckless litigant. Shortly after the opening of the court the two servants were brought in. They advanced a few feet and then "kotowed." This consisted in throwing themselves down upon the floor upon all fours, knocking their foreheads against the pavement, crawling forward and again knocking their foreheads on the floor. The defendant was the first to be examined, and was asked what he meant by his riotous and wicked conduct on the occasion in question. His answer did not come quick enough, and a smart blow from the paddle across his lips spurred him on to action. The shock of the blow probably broke up the story he had arranged in his own mind, because he talked excitedly and told a tale much closer to the truth than might have been expected. Once, when he used an epithet toward his late opponent, he received again the paddle across his face, which resounded with the blow like the pop of a pistol. He was then told to stand aside, and asked if he had any witnesses. He responded Yes, but he had not brought them. The judge looked at him a moment, and then said, slowly: "Upon your own statement you could have had no witness to the beginning of the row, and only two men whom you brought with you to its termination. You are therefore guilty of falsehood, and your statement is unworthy of belief." The latter part of his speech was accentuated by two blows from the paddle. By this time the prisoner's face was congested with blood, and his nose and lips swollen to twice their natural size. No other testimony was taken, and the judge pronounced sentence.

He said about as follows: "This is a case where you have taken the law into your own hands. It is wrong to quarrel even when you are in the right, because right is always triumphant. It is wicked to take the law into your own hands and inflict pain and punishment upon an enemy. Human feelings are sacred, and punishment may only be inflicted by the imperial throne and its humble agents. And this wrong varies very much in its wickedness. A man who loses his temper in a quarrel may yield to his passions and go to fighting. This is one of the weaknesses of human nature, and more or less allowance is made for it by every wise magistrate. If when you quarreled with your fellow servant you had then

and there assaulted him I would have punished you with a few blows of the bamboo. But you did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, you went away and hired or procured two other men to assist you in beating your enemy, and although you had plenty of time for your anger to subside and for you to take wiser counsels, you nevertheless came back with your friends and inflicted the punishment you designed. This is cruelty and wickedness, and proves you to be a disgrace to your family and your home. There are other wicked men like you, to whom you shall be an

example. Sometimes it is also chained to the hand or the ankle of the wearer. It is from three to six feet square, so that its occupant cannot touch his head and face with his hands. In a country which swarms with flies, mosquitoes, vermin and insects of all sorts the suffering entailed can be easily imagined. Neither can the condemned eat, drink or smoke except through the assistance of friends or benevolent strangers.

I saw the fellow the next day sitting against the wall in the most crowded part of the market place. As I looked at him a shopkeeper came



CHINESE CULPRITS IN THE CANGUE.

example; and I therefore condemn you to wear a cangue, on which shall be written the story of your misdeed, and to be exhibited in the market place and the main thoroughfares of the district in which you did the wrong."

The prisoner was then taken out into the yard attached to the court and fastened in a cangue. This instrument of punishment, and sometimes of torture, is a heavy wooden frame, square in shape, with a hole in the middle which just fits the human neck. It opens through the centre, is hinged at the back and provided with a padlock in the

front. Sometimes it is also chained to the hand or the ankle of the wearer. It is from three to six feet square, so that its occupant cannot touch his head and face with his hands. In a country which swarms with flies, mosquitoes, vermin and insects of all sorts the suffering entailed can be easily imagined. Neither can the condemned eat, drink or smoke except through the assistance of friends or benevolent strangers.

I saw the fellow the next day sitting against the wall in the most crowded part of the market place. As I looked at him a shopkeeper came forward and placed a bowl of soup to the man's mouth. He drank it off with a single gulp, and before he could thank his benefactor the latter placed a lighted cigarette between the criminal's lips and walked away.

The unfortunate man staid in the cangue about one week; and then, through the influence of friends, and it is whispered of a reasonable amount of cash, he was allowed to go free. But the disgrace still remained. He did not dare to stay in his old haunts, but left for some place where he had relatives who might start him anew in life.



HIGH TIDES.*

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XI.



WISH to speak with Miss Dole," said Dr. Hartman, a surgeon of St. Matthew's Hospital, to the grave head nurse who was just leaving the room. "Send her to me at once."

Five minutes later a light rap sounded on the door. A slender figure in regulation dress entered softly.

She looked taller, slighter than the Paulette of Dole Haven days. Her curly locks were partly hidden under her white cap. Her big dark eyes had lost their old laughing brightness and assumed an expression of quiet sadness. Her rose-leaf lips wore firm, thoughtful lines.

"You sent for me, sir?" she said to the surgeon.

He waved her toward a chair. He was a keen, bald man in spectacles.

"Yes. Be seated, Miss Dole. Would you like to quit the hospital for awhile?"

She looked startled.

"I do not understand you."

"A patient of mine, who is very ill and very difficult to please, wishes me to provide her with a nurse of your stamp. Being peculiarly susceptible to physical influences, she demands something more than care and service. She must have about her a person of great vital force, who imparts strength and exhilaration by mere contact. I have unbounded confidence in your ability to fill the place, providing you choose to accept it."

Paulette sat silently studying the floor. The day had been long and trying. She was still sick at heart from a ghastly scene that she had wit-

nessed in the operating room. Was she, after all, too young for the ordeal of hospital life? Perhaps her boasted heroism was ebbing—her fortitude giving way. At any rate, continual contact with every form of agony and death, and the toilsome monotony of her days, seemed suddenly to overwhelm her. The young nurse began to feel that a change of any kind would indeed be welcome.

"You are the ideal attendant for whom my patient is clamoring," continued the doctor. "You will please her, and she is a very rich woman—the pay is not to be despised, Miss Dole. That you have not finished your term of training here will not matter in the least to her."

"Is she young or old?" asked Paulette, mechanically.

"Neither."

"And you think that I can fill the place acceptably?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then," said Paulette, "I will leave the hospital, for awhile, at least."

"Very well. Make ready."

"To-night?"

"Yes. The sooner the better. When you tire of your new employer you may, if you like, return to St. Matthew's."

Paulette hurried to her room to prepare for departure. She had asked but one question concerning the patient—she did not know either her name or residence. But her confidence in Dr. Hartman was unbounded, and the young nurse felt assured that any change which he could propose must be for her ultimate advantage.

Half an hour later she was seated in a carriage beside the surgeon, rolling away through the streets of the city. Few words were spoken. They entered a splendid avenue, which Paulette recog-

nized as the very stronghold of aristocracy. Another turn of the wheels, and they stopped before a big, imposing house.

"Here we are!" said Dr. Hartman, cheerfully; and he assisted Paulette to alight.

The two went up the steps, and the doctor rang the bell.

A footman opened the door. Paulette followed Hartman into a hall paneled with Dutch marquetry and lighted by bronze dragon heads gaping electric fire from open mouths. At the top of a carved stair they encountered a maid, with whom the doctor exchanged a few words. Then, making a sign to Paulette, he went on to a massive door hung on silver hinges, and pushing it back, entered the chamber of the patient.

Never would Paulette forget that room—all white and gold, from the soft, deep carpet to the frescoed ceiling. The draperies were of yellow silk, and lace like hoar frost. Wax candles burned under silken daffodil shades. On the foam-white bed reclined a woman, with her face in shadow—an inert figure, of corpselike appearance. Her thin, transparent hand, bound with a wedding ring, lay outside the rich counterpane.

Dr. Hartman advanced to the bed with a brisk, professional air.

"Well, Mrs. Coxheath"—the name went through Paulette like an electric shock—"I have brought the young person of whom I spoke yesterday—Miss Dole, from the hospital."

It was well for Paulette that pride and duty stood stoutly by to support her at that moment. Into what house had she stumbled? Who was that person stretched before her? Just then the face on the pillow turned slowly, and Paulette saw a woman no longer young, no longer comely. Swathed though she was in costly lace and fine linen, her figure had a skeleton sharpness of outline. The pointed chin and hollow cheeks and temples told of grievous sickness; but a pair of bright, black, wicked eyes, wide open and all alert, gave a singular expression of life and fire to the otherwise deathly face.

"Come nearer, Miss Dole," she commanded, in a piping treble.

Paulette, by an effort, mastered her inward consternation, and obeyed.

"Lift me up," said Mrs. Coxheath. "I want to feel your arms about me."

Paulette lifted her. The head of the sick woman fell, a dead weight, on her strong young shoulder.

"How firmly you hold me!" murmured Mrs. Coxheath, languidly; "and yet you are very gentle. As a usual thing strangers repel me, but you do not seem like a stranger." She gazed wistfully

up into the face so near her own. "You have strength—beauty—youth," she said, "everything that I have not. Oh, I am very sick, Miss Dole, and I am starving for help—real help. Give me of your superabundant life. Why should you have so much and I so little?"

"There—there!" interrupted Dr. Hartman. "You must not talk to-night, madam—you are too weak. Miss Dole will enter on her duties at once, and I feel certain that you two will get on well together."

He motioned Paulette to put the patient back on the pillow, spoke a few soothing words to her, gave his instructions, and departed.

Mrs. Coxheath lay very quiet for awhile, and watched the new nurse as she moved noiselessly about, arranging the room, the night lamp and the medicines. Once, when Paulette approached the bed, a feeble hand reached, grasped hers, and held it greedily. Very softly Mrs. Coxheath whispered:

"You are affluent—electric—full of positive forces—a living battery—and I feel you in every vein of my body!"

A few moments later, and she was fast asleep.

Paulette lay down on a couch near by, and thought the situation over. Was this the house of Chester Coxheath's wife, or some party bearing the same name? She remembered the conversation which she had overheard weeks before in the casualty ward of St. Matthew's, and conviction entered her soul like a sword.

"Well," she meditated, "even though this sick creature be his wife, what have I to fear? They live apart—they are estranged. She is very ill—she needs me. I will give her faithful and patient service—none shall be more faithful, more patient, than mine. I was brought to this house for a purpose, and I will fulfill it. I will not fly, like a coward, from the work upon which I have entered. I will not beg Dr. Hartman to take me back to the hospital—no, no, I will not! The name of Chester Coxheath shall not frighten me—he is nothing to me now but a memory."

The patient slept soundly that night, but awoke in the morning peevish and unrefreshed.

"You must read to me," she said to Paulette. "Go to the library and fetch a volume of Brown-ing."

Paulette went down to the great hall, where a stately footman waited, and directed by that lackey, slipped under a *portière* of Genoese velvet, embroidered with golden lotus flowers, crossed a red *salon*, finished in mahogany, its panels rich with bas-relief medallions and allegorical scenes, and came to the library.

This room, like the rest of the house, was a

marvel of luxury. Paulette moved over the smooth floor, guiltless of wax stain or varnish, its high natural polish only partially hidden by superb Eastern rugs, and of a sudden found herself confronting a portrait, that stood on an easel, in the light of a beautiful mullioned window.

It was the face of Chester Coxheath, handsome, cynical, half melancholy, wearing the very look which had stolen the heart of Captain Davy's daughter in the old happy days at Dole Haven!

Paulette fell back a step, and covered her eyes involuntarily with one trembling hand. Yes, the sick woman above stairs *was* the wife from whom he had sought divorce. And here was his likeness, still kept in her home, as his memory was, perhaps, in her heart. Alas! the misery of it! Shaking like a guilty thing, Paulette snatched the volume of Browning for which she had been sent and fled out of the room.

By the time she reached Mrs. Coxheath's bedside the strength had returned to her limbs, the color to her lips. The patient put out a hand for the book, and the massive hoop of gold that bound her third finger rolled off and fell to the carpet.

"Oh, my wedding ring!" shrieked Mrs. Coxheath. "Nurse! nurse! I would not lose it for worlds."

Paulette picked up the shining band from the foot of the bed.

"It is here—it is safe—see!" she said, soothingly, and slipped back the hoop on the attenuated finger.

"You must tie it on my hand," groaned the patient. "I have become a skeleton—it no longer fits me. Yet I will never lay it aside—never—never!" a sharp defiance breaking into her voice, "Bring a cord from the dressing table—make it fast, nurse—fast!"

Paulette passed a stout strand of silk through the ring, and tied it securely on the transparent hand.

"It will not drop again," said Mrs. Coxheath, with a gratified smile; "and, thank Heaven! those who would wrest it from me by force cannot!"

A week passed. Paulette soon found that her place was no sinecure. The patient was querulous, exacting, unreasonable beyond belief. All that was possible in the way of service she relentlessly demanded. But Paulette's patience and sweet temper remained unshaken.

"You are really a wonderful girl," said Mrs. Coxheath one day. "I have employed a legion of nurses, but never found one like you. You work, I perceive, upon principle. You really think that the duty of the strong is to bear with

the weak. Well, I am indeed a wretched creature," and she sighed heavily; "poorer than a street beggar in spite of my money, wasted by disease, and tormented with many sorrows."

The medical chart began to show a slight improvement in the patient's condition. All the closer she clung to Paulette. She was continually asking to rest against the shoulder of her nurse, or to hold her hands.

"For then I feel your vitality pass into my veins," she said to the girl. "I am a sort of vampire—I feed upon your strength. You warm and nourish me. You are better than sunshine—better than wine or drugs." Then, in a sudden frenzy, she shrieked: "You cannot think how I hunger and thirst for life! I will not, I cannot, die! Hold me close, nurse—there is an open grave staring me in the face. I see it always, I dream of it when I sleep. I see one who wishes me dead standing by and watching me as I go down into darkness. Then I grasp your hand, and you draw me back from the pit. Heaven surely sent you to my help. You will save me—you will keep my worn-out body above ground, and so assist to defeat and baffle my enemies?"

Paulette's heart beat fast.

"I will do my best for you, Mrs. Coxheath," she answered, earnestly. "But you must be calm. This excitement is very injurious."

Mrs. Coxheath collapsed on the arm that sustained her.

"Kiss me!" she implored, like an exhausted child; and Paulette bent and with tender compassion kissed Chester Coxheath's wife.

One day a great restlessness and expectancy seized the patient. She tossed on her pillows, she started at every sound. Presently Paulette was electrified by a cry:

"Nurse, call my maid—I must dress!"

"Dress!"

"Yes. Don't attempt to thwart me—I am feeling very well. I will answer to Dr. Hartman for all that I do. Hand me a mirror."

Her imperious air set at naught all Paulette's expostulations. The young nurse brought a little glass in a frame of silver filigree. Mrs. Coxheath looked at herself and screamed.

"I am a hag! How hideous sickness is! I was never a beauty, but now—oh! oh! Call Annette, I say."

A silver hand bell brought the maid Annette to the scene.

Mrs. Coxheath had a will like iron. All Paulette's authority availed nothing. She was forced to stand by powerless, while Annette, in obedience to her mistress's instructions, dressed the thin hair, already streaked with gray, and muffled the

wasted figure in a marvelous bedgown of snowy cashmere, ribbons and lace. Mrs. Coxheath was studying effect in the silver-framed mirror.

"A little rouge, Annette," she commanded. "Not too much—would you make me a positive fright? Now bring my jewels—you must throw some sparks of fire into this whiteness, or I shall look like a galvanized corpse."

Behind a panel of yellow brocade a safe was fitted in the wall of the chamber. From this Annette took some jewel boxes, filled with gems that a queen might have envied. The thin fingers of the sick woman picked from the velvet cushions rings, bracelets, pendants, and a necklace of diamonds that sparkled like strung stars.

"Put them upon me!" she cried, feverishly, "all of them! Light me up! Fasten these bracelets, nurse. The hunger of a woman's heart for beauty and admiration has never been half told."

So the shrunken throat and shadowy wrists were manacled in blazing gems, and the fingers weighed down with rings that hung all too loosely on them. Mrs. Coxheath, rouged, powdered, her hair arranged in the latest fashion, presented a singular spectacle.

Paulette could not repress a shudder. She had never seen anything more *outré*, more distressing. What sudden whim had seized the sick woman? What method had she in this madness? The question was soon answered. Hardly had Annette completed her mistress's toilet and vanished from the chamber when its door swung open and Chester Coxheath entered.

It was a frightful moment.

At sight of the nurse Coxheath recoiled a step and changed countenance. Paulette, pale as death, turned instinctively to fly.

"Stay!" commanded Mrs. Coxheath, shrilly. "I shall need you, nurse. Nothing will be said in this room that you may not hear."

Paulette subsided, like an automaton, into a seat. The visitor collected himself and advanced to the bed.

"I was told," he began, "that you wished to speak with me, Augusta."

She nodded, fixing her bright black eyes on his cool, sombre face. He had turned his shoulder on Paulette, and seemed to direct all his attention to the amazing figure reclining among the pillows.

"So Dr. Hartman delivered my message," said Mrs. Coxheath. "Had he not informed you before that I was very ill?"

"Yes."

"He is your friend, yet you did not believe him, perhaps?"

"I thought he exaggerated the danger."

She smiled bitterly, and motioned toward a chair.

"Will you sit down? It is now more than two years since you were inside this house."

"I cannot think of disturbing you," he answered, politely. "Let us make the interview as brief as possible."

A flash of rage appeared in her eyes. His cold, insolent strength filled her with exasperation.

"I think I am going to die," she said, deliberately. "I sent for you that you might have an opportunity to ask my pardon for the past."

Coxheath's face hardened.

"I regret that you should trouble yourself," he said, dryly, "for I am not aware of any pressure on my conscience."

"What!" she screamed. "You can say that, after all your cruelty and indifference!"

"Spare yourself, Augusta. We have had enough quarrels. I never pretended to love you. You knew the truth when we married."

She flew into a furious passion.

"Yes; but I fancied you would be grateful to me for saving your father—you were ready to sell your soul to Satan for his sake—I thought you might even love me in time."

"Love does not come or go at the bidding of any human will," answered Coxheath, in a thick voice. "I was a contemptible cur to marry money, even to save my father. He died, and whatever sacrifice I made was entirely vain—as it deserved to be."

Her shadowy fingers grasped the silk counterpane fiercely. All the jewels on her skeleton throat and wrists glared at him like so many angry eyes.

"Confess that you are gratified to find me in my present plight?" she sneered.

"On the contrary, I am sorry for you, Augusta."

"That is a lie! Though your breeding as a gentleman may forbid you to say it, in your heart you are *glad*! You see me now at death's door, and you think you will soon be free—you have tried so hard to be free, Chester!" with a shrill laugh. He made no reply. Evidently he declined to enter into controversy with this sick and helpless creature. "But you still remain my husband," she went on, tauntingly. "You did not obtain that coveted divorce! For once, in the chronicles of the courts, a weak woman triumphed over a strong man! I bought you, like a bale of merchandise; you are my property by purchase; and so long as I have breath you shall wear your chain. I love to clank it in your ears—to know that everywhere and at all times it hangs,

a terrible weight, upon you. If I could still keep you bound I would die willingly. To set you at liberty—ah, there is the pang!”

He looked bored, irritated.

“The sentiments do you credit, Augusta; but I think I have heard them all before. Is it worth while to exhaust your strength in this way?”

Paulette, sitting motionless near the foot of the bed, had averted her face from both wife and

regret, for me since Dr. Hartman told you that I was desperately ill?”

He fixed his eyes gloomily on the carpet.”

“No, Augusta.”

“Ah, you are honest—yes, painfully honest! Had you dissembled more in the past—concealed more of your real feelings from me—we might have got on together. Some men would have done it for the sake of spending my fortune.



“WE CANNOT BOTH REMAIN HERE ANOTHER INSTANT!”

husband. Neither seemed aware of her presence. Mrs. Coxheath flung up the bloodless hand on which her wedding ring glistened.

“Sec,” she said, in a mocking tone, “the symbol of your bondage! One day it fell off my finger, and Miss Dole found and tied it in place again. She is a treasure—this Miss Dole! Do you care, Chester, whether I exhaust my strength or not? Have you had one tender thought, one

Well, let that pass. I have made my will, and the bulk of everything goes to my nephew, Carey Hazen, who is now in Paris—doubtless you remember Carey?”

Coxheath replied with a cold nod.

“You will not receive a dollar of my possessions, beyond that portion which the law forces me to give you.”

“I do not want your money, Augusta.”

"For what did you marry me?"

His patience gave way.

"We have been over this ground again and again. I loathe the subject of your fortune—the bare mention of it sickens me!"

She smiled wickedly.

"Indeed! Then you have become fond of poverty. Chester?—you like clerking?—you like living on a mere pittance, at the beck and call of an employer—you, a Coxheath, born to millions?"

"Yes," he answered, doggedly. "I like it, because I can now respect myself."

"And you really find life tolerable without your expensive clubs, your traps and fast horses, your valet, and the thousand and one luxuries to which you have all your life been accustomed?"

"I find life tolerable, Augusta; and if this is all that you wish to say, permit me now to leave you."

He turned from the bed.

"Stop! stop!" she interposed, quickly. "There is something more. You must hear me through. Sick as I am, I still communicate with the outside world—I have friends who keep me informed of current events—I hear gossip. Lately I learned that you have had a love affair."

His countenance underwent a sudden change. She saw it and laughed.

"A genuine love affair! It occurred in some out-of-the-way place, where you chanced to be staying at the time the courts decided that you should not cast off the marriage fetter. Your infatuation, I understand, was serious. Now I ask—and I believe you incapable of lying in my sick face—is this story *true*?"

He avoided her piercing gaze.

"I decline to answer," he said, coldly.

"Which means that you cannot deny it! Enough! You love another woman, and my wrongs are now complete. Look at me, as I lie here. Fool that I was, I thought you might soften when you saw me so ill, and sue, perhaps, for a reconciliation—as though a man was ever won by ugliness and misery!"

She tore off the jewels from her neck and wrists, and flung them furiously across the chamber.

"See how I bedizened myself, thinking to move you! Oh, God! though I hold you bound against your will, though I defy you to obtain release, you are still the victor, Chester! I hate you—I hate the woman that you love. I wish I could strangle her with these two weak hands. Who is she? What is her name? Where can I find her? Should she ever cross my path I will crush her without mercy— Oh!"

The voice died on her white lips. Her feeble strength could endure no more. Mrs. Coxheath fell back senseless on her pillow. Paulette sprang up from her chair, and rushed toward the patient, all other feelings swallowed in professional instinct. But her hands were seized and held fast.

"Do we meet here, Paulette," said Coxheath—"here—of all places this side of Hades!"

"Don't!" she entreated, as she tried to free herself. "Dr. Hartman brought me to this house—I did not know. Release my hands—you have killed her! Oh, this is ghastly!"

"Hush! A quarrel with me will not kill her. She is inured to this sort of thing—she likes it. May I not even touch you, Paulette? Very well. You are released, then. It is seven months since I saw you last—seven vast, horrible months. Have you suffered? Have you thought? Some change has come over you. You do not seem the same. I heard about your father—how he had been carried away—oh, my poor darling!"

His words rushed like a torrent. Paulette could not check them.

"Did you understand our pleasant converse?" bitterly. "Did you see the family skeleton revealed in all its hideousness? My cousin Augusta was ten years my senior. She had many times made open love to me. She was rich. Ruin fell upon my father, and I needed money to save his life and good name. I married my cousin. Don't speak—I had better have blown out my brains; but my father was my idol. Well, Augusta led me a life of it! When I could endure no more I left her and sued for my freedom. Paulette, my little Paulette—"

"Mr. Coxheath," Paulette did not recognize her own voice, so resolute it was, and stern, "your wife is in a faint—I am the nurse paid to attend her. Either you or I must leave the room at once. We cannot both remain here another instant!"

The light faded from his gray eyes. He drew quickly back.

"Then stay at your post," he said; "I will not drive you from it;" and he turned and went out of the chamber.

Paulette set about restoring the patient. At the end of a few moments her efforts were rewarded. Mrs. Coxheath heaved a sigh and opened her eyes.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

"Gone from the house," answered Paulette.

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"No, madam."

"Put back my jewels in the safe, nurse. I must have swooned."

"Yes," said Paulette.

"You thought, doubtless, that he had murdered me with his barbarity?"

"Mrs. Coxheath, you will suffer from all this excitement, and Dr. Hartman will be very, very angry."

"Pooh! My husband and I have had no end of such scenes in our married life. We were never turtledoves. Thunderstorms clear the atmosphere. You may not believe it, but I assure you that I already feel better."

She watched Paulette complacently as the latter began to gather up the diamond ornaments which she had flung about in her rage.

"For a trained nurse," murmured the sick woman to herself, "you are very easily duped!"

Paulette put the jewels in the safe, and returned to the side of her charge.

"Are you sure that I swooned, nurse?" said Mrs. Coxheath, sweetly.

"Very sure."

Mrs. Coxheath hid her face in the laces of her pillow and there smothered a wicked laugh. She no longer needed to be told who the woman was that held her husband's heart in thrall.

CHAPTER XII.

"THERE'S a new organist here to-night—I wonder who he can be?"

The loud whisper came from a pew directly behind one in which Laurel Hading was seated.

"So good-looking!" another voice answered, with a girlish giggle; "like a picture of St. Michael, you know."

"I saw him when he came into church—he was talking with the rector. St. John's is so small, one knows all the faces here. This man is a stranger."

The choir began to sing:

"God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

Laurel glanced toward the organ, which occupied an alcove at one side of the chancel—the little chapel had no loft. An elderly man usually presided at the instrument, but to-night she saw there a stranger who answered very well to the description given by the parties in the rear pew. He played with power and feeling, and Laurel, unconsciously sympathetic, sent her magnificent voice soaring high in the hymn. The organist gave a side glance in her direction. She occupied a front pew, and her beauty made her a conspicuous figure. For an instant her eyes met the stranger's, and then returned quickly to her

book. She followed the service with the attention of a devout churchwoman.

"Heavenly Father, by whose almighty power we have been preserved this day, by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night."

The sonorous voice of the rector filled the chapel. Laurel drew a quick breath. Did peril threaten *her* this night? Maybe. Of late she had felt it very near. Even here, a few blocks from the school, in the midst of these worshipers, a nameless dread was upon her. For weeks she had been followed by a face. She could not look from Miss Bowdoin's windows without catching some glimpse of it in the vicinity. She met it in her daily walks; life had become a burden because of it. Now, under the peaceful roof of St. John's, the hateful apparition seemed at her very shoulder; its whitish, shifting eyes were boring into her back. Laurel turned sharply, to find the pew behind her occupied only by giggling girls. With a sigh of relief she fixed her eyes again on her prayer book.

"How foolish of me!" she thought. "I am growing wretchedly nervous!"

Not often did the young teacher fare forth unattended. But the day had been dull and lonely; Miss Bowdoin was indisposed. The open door of St. John's invited Laurel to its comforting security. Harm could not reach her in this sacred place. So here she sat alone, listening to the deep-voiced rector and the wailing music, and striving to calm by devotion the riot of her own thoughts.

The service ended. The congregation poured out into the aisles. Laurel arose with her fellow worshipers. Glancing over the sea of heads toward the door of exit, she espied, oh, horror! a man peering into the church, as though in search of some one. His sallow face was full of a wolfish eagerness.

Her enemy had found her. Consternation seized Laurel. Since the rejection of his suit he had pursued her without mercy. He meant to speak with her to-night. How could she elude him? In abject terror she stood grasping the pew door with one hand. Some of the choristers passed along the aisle. Behind them followed the organist. At sight of Laurel Hading he came to a sudden halt.

"Pardon me," he said, "is anything wrong?" And the voice was that of a gentleman, deferential and kind.

"Yes," faltered poor Laurel. "I mean—it is of no consequence."

"May I not be of assistance?"

"Oh, no—thank you, no," said Laurel, faintly.

He bowed, hesitated a moment, then went slowly on. Laurel braced herself for the worst, stepped out of her pew and walked closely after him.

In the time that elapsed before reaching the door she observed that the dark, glossy head of the new organist stood a few inches higher than her own, that his shoulders were broad and powerful and his garments of good texture. His proximity inspired Laurel with sudden courage. An electric current seemed to leap from this stranger to herself. In his shadow she swept composedly to the vestibule where Jasper Hading was waiting, passed the enemy by with a high head and descended the church steps to the street. Hardly had her foot touched the pavement, however, when Hading was at her side.

"I want to talk with you," he said, shortly.

She flashed upon him a look of fiery indignation.

"I forbid you to speak one word!" she answered. "I do not know you!" And she walked rapidly on.

He strode after her.

"I *will* talk!" he cried, in mulish wrath. "For weeks I've followed you in the street and watched about the school—you've seen me scores of times, and fled from the sight as though I was a leper. Do you know what you are doing, girl?—driving me off my head!"

The school was several blocks away. She could hardly forbear taking to her heels and running for its shelter, like a frightened child. St. John's congregation had dispersed in many directions. The hour was growing late, and she was alone in the street with Jasper Hading.

"I tell you I am going crazy!" he repeated. "I no longer care about the tannery—I have no interest in business or anything around Deepford. I wish to God I had never seen your face; but since you have wrought this trouble for me you must now make amends. You can do that only by accepting my offer of marriage. I will take no more denials. Consider: I am the richest man in Deepford—I am highly respected, and yet I stand ready to make you, a street waif, my wife! Stop! Don't hurry so—you put me out of breath. Besides, you are not listening. Curse it!" with a violent outbreak of wrath, "you do not mean to listen to me!"

Laurel was forging ahead with might and main, intent only on reaching shelter. She had indeed turned a deaf ear to Hading. He seized her rudely by the arm to check her flight. Brought to a reluctant stand, she uttered a sharp, protesting cry. This was answered in a most unexpected manner. A clinched hand shot out of the near

darkness and stretched Jasper Hading senseless on the pavement. Laurel, amazed and trembling, looked up into the face of the new organist of St. John's.

"Pardon me, Miss Hading," he said, lifting his hat politely, "I followed you, you know—I did not like the looks of that fellow—I felt certain that he meant to annoy you. My name is Keppel—Derek Keppel, at your service. Pray take my arm, and let me walk with you to the school."

Before Laurel could collect her voice this stranger had drawn her hand through his arm—he was walking coolly away with her.

"We will leave the police to take care of that cad," he said, referring to Jasper Hading. "I'm afraid he has given you no end of a fright. By Jove!" in alarm, "you must not faint now, you know!"

Laurel drew herself up.

"I was never further from fainting in my life," she answered. "How, may I ask, did you discover my name, or that I was connected with a school?"

"At the church your voice attracted my attention," he answered, brazenly. "I asked the choristers about you, and was told that you belonged to the congregation, and was a teacher in a neighboring school."

"Oh!"

"I am a musician by profession, you know, and when the quality of your voice is considered, I think my curiosity may be pronounced pardonable."

"Ah!"

They went on in silence for a few moments. In the presence of this man, Laurel's terror vanished. She grew strong and composed again.

"I would like to know," he said, in a deeply interested voice, "if that fellow behind there is a stranger to you, Miss Hading, or some old acquaintance?"

"He is not a stranger," she answered, guardedly.

"An unwelcome lover, then. Don't look back. No, he is not following. My word for it, he will give you no more trouble to-night."

By this time they had reached Miss Bowdoin's door. Laurel drew away from her companion.

"I am very grateful for the service you have rendered me," she said, sweetly; "accept my thanks, Mr. Keppel, and permit me to bid you good night."

He received his dismissal with marked disappointment.

"I suppose I may not ask to be presented to Miss Bowdoin?" he said, in a wheedling tone.

Laurel smiled.

"Miss Bowdoin is ill to-night," she answered: "besides it is too late for her to receive visitors;" and with a formal little nod she mounted the steps and vanished from his sight.

Straight to Miss Bowdoin's room the young

teacher went, and there told her story. The elder woman pulled a long face.

"Laurel," she said, "this is really growing serious. You must avoid meeting that ruffian Hading again. He will end by attempting to



"AN AMUSING STORY."—FROM THE PAINTING BY T. CONTI—PHOTOGRAPH BY G. SCHAUER, BERLIN.

kill you. The newspapers of the day teem with tragedies in which men of his stamp figure. How unfortunate ! It is not safe for you to venture again on the street. If that organist had not come to your help I cannot think what you would have done."

"Not venture on the street !" repeated Laurel. "How could I endure life shut always indoors ? My health would give way. It would be better for me to go back to the wilds of Texas."

Miss Bowdoin meditated.

"That is it. You must leave this city. Jasper Hading will give you no peace. He is a dangerous person. When one has no weapons with which to meet peril one must fly from it. It will be very hard for me to part with you—very inconvenient ; yet I feel that I must urge you to make good your escape from Hading. Why, I tremble at the thought of him !"

"I tremble, too," answered Laurel, dismally ; "but whither can I go to escape him ? I have few friends—none who could shelter me from such a man. Shall I appeal," with a rueful smile, "to the police ?"

"Oh, dear, no !" cried Miss Bowdoin. "That would bring scandal on the school. We should all find ourselves in the newspapers. Wait."

She pondered, finger on lip.

"I have it, Laurel—I will send you to Mrs. Gascoyne."

"And who is Mrs. Gascoyne ?" asked Laurel, dubiously.

She was deeply depressed. Nameless, kinless, beset by the man Hading and driven out of home and employment, poor Laurel felt that her fate was indeed hard. The uses of adversity may be sweet, but their sweetness the majority of mankind would gladly forego.

"Mrs. Gascoyne is a former pupil of mine," explained Miss Bowdoin. "She married a rich man many years her senior. He is now dead. Only yesterday she wrote, begging me to send her a governess for her two little girls—she considers my judgment on such matters quite correct. The salary which she offers is generous, and I feel confident that she will make you very comfortable in her beautiful home. If you remain here, in reach of Hading, he will do some desperate thing. You must run away. Laurel—that is, you must go at once to Emma Gascoyne."

"Where does Mrs. Gascoyne live ?" Laurel inquired.

"In New York. Hading will not follow you there."

Laurel looked sadly at her friend.

"I am adrift on the world. A few hundred
this or that direction cannot matter

much. You fear that Hading, in persecuting me, may injure the high reputation of the school. Very likely ; therefore I ought to leave you without delay." She thought of the sallow face and pale, evil eyes of her rejected suitor, and shuddered. "I will go immediately to Mrs. Gascoyne," she said.

Two days later Laurel left the school. She felt like a leaf tossed helplessly on a current. Trouble was her abiding companion, but fortunately her courage remained unshaken. The thought of leaving Jasper Hading forever behind her buoyed up her spirits.

As the carriage bore her past the Chapel of St. John the memory of Derek Keppel rushed back on Laurel's memory. Would the next service find him at the organ there ?

"I shall never see him again," she thought, with an unconscious sigh ; "but I will remember him always with gratitude."

Her journey in search of a new home was made without incident. At the Grand Central Depot she found a handsome brougham waiting. The new governess was driven to a palatial mansion on Murray Hill, and shown to a charming chamber, where she proceeded to remove the dust of travel and freshen her sober dress. This was hardly done when the servant announced that Mrs. Gascoyne wished to see the new governess. Laurel followed the maid to her mistress's dressing room.

Before a mirror sat the young widow. She was a blonde, with Titian-red hair and a vivacious manner. A French waiting woman, with a heavy down shading her upper lip, was dressing Mrs. Gascoyne for a dinner party. The clustered lights above the toilet table shone down on a great litter of jewel boxes, flowers, flasks of perfumes and cosmetics. In full dress Mrs. Gascoyne was known to be a genuine triumph of art—fearfully and wonderfully made up. Her maid could have told strange tales.

"Sit down, Miss Hading," she said to Laurel. "I am glad you are here, for the servants have quite ruined the children, and my social duties preclude the possibility of attending to them myself. You have not seen them yet ? They are two little owls, utterly unlike their mamma. Stop, Celeste," frowning into the mirror at the waiting woman ; "you are dressing my hair too high on the temples. And pencil that left eyebrow a little more. I shall not bore you with a single question, Miss Hading. It is enough that you come from that dear old thing Miss Bowdoin. The person recommended by her must indeed be above reproach. She says you have a fine mind. That is good ; but you enter a room like

a duchess, which is even better. Pray teach Una and Pansy your repose of manner—they are as restless as birds. Put that diamond crescent a little more to the right, Celeste. You must make me incomparable to-night, for after the dinner I shall meet distinguished people at the opera—among others, the heir to an English baronetcy, who has come to America, the gossips say, to find a wife." She turned with a smile to Laurel. "Do you like the effect, Miss Hading? Can I sustain before a critical Englishman like Captain George St. George the reputation which my countrywomen have established for beauty and style?"

Celeste had robed her mistress in a magnificent black evening dress, and clasped neck and arms with rows of diamonds. The sombre tint of the gown emphasized the whiteness of Mrs. Gascoyne's skin and the warm lights in her picturesque russet hair.

"Surely the reputation of American beauty is safe in your hands, madam," replied Laurel, with such honesty that Mrs. Gascoyne laughed aloud. She had an inordinate appetite for flattery. Even Celeste was expected to add her tribute, which she did with the pertness of a spoiled servant.

"Ciel! Madame is enchanting! Monsieur the English captain will surely lose his heart to-night!"

Celeste brought forward a white fur cloak to wrap around her mistress. Armed cap-a-pie for the conquest of Captain George St. George, Mrs. Gascoyne dismissed Laurel with a good-natured smile.

"I told that dear old Puritan, Miss Bowdoin," she said, "that I desired her above all things to send me a lady, and she has done it. Go to those little monkeys in the nursery, Miss Hading, and assume full charge of them. To-morrow I will talk with you again."

Laurel went to the nursery. The "little monkeys" were there—two grave, thin children, in white dresses and big sashes. They had neither the beauty nor vivacity of Mrs. Gascoyne. Una, the elder, was preternaturally sharp. She leaned her elbows on Laurel's knee and looked up in her face with round, solemn eyes.

"You are awfully pretty," she said; "prettier even than mamma. Our last governess had a squint and she talked through her nose. I am glad you do not squint, Miss Hading."

Laurel seized the opportunity to warn the innocent that she must not overestimate the importance of good looks.

"I dare say you are right," responded Una, with great gravity. "Now, there is Celeste—mamma's maid. Pansy and I call her *Made-moiselle Mustache*. She is very ugly herself, but

she makes mamma lovely. Often mamma takes her by the ear when she leaves the powder in her eyebrows, and once I saw her slap Celeste's face; but she gave her a cast-off mantle in payment, so Celeste did not mind."

Laurel began to question the children concerning their studies.

"Pansy and I do not care for books," admitted Una, frankly. "We love to ride in the park and go to the *matinée*. We like to take dessert with mamma and peep down the staircase at the callers. Please don't make us write French exercises, Miss Hading."

"Nor ask about latitude and longitude and the early discoverers," put in Pansy, dismally. "We detest all that, you know."

With a brave heart Laurel took up her duties in the Gascoyne household. While yet a *débutante* Mrs. Gascoyne had married a man of thrice her own years, and the union had not resulted happily. Now, a rich widow, she was entirely given over to the pomps and vanities of the world. Maternal responsibility sat lightly upon her. Her days were occupied with conquests and the frivolities of fashionable life. Una and Pansy she delegated to the care of hirelings.

The morning following her arrival Laurel spent in the schoolroom with her pupils. Pansy, a quiet, sad-faced child, attacked with tolerable zeal the tasks assigned her; but Una's whole mind seemed absorbed in matters below stairs.

"Parker, the butler, is to be discharged to-day," she whispered, between lessons; "and mamma has a new cabriolet from London." And again, as the distant tinkle of the door bell reached her alert little ears: "I wonder if that can be Captain George St. George? Or perhaps he is sending flowers. Mamma's admirers *always* send flowers."

By and by word was brought to the nursery that Mrs. Gascoyne wished Miss Hading to bring the children down to lunch.

"Oh," cried Una, in great glee, "now we shall hear all about Captain St. George, and if mamma really made a conquest of him!"

The trio descended to the dining room. Mrs. Gascoyne was seated at the table with a showy, overdressed lady whom she addressed as Cousin Flora. The two were deep in conversation, which the entrance of the governess and children did not for a moment interrupt. By the searching light of day Mrs. Gascoyne had a decidedly *passé* look. She seemed cross, too, and out of spirits.

"My dear Emma," her guest was saying, in strident tones, "your disappointment last night was no keener than mine. I was positively furi-

ous when the De Lancys entered their opera box alone."

"And I," replied the blond widow, "sat out that stupid dinner and did not yawn once, thinking to find my recompense at the opera. Did not Mrs. De Lancy give us all to understand that St. George was to be in her party? Perhaps he is, after all, only a shadow and a name."

Cousin Flora devoured her stewed terrapin with relish, and answered:

"No, he is a reality. I have taken great trouble to inquire into the matter. The De Lancys have not deceived us. The young man is the heir of Sir Victor Palgrave, a childless baronet, who has a manor in Kent and a town house in Mayfair. Captain St. George has seen service in Egypt and South Africa. The De Lancys met him in London—they are perfect maniacs in their pursuit of everything English. He crossed in the same steamer with them, and, of course, they laid claim to him. It was Mrs. De Lancy who said that St. George had come to America to look for a wife."

"And she knew him in London?" sighed Mrs. Gascoyne, in an envious tone.

"Yes. She danced at a ball in Lady Palgrave's Mayfair house, it seems; and De Lancy shot grouse, or something, on a moor with Sir Victor."

The two ladies continued to pay no regard to Laurel and the children. They had an absorbing topic in hand, and they discussed it with animation.

"If they all came over in the same steamer," said Mrs. Gascoyne, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that oldest girl, Maud De Lancy, ought to have made the most of her opportunities. She is fairly pretty, too, and will have a good *dot*. Englishmen do not marry for love alone. With them the American dollar is quite as much an object of admiration as the American belle."

"Well, he has vanished!" cried Cousin Flora, with vexation; "Mrs. De Lancy declares she knows not when or how, and she is overwhelmed with chagrin. She counted upon him for her balls and dinners; she was making unlimited preparations to lionize him; and lo! he slipped from her grasp and was gone! As he is military, she fancies he may have fled to Halifax or Montreal, to join a regiment, or something. And New York is so dull just now, and Englishmen so desirable!—one might call them trump cards."

"The heir of a baronet in our midst, casting about for a wife, *would* have brightened us up wonderfully," sighed Mrs. Gascoyne.

"Yes; though one hardly knows how to account for the English craze that pervades society to-day," answered Cousin Flora, spitefully. "We

certainly did not inherit it from our grandparents. And really we receive a great deal of abuse from those people over the water. They caricature our girls without mercy, they put impossible grammar in their mouths, and assign them the manners of Choctaws—all in revenge for the matrimonial prizes which Americans carry yearly from the English market."

Mrs. Gascoyne was sadly studying a portrait of Louis Quinze on her *gros-bleu* porcelain plate.

"I confess that I much wished to meet Captain St. George," she said. "Mrs. De Lancy told me how he fought his way through hostile Arabs in Egypt, and performed feats of valor in South Africa, and such stories fire one's curiosity. All women love a hero."

"Mrs. De Lancy ought to offer a reward for his recovery," declared Cousin Flora. "I met her at the Art Club this morning. She has made endless inquiry, she says, at Captain St. George's hotel, but the only thing she can discover is that he paid his bill and went suddenly away—whither no one pretends to know. The poor woman has grown quite yellow with the mortification of the affair and the talk of her dear four hundred friends."

During lunch the pair continued to converse in this vein, and Laurel, having ears, was obliged to listen. The disappearance of Captain St. George had greatly disturbed Mrs. Gascoyne, and she lamented it without reserve. The children, round-eyed and eager, drank in every word. Laurel hoped that the lively widow did not often permit them to lunch with her. Not till the party were about to rise from table did Mrs. Gascoyne remember her governess.

"Miss Bowdoin assured me," she then said, "that you were an excellent pianist, Miss Hadling, but the violin is Pansy's fad. As I am not satisfied with the methods of her present teacher, I hope you feel competent to take her instruction into your own hands."

Laurel was obliged to acknowledge that she had no acquaintance with the violin.

"So sorry!" said Mrs. Gascoyne. "Of course, a governess in these days is expected to know everything. I must secure a superior teacher for Pansy, for she is a genius."

"And so like her father," purred Cousin Flora. "How trying the resemblance must be to you, dear Emma, for your friends all know, *ma chère*, that your marriage was *not* a love match."

After lessons that day the children went to ride with Mrs. Gascoyne. Laurel was left alone in the schoolroom. She was putting away her books when a servant knocked at the door with a letter, which Miss Bowdoin had forwarded from the

Boston school. By the waning wintry light Laurel broke the seal of the square envelope, and read :

"Since you will not see me—since I may not even speak to you—I am forced to write this letter. Your antipathy

to me is very strong, but my love for you is stronger. I followed you to St. John's Church, to urge my suit, and also to tell you a few things which I knew would be of interest to you. But that fellow who played the organ interfered in an unwarrantable manner, and my story was not told. Is he your lover? Have you bewitched him,



"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."—BY C. REICHERT.

also, with your beauty? Why should he follow you because he saw me at your side? Why should he knock me down because I dared to lay a hand on your arm? When I meet him again I will kill him.

"The night that you rejected my offer of marriage I told you I had discovered in the garret of my Deepford house a box, left there by my brother Jason, and containing letters and papers of value. You have not condescended to negotiate with me for the possession of the same, so I perceive that I did not whet your curiosity sufficiently. Now give attention to more of your story, and remember the proofs of all the statements I make are in my keeping.

"Twenty years ago your mother made her first appearance in a miserable lodging house situated in an obscure quarter of Boston. A man, handsome and young, brought her to the place. Was he husband or lover? None could say. She was a born beauty, and her manners betokened good breeding. She seemed deeply unhappy. Her protector had evidently grown indifferent to her. The two quarreled. One day the man disappeared, and left her alone in a strange city. A few weeks later you were born. One or two persons in the neighborhood still remember your mother's beauty and misery. One by one she sold such valuables as she possessed. She worked at fine embroidery; she painted flower pieces, and walked the city over to sell them—these facts I gather from a journal which she kept at that time, and which I found in the box—and she watched constantly for the man who had deserted her. At the end of your first year of life she had reached the verge of starvation. Still her betrayer did not return.

"With neighbors she held no communication. She was very proud and shy. She made no complaint, no appeal for help. But one day a woman living on the floor below heard a heavy fall. She ascended the stair, and found your mother in a deep swoon. When she was restored she became delirious. She was removed to a public hospital, and the woman above mentioned carried you to her own quarters, and volunteered to keep you till your mother should recover.

"Two or three weeks passed. Then word came to the lodging house that the patient at the hospital had gone the way of all the earth and found a grave in Potter's Field. The only legacy which she left you was a box of letters—the pawn shop had swallowed all her other possessions. The woman who had taken you in charge, Laurel, was poor herself, and burdened with young children. She decided to send you to an orphanage. At this crisis in your affairs my brother Jason and his wife chanced to pass through the disreputable street where the lodging house stood. They were on the eve of departing for Texas. They saw you playing in a doorway with other children. Your beauty brought them to a halt. Being childless, they coveted you. A little inquiry revealed the fact that you were a nameless, kinless waif, about to be sent to a public institution. They at once took possession of you and your legacy—the box of letters and papers, which I have repeatedly mentioned—and as you were too young to remember your mother they determined to bring you up as their own flesh and blood. With this purpose in view they dispatched the box to Deepford, instead of destroying it, as wiser people would have done. Perhaps they meant some time to tell you your true history. At any rate the box was sent to the Hading homestead, and hidden in the rubbish of the garret.

"Hardly had those two simpletons departed for Texas, with their adopted child, when a fire broke out in the old lodging house. It was a midnight affair, and half the

street was swept away. Men, women and children perished in the holocaust.

"Now, that fire was of vast importance to you, Laurel, for it burned up every trace of you, along with the lodgers who had been your friends, and who knew that my brother Jason had carried you away. But, you ask, who cared to trace the movements of a kinless orphan of the slums? I answer—your mother! Don't start. She did not die at the hospital. It seems that a mistake was made there by some official, and another woman of the same name buried in that grave in Potter's Field. By persistent inquiry I have learned that your mother wavered for a long time between life and death; that she finally recovered, and that in connection with her stay at the hospital an extraordinary bit of romance occurred, which I have no intention of relating to you here. Doubtless she went in quest of you as soon as she was able; but the lodging-house fire must have baffled her completely, for it had consumed the very persons that knew Jason Hading carried you away. For a space she probably thought that you, too, perished in that disaster; though later she, in some way, discovered the truth, and the name of the man who adopted you. Now, it is plain to me, Laurel, that your mother has long watched you in secret, and when my brother was shot in Texas she at once set her agents to work in your behalf. For reasons best known to herself she cannot acknowledge you openly, but somewhere, in the background of events, she remains an interested observer of all your movements. Then, too, Fortune has evidently smiled on her, for she has been able to educate and provide for you handsomely since my brother's death. Do you not feel that my hypothesis is correct, Laurel? Make haste, then, to discover why your mother keeps her existence a secret from you—why she chooses to separate from herself by mystery and silence a daughter beautiful and lovable. I know the name by which she was called at the lodging house and hospital—you ought to know it, also. The discoveries that I have made give me, of course, a sort of power over you—the only kind that I can hope to possess—and I mean to make the most of it. I hold your future in my hands, as it were. Consent to treat with me on my own terms, and I will immediately find your mother, unravel to secret of your birth, and whether she be high or low force her to acknowledge you; refuse, and you shall die with the riddle unsolved. You must see that I am now the only person living who can clear up the mystery that surrounds you, and force your natural claims upon the attention of your kindred.

"Your lover, JASPER HADING."

CHAPTER XIII.

For several days Laurel pondered Jasper Hading's letter, and the bargain which the Deepford tanner had offered to close with her. Did she regard it with favor? No. Her detestation of Hading grew apace. But she believed his story. Her mother in the old lodging house, struggling for a bare existence—heartbroken, waiting for one who never came—conveyed, delirious, to a public hospital—surely these things *had* been, and she, Laurel, was the forlorn, forsaken infant left behind to the mercies of the world.

All her heart and soul cried out to know the

remainder of the pitiful story; but ardently as she coveted the knowledge she could *not* purchase it at the price named by Jasper Hading. So she burned his letter, and with bitter tears sought to forget that she had a mother.

One morning Laurel heard somewhere below stairs the music of a violin, played by a hand of skill. Soon after Pansy and Una rushed into the room, their thin little faces aglow with excitement.

"Oh, Miss Hading," cried the elder child, "the new music man has come, and mamma has engaged him to teach us both! We are to have lessons in the schoolroom. Mamma says he is absurdly good-looking, and quite a gentleman, and that his references are excellent——"

The words were not out when a tall, dark shadow appeared in the wake of the two children, and Derek Keppel, with a violin in his hand, stepped into the schoolroom.

No brazen image ever presented a calmer front. He bowed politely to Laurel, and said:

"Pardon. This is the hour appointed by Mrs. Gascoyne for her daughters' lesson, and I am the new instructor. I was told to come to this room and lay the matter before you."

Was this really the man who had rescued her from Jasper Hading's insolence, and knocked that detestable party senseless on the public street? Yea, the very same—glossy dark head, bold, knowing eyes, broad shoulders and all! Laurel felt the blood rush into her face.

"The room and the children are at your disposal," she managed to say, and then walked quickly away to her desk and books.

What odd chance had brought him under Mrs. Gascoyne's roof? And he was to teach Una and Pansy! A dark suspicion flashed into her mind—had he followed *her*? Impossible! She repelled the thought with scorn. Laurel had very little vanity.

"It is one of those meetings," she thought, "which show us how small the circle is in which we all move."

Mr. Keppel drew his violin from its case, and paying no further heed to the governess, plunged into the business of the morning.

He knew his art. If Laurel had suspected imposture, her mind was quickly set at rest. He taught like an experienced musician. It was really his calling—she could not doubt it. Had he not played the organ at St. John's with power? For an hour his attention never once wavered from the children; but when the lesson was over he laid down his violin and said to the little maids:

"More than a century and a half ago this in-

strument was made in Cremona by a man named Antonio Stradivarius. It fell to me as a legacy. Would you like to examine it?"

They needed no second invitation. Then Keppel turned quickly to the governess.

"I cannot tell you," he began, in a low, hurried voice, "how glad I am to see you again! You left Boston very abruptly, did you not?"

She put on a frigid look.

"I was forced to do so. May I ask if you reside in New York, Mr. Keppel?"

"Yes," he answered. "Thank you for feeling interest enough in me to make the query. You see I was visiting the rector of St. John's when I had the good fortune to first meet you. You—ah—I mean, you are a member of Mrs. Gascoyne's household?"

"I am Mrs. Gascoyne's governess, as you see."

He looked at her with bright, glad eyes, as though she had permeated his whole being with some unspeakable delight.

"And I have been hired to teach Mrs. Gascoyne's children how to twang stringed instruments."

"Is this your daily business?" she asked, with severity.

"It is. On Mrs. Gascoyne's social ladder I am probably ranked just one round above the man with the hand organ and the monkey. Still I find to-day that my fate has compensations."

The Stradivarius had ceased to charm. Una and Pansy came running to the table to listen to the conversation. Mr. Keppel cast one last look at the governess, then gathered up his belongings, and made a speedy exit from the schoolroom.

Shortly after lunch that day Mrs. Gascoyne summoned Laurel to her boudoir. The handsome widow was lolling, like an Eastern sultana, among the cushions of a divan, and smoking a cigarette. Something in Laurel's face set her off into a gale of laughter.

"Our prim old Puritan, Miss Bowdoin, has left her mark upon *you*!" she cried. "Now, these trifles," waving the cigarette in her lily fingers, "are very soothing to the nerves. If female royalty in Europe may smoke them why not I? You must know that society women live in a maelstrom of excitement and need sedatives. How does Mr. Keppel impress you, Miss Hading? I advertised for a violinist to give lessons to two little girls, and he answered in person. His references seem all that can be desired, and I have rarely met a man with better manners."

"I am sure he is a gentleman," answered Laurel, quietly, "and a musician of no small merit."

"Very well. Observe him closely, and report

to me. To-morrow is Una's birthday. You will take the children to the *matinée*—a little amusement will not come amiss to any of you. Ah!" she flung her handsome arms suddenly over her russet-gold head, "I am terribly bored to-day, Miss Hading! Life is so tiresome. I would like to turn ballet dancer, or beat a tambourine in the slums, like those Salvationist creatures—just for novelty, you know."

The lids fell over her heavy eyes. She seemed dying of *ennui*. At that moment a footman knocked at the door. Presto! Mrs. Gascoyne sprang up from her divan, electrified.

"Those dear De Lancys!" she cried, as the lackey presented cards upon a silver salver. "I wonder if they have news of Captain St. George! Yes, it must be that he has appeared again in the city. Mrs. De Lancy will certainly lose prestige in society if she does not produce him soon. Willing or unwilling, he must be brought back from his hiding place. How providential that she should call when I was growing so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!—for she always brings mountains of gossip with her. I do hope her dear elusive English captain has taken form and substance at last! *Au revoir*, Miss Hading—I positively cannot give you another moment." And Laurel went back to the school-room.

But a flash of sunshine had somehow penetrated her colorless life. Without attempting to analyze the source of her emotions, Laurel felt in all her being a sudden acquisition of hope and courage. Some subtle, mysterious change was at work in the world. She forgot her small daily torments, and was ready to declare in the words of the Psalmist that her lines had fallen in pleasant places. Frivolous Mrs. Gascoyne seemed to grow wise and kind, and the impish children sweet and lovable.

On the following day she went to the *matinée* with the little Gascoynes. As she convoyed her small charges to the seats secured for them many eyes followed admiringly her slender figure and incomparable face—Laurel was certain to attract attention wherever she appeared. One man, in a distant part of the house, watched her intently, as, moving to her place, she disposed of the children, one on either hand.

"Of whom does she remind me?" he pondered. "The poise of her head—her perfect grace of

motion—I have certainly seen it all before, but—*where?*"

On the stage a grand chorus thundered. A prima donna rent the air with the music of her silver throat. For awhile "the little monkeys" listened with some semblance of attention. Then their small faces, under big befeathered hats, began to turn restively this way and that.

"It's a great bore!" whispered Una, who was fond of imitating her mamma.

From a chair just behind the trio some one leaned forward and held out to Una a box of costly French bonbons. The child glanced up into a pair of smiling dark eyes, and her tiny gloved fingers closed promptly on the offering.

"Miss Hading," she said to her governess, "see what Mr. Keppel has given me."

Well, he was a professional musician. She might have known that she was likely to encounter him in such a place. He addressed a few polite words to her—she answered in monosyllables.

When the last aria leaped soaring from the prima donna's throat, and the whirlwind of the violins ceased, Laurel arose to go. Pansy was pulling at Keppel's hand.

"Did you like the music?" asked the child.

"I have not heard a note," he answered, laughing.

Taking Laurel and the little girls in charge, he made his way with them through the crowd. The lobby was thronged with elegant people. Laurel noticed that her escort looked around uneasily. Something in his manner suggested apprehension.

"I suppose I may not hope to walk home with you, Miss Hading?" he said, in a low voice.

"I am certain that Mrs. Gascoyne has sent the carriage," she answered.

Over the Viot bonnets and the masculine shoulders that filled the passage Keppel shot a glance toward the door of entrance. What did he see there? Only a crush of people, yet a strange panic seemed to seize him. He dropped Pansy's little hand as though it had been hot lead. An imprecation fell, half smothered, from his lips. The next instant Laurel Hading found that her escort had vanished from her side.

"Oh, he's gone, Miss Hading!" cried the bewildered Pansy. "He said a swear word and ran away."

(To be continued.)



"'READ IT,' HE SAID, LACONICALLY, MOTIONING ME TO THE CHAIR."

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

BY NORA KINSLEY MARBLE.

UPON purely circumstantial evidence the jury had retired to find a verdict.

Of the crime and the man who stood accused I need say but little; of the man found dead with a bullet hole in his breast, no more. A handsome viper, a destroyer of homes; his last victim the young and innocent daughter of the prisoner at the bar, and so—

"'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,'" quoted a sanctimonious-looking young man as the door closed upon the jury; and from the nods of approval it was plain to be seen that five of those twelve men good and true stood ready to base their verdict of guilty upon that Scriptural injunction.

"Ay," retorted a stern-looking individual, angrily clinching his hand, "'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' Had it been one of my innocent daughters, gentlemen, the scoundrel would have met the same fate from my hands that the prosecution sought to prove he did from the prisoner's;" and from their nods of approval it was plain to be seen that five of those twelve men good and true found in that Scriptural injunction full justification for bloody reprisal.

And so the day passed, and night came down
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with the jury in the same position; six for conviction, six for acquittal—thus the ballot stood.

"I move," at length said one, as after dinner they all sat silently enjoying the weed—"I move that we decide upon a verdict in novel manner. Upon the side for acquittal we have Dr. Hammond, a successful practitioner and a celebrated *raconteur*; upon the side for conviction, Attorney Choate, a retired jurist, and likewise accomplished in the same direction. Let each relate a story based upon his professional experience, the best upon unanimous approval to decide the verdict."

The motion was favorably received, and notwithstanding the clerical-looking young person's objections was duly seconded and carried.

After a little skirmishing upon the part of the two principals as to which should lead, Dr. Hammond, after a minute's reflection, began:

"What I am about to relate occurred some thirty years ago, in the early days of my practice; and though it may possess a strong air of romance, it is, I assure you, essentially true.

"In the year '63 or thereabouts a man one day entered the wholesale jewelry house of Jacob & Jacobs, Maiden Lane, New York, and represent-

ing himself as a diamond dealer, requested to see some unset gems. A number were placed before him, but after long scrutiny and considerable haggling he turned to depart without making a purchase.

"He had not reached the door before the clerk noted the disappearance of the largest and most valuable diamond of the lot, and at once accused the stranger of stealing it.

"The man appeared dumfounded, and protested in the most earnest manner his innocence.

"Search me," he then said, as they spoke of calling an officer. "Any indignity rather than that."

"His proposition was acted upon, and though they made, in an inner room, a thorough search of his person and clothing, no diamond was found upon him.

"The dealer, under the circumstances, could do no less than permit him to depart; but you can imagine his surprise when, the following day, the man again entered the store and requested to be shown the same lot of diamonds.

"This time, after a brief examination, he purchased a small and inexpensive stone, the clerk in the meantime watching him narrowly. Though no stone was missing, yet the dealer's suspicions were aroused, and immediately upon his departure a clerk was sent out to shadow him.

"Some distance from the store the man was joined by two suspicious-looking characters, and after a brief conversation the three repaired to a saloon near by. The clerk after an interval followed, and seating himself at an adjoining table, saw the three gloating over an object which the man he was shadowing held in his hand.

"Twas the missing diamond, and the thief, with an exultant smile, told of his visit to the store the previous day, the theft, the search, and the return to secure the gem, which had adhered to the bit of wax stuck by him, upon his entrance, under the projecting ledge of the counter.

"Without attracting their attention, apparently, the clerk sipped his beer, and presently arose and left the saloon, returning awhile later with two detectives, only to find his prey had flown.

"This incident, which appeared in the daily papers, was still fresh in my mind when, late one night, as I sat in my office in the little city of Hoboken, two men of rather forbidding aspect entered and requested my services.

"What is the nature of the case?" I inquired, after ascertaining the distance I should have to walk.

"You'll find that out, doctor, when you get there," gruffly replied the elder of the two.

"But," I protested, "I must know something of the case in order to take proper remedies with me."

"They looked at one another with amused glances.

"It ain't no remedies you air to fetch," replied the other; "it's jest your surgical instruments, doctor."

"Ah!" I said, quietly; "a victim of some fracas or other?"

"Again they looked at one another and smiled.

"Naw," impatiently; "tain't no fracas nuther. It's jest simply a——" He stopped as if searching in his mind for the word.

"An ortopsy," prompted his companion; "an ortopsy, doctor, and nothin' else."

"But," I said, suspiciously, "if——"

"There ain't no ifs ner no buts about it," roughly said the elder man; "it's jest go or stay, doctor, whichever you like."

"To a young practitioner like myself it was 'go,' of course," commented the doctor; "for even though the fee should not be forthcoming, the mystery which surrounded the case appealed strongly to my romantic nature.

"It was somewhere near midnight, then, when we set out, the men, for reasons of their own, choosing the darkest and most unfrequented streets of the route, their hats drawn low over their brows, and each maintaining a silence which I vainly endeavored to break.

"Upon the outskirts of the town the watchdogs greeted our approach with loud bayings and noisy clamor, receiving in response from my companions curses low but deep.

"They're enough to wake the dead as well as the livin'," growled one, while the other muttered something about 'nothin' ever wakin' Bill Wilson agin.'

"A tramp of little less than an hour brought us within a short distance of Guttenburg—since noted for its race track—where, in a lonely place, beside a dense strip of wood, we halted.

"You go ahead, Jack," growled the elder; "and if all's clear give our signal and we'll follow."

"From the midst of the wood presently sounded a low whistle; we advanced, and soon I found myself within a low hut, whose damp walls in the intense darkness glowed with a phosphorescent light like the eyes of so many panthers. A horrible stench filled the room, and though I had been accustomed to the dissecting table I gasped and sought to reach the door.

"Hold on, doctor!" cried my companion, favoring Jack with an oath or two for not sooner finding the lantern; and the next instant, by the

light of a match, it was found, lit, and its rays turned about the room.

"There were but few objects within it; a table, a chair, and in one corner a black object whose outlines I but faintly discerned.

"The elder of the two, whom his companion called Tom, withdrew from his inner coat pocket a sheet of letter paper which he placed upon the table.

"Read it!" he said, laconically, motioning me to the chair.

"I am dying," said the document; "I have but a few hours to live. That accursed diamond which I swallowed, fearing capture that day, is killing me. After death cut open my body, Tom, and secure the diamond. I will it to my pals, and not to that jade who—" Here the writing became blurred, baffling all my efforts to decipher.

"Without further words the men turned to that black object in the corner, from under which, as they disturbed it, a huge rat scampered off into the darkness. With a muttered curse they placed it upon the table, and Tom with his penknife ripped open the covering. Out rolled the body, presenting a sickening sight: one open, staring eye, the other rooted out and hanging over the cheek; the nose half eaten, the mouth distorted as though the man had died in intense pain.

"Without hesitation I cut carefully into the abdomen, the men watching my every movement with eager eyes. I opened the stomach—the diamond was not there.

"After a moment's silence, in which the two looked at one another in dismay, Tom brought his hand down heavily upon the brow of the corpse.

"Curse you, Bill Wilson!" he exclaimed; "curse you for a lyin' dog! You played false when livin', you play false when dead. She's got the diamond, after all, Jack—the cunnin' jade!"

"Jack stood eying me in sullen silence.

"Mebbe," he said, in a tone which somewhat accelerated my pulse beats—"mebbe the doctor hasn't looked everywhere he had ort to, Tom!"

"I laughed scornfully.

"Search for yourselves," I retorted, stepping back from the table. "You may have had more experience in such matters than I."

"Tom shook his head.

"No," he said; "ef it ain't in the stomach, Jack, it ain't nowheres else. I knows enough about medicine fer that."

"The men drew apart for a moment, discussing, I understood, the amount of my fee.

"Set your minds at rest upon that point, gen-

tlemen," I interrupted. "Since we failed in securing the gem I exact no fee. Had we found it you would have rewarded me, no doubt, with a handsome one. But," as though struck with a sudden thought, "what shall we do with the body?"

"That 'we' brought me into full fellowship, and before I left they had acted upon my advice and buried it, rolled in its covering of oilcloth, at the bottom of a gulch near by.

"Near midnight of the following day," proceeded the doctor, choosing and lighting a fresh cigar, "I was again on my way to the hut. You see," relishing his hearers' surprise, "as Jack had suggested the previous evening, I had not explored all of Bill Wilson's inner anatomy that I had 'ort to.' In the vermiform appendix, that useless worm-shaped bag just below the entrance of the small intestine into the colon, I felt assured the diamond had lodged, and as I conjectured it would be an easy matter for me to return, dig up the body and secure it, I took good care under the searching eyes of the men not to disturb it.

"The wind howled dismally among the trees as I crossed the threshold of the hut, and you may readily believe that it was not without a 'creepy' feeling, as the children say, that I peered into one of the corners for the spade I sought.

"Hark!

"I stood motionless for a moment, listening to a faint rustling sound without the hut.

"That rat!" I muttered, with a shuddering recollection of his feast the previous evening, and the next instant the lantern was found, lit, and its rays turned about the room. For a moment only, however; the next, with a crash, it had fallen from my hand, and I was again left in darkness.

"That object—that black object upon the table! Was it—could it be—I stood rooted to the spot, overcome with fear and horror.

"Then a thought presented itself which not only restored my courage but awakened my resentment. Who could have forestalled me in digging up the body—for what purpose other than the one I was engaged in? With a firm hand I relit the lantern, and stood the next moment gazing down upon the disfigured face of Bill Wilson. One glance at his enwrapped body reassured me—it was as I had arranged it the previous evening; and not without a smile of triumph I hastily cut into the little worm-shaped bag—abnormally large in this instance—and there lay a gem of such surpassing radiance and color that I uttered an exclamation of admiration and delight.

"That exclamation was echoed by some one behind me, and I turned to confront a woman of

no less marvelous beauty than the diamond which I held lightly between my fingers.

"'Tis mine,' she said, with astonishing coolness—'tis mine.' And before I had fully recovered from my astonishment she had reached forward and taken it from my hand.

"'But, madam,' I protested, determined to regain it, 'you——'

"'Sh!' she whispered. 'They are returning!' and without another word extinguished the light.

"'Who are returning?' I questioned, in some alarm.

"'Jack and——'

"She said no more, for the next instant the dead man's pals had entered the hut, and with muttered curses were groping in the corner for the lantern.

"'A smart doctor that,' jeered Jack, 'not to know about that air—air—vermifuge appendix! Ef we hadn't inquired and found it out ourselves, Tom, that air diamond might a-laid in the dirt till doomsday.'

"'Ef you keep a-standin' there a-talkin',' growled Tom, 'it'll be doomsday afore we git it yet. She'll be comin' along purty soon, and we may as well git the pay from her for raisin' of the body, besides gittin' the diamond, too. Here, give me a match! She little thinks,' with a short laugh, 'how we're on to her racket!'

"'Hark!' whispered Jack. 'What noise was that?'

"'Rats!' retorted the other, striking a match; but the next instant, with an oath, he darted from the hut in close pursuit of a flying figure.

"Jack stood motionless; then, divining something of the situation, he, too, started in the same direction.

"'I don't care whether they catch her or not,' I muttered, 'or who in the end gets the diamond;' and off I went, but you may rest assured in a totally opposite direction.

"Five years later," continued the doctor, after a slight pause, "I met that woman again.

"Like the Dame aux Camélias, she sat in her box at the opera, one flashing gem set, starlike, above her beautiful brows. Her face was pale, her eyes languorous, both marked with a soul-weariness that the divine voice of Italo Campanini even could not remove.

"'Salve dimora, casta e pura,' sang *Faust*, and as my ear drank in those mellow strains my eyes were fixed upon my lady of the diamond.

"Slowly, with her lorgnette, she swept the circle above her; slowly she lowered it, but not before I saw her pallor deepen and the lines about her mouth grow tense and hard. Involuntarily I turned my eyes in the same direction, and the

face I saw there, with its look of hate and scorn, drove all thoughts of the drama upon the stage from my mind.

"'O silenzio!' sang *Marguerite*, and as the entire audience sat enthralled my lady of the diamond arose and quietly left her box.

"The man in the balcony did the same, and from motives of curiosity more than anything else I, too, arose and passed out.

"Near the entrance of the lobby we met, the lady without the slightest show of recognition, glancing at us both.

"'Not so fast, my lady,' sneered the man, placing himself in her path; 'not so fast. And so,' with a bow of mock politeness, 'the widow of Bill Wilson, the noted diamond thief, is now the wife of——' And to my amazement he uttered the name of a man justly crowned with honor and distinction.

"The lady regarded the man with a somewhat puzzled air.

"'Monsieur se trompe,' she said, in excellent French; 'je ne le connais pas.'

"He looked daunted for a moment, then burst into a laugh.

"'Oh,' with a significant look, 'yon can parley-vous as much as you like. Anybody what ever knowed Kitty O'Leary, otherwise Kitty Wilson, otherwise Kitty somebody else, knows she's smart enough to pick up half a dozen lang-widges.'

"She shook her head, smiling coldly.

"'Je ne vous comprends pas,' was the reply, drawing her cloak more closely about her; 'je ne vous comprends pas,' and turned to depart.

"'No, you don't,' said he, angrily; 'no, you don't. I want that air diamond Bill Wilson left to me and Jack.' And before I could interpose he had torn the gem from her brow and was out into the darkness.

"'Tis but a trifle,' she said, in our mother tongue, as I made a motion to pursue him; 'a bauble of little value. Your arm, please, to my carriage.'

"With wonderful composure she walked to the curb, the tremor of her bejeweled hand on my arm alone marking her agitation.

"'Merci, monsieur,' she said, politely; 'merci.' And to this day, gentlemen, notwithstanding the expressive glance with which she favored me, I sometimes doubt if my lady of the diamond really recognized me as her companion that night in the hut.

"Not long after," continued the doctor, casting aside his burnt-out cigar, "I read an account of a double murder in a lonely wood near Hoboken. Two men fought to a finish over a

diamond; one was named Tom O'Leary, a noted crook; the other, his pal Jack, whose name I forget."

A long silence ensued, broken at length by one of the jurymen.

"And the woman?" he queried. "What objections have you, doctor, to giving us the name of that woman?"

"None," after a moment's reflection; "none." And he thereupon uttered a name so well known in the social world that everyone expressed astonishment.

A singular cry turned all eyes in the direction of the young man of sanctimonious aspect.

"It is not—it cannot be true!" he said, gazing with shocked eyes upon the doctor. And then, as though overcome by a sudden recollection, he gasped, "Mother!" and fell in a swoon to the floor.

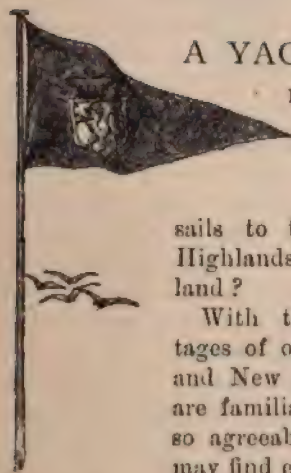
No need of the lawyer's story to decide the verdict. The jury, upon the report of the bailiff to the court of a juror's illness, were dismissed; and with the prisoner's subsequent fate we have nothing to do.



THE "LION ROCK," CUMBRAE.

A YACHTING CRUISE IN SCOTCH WATERS.

BY COMMODORE JOHN MACRAE, BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.



BURGEES OF THE
R. C. Y. C.

ELLO yachtsmen, have you ever been afloat and set your sails to the breeze amidst the Highlands and islands of Scotland?

With the beauty and advantages of our Long Island Sound and New England coasts, which are familiar to every yachtsman, so agreeably in our memory, we may find entertainment by way of contrast by taking a glimpse at the Scotchman in his native waters—particularly the district

of the Clyde and surrounding Western Islands. Probably no country in the world, for its size, has had the inroads of sea make more marked impressions on the landscape than is the case in these rugged mountainous headlands, with the lochs, firths, sounds and kyles, characteristic of the land of the "mountain and the flood." Here nature has arranged the available harbors in such a way, and given the advantages of excellent an-

chorage at almost every point around the coast, that it is no wonder the sport of yachting has become so prominent with the native Scot, as well as his English and Irish visitors, who invade the waters in large numbers each year and add very much to the show of white wings on the summer outings of the northern clubs.

The weather-beaten track usual for a cruise is good enough, and this is what we propose to take, although it could be interlaced in hundreds of ways were sufficient time at the disposal of the party; but we intend to take in the most expeditious and direct course, to enable us to cover the longest distance in the time at our disposal, viz., two weeks.

A glance at the chart will show that a skilled navigator is an indispensable factor for a prolonged trip, and although the amateur has every chance of being able to show his ability at the sport, there is plenty of room for careful nautical display, while the artistic mind must be fastidious indeed who cannot glory in the richness of color, picturesqueness of scenery and historic and legendary interests which present themselves on all

sides. There are no long stretches of low land, and nothing wearisome to the eye, for the breadth of the inland channels never at any time exceeds that of the Long Island Sound opposite Larchmont, while it is in most cases considerably narrower, and at every point heather-capped hills and rocky crags rise and break the sky view, and lend a charm entirely their own.

To the historian the ancient "Scottish chiefs" still preserve an interest by leaving as landmarks the ruined castles and forts studded over the whole coast. As soon as one castle appears in view you are certain to find another on the nearest headland, commanding a good outlook upon its neighbor's domains. These ancient warriors did not trust the chieftain of his neighboring clan further than they could see him. Might was right in those days, and as Rob Roy had it, "They should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." Thus it is that beyond the pleasure one experiences of comparatively smooth-water sailing, even in heavy weather, our ship scuds along the coast line, presenting to view a prospect which never fails to stir up an enthusiastic interest; and to be frank, the information at our disposal we find all too meagre to satisfy us. The mind and senses are kept fully occupied, and while we have not time to put off in fishing and shooting expeditions we can readily form an opinion of what is available at every hand should our tastes lie in this direction.

The cutter is the favorite Scotch type of yacht, as the coasts are suitable to the deep keel boat, which can at all points afford anchorage within a few boat lengths from the shore. It has also the advantage of affording ample headroom, even in a small yacht, without interfering in any way with the deck, as is done by a cabin top, and what is wanting in breadth is made up in height, which to a tall man is always an agreeable *quid pro quo*. It is, therefore, in one of these typical yachts that you are invited to accompany our party, which will take in short order the principal points of interest as we proceed.

From Glasgow an hour's railroad journey along the busy shores of shipping interest of the River Clyde brings us to Greenock, the port of Glasgow. We find our white-winged cutter *R*—, with mainsail and topsail set, awaiting our coming, and the gig at the landing stage ready to take us aboard. The captain gives us a hearty welcome as we hand up our Saratogas, and he seems to share with ourselves the feeling of pleasure at the prospective cruise. Anchor is up, and he gives order to "haul in the lee sheets"; so we are under way.

"The Tail of the Bank," as this part of the

Clyde is called, reminds one very much of the anchorage of New York harbor opposite the Statue of Liberty, and amongst the vessels riding there are the guardship *H. M. S. Ajax*, and *H. M. gunboat Forester*. The officers of both vessels are on the lookout for us, as they were aware of our proposed trip, and on rounding the war ships they shout their wishes for a *bon voyage* as we come alongside their quarterdecks. A peculiar coincidence may here be noted, and as afterward will appear: these vessels were both ordered to the Hebrides within a few days of our start, and we were lucky enough to have the pleasure of their company on two occasions later on. With a light northwest wind we are able to lay our course for the Royal Clyde Yacht Clubhouse, facing us, on the point of the Holy Loch, and stretched out on our starboard are *Lochs Gare* and *Long*. They are arms of the Firth of Clyde, and are much appreciated and frequented by the resident population of the busy western metropolis of Scotland, being within two hours' journey by rail and boat from the city. One of our company for the cruise awaits us at the Royal Clyde Club, and without coming to anchor we put off to meet him, and say ta-ta (with the usual accompaniment) to the members who are around at the time. We then make straight for our proposed anchorage for the night, which was Fairlie, and with the northwest wind still holding true it is a straight run there, although the tide has by this time set in against us.

Both sides of the firth, as we view it from the middle of the channel, display the pretty seacoast towns full of summer visitors, with the typical Clyde steamboats darting here and there across the waters and landing their living freight at the different piers, while a fair sprinkling of yachts can be seen under way, although most of them are lying at their anchorage opposite the club. The towns we pass are *Kirn*, *Dunoon* and *Inellan* on the west, and *Ashton*, *Innerkip* and *Wemyss Bay* on the east. We were just near enough to the *Inellan* shore to have a view, through our glasses, of the damage done by a stray shot from one of the 16-inch guns of *H. M. S. Ajax* during target practice. This occurred a few days previously, and the carelessness of one of the gunners narrowly escaped causing the death of an entire school of children, the projectile having landed within twenty feet of the schoolhouse door, and instead of plunging into the building straight ahead took a northerly direction and plowed up the earth and demolished an unoccupied house and stone wall near by. The hole in the ground was clearly visible, and afforded us much discussion, as the accident was

one of the principal topics of conversation on the Clyde during the week.

Our course now lies directly to the north of the Island of Cumbrae, and passing the bell buoy, we take the east channel, toward Largs, on the east, and the curious formation of the Cumbrae Island, known as Lion Rock, on the west, reaching our anchorage well before sundown. This Lion Rock, a sketch of which is given, is well worthy of a closer inspection, so nearly does it resemble a crouching king of the desert; and alongside it is a perpendicular natural rock about 30 feet high

pany, and the evening is quickly spent with yachting yarns, and some of the builder's quaintest stories, accompanied with — cold Scotch. Mark you, our craft has been a racer, and has an honorable record as a "cup hunter," having captured a basketful during the half-dozen years in which she upheld the reputation of the Fife design. It is not surprising, therefore, that the old gentleman had a warm regard for her, and he was known to characterize her as "the apple o' ma ee." The evening closed fine, and our prospects seem to be of the best.



VISITORS.

and about 150 feet long, as if cut out with a saw, and known to the native as the "Deil's Dike."

Anchor is dropped, and we proceed to discuss dinner and our prospects for the morrow, when we are joined by "Old Wull," the familiar cognomen by which the elder Mr. Fife, the venerable yacht builder, is known to his friends. In this little village have the Fifes for three generations turned out some of the greatest racing and cruising yachts of the age, and they still hold their reputation, which is now world-wide; for have we not in America such boats as the *Clara*, the *Minerva* and others of theirs? Mr. Fife, as all good yachtsmen should be, is the best of com-

Having made up our minds to get to our further point as quickly as possible, and return by a more circuitous route, we decided to take the short passage of the Crinan Canal, a picturesque little seaway across the Isthmus of Kintyre, and connected by a matter of sixteen locks.

Morning found us beating across the Fairlie Sound, through the channel dividing the Larger and Lesser Cumbrae, crossing the Firth of Clyde to the Garroch Head, on the Island of Bute, and steering a northwest course through the famous Loch Fyne, as we leave the peaks of Arran on our port quarter. The loch is studded over with fishing smacks, queer-looking, with their



DUART CASTLE, SOUND OF MULL.

rakish masts and bright varnished hulls; and here a change comes over the prospects of the shore line, as, instead of the bright modern summer residences of the Clyde, we get the fishing villages and crofters' quarters of the Argyllshire Highlanders. These are not so easily discerned, as they are thatched and partake more of the coloring of the hillsides by which they are surrounded, and sometimes all that is discernible of a village is the blue curling smoke of the peat fires to be seen against the heather-covered backgrounds. The wind westers somewhat, and we are able to make fair way, with a long leg and a short one, up Loch Fyne, passing the important

fishing town of Tarbert, its harbor crowded with a fleet, and displaying a forest of masts from the outside of the bay, while its ruined castle also stands up prominently, and makes an effective picture. At this point the R. M. S. *Lord of the Isles* overtakes us on its way to the head of the loch, thirty miles distant, and with her crowded decks she has all the appearances of being well named; while the stately *Columba* follows close behind her for her destination connecting with the canal and all the western points. She is destined to get there long before us, as the noonday sun takes possession of the breeze, and we are left with hardly steering way; but later a more favorable

condition prevails, and we arrive at Ardrishaig about 3 P. M., in time to get right into the entrance of the canal lock No. 1 and make fast to the basin, ready to resume our cruise the following morning. One of the standing rules was that our party should land at every port where the anchor was dropped, partly to inspect the place, the natives, and the visitors at the hotels, amongst whom we often found acquaintances; or failing that, make up new ones, particularly where good-looking young ladies were in the company. Ar-



DUNOLLY CASTLE, OBAN.



VIEW FROM ANCHORAGE AT FIFE'S—ARRAN IN THE DISTANCE.

drishaig proves very hospitable, and quite to our liking in this respect, besides giving us the first sight of the Highland Scotch, a brawny fellow, whose kind are engaged here almost entirely in fishing, curing and crofting.

The passage of the canal, which took most of next day, might be supposed to be a tiresome part of the programme, but we did not find it so, as with the aid of a good-natured pony the six miles of towing had enough of incident to be agreeably novel. The course was through a ridge of small mountains with scattered hamlets as it bends out at the western point to one of the finest panoramas that can be imagined—the low-lying hills surrounding West Loch Tarbert, and the woodlands and crags which comprise the Estate of Poltalloch, owned by the late Colonel

Malcolm, M. P. for Argyllshire, will never be forgotten—and we settled down in the last lock of the course to await the sunset, which we promised ourselves, as our first experience of Western Highland illumination, would be a good one from all appearances. We were not disappointed; the afternoon rays began to show signs of maturing for the evening display, and every formation of cloud and every tint of land and sea joined in the blending glories of the fading day, until at last “Old Sol” came gradually lower, till he seemed to be soaring over the Island of Scarba, and finally settling in his course, went to rest upon the historic Paps of Jura in all the effulgent richness that nature’s supreme colorist can so well combine. Dazzling effect! Inimitable composition! And the two pinnacles of



INVERLOCHY CASTLE, AND BEN NEVIS.

Jura, rising out of the sea, seemed to assume their softest and rosiest hues as fitting emblems of repose for the Majesty of the sky as he disappears from view.

We who had read the Scotch authors who have given to the world their descriptions of these western sunsets realized how much the reality is superior to the picture, and that such scenes beggar description by any novelist, poet or painter. This was, however, to be but the first of several such scenes which we were fortunate enough to catch on our all too short cruise; yet the first will never efface its imprint from our minds.

But to resume the cruise. The fair waters that danced in the revelry the night before were early to bear us, with our white-winged cutter, out of the channel to our fourth day's sail, waving adieux to the little maid of the inn whose winning smiles had added a flavor to the beverages she had served us with on the evening before. She had now come to see us off. She stood on the hilltop overlooking the last lock, waving her kerchief as we were busy making sail. We were soon out into the flood tide of the sound. Scarba and Jura are before us, and between them is the narrow gorge known as the Gulf of Corrievrechan, recalling to mind the sailor's rhyme:

"As you pass through Jura's Sound
Bend your course by Scarba's shores;
Shun, oh, shun the gulf profound
Where Corrievrechan's surges roar!"

And roar indeed it did, as the wind from the northwest by north sent the sound directly in our direction. The cause of commotion is the peculiar formation of the channel, which has a fall of thirty feet, over which the tide always runs in one direction through to the westward. We had the tide swirling in all ways, and taxing our ingenuity to keep steerage way on, as the morning air was light. Above and about us were large flocks of sea gulls, screeching and skylarking, evidently waiting for breakfast, as they kept very close to the ship. We could not quite discover whether it was a sort of Highland welcome or intended to remind the Yankee abroad of the screech of the American bird; but we had enough amusement anyway at the *basso-profundo* croak of the old gulls and the high-tenor *falsestto* notes of the youngsters—all had a hack at it, and all on different keys.

The swirling tide soon was left to make its way to Corrievrechan if it chose; we had stemmed it and were making good headway up the Sound of Jura, between the mainland and the Island of Pladda, with its lighthouse direct to

the north of Jura. Breakfast now comes, after Archie has sounded his bell; in fact, eight bells they were, so that you can see we put in a good morning's work, it being just eight o'clock, while we started at five. Noon found us on the same tack, abreast of Easdale, with a blazing sun and little wind, which toward the afternoon freshened, and as Kerrera was neared we got quite a stiff breeze, which sent us up the sound of that name in brilliant form. Here an accident occurred which might have proved disastrous, for in passing the eastern buoy marking the sunken rock in the channel we ran on the edge of the rock and gave three heavy thuds before the craft settled firmly with a list to starboard. This event seemed entirely inexcusable if it were not for the fact that we were fully thirty feet on the right side of the buoy; but, as events afterward proved, the buoy had shifted in some manner not explained to us, though we were the first to discover it. No damage was done, however, as we were gently towed off by the *Lady Torfrida*, the magnificent steam yacht then owned by Sir William Pierce, Bart., who was almost alongside of us when the accident occurred. We had no damage done, and proceeded to the Bay of Oban, where we anchored in good time for our six-o'clock dinner.

Oban is the capital of the Highlands, and its bay one of the prettiest of anchorages. It is only within a few years that the railroad has been connected to this town from the south, and many say that it has spoiled its rural and natural beauties; but there is enough sufficiently rustic left in the surroundings, except perhaps to suit the tastes of a Scotch crank, such as the venerable Professor Blackie or the novelist William Black, who both live here during the summer, and who, with a teetotal knight (Sir William Collins), would like to have the whole place to themselves. The hotels here are large and handsomely appointed, and decorated in the Highland fashion with trophies of bygone days, of the battle, the chase, etc., etc. After doing a round of the hotels, including the Great Western and Alexandria, we captured a few choice spirits, whom we took possession of at a later hour, and marched them to our gig and aboard in approved man-of-war press-gang fashion. They are, however, easily reconciled to their captivity, and the evening is passed before we care to think of it. For want of better employment and to conform to the rule of our ship's general orders the visitors had to enter their names in the log, and do something on its pages, in whatever manner they were capable of, to add to its interest. The following few lines are given, as we consider them singularly happy, by our young friend the poet,

who dashed them off while we were keeping up a noisy clattering, intermingled with smoke and toddy, which could not have added to his composure. They were as follows :

"THE MAJOR'S VEST.

"Here in the bay, where the long lines of light
Shine out from Oban, what is there to write?
The sunset glories faded, and the night
Vacant of sparkling stars or planets bright,
And all the west grown dim beyond the sea,
What now remains of poet theme for me?
I well might write on this fair album's page
Of love—the comfort of our youth and age;
But love! so often have we touched that string.
No, not to-night of gracious love I sing;
Though here our hearts may surely heave a sigh
For those we love—so far and yet so nigh!
A theme! A theme! Lo! there is H——'s vest,
Snowy in whiteness as the billow's crest,
MacK——'s envy and the skipper's jest,
Fair waistcoat! fit indeed for princely breast.
If you have not been there, then straightway go,
Look on Mont Blanc and view its spotless snow,
And think in very truth that then you know
The purity the major's vest can show.
I will not whisper of the heart that beats
Beneath it, scorning all lovers' sweets,
Counting itself as free as sea or air,
Rich in its vest, content beyond compare. J. S."

So you see it is not a bad thing to be careful, in our solicitude for the log, and have visitors register under pains and penalties; while those who sketched have added many a pleasant trifle, which is now a source of much pleasure in looking back on our records. In fact, the sketches which accompany this paper are taken entirely from our log, amongst many others which now form its collection.

The following day was one of those typical wet, sticky and oppressive ones so characteristic in all seasons of the year in this climate; but, true to our resolve to weigh anchor each day, we took a short sail to Loch Linnhe, as far as Fort William, which is the entrance to the Caledonian Canal, the waterway dividing Scotland into two parts, and composed mostly of a series of lakes, with locks connecting. Here we inspected Inverlochy Castle, at the base of Ben Nevis, the largest mountain in Scotland, which is snow-capped all the year round, and where an observatory is stationed. We did not make the ascent, however, and returned to our vessel, still in a very wet condition, although enveloped in our sou-westers. We did not fare so badly, as we are able to return to the anchorage at Oban by the evening. This has been our first rainy day, and while the scenery of Lochaber district, including Appin, Loch Leven and Ballachulish, was not seen at its best, we voted the day quite a success.

Morning broke in the same hazy, soft atmosphere, and it being Sunday, we had breakfast somewhat later than usual, and decided to remain at the anchorage until ten or eleven o'clock at any rate. In the harbor was the French man-of-war *Mouette*, and on the quiet of this Scotch Sunday morning the "unco guid" were to be shocked by the exhibition on board of that "parlez-vous," which, while highly entertaining to some of the visitors, was a serious want of consideration and an inroad on the customs of the country folks. The officers of the war ship seemed to have handed over the vessel to the force of misrule, although it must have been highly enjoyable to the participants; and from stem to stern the boat seemed full of fancy-dressed figures, and music with little harmony but lots of noise predominated; while the figures seemed to break out at every part of the ship by a species of massing on the part of the crew which was more like the tactics attributed to the strike at Evansville during the late trouble. Every available instrument of music seemed also to be in demand, and they evidently endeavored to equip the various participants appropriately according to rank, as we noticed the cooks to have a predominance of tin cans and fancy kettle whistles, etc. The whole scene had the brand of novelty, and was kept up until we finally hauled ourselves away at 10:45, when clearing weather seemed to be more probable.

We had a southeast wind, which was favorable for our trip across the bay, and the Sound of Mull was still enveloped in a heavy mist; but as we neared the island we could clearly see the outline of that gloomy seat of the ancient Macleans, Duart Castle, with the lighthouse and the cage beacon on the shoal opposite, about one-quarter of a mile off. It is related that this cage buoy, which has a peculiar, weird and dismal appearance as we pass it with the swirling of the tide, at one time was the factor in an attempted tragedy, happily frustrated in the nick of time.

The Maclean chieftain, as the story goes, became tired of his spouse, who was a daughter of the chief of the Macleods, and determined to get rid of her in a manner which would be subject to an explanation on his part of a drowning accident. His plan was carried out by taking her in a rowboat at low tide to this cage buoy, tying her to the lowest part of the ironwork, calculating that the rising flood would do the rest. Fortunately her cries were heard by her brothers on the opposite shore on the mainland, and her rescue was effected under cover of nightfall, unknown to the Maclean. The chieftain now proceeded to proclaim to the clansmen that his wife had been drowned; and awaiting developments,

the Macleod chiefs affected to believe it until they had concocted a plan of revenge. Maclean was asked to go across to visit his mourning mother-in-law, and while there he was confronted

our well-known craft coming south, notably the schooner *Amadine*, then the property of Lord Provost Bell. On we go, without taking much more observances in the dull weather, except hail-

ing the mail steamers from Glasgow as they pass us, until we reach Tobermory, the largest town in Mull, and anchor for the night amongst several yachts which have arrived before us, along with our friend the *Forester*, which had been dispatched by the government to inspect the Naval Re-



H. M. S. "AJAX" ENTERING TOBERMORY HARBOR, MULL.



ARDTORNISH CASTLE ("LORD OF THE ISLES").

in the banquet room by his wife in person, who staid to witness the terrible punishment inflicted upon her husband by her infuriated brothers as they ran him through with their dirks. It is said that Duart Castle contains more dungeons, some of them cut out of the rock, than any other chieftain's seat in Scotland.

We next come in view, on the mainland shore, of the famous Castle of Ardtornish, which is rendered interesting on account of its being the scene of Sir Walter Scott's story of the "Lord of the Isles." It is just over the way from Duart, and here we met some of



RHUIDA MHAIL LIGHT—PAPS OF JURA FROM THE WEST.

serve, and the crofters of the islands of Tiree and Coll, belonging to the Duke of Argyll. The lieutenant commander gave us no end of a welcome, which we did our best to return.

To break our rule of sailing every day we



STAFFA, SHOWING FINGAL'S CAVE.

couldn't. But next morning, with absolutely no wind, we found it hard work to try to face the rounding of Ardnamurchan Point, and although we made a start, we gave it up as a forlorn hope of getting out into the Atlantic, and so back to Tobermory and the *Forester*, whose officers had predicted our return, and dipped us a salute as we came alongside of them once more. Later in the afternoon we were astonished to behold the *Ajax* coming in the harbor from the Atlantic side, and of course this added fresh interest, and made our evening arrangements more elaborate than the previous night.

The Spanish Armada is said to be still represented in this harbor by the remains of their ship *Florida*, which is lying imbedded near the shore, and from whose hull several guns have been recovered; which interesting fact, along with a number of others, we learned from our frequent conversations with the natives. Here we interested the native youngsters by instituting foot races, and they tried their mettle for small prizes, which were the source of much amusement to our naval friends and other visitors, who turned out in great force to watch the events. For a final promenade in the evening we were accompanied by a fuller detachment of the wardroom officers, and Highland Mary was instructed in the special brewing of the "deoch an durrish" for the party, which took so well that the village was in slumbers before the sea dogs made for their ships in high spirits; the which in a more southerly clime might not be good form if the same gentlemen were wearing her majesty's uniform.

The following morning found us up and ready early, and of all the stunning breakfasts we have had since our cruise began this morning's is the best. Right from the stream on that morning came the daintiest basket of salmon trout one ever clapped eyes on. The before-mentioned Mary of

the "Royal" planned a surprise, and sent one of the "gil-lies" fishing before daybreak, so as to have them ready in time before our start. We wish to record our gratitude. At 9 A. M. we weigh anchor, and in a light south-west wind pass Quinish Point

—weather foggy—and for two hours we are out of sight of land, speculating, on account of the strength of the tide, as to our course, until we reach Treshnish Point, and bear away on the Atlantic, with clearer weather obtaining a magnificent view of the islands of Muck, Eig, Rum, Canna, and the Cuchullin Hills of Skye right ahead. As the day wears on the islands of Eig and Rum are passed to port, the former with its perpendicular basalities and the latter its dark-



LOCH CORUISEK, SKYE.

green slopes, until we pass Armadale Bay and make for Isle Oransa anchorage, which we reach after dark, but feel comfortable in making the little bay, as it had piped up to be blowy and rainy, so that we had to make our first acquaintance with the Highlanders of Skye and their crude civilization in rather uninviting weather.

Haze again takes possession of the morning of our next day; but a brighter forenoon is experienced as we make up the sound and pass Loch Houra, Glenelg, and through Kyle Rhea, against a tide which cut all kinds of capers, and almost keeping us at a dead standstill for minutes at a time, although we had a good breeze in our favor. We successfully did the passage, and found on the north shore, near Loch Alsh, the hulls of three vessels of considerable dimensions, which had been driven ashore and wrecked by these currents. We did not stop at Balmacarra Port, at the entrance of Loch Alsh, although one of our party claims his ancestry from this wild and barren settlement of the clan, as referred to in Dr. Johnson's "Tour of the Hebrides."

We are anxious to make the passage of the second narrow, namely, Kyle Akin, before sundown, but the wind moderated, and in company with the yawl *Seaweed*, of Cloves, and the *Lenore*, of the Clyde, two yachts which had been keeping us company during the past three days, we make a bold effort to follow as a good windward third. *Seaweed* sails pretty close to the Skye shore, until at the lighthouse she is caught by the forefoot and made to describe a semicircle as neatly and unceremoniously as one could chalk it on a blackboard, while the *Lenore* followed suit almost as if she were being towed around in double-quick time. We had little chance left after their experience, but we tried it only to share their fate, and repeated it three times with no better result, so all three came to anchor off the south shore to await next morning's tide. The village here was quite interesting, and our landing fully repaid for the lack of success in beating the tide. Accustomed as the villagers are to entertain under similar circumstances, we fared well, and did not regret our involuntary blockade. A favorable tide in the early morning enables us to get first away for Portree, and our course is to the west of the Island of Pabba—pretty, verdant and low-lying, of much interest, it is said, to the geologist; and as we entered the Sound of Raasay, the islands of Longa and Scalpa are to our east, as we tack against the northwest wind, passing several fine country seats, notably Raasay House, belonging to the Macleods.

The day's run was a tedious one, without much of interest, although, in strange waters and sur-

roundings as we are, there is entertainment at every turn. We reached Portree harbor about eight, and as was our wont the evening was spent making the most of the capital of the Island of Skye, which is a bustling place, and whose name means "king's port," on account of King James V. having landed here. It was also one of the places where Prince Charles hid when he escaped with Flora Macdonald, disguised as her maid Betty Burke and dressed in petticoats.

It is not, however, so bad to tell about being becalmed, or write about it, as to be fairly in the doldrums on a wet day with a lumpy sea, which was our experience as we left the capital of Skye. If anything would induce that feeling of weariness so easily acquired in the ordinary walks of life it is just such a day, and nothing but our good-fellowship, and some excellent long cut administered in our friendly "brier roots," saved the morning from absolute dullness. These wet mornings usually come to stay, and we must consider ourselves fortunate in finding the appearance of the silver-lined clouds which betoken an early improvement to sunshine. We are now on our longest trip, and probably the most interesting run, as we steer our course to the most northerly point of Skye, meaning to round it and return through the Minch, back to Loch Seavaig, where we can make the ascent of Coruisk. Slight flams of air now commence to help us along, and we begin to have good cheer as we hail the "Old Man of Storr," a giant rock of twenty-five hundred feet in height, and admire it at a respectful distance; but we should have liked to see it at closer quarters, as we are told that the perpendicular pinnacles and precipices four hundred and five hundred feet high are a source of much curiosity at short range. All the afternoon is taken up with the passage of the Point of Aird; and here we have a repetition of our experience of the Jura sunset, almost as vivid, with the sun actually sinking in the sea over the billows of the Atlantic. As we are now heading we expect to make our southerly course, passing the Bay of Uig and setting our bow south by southwest. The night is dark, but with our side lights bright, and with a perfectly clear course, without the chance of meeting any vessels to speak of, we retire to our bunks about midnight, and appreciate the sensation of being on our stanch craft and rocked in the cradle of the deep Atlantic. Our early morning survey proved satisfactory, as we promenaded the deck in the moist morning dew with only our pyjamas on; but the air here is balmy, and one never feels cold. We are making a splendid headway with the wind abeam.

As breakfast was being cooked the boys started

in to box the compass, thinking that they might be able to trip up some of the crew who were not thoroughly posted; and we had much amusement in the experiment, as the poor compass could testify if it were capable of taking notes. These half and quarter points spoil a fellow who is rusty as much as working a passage or calculating leeway and logarithms. Never was a truer course sailed, however, for we dropped anchor for the night in Loch Scavaig within twenty-five minutes of the united guesses made in the morning, which resulted in the sweepstakes being won by the major, who was only ten minutes out of the time when the anchor touched bottom. The experience of the day was very pleasing, as our small craft dipped and struggled over those western snorters, while we distinguished the different points of the land as we steered past Lochs Snizort, Follart and Braacadale, until the islands of Canna and Sanda are reached and we arrive at Loch Scavaig. Arrangements for the morning ascent was the order of the evening's business, and dinner was hurried through so as to leave no reasonable excuse for not reaching famous Loch Coruisk somehow next day. Tourists in this quarter are rare, coming as we did from the seaward, as most of the traffic comes over land from Portree and elsewhere, so that we had some little difficulty in arranging a bargain; but we left our Scotch friend to do it, and he succeeded in securing a trap for the morning, which made climbing easier. Fog again enveloped the Cuchullin Hills as we were about to start, but nothing daunted, we rapidly squared away, and were soon in the thick of the mist, as our pair of mountain ponies did their work in ascending the rough road through the passes leading to the famous loch. Our experience in doing this crawl was becoming monotonous, when we contemplated our journey being in vain were the loch itself to be enveloped as were the mountain passes; but we were doomed to disappointment when we arrived at the nearest point, and our guide suggested that we might as well breakfast and await results. This we did in the usual picnic fashion, about 9:30 A.M., and for the next two hours we had to amuse ourselves as best we could, without being able to see more than a couple of hundred yards around us; and we decided to start for our descent after luncheon at two o'clock whether any improvement in the condition of the mist took place or not. It did clear, however, just enough to disclose some of the barren wilderness of rock and heath which go to make up this wonderful piece of Highland scenery, which would require the gift of an abler writer to do any justice to it. It was indeed solemnly grand in weirdness and

blackness, with the mist forming a winding sheet as it moved in clouds across the peaks. Our return was characterized with the same jostling sensation as the ascent, only worse; but we were not altogether disappointed, and some of the most enthusiastic of us even suggested waiting to see the sun rise. I believe his proposition would have been accepted had we thought there was any chance of clearing weather. Of course there was no hope of seeing any sunset.

When we reached our yacht we held a council of war with the captain, and decided on another all night's sail, so as to make up for the lost day in ascending the Cuchullins; but it is destined to be rather flat sport, from want of wind; still morning saw us well south off the Scaur of Eig, with the lower part of that island rock entirely hidden by the fog, and only the top of the peaks visible right above our sails. It was rather a singular phenomenon, and disclosed the fact that we were, if anything, rather close to shore. Making a straight course for Ardnamurchan, we have Coll and Tiree to the westward, until noonday sees us bearing down the west coast of Mull for more castles, headlands and green plateaux, until we come to the most wonderful of all isles, that of Staffa. We got into the gig and rowed to the landing at the little cove, with only room enough to get the bow jammed between the pinnacled rocks. These symmetrical columns, forming a series of natural pillars, are the surprise and wonder of all who are fortunate enough to inspect them, and we find in our very pathway a passage formed of the tops of these round and perfectly chiseled stones, set more regularly than if a pile driver had done the work. This is how a writer describes the island:

"Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise."

We proceed on our way, well pleased with our hasty call at the pillared island, leaving the "Dutchman's Cap" to the west, to Loch Loig, and anchor off the town of Bunnessan, which we reach before it is too late in the evening. Although dark, we are able to discern our old friend the *Forester* once more, she having altered her anchorage to this bay as a change from Tobermory. These excursions of the war ships are not at all appreciated by their officers, who are sent to these out-of-the-way places where there is no social intercourse, except when the laird or some other bigwig in the vicinity is about, and then they get regular Highland hospitality, which, it goes without saying, is good enough for a king.



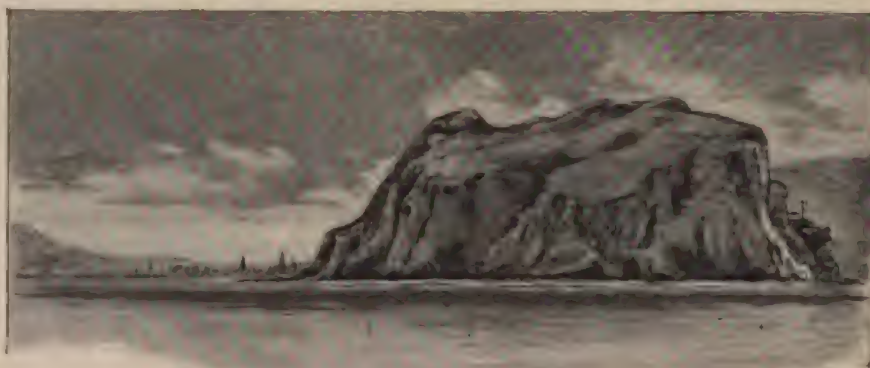
IONA CATHEDRAL.

The Island of Tiree has often been the cause of much trouble, despite the fact that it is owned by the Duke of Argyll, for by his decree it is absolutely teetotal so far as rum shops being prohibited, and even hotel licenses are barred; the natives, however, can get all they want at the port of Coll for the southern steamers, and a roaring trade is carried on, as the crofters carry away their demijohns to all parts of the island. The anchorage at Bunnessan is very convenient in several ways, and next day we have a drive across the country to the Straits of Iona, where we are ferried across to the cathedral island of that name. The artist of our party takes up his entire time in making sketches of the various parts of the ruined cathedral, and the others do not fail to utilize their time in making the acquaintance of the colony of visitors, who occupy nearly all the available cottages in the district, amongst whom on this occasion was Lady Colin Campbell. The wonderful greens and purples on the shining water which stretches across between Iona and Mull are amazing as the sun flashes bring out its best tones. We have not seen anything to equal it in western waters. Retracing our steps, we find our carriage waiting at the ferry to take us to the yacht once more, and after securing some stores we are ready for the morning's renewal of our cruise.

The gunboat keeps us company as we weigh anchor in the morning, although we part company at the northern end of Iona, we going south and they north. Our course is now south-east until the Island of Colonsay is reached, when we take a southerly course for the Sound of Islay, and its beauties are as rare as any we have yet seen. We pass the Rhuda Mhail

Lighthouse, as the Paps again loom up, this time as we approach them from the west. We have a beat here until we reach Port Askaig, and anchor for want of wind to carry us farther down the sound. It is a quiet night, and we land to view the distillery on the shore, which is quite a famous one, and we have the privilege of sampling some of their oldest stock, purposely kept for the few visitors who get to this out-of-the-way region. It is peculiar to notice the effect of the pent fires used in distilling, as well as for nearly all purposes in the Highlands, and everything partakes of its aroma and flavor, which is not at all distasteful. It is probably as much marked in the production of whisky as in anything.

The morning is quiet and fair, and we are again under way, with a wind—what little there is of it—from the west. We soon arrive at Ardmere Head, where Gigha Island soon bears in sight, and as the day wears on the wind favors us, and increases along the Kintyre coast, until the afternoon finds us off Macrahanish Bay, which is



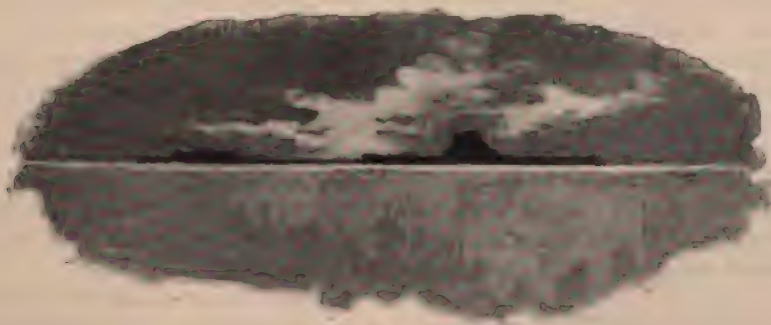
DAVAAR—CAMPBELLTON IN THE DISTANCE.

second only to St. Andrews as a golfing station. We can see the links from the water as we make our way, with Ireland and the Rathlin Island in sight on the starboard bow. Here the wind dies off in very quick time, and our sails flap now to port and then to starboard, with a chorus of sheets and blocks keeping time to the racket, which does not improve our expectations as we near the Sound of Mull, the most dangerous part of the whole coast for winds and tide. We have had too good luck, however, all the trip to feel any misgiving now, and we drift along very slowly, but rather too close to the high promontories which form the headland of the Mull, just keeping headway and slowly getting into the swing of the tide which will carry us around. We are all night getting through, however, and early morning found us off Sheep Island, with still no wind, and the tide sending us back. An hour later, however, we got a favorable puff, and were able to pass between the islands and the mainland and the creek where Mr. N. B. Stuart's stately yacht *May*, now belonging to Commodore Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, lay at anchor in front of the magnificent mansion built in this secluded spot. We land a little further on, and get some fresh milk and eggs from one of the farmers in the vicinity, as the wind had again left us; but we are able to make a little headway and go on our course to the Pladda Lighthouse, passing as we do Ailsa Craig, or more familiarly known as "Paddy's Milestone," a rock in the centre of the firth, about midway between the Clyde and Ireland, which is only inhabited by the lighthouse keeper and wild goats, besides the myriads of gulls which make it their castle. To the west we pass the town of Campbellton, with the Island of Davaar in front of it, and our east-by-northeast course is here altered to north, quarter

east, so as to take the west side of Arran on our return, which we accomplish, and rounding by the way of the Garroch Head, we make for Rothesay, the headquarters of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, reaching it at 9 P.M. The wind at this time had freshened to half a gale, and it was not by any means pleasant at the anchorage, where the back wash from the steamboat piers created a nasty jumble. The supper at the clubhouse and the surroundings made up for any inconveniences, and the thoughts awakened by our accomplishing the cruise of the Western Highlands in the prescribed time were very agreeable subjects of conversation, our friends being most persistent in calling for the story of our adventures, and comparing notes of their own experience.

So ended one of the happiest of Highland cruises, as the conditions, even without taking into account the make-up of our party, were entirely agreeable throughout, while we were able to appreciate the picturesqueness and legendary character of the places visited, as appealing to the instincts of the smaller coterie that made up our crew, in which were blended the artistic, poetical, military and naval interests: in fact, we might add culinary, as our *chef* was voted fit for Delmonico's, although our rations were necessarily of a plain, though wholesome, variety. We had a few parting "deoch an durrish" during the evening, and counted ourselves lucky in being able, each in his own little way, to contribute to the success of the cruise in the *R*—. Our poet had his last say, by way of compliment to the captain, and this is how he puts it in the log:

"On the wild seas, when heavy storms prevail,
His studied skill can baffle every gale;
In wisdom ever for the event prepares,
Copes with the tempest, and its danger shares."



DUTCHMAN'S CAP.

THE STORY OF A NAIL.

BY CHARLES V. CUSACHS.

I.

I WAS on my way to Malaga, and the train was crowded. The only vacant seat in the coach was beside me, and I was in constant fear lest some unpleasant fellow traveler might choose to appropriate it. There were several such already quite close enough; among others, an old woman with asthma; a smoker of bad tobacco; little angels who incessantly cried, and one very respectable matron occupying about a seat and a half. While I sat thus musing over the chances of occupancy beside me the first stop was made, and uncertainty was set at rest when the door opened to admit a new passenger. A lady, young, elegant and beautiful, dressed in black, and alone, stepped into the coach. Like many men, I entertained my ideal of perfect womanly beauty—one of those vague ideals in whose existence one hardly believes, but sets up in the realm of the ideal more as a standard by which to measure those of the sex with whom we actually come in contact than with any hope of ultimate realization. But I had found mine. My cold fancy picture seemed like Galatea changed to flesh and blood. She seated herself at my side, and at that moment I ardently wished that the short fifty miles we had to travel together might lengthen indefinitely. When my neighbor had had time to perceive I was not likely to prove disagreeable company I dared venture usual remarks to establish a sort of traveling acquaintanceship.

"You are on your way to Malaga, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"From Granada?"

"No, sir."

"The night is very damp?"

"Very."

Evidently she was not inclined to converse, so I relapsed into silence and reflection. The train on which we rode was the night, or rather early morning, accommodation, and the dawn had begun to break before my meditations terminated. The appearance of the light seemed to bring new spirit to my friend, color to her cheeks and light to her eyes. My efforts to form an acquaintance a little while ago were forgotten, or at least just recognized.

"It will be a beautiful day!" she exclaimed.
"What lovely scenery!"

My replies were more extensive than hers had been, so that ere breakfast time we were chatting quite familiarly. We reached Malaga. Now, at I, my companion will reveal herself. But

I reckoned without my host, for when I gave her my address in Malaga, she said, earnestly:

"I give you many thanks for your kindness to me on this journey, and I beg you will not think me ungrateful if I do not disclose my name."

"But shall we not meet again?"

"Never! And do not regret it. Good-by."

And with a parting clasp of the hand she stepped into the carriage which awaited her, and was driven away through the Puerta del Mar. And yet I did see her again, and within six months.

II.

TWO O'CLOCK on the evening of November 1st in this same year found me *en route* to Salto, an important town in the province of Cordova. My object was to pay a long-promised visit to an old classmate of mine, then judge of the criminal court at that place. The judge, Juan Giro, met me at the train, and we went at once to his house, a dwelling of some pretensions. I admired it, and offered congratulations upon his evident prosperity.

"What order and taste you have shown everywhere, Juan, in fitting it up! But then—how foolish of me!—you are married, of course?"

"No," he answered; "not married, nor likely to be."

"That you are not," I answered, "it may be, else why had you not written me of it? But that you will not before long I cannot accept so readily."

He seemed peculiarly disturbed, I thought, by this trivial remark of mine. It was with much seriousness that he answered me.

"Tis true enough, however—you have my word for it—I shall never marry."

"If I have jested with you on a tender subject, Juan, it was unintentional. I ask pardon."

"You shall hear my story, my dear fellow. I have indeed passed through an unhappy time since we met, and been extremely miserable. But I must not burden you so soon after our reunion with a long history of my troubles. Later will be time enough."

I heard no more until a day or so afterward, when one morning Juan said at breakfast:

"To-day is a sort of holiday. All the people of Salto must visit the cemetery, as the custom is, and it will not do for me to remain away. If you care to go along I think you will enjoy it. We pass bits of very pretty scenery quite suited to

your æsthetic eye, and as I have promised to relate a little passage of my life which you don't know as yet, this will be a most splendid opportunity."

And so it was agreed. As briefly as I may give it, his story ran as follows:

"Two years ago, while fiscal promoter at Leon, I obtained a few weeks' vacation and went to Seville. At the inn where I had my rooms was a certain lady, who, from the first, possessed a strong attraction for me. She was little known, and not inclined to mingle with the rest of us, in the parlor or elsewhere, but always remained apart, as one in sorrow or in trouble. I had scarcely spoken to her, scarcely met her, save once or twice in the halls or on the streets, but her room was over mine. I could often hear her sweet voice as in the evening she accompanied herself on the guitar. So for half a month I went on silently adoring, until at last fate—for it seemed then nothing more—brought us together. I have said our rooms were on different floors. Yet the two halls were similar in all respects. One evening, returning from the theatre listlessly, I ascended one flight of stairs too many, and went, as I thought, to my own apartment. Imagine my surprise and confusion when, on opening the door, I found myself in the lady's room. Fortunately she was still reading at her table, and my extreme embarrassment explained the accident at once. With exquisite politeness she hastened to set me at ease, and as I hurriedly withdrew was kind enough to ask me to favor her some time with a friendly call. Thanking her, I promised to do so at the first opportunity, and retired. Three days passed before I confirmed my promise. They were days of delightful anticipation, for I was thoroughly in love. I went at last, and was warmly received. This was the beginning of a long association. How fast our friendship grew! Hers appeared to be, mine was beyond, friendship. It was as if I had known Blanche—that was her name—all my life. Every word, every tone of her voice, thrilled me with pleasure. Thus time flew for a season, and at last I saw the end of my leave approaching. I could not go without declaring myself to Blanche openly. Why not? Never by word or sign had she shown that my regard would be distasteful. I had frequently dwelt on the qualities which I sought in the woman I loved. Could she fail to recognize herself in the pictures I drew? No; she knew, and she encouraged me. My time was up at last. The evening before I left we were together as usual: this was the opportunity I had long sought.

"Blanche," I said, "to-morrow we must part."

The news of my going seemed to startle her. I went on: "To-morrow my time is up. I return to Leon. Blanche, is this to be the last evening of the companionship which we have come to regard so warmly? It rests with you."

"How can it?" she murmured.

"Either I go away never to return, or I hasten back to Leon to have my leave extended and come again to make you my wife. Blanche, it is no sudden fancy that has sprung up in my heart. I love you. I know myself, and thus knowing, I know that never toward any woman shall I feel as I do toward you? I know that life without you will be barren, but with you—with you as my own—the sun will always shine, though every speck of heaven be shadowed with clouds. Say that you care for me if ever so little—say for me not to go. Oh, say at least that I am not doing wrong to offer you my love!"

"She was moved, but stood for a moment silent. Then, turning two eyes full of passion toward me, she said, softly:

"No, Juan, you are not doing wrong; but I cannot be yours, not even if being the wife of such a man were the highest happiness of my life. It is impossible."

"So be it—good-by."

"I held out my hand, though my heart was full to bursting. She gave a little cry.

"You would leave me thus angry! Oh, I do, do care for you!" Tears came to her eyes. "Must the short season of pleasure in life that has been mine since you came thus end forever? No, no. I agree to all. Return to Leon, arrange matters, and then come back in one month from now, and I promise to be your wife."

"So it was settled. Believing in the woman I adored, I left for Leon that night. Arriving there, I made all preparations for her coming, obtained new leave, all in much shorter time than I expected, so that in about a fortnight I was once more on my way to Seville. Bah! The woman I had trusted had deceived me. Within two days after my departure she had gone also, leaving no trace behind. No one could give me the slightest information. I remained long enough to find there was no clew to be had, and then plunged into business again, vowing never more to be deceived by woman."

We reached the cemetery shortly before my friend had finished his story, and had by this time arrived at a somewhat unfrequented spot, in the effort to keep away from the crowds wandering among the graves. Frequently as we went along in this retired corner of the graveyard we struck against the whitened bones of some poor peasants dragged from their graves to make room for

persons of higher birth. All at once we came upon the fragments of what had at some time been the frame of a man; nearly all the bones were there, and the fresh appearance of the grave near by showed whence it had but recently been taken. Thrusting it aside with some repulsion, I was passing on, when an exclamation from Juan arrested me. I turned and saw him bending over the bones as if studying the skull, to which what seemed a shred of black hair still clung.

"What is this?" he cried, with something of horror in his voice. "There is a nail driven through the skull!" It was true. Juan was much agitated. "What crime have we discovered? One that may never have been dreamed of by friends, by physicians or by the family of the dead, yet one which under the hand of all-seeing Providence has been thus disclosed to me. So long as I may have the power to pursue the thread whose end has been thus strangely given into my hand so long will my zeal be untiring, and my determination strong and unswerving, to bring the guilty to justice, to atone for a crime which is almost without a parallel."

Calling the sexton, he questioned him, and found that the bones had been disinterred the day previous, to give burial to an old citizen.

Judge: "Is it possible to find out the name of the person to whom these bones belong?"

Sexton: "Well, sir, I saved the plate of the coffin, which was all rotted away. There is something on that, but just what I don't exactly recollect."

The judge had the skull first carefully taken to his house, then we visited the sexton in order to learn the inscription on the plate. It was very simple, only three initials and the date, as here given: "A. G. R., 1863." Juan declared this more than enough for his needs, and was anxious to hasten at once with the search. The next thing to be accomplished was the examination of the mortuary records of the year given on the plate. Together we examined the records page by page, and at last found the following entry: "From the register of the Church of San Antonio—Mr. Alfonso Guy Romeral, on the 4th of May, 1863, died of apoplexy. The deceased was at the time of his death married to Gabriela Zahara," etc.

Taking down a copy of this statement, we returned. On the way Juan said to me:

"We have the nail which caused this stroke of apoplexy. It remains for us to discover the hammer."

In the examination which followed these additional facts were ascertained: Don Alfonso had been a few years before a young and wealthy man residing in Madrid. In 1860 he returned from

that place, having shortly before married a beautiful lady, Gabriela Zahara. Four months before the death of Don Alfonso his wife left home, and eight days after her return it was that the stroke of apoplexy overtook her husband. Further particulars were gleaned from the servants who had been in the family at the time, and who were sought with infinite perseverance by my friend. On the night of their master's death they were startled by the violent ringing of the bell from his room. On hastening thither they found their mistress in the greatest excitement, rushing frantically about, crying that her husband had been attacked with apoplexy and imploring for a doctor in the greatest haste. The doctor declared that death had been instantaneous, resulting from cerebral congestion. The examination ended, the judge himself summed up the case:

"Whereas, at the time of his death he was alone in the room with his wife; and whereas, this death, from its very nature, could not have been suicide; therefore, we declare that his wife, Gabriela Zahara, is the author of the deed, and for the capture of this woman every possible means shall be employed."

In spite of this, however, three months went by, and no Gabriela Zahara. At this time I left Salto.

III.

THE following winter I spent in Granada. One night a ball was given by the Countess of X—, and I was present. It was a brilliant affair, graced by many of the beauties of Granada aristocracy. Whom should I recognize shortly after my arrival but my chance traveling acquaintance of Malaga! My pleasure was unbounded, and I at once hastened to recall myself to her memory. But it was needless—the recognition was instantaneous.

"I have been faithful to my promise," said I, "and did not seek you; but fortune has been kinder than you, in bringing us together again. I did not dream you would be here; perhaps if I had—you do not know how delicate my conscience is—I might have remained away, to keep you from erring in your dreadful prophecy that we should never meet again. Or perhaps you forbid the renewal of acquaintance!" She laughed pleasantly, assuring me that I need fear no such command. "May I still further presume to ask the privilege of calling?"

Before she had time to reply some one interrupted us, and we drifted apart.

"Who is she?" I asked a friend, some time later.

His reply was indefinite:

"Some strange American girl. Haven't met her, but I believe her name is Alma."

I found out later where she was stopping, and determined to call, although she had given no certain assent to my request of the night before. I did, therefore, the next day, and was received cordially enough, and even invited to remain for dinner. In some way conversation drifted about until it chanced on the subject of disappointment in love. I told the story of my friend,

"I mean that to-morrow I leave Granada, so that this will probably be our last meeting."

Saying this, she gave me her hand, and I took my leave.

Business called me to Salto. I found my friend as I had left him. Although I scarce liked to refer to his trouble, I learned enough to know that Blanche had never been heard from. Regarding



HE BENDING OVER THE BONES AS IF STUDYING THE SKULL."

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the case which we had worked up together, I did make inquiries, and found there had been no further developments.

The evening after my arrival I was with Juan in his office, when an officer entered the room with a note. My friend read it and showed it to me. There was only a line: "A lady wishes to speak with Don Giro at the Inn of the Lion."

"Who brought the note?" the judge asked.

"A servant."

"From whom?"

"He left no name, but went away immediately."

Juan was already wrapping himself in his cloak, and lost no time in setting out. When he returned his whole manner showed the greatest excitement, but it was the excitement of joy. He threw his arms about me in his happiness. His voice was choked as he cried:

"Ah, if you only knew, my friend!—if you could but guess the joy that has come to me!"

"What has happened?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I am the most fortunate of men! Blanche it was who sent the note; she who met me at the inn—Blanche, my love, my promised wife!"

"But you told me she had deceived you. Has sight of her made you forget all?"

"Blanche does care for me. The truth of it is this: Blanche had to return to her home in Madrid to hasten her own preparations for our marriage, and not expecting me so long before the appointed time, had not thought to leave her address at the hotel. When I found her gone everything was thrown out of my mind—dates—all save the fact that she had deserted me. So you see for my own foolish haste I have endured years of torment. But now congratulate me."

"I do with my whole heart, my dear fellow. And when is this long-deferred wedding to come off?"

"Very soon; and you will have to act as best man—no one else will do."

"With pleasure."

So we sat on into the small hours of the morning, talking things over.

Early next day another stroke of good fortune, as it appeared, befell my friend. An officer of the peace reported that the efforts of the law had been at last crowned with success. The long-missing Gabriela Zahara was discovered, and even then in Salto, under lock and key. There was to be no delay in proceeding with the case. It had created too much of a sensation to be allowed to rest, now that the supposed murderess was found, and from that instant the judge was most busy, recalling witnesses and getting everything in readiness for the closing scenes of the trial.

Meanwhile I made inquiries about the capture. The result of my investigations I thought best not to communicate to my friend. In listening to the police accounts the names Lion Inn and Madrid rang in my ears. A sudden, wild suspicion flashed over me. What if Blanche and Gabriela should prove to be the same? Juan was too much

absorbed in his work preliminary to the assembling of the court to learn these details, and perhaps my fearful conjecture would prove false. How devoutly I hoped that it might! But the hour drew near which would decide all. Everything was ready. At one side of the well-lighted courtroom stood a table on which was the box containing the skull that had betrayed the miserable woman. The judge, surrounded by the officers of the law, at length summoned the accused.

"Let Gabriela Zahara, supposed murderess of her husband, now stand forth to answer the charge."

Great God! not only is this Gabriela Zahara Blanche—she is my own fellow traveler, the beautiful Alma! My head whirls with conflicting emotions—surprise, horror, incredulity—until I reel, grasping a chair to steady myself. The examination begins.

"What is your name?"

"Gabriela Zahara Romeral," comes back, in a sweet, composed voice.

Juan hears from her own lips that Blanche, whom he thought to marry, has never lived. It steadies him. In clear, penetrating tones he orders the box to be opened. The sexton places it in her hands; her eyes fall upon its contents; and then, with a piercing cry of terror, she gasps out, "Alfonso!" and sinks fainting into a seat.

Guilty! Everyone in that crowded room knew it. I thought my friend would be overcome, but his next words were almost harsh.

"You recognize the skull of your husband?"

"Yes," she said, in a tone still full of horror.

"Do you know that this recognition is the acknowledgment of your guilt?—that with your own lips you have branded yourself a murderess?"

"Oh, why should I seek to deny it?" she cried, passionately. "I do not wish to live any longer, but before I die let me say a few words. I shall not ask your patience long." Juan sat like a man of stone. The courtroom was perfectly still as she went on: "It was my fate to be the daughter of stern, exacting parents, and I was forced to marry a man I detested. Perhaps our life together might have been endurable had not my husband known, even before our marriage, that I did not love him. Now when I was powerless he became insolent, finally brutal. I could bear it no longer, and left home to escape his insults. While away I met one whom I really loved, and would have married, but was not free to do so. Again I returned home, to the sneers and mockery of my husband. Then he died—died for the man I loved." She looked at Juan. Ah! were the audience not blind they would have read that

look of adoration. My friend was about to denounce himself, but she stopped him. "To free myself I had my husband killed. For this crime God must punish me alone. I wish to die."

Here tears choked her speech. At a sign from the judge the jailer led her away. The details of the sentence I shall not give. Enough to say, in this case, as in the foregoing scenes, the judge came from the struggle victorious—the man was crushed.

IV.

It was the day set for the execution, and a throng was awaiting the departure of the doomed woman from the jail. Juan had gone away immediately after her condemnation, asking me to remain on hand in case she desired anything.

She came at last. I could scarcely recognize the woman I had known, so changed had she become in the few days of confinement. As she passed I drew close and asked if there was anything I might do. She turned her faded eyes, and recognizing me, asked leave of the confessor to speak to me a moment. He assented.

"Where is he?" she asked, softly.

"Juan has been gone twenty days, but where I do not know."

"May God make him happy! Ask him, when you see him, to forgive me. Tell him I love him, though I die for this love. Good-by."

She was weeping. Together we approached the scaffold, and there parted.

At this moment there was a sudden outcry. I saw some one spring from a horse and rush through the encircling crowd of people with a paper. It was Juan, haggard, dusty and travel-worn, but bearing with him a precious document—Gabriela's pardon. Accompanied by several officers, he hurried to the foot of the scaffold. Gabriela was already several steps up, but at the sudden commotion paused, and seeing her lover holding the paper toward her, understood its meaning. It was too late. With outstretched hand she murmured, "God bless you!" and then, overcome with a mighty revulsion of feeling, sank fainting into the arms of the priest. She never regained consciousness. Her system, overstrained by excitement, had given away, and she died truly a victim to her own passions.

AMONG THE VEDDAHS OF CEYLON.

By F. FITZ-ROY DIXON.

It is not often in these days of exploration, when the uttermost part of the earth has been visited, written about and brought under the searchlight of scientific investigation, that we find a spot where man still exists in his primeval state, living as did his forefathers in the days when the world was young, using the same weapons, seeking his food abroad, and finding shelter from the elements after the manner of the beasts of the field, in caves and hollow trees; devoid of any trading instinct, and consequently unable to raise himself above his primitive condition, and continuing from past to present unchanged and unchangeable.

Yet, nevertheless, in the Island of Ceylon there exists a race of men, called Veddahs, whose habits and characteristics take us back to those far-distant prehistoric times of which through geological research we obtain but an occasional glimpse.

The existence of this most interesting race is well known in the island, yet owing to their extreme timidity, shunning all intercourse with the rest of the world, and to the fact that they live in a region of almost impenetrable forest, but very little has ever been learned about them.

The great barrier to their being civilized—I might almost say tamed—is their language, which, being distinct from any of the tongues spoken in the country, renders communication extremely difficult.

Some forty years ago a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Samuel Nicholas, made a great effort to reach them, and partially succeeded. His mode of approaching them was most extraordinary, and certainly unique in the annals of missionary enterprise, and could only be adopted by a native of the country, as he himself was. Penetrating into the region which they inhabited, he stripped himself naked, and trusting to his color, wandered about until he came upon them, and in spite of their threatening gestures and drawn bows went to them with outstretched arms in token of peace and good will. His ruse succeeded, and after much difficulty he persuaded two or three families to accompany him to the edge of the settlement, where, with suitable presents and kindly treatment, their suspicions were removed, and being given a hut and a bit of garden, they abandoned their nomadic life and endeavored to imitate the customs of their neighbors. Still, as may be supposed, the



SMOKING A BEES' NEST.

old instinct was not to be eradicated thus easily, and although the women planted yams and sugar cane, the men relied as before on the produce of the chase for food. The children, however, were more reconciled to their new surroundings, and to-day lead a half-tamed existence. These are known as village Veddahs, and are trotted out for inspection when any visitor of distinction happens to come that way; but they are very different to the true jungle Veddahs, of whom many yet remain.

I found myself some years ago visiting the eastern province of Ceylon, and being desirous of shooting some peafowl, persuaded my friend F—, with whom I was staying, to accompany me on a trip into a distant part of the Wanné, as the wilder parts of the country are thereabouts called, where these beautiful though wary birds were said to abound. We set out with a light

bullock cart containing a few necessities in the way of provisions, not in any great quantity, for we knew that we could easily shoot enough food with our guns, as small game was very abundant. Accordingly, early one morning we started from our cool and spacious bungalow, picturesquely situated in a grove of cork trees on the seashore, leaving behind us the comforts of shady verandas and cool baths for the intense heat and hard work which we knew lay before us. We took with us in addition to the bullock driver a lad called Ramen, who was to cook and generally look after the camp, and with a plentiful supply of cartridges we thought that we should have some fair sport of one description or another.

Our progress, though steady, was necessarily slow, as the ordinary pace of cart bullocks is only about two and a half miles an hour. However, we walked ahead, diverging from the path whenever anything tempted us, knowing well we could easily catch up again.

After leaving the cocoanut estate and neighboring bazaar behind us our road lay through a low swampy country, with here and there stretches of water reflecting the sunlight with intense brilliancy. Wherever the water shal-

lowed we would see a "kokka," or crane, standing on one leg, apparently asleep, but nevertheless keeping a sharp lookout for a passing fish, now and again uncoiling its long neck like a watch spring, darting its sharp bill into the water, and if successful jerking its capture into the air, catching it again headforemost with a snap, and then slowly swallowing it, would resume its former attitude.

On the mud banks loathsome alligators sprawled in the sun, often open-mouthed and with closed eyes, apparently quite oblivious of all around them, though if we exposed ourselves or attempted to approach within easy range they showed themselves to be thoroughly on the *qui vive*. Occasionally we would come upon one unawares, floating in some reedy pool, and test our skill by shooting at the fatal spot at the back of the skull; and great was the feeling of satisfaction in giving one of these scaly monsters its quietus.

Before long we passed the last patch of manioc and paddy, and entered an expanse of low thorny jungle which seemed to shut us completely in, excluding the faintest breath of air. Occasionally we would come up to a tall tree, from which we were sure to startle a flock of paroquets, which would dart off screaming, and flashing like jewels in the sun. Strange as it may sound, these birds are capital eating, and made into curry are not to be despised. They fly with wonderful velocity, resembling very much the swift in their mode of flight, and anyone who has attempted to bring down one of the latter will readily understand that paroquets stand but little chance of being exterminated, though it must be confessed that in the present instance we "potted" a good many when we got the chance.

Hereabouts every living creature seemed to be vested by nature with brilliant colors. Not an insect but reflected the sun's rays from a jeweled wing or body, and the butterflies and reptiles which abounded all bore the stamp of the prodigality of color so characteristic of tropical life. Even the wild pigeons partook of the gorgeous surroundings, and when I look over my sketch-book I wonder that we could ever have shot such beautiful birds. Orange, lilac and emerald green were the prevailing tints, and it was difficult to realize that these were only a variety of the soberly clad companions of our boyhood that "cooed" in the barnyard in the far-away northern home.

It was after mid-day when we reached our first halting place, the bungalow of a government officer who had charge of the irrigation works in the vicinity, and very glad were we to throw ourselves at full length in the big cane chairs of the shady, vine-grown veranda and slake our burning thirst with deep draughts of lemonade, made from limes fresh-plucked

from the tree that stretched its leafy boughs between us and the sunlight.

The river flowed at the foot of the garden in front, and in the afternoon, when the heat of the day abated, we went in for a swim. I remember asking our host, as we swam side by side toward the great dam, if ever he found alligators here, for strange to say the thought had not until then occurred to me. "Oh, yes," he replied, "an odd one now and then!" And he continued a steady breast stroke, as if alligators were as harmless as minnows. I looked at him over my shoulder to see if he were joking, but as I could detect no sign of fun about him went on with a calmness that I was far from feeling, and asked whether they ever carried off anyone. "Well," he answered, "I often swim here, and they haven't touched me yet, but the coolies don't seem to care about getting into the water." We finished our swim, but I registered a mental vow to make my inquiries beforehand in future in this land of sanrians.

The next day we resumed our journey, striking straight into the heart of the untraveled country. We left our cart and packed our belongings upon the backs of four bullocks—"tavalams" they call them there—and then followed a village path



A VEDDAH IN THE WILDS.

which led us through a beautiful parklike country, where clumps of trees and rich pastures delighted the eye. Here and there at long intervals we came upon a little village, and the sleek, rounded cattle showed us how admirably this land would carry stock if only properly managed.

We were now, about three in the afternoon on the third day, ready to start again, after our mid-day meal, and from the look of the country fully expected to strike some game before long. Of course we kept a sharp lookout, but it was Ramen's quick eye that first detected a peacock. "Untha, Iya! Myal! Myal!" (There, sir! A peacock! A peacock!) he suddenly cried, and straining our eyes, we saw something flying between two clumps of dead trees about half a mile off. At that distance it looked like a bit of ribbon floating on the breeze, for one of these birds in flight is as ungraceful an object as anyone could imagine. The comparatively short wings, and the immensely long tail that flaps up and down, deprive it of anything like beauty; but let it once reach a commanding point and spread and preen its feathers, and it redeems at once its reputation, and establishes its claim to the title conferred upon it by the ancients, the "Bird of Jupiter."

We then proceeded to approach the trees behind which we had seen the peacock disappear, and keeping well out of sight, we managed to get close up. Then we separated, each to do his best to bag the bird. I entered the clump, which covered two or three acres, and once well into it could see well enough, as the undergrowth was sparse, and the big trees almost devoid of foliage until their crowns were reached. Underfoot a loose soil, carpeted with dead leaves, made walking pleasant and almost noiseless, and I began to wish that we were after something bigger. However, moving carefully and avoiding dead sticks or creepers, I kept on, and straining my sight, scanned the leafy covering overhead, expecting to see without difficulty so big a bird as the one we were after. I had gone some distance, when suddenly I heard a sound like a squawk of a turkey, and stopping dead short, turned toward it. Then I saw that I had passed almost beneath the tree whereon the peacock sat. It was evident that my movements had been unperceived, as otherwise it would at once have flown, for there is no shyer bird than the peacock; but it was busy sunning itself on a dead bough and had not observed me. I would have fired from where I was standing, but the creepers and leaves which were intervening rendered it exceedingly unlikely that my bullet would not be deflected from its course, so I prepared to retrace my steps,

when just at that moment I caught sight of F——, almost beneath the tree, raising his gun. There came a report, and crash! through the boughs came the splendid cock. We were both using No. 12 smoothbores, with shot or ball cartridges as occasion demanded, and the big spherical bullet had gone right through the body, killing it at once. It was a very fair specimen, though the tail plumes were somewhat worn, the result doubtless of passing through jungle in its flight. I often noticed subsequently that the majority of the cocks were defective in this respect, and were not nearly as well feathered in a state of nature as many birds I had seen in England in private grounds.

Sending Ramen back with the bird to camp, we lit our pipes, determined to have a turn round with our guns.

We strolled on for some time, keeping outside of the clumps of jungle, heading toward some rising ground we had noticed some distance off. When we reached this we found that, although of no great elevation, it gave us a prospect of an expanse of country similar in character to that we were in, and that apparently some twelve or fifteen miles away a rocky hill reared its almost vertical form above a dense forest. Our host of the preceding day had told us to look out for this—Elephant Rock he had named it, from its shape—and added that he had heard from some hunters that a wandering party of Veddahs had taken to the locality, though how long they would remain there no man might say.

"If you are lucky," he said to me, "you may get a glimpse of this primeval race, but they are very likely to retire from the vicinity at your approach without ever letting you suspect their presence."

Studying the lay of the land, we saw that, by following the course of a stream we could see like a silver thread below us, we should probably reach the Rock mentioned in a couple of days' easy travel.

Having determined on this, we started again, and watched once more for peafowl, but luck was against us. There was evidently game about, as here and there we would come upon tracks of spotted deer, and once in the sandy bed of a stream were the curious-looking footprints of a bear. Anyone who did not know what it was would almost think it was a misshapen human foot, such a one as Caliban probably possessed in the enchanted island of Prospero. However, we were not hunting bears that afternoon, and as the animal had disappeared into an impenetrable jungle of cane we did not attempt to follow.

This same rattan jungle is the most difficult of

any to penetrate when it grows at all densely. Being a trailer, it throws out long tentacles which secure a hold on a branch, or trunk, or anything to help on the growing stem, which thus supported rapidly pushes its way onward. The cane itself, except it be an old one—in which case the outer covering falls—is protected by a sheathing, and at each joint with a most formidable array of long thorns, shaped and pointed like a doctor's lancet, and just about as sharp, as anyone knows who has come into contact with them. But bad as they are, the tentacles are incomparably worse. They are from three to five feet in length, and are armed with a row of hooklike thorns, set together like the teeth of a saw, and will tear open your hand or face, and rip up the strongest fabric you may wear without the slightest difficulty. It is not to be wondered that people give cane jungle a wide berth, and never enter it unless obliged to. I can scarcely imagine that the celebrated "wait-a-bit" thorn of South Africa could be worse.

We presently approached a bit of open forest, when we heard the cry of a jungle cock. As this is undoubtedly the original stock from which all domesticated varieties have been reared, it would seem natural to suppose that there would be some similarity in the cry of the wild bird with that of its civilized descendant. But it is not so. The jungle cock says, with almost human distinctness, "Ho! George Joyce!" the first two words being upon the same note, the last being raised about three semitones. We stood perfectly still, and waited for about a quarter of an hour, as it is almost impossible to get jungle fowl by approaching them; they are so cunning and wary; the only plan is to let them approach you, unless, of course, you come upon them unexpectedly, when they will rise like pheasants with a whir that, if you are not prepared, will put you right off your shot. So we remained for some little while motionless, until at length we could tell by the scratching that there were several birds together and close by, and jumping suddenly into sight, we put up three, two cocks and a hen. One fell dead, and a second, being winged, got into the scrub, and was only recovered after some very close hunting. They were handsome birds, very like the Black Game variety, and well armed. One, an old bird, was terribly tough, but the other, a younger one, was very good.

We got back to camp before dark, and devoted the remaining daylight to the skinning of the peacock, for in the intense heat it was impossible to keep game for any length of time without it becoming putrid. The moon exercises a peculiar influence over meat, which hung within its rays

at once becomes tainted. It would be interesting to know the cause of this.

We had provided ourselves with certain preservatives in anticipation of securing skins, and with arsenical soap and alum managed fairly well. It was very annoying, however, to lose specimens by the multitude of ants and other creeping things that abounded. They seemed to scent out food wherever it might be placed, and nothing seemed to be beyond their reach. They would even find their way from a branch of a tree down a piece of twine to whatever might be suspended by it. Poison, and deadly poison at that, was the only remedy which proved effectual.

As may be supposed in such a land, we ourselves suffered not a little from the attacks of insects, and it was only by being continually upon the watch that we escaped several very unpleasant encounters; but habit becomes second nature, and the traveler accustomed to expect and to find centipedes and scorpions, not to mention snakes, in every conceivable place, not unnaturally examines everything with suspicion—shaking out his boots before putting them on, lest there should be something lurking within them; flipping his handkerchief before putting it to his nose, for fear it should harbor some stinging ant; looking within his hat for a lizard, under his pillow for a snake, and exercising a watchfulness which, essential in the jungle, sounds absurd and exaggerated in our temperate climes.

The next morning at the first streak of dawn we were awake and camp was struck, and after a cup of coffee and a biscuit we pursued our way. Very lovely was the country we passed through, and as the sun rose and all nature began to awaken the quiet which had hitherto reigned gave place to the screaming of parrots, the chattering of monkeys and the thousand and one sounds of tropical bird and insect life.

Following the route we had decided upon, the following day we reached the bank of the stream that we had seen about noon, and there prepared for our midday meal, for which we had shot a supply of pigeons and doves, which were quickly converted into a fragrant curry by the skillful *Ramen*. We had taken the precaution of bringing a couple of hammocks with us, and although it is far from advisable to trust to the shelter of a tree, for reason of the small life concealed within its branches, we nevertheless found a pleasant spot where we swung at our ease in the gentle breeze, smoking our postprandial pipes.

We were thus engaged for some time, for we had no intention of starting again until the sun began to lose some of its power, and as we made

little or no sound we watched with interest the small animals which moved about on the river banks and among the trees. On the far side was a dense mass of forest, and near the water's edge, emerging from this wall of verdure, was a great rock, some twenty or thirty feet high, half overgrown with creepers and moss. Presently I noticed that F—, who was gazing idly across at the scene, became suddenly attentive, and whispered to me to watch the rock. Expecting that he had caught sight of some animal, I turned my head quickly, reaching as I did so for my gun, which leaned against the trunk of a tree close at hand. We were a good eighty yards off, but I thought it was worth a shot.

Looking closely, I failed to see anything, and said so to F—, who declared that he had seen something peer out of the bushes. "What was it like?" I asked. "Hanged if I know," said F—. "Looked like a bear or a monkey. There—do you see it? Look!"

Sure enough, there was something on the rock, but at that distance it was impossible to say what it was. It had the appearance of some shaggy-headed beast looking at us. "Suppose I try a shot?" I said, and suiting the action to the word, raised my gun to my shoulder. Suddenly F— who had been staring with his hands shading his eyes, cried: "Don't shoot! By Jove, it's a man! But what an object! It must be a Veddah!"

This was what it was. It had emerged from the jungle under the shade of the rock, crouching against it for concealment like any animal, evidently not suspecting that we were watching it. Its curiosity was excited, and the desire to know what or who those strange beings were seated on things that swung in the air animated it and drew it from its leafy haunt. Then, perhaps overhearing F—'s exclamation, it stood up, and in a moment was lost to view. The glimpse we had had of it was but momentary, and all we could say was that it was a little man with a great shock of hair.

We were, of course, very much interested in what we had seen, and called Ramen in order to find out whether it would not be possible to get the man over to our camp. Telling him of the occurrence and our wishes, he said that if there was a village Veddah amongst the jungle on the other side he could get him over, as he had met some of those people before, and knew how to manage them. Presently we saw him go up the stream some distance, and after a time heard him utter a low call, which might, under other circumstances, pass for the cry of an animal. This he repeated at intervals, and then all sounds ceased, and we began to think he had given up

the attempt. But in about half an hour we saw him coming up to us with a very pleased expression of countenance, with the announcement that he had induced this man we had seen to cross the river, and he was now eating some palm sugar he had given him, and he thought he could get him up to the camp in a little while. He was a village Veddah (said Ramen), and although very shy and timid, would be tractable enough. So back he went, whilst we proceeded to rummage out something to give our captive; for, anticipating having to trade with out-of-the-way villages, we had provided ourselves with a few odds and ends in the way of beads, knives, and such things that might bring us full value in such necessities as we might want to purchase. We recognized that if we could ingratiate ourselves with this Veddah we should probably be able to gratify our desire to see something more of his people; so selecting a large bunch of glistening beads, a circular mirror and a sheath knife, we returned to our hammocks and waited.

After a little while we saw Ramen coming back, coaxing his companion as one would a child; and at length they stood beside us, the Veddah shyly keeping behind the trunk of a tree close by. He could speak a little Tamil, the language of that part of the country, and as Ramen understood something of his own peculiar guttural tongue, they managed to get along pretty well.

Without appearing to be too inquisitive we managed to get a pretty good idea of what our visitor was like, and we felt that we were looking at a relic of the primeval days "when the world was young." Certainly he was a curious object. In color almost black, with grayish scratches all over, where thorns and twigs had come into contact with his skin; and a great shaggy mass of hair that overhung his eyes and neck, and that evidently never had been touched with anything serving the purpose of a comb, and which now it would be impossible to separate in any way, so matted was it with filthy accumulations. His eyes were those of an animal, bright, restless and suspicious; never for a moment still or [restful, but continually gazing from one thing to another, under heavy overhanging brows. The lips were full, the lower one projecting somewhat. A few scanty hairs grew upon the chin, and a straggling mustache showed him to be a full-grown man. In height he was barely five feet, and looked even less as he walked with a stoop and projection of the head, as if he were forever gazing at a track of some animal in front of him.

Our first effort was to put him at his ease, and so we presented him with the glass beads, which glistened like rubies and emeralds in the sun; but

se he took without exhibiting any change in his habitual sullen look of his face. All he did was to give a short grunt, which we might interpret as we liked. Then we tried to get a little information out of him, but when we asked about the others of his tribe he either would not or could not understand.

At this stage the mirror was produced, and he seemed much interested in it, turning it quickly to look at the back, just as a monkey would.

When asked about game he nodded that there was plenty, and when asked if he knew what the man was, said "Yes; he had seen one before and

to the northwest, in the direction of the Elephant Rock, which we could dimly discern through the afternoon haze; and when we told him we were traveling in that direction, nodded approvingly, and after a little while disappeared whence he came, though not until Ramen had told him we wanted to see his people.

The next day we traveled steadily on through a somewhat rougher country, the open spaces being fewer and the scrub thicker. We were evidently getting to the edge of the heavy forest which we had seen in the distance, and hourly the big Elephant Rock loomed up bigger than ever.



ATTACKED BY A WILD SOW.

heard it speak"—presumably in the hands of some native hunter. Some fruit was given him, which, however, he would not eat in our presence; and finally we produced the sheath knife, an ordinary cheap one such as sailors carry in their belts. At the sight of this he appeared to waken up, and exhibited for the first time some interest in what was going on. When it was given to him he was evidently much pleased and uttered some unintelligible expression of thanks, whilst his brightened eye showed that we had made a favorable impression upon him.

We asked him where he lived, and he pointed

About an hour before sundown we reached a suitable spot for a camp, beside a stream with clean, sandy banks, where on a grassy knoll our tent was pitched and preparations made for the night. F—and I had returned from a bath in the stream, when to our surprise we found our Veddah standing talking to Ramen. The knife we had given him was bound round his waist by a strip of deer hide, and in his hand he carried a bow as big as himself.

When he saw us he seemed inclined to retire, but a few words set him at his ease, and we then saw that he had brought in a fine spotted deer,

which he could but recently have shot, as it was yet quite fresh. We managed to elicit from him that he had got it from a herd not very far away.

We naturally looked with a keen interest at his weapons. The bow was immensely powerful and as thick in the middle as a man's wrist; and an attempt at drawing an arrow to the ear after the fashion of Robin Hood compelled us to acknowledge our lack of muscle. The Veddah, who had been watching us, shook his head, and taking the bow, sat down on the ground, and using the broad part of his foot to push the bow from him, took the string in the forefingers and thumb of both hands, and thus holding it apparently level to his nose, leaned back, at the same time straightening his leg. Then we saw how it was that this bow, mighty as the Magic Bow of Ulysses, might be bent by this little man, and we wondered how it was possible to take correct aim; but presently at our request he aimed at a piece of newspaper the size of a handkerchief, some forty yards off, and the whiz of the arrow as it sped on its way showed the power of its flight. He did not seem to pause long on his aim or to think much of the fact of having pierced the mark through the centre. The arrows were very long and carefully feathered, but the heads were simply flat pieces of iron, and scarcely calculated, one would imagine, to pierce through anything of any thickness. Where this iron came from or how they forged it we could not in any way make out, nor would our friend tell us.

The next day we took it easy and sanftered around, whilst Ramen cut up and dried in the sun a good deal of the deer which the Veddah had brought in, and in which he lent a helping hand. Whilst this was going on we managed to elicit certain particulars as to his life. His name, it seemed, was Thévan, and he resided usually near a village about three days' journey to the south-east; but true to his natural instincts, he periodically set forth to rejoin his wilder relatives, with whose haunts he seemed to be quite familiar. His parents, he said, had been induced to abandon their nomadic life; but he could not reconcile himself to the change, though he admitted that in the rainy season the house was better than the jungle.

One morning we told Thévan we wanted to shoot some more peacocks and wished him to guide us. By this time he had become quite docile, and understood our motives were good, and showed himself to be very obliging. So taking up his bow, which he carried at the trail, he started out ahead of us, and no sooner did we enter the jungle than his wild nature showed itself. Every step he took was one of caution;

he seemed to walk without noise, keeping a tree or something before him so that he should come upon whatever might be beside it unseen. We with our heavy boots appeared to be doubly clumsy beside him, and it was obvious how utterly civilization had unfitted us for this sort of life.

The jungle here was very fine; huge trees rose often fifty feet as straight as an arrow without a branch, whilst their great spreading branches formed a perfect shelter from the heat of the sun. Great masses of moss, and creepers with heavy-scented blossoms, swung above our heads; and strong was the temptation often to stop and gather some rare plant or beautiful flower that grew temptingly within reach. Our guide, however, saw none of these. He kept a straight path, twisting in and out like a lizard, but always pointing for one direction. He seemed to move as if impelled by some power that was hidden from us, as doubtless he was, as the instinct which guides a savage as it does an animal in the selection of its course is well known.

For some time we passed on, the forest being comparatively free of undergrowth and the walking easy. After about five miles of this work we saw a break in the trees ahead of us, and presently emerged upon the edge of a large plain, or rather depression, several miles across, in the centre of which glistened the waters of a small lake. Clumps of trees grew here and there, and we felt at once that this was as good a spot as we could possibly have come to.

Keeping within the shelter of the forest, we moved steadily on until we saw a good opportunity of reaching a clump of trees standing a quarter of a mile away. Here, taking advantage of every bit of cover, Thévan led the way, and I verily believe he could have crossed the open quite unseen had he desired to; but with us, of course, it was different.

Just as we reached the bush we heard a loud scream on the far side of it, which we at once recognized as the cry of a peacock, and motioning us to remain still, Thévan wriggled himself into the jungle and went off to reconnoitre. In a short while he returned, holding up three fingers to indicate the number of birds. F— and I separated, and guided by Thévan, I made my way across to where the scream sounded, moving as quietly as I could. Occasionally I could hear a short cry as the birds were exchanging confidences, doubtless. Presently a light touch on my arm warned me to be ready, and looking up through the foliage in front and above me, I saw something swaying to and fro, which at first I took to be a branch, but which I soon recognized

as the drooping tail of one of our birds. Guessing where the body ought to be—for it was impossible to see it—I fired, and as I did so a second report close by showed that F—— had got a shot as well. As the smoke cleared away I looked up, and there was the tail as before, and going nearer, I saw that the bullet had struck somewhere in the neck, and the bird had remained caught in the fork of a tree. I was wondering how I should get it down, for it was a great height above me, when Thévan ran forward and went up the trunk with the agility of a monkey, never stopping until he reached the bird, which he disengaged and dropped to the ground, following it himself in a few jumps from limb to limb. As I picked it up F—— joined me, carrying a fine hen which he had bagged, and we then made a break for the open.

As we once more emerged into the sunlight F——, who was leading, uttered an exclamation and pointed to a distant bit of jungle, beside which we could see three figures standing watching, evidently attracted by the sound of our shooting. Thévan, too, saw them, and said in broken Tamil that he would go to them. So we sat down and lighted our pipes, and waited until he returned.

After about half an hour he returned, and said that these were some of the Veddahs who lived near the Elephant Rock, with whom he hunted, and that they were fully aware of our presence, and he would bring some of them to camp that evening.

So we retraced our steps and got back very hot and tired, and glad indeed to plunge into the cool waters of the stream.

About four o'clock, when the sun had lost much of its power, Ramen came to tell us that Thévan had come with several of his tribesmen, and we at once told him to bring them along. This he did, and we at length saw the genuine wild Veddahs of Ceylon. They were not very different to the man we had had with us for the past three or four days, except that they were more restless and wild in their looks; but a few suitable presents soon made them appear pleased. They had brought with them some fresh honeycomb, taken that same morning from a hive in the rocks, and we were glad indeed to get it as a pleasant change to our fare. There was but little conversation, as even with the assistance of Ramen and Thévan it was difficult to get much out of them. However, we learned that they were going to fish the next day in a manner peculiar to themselves, and we invited ourselves to the scene. Presently they went off, looking with great delight at the knives and things we had given them, which we felt sure

would have the effect of bringing more of them upon the scene.

The next day we walked over to the scene of the fishing, which was a sluggish branch of the stream, with an imperceptible current. Here we found two barriers had been erected, inclosing some fifty feet of the stream, which was about twelve or fifteen feet wide. The barriers were more like dams, as they were made of closely planted stakes, with grass and clay between. We could scarcely imagine what this was for, but learned presently.

It was evident that one of the barriers had been constructed first and the fish driven up to it, and so inclosed between the two when the second was erected.

After we arrived some six or seven Veddahs, men and half-grown boys, who stared at us half afraid, behaving as if ready to rush back into the jungle at a moment's notice, now appeared, carrying branches of a plant which we knew well enough as the *Datura stramonium*, and which grew commonly enough throughout the whole place. These branches—and they had a large quantity of them—they then proceeded to bruise with blows of a short bit of wood, until the thick milky juice exuded in quantities. One by one these were thrown into the water at the upper end of the inclosure, and after all were finished they sat around on their haunches and waited. We were very curious to know now what was going to happen, and we had not to wait long, as in a short while we saw a fish appear at the surface with its head almost exposed, and then another came up, followed by scores of others, until the surface was thick with them. The strange thing was that the fish seemed to be quite strong, though helpless, and it was not until we had caught one in our hands, which we had no difficulty at all in doing, that we discovered the cause of this strange occurrence. The fish were stone blind, affected by the juice of the *datura*, and in their sudden darkness sought instinctively the surface of the water, which they naturally associated with light. Here the Veddahs quickly caught them and threw them upon the shore, where soon there was a great heap accumulated, and it seemed to us a pity that such a quantity of fish should be caught at one time; but possibly the people had some plan for curing them. Many of the fish were large, about from five to seven pounds in weight, and we selected for ourselves several that we knew by experience to be of excellent eating, a sort of mullet, called the "lola." The natives of Ceylon are well aware of the terrible effect of the juice of the *Datura stramonium* upon the eye, and many instances are

recorded of total loss of sight from contact with it in its crude state. Our oculists of to-day use a preparation of it called daturine, to the benefits of which I can myself, during a long and tedious illness, testify. The seeds of the plant are prescribed by the native doctors as a remedy for asthma, and their European *confrères* do the same. The only difference is that the civilized chemist uses a scientific preparation prescribed in known quantities and according to certain rules, whereas the savage herbalist uses it simply because of its known effect, and sometimes without regard to going beyond the mark.

During the next few days we saw more of these strange people and their habits. We visited the

torch, one would mount and simply smoke off the insects, which would reluctantly quit their treasures and buzz around with great noise, though almost invariably without attempting to sting the intruders. The comb, which hung down in great masses, would then be broken off and lowered, wrapped up in bark or in vessels made out of palm leaves, though sometimes in plain, luscious, dripping wax. The quantity of honey obtainable in the jungles at certain times of the year is almost incredible. The swarms are not only very numerous, but they construct huge combs, one variety of bee making a semicircular pendant fully four feet in length, and often hanging down three feet and over. The other kinds of bees



VEDDAHs HUNTING, WITH BOWS, ARROWS AND SPEARS.

Rock and saw the evidences of their occupation in articles of everyday life and rude cooking utensils which lay around. They were living in certain caves and crevices, though apparently the Rock was but a temporary sojourning place, as it did not seem to be well enough used to be a permanent abode. The women and children kept out of our way, though we caught an occasional glimpse of a mother and her pot-bellied youngster amongst the bushes. Nothing we could do would induce them to meet us, and after exhausting our beads in vain we abandoned the idea in despair.

The Veddahs, we found, were great adepts at securing honey. They would discover the hives of the bees, generally suspended from some horizontal branch of a tree, and then, armed with a

make smaller hives, down to a tiny little specimen which builds within a hollow not much larger than the fist.

The Veddahs have a peculiar way of utilizing the preservative properties of honey. When they can do so they will line a hollow tree or crevice in a rock with clay, and when dry will fill it with layers of venison, or other flesh that they may have, and over all pour a quantity of pure honey, closing the orifice with clay, which seals it hermetically. Then, when the proverbial rainy day comes, and the jungle is like a shower bath and the shivering Veddah loses all energy or inclination to hunt, his dusky wife, doubtless with that housewifely pride that many generations of civilization have developed to so high a pitch, sallies

forth with her husband's little ax, and protected by a deerskin, proceeds to open the carefully hidden storehouse and abstracts sufficient for their present needs. By this means, and with dried and smoked flesh, these people manage to eke out an existence during the monsoon, when for three or four months the rains descend in torrents which render out-of-door exercise almost impossible. We observed certain wild yams and other roots lying near the caves we visited, so that these people vary their food by vegetables, and as fish, as we saw, were abundant, doubtless they fare well enough.

Some of the men carried a small hatchet stuck into the string which supported the slight garment covering their nakedness. This little ax-head was wedge-shaped and rude in the extreme, though, as it was well mounted on a stout helve, it would be a formidable weapon at close quarters. Indeed, living as they do in the dense jungles, something of this sort is necessary in the encounters that occur at times between themselves and dangerous beasts.

An incident was related to me which indicates that these little men are not deficient in pluck. One of them had killed a young pig, and being unable to escape the rush of the infuriated sow, was knocked over in her charge, and gashed across the stomach in such a way that his entrails protruded. A companion who witnessed this at once rushed to the rescue with nothing but his little ax, and standing over the fallen man, received the onslaught of the animal as she returned, and with a single blow, skillfully delivered somewhere at the back of the head, laid her dead at his feet. After this he cleared his friend's wound of any dirt that was adhering to it, returned the bowels to their place as best he could, and bound the whole thing up with healing leaves, and then somehow got the wounded man to his retreat, where he recovered. I scarcely think that any civilized man would have got over so terrible an injury.

From what we learned amongst them, and from information gleaned elsewhere, it would appear that there are few races of men so degraded as are these Veddahs. They are a remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of Ceylon, and at one time were supposed to have overrun the land, though how long ago that was no one can tell; it is but a legend, almost lost in the mist of ages. We first hear of them in the wonderful story of the origin of the Singhalese: how, when they migrated from Hindostan under the leadership of a god, they found these Veddahs, whom they drove into the impenetrable forests of the eastern coast. Now the Singhalese and Tamils affect to despise them on account of their benighted condition, but nev-

ertheless, strange to relate, they are admitted to be of the highest caste. By what deductions this conclusion is arrived at it is hard to say, except it be from the fact that they were of an original race, uncontaminated by marriage with inferiors.

It is asserted of the Veddahs that their ignorance is such that they have no social rites whatsoever, and if this be true they can be but little better than the beasts of the field. It is further said that they have no names for one another, and are unable to indicate an absent one unless possessed of some personal peculiarity. The man Thévan we met bore a Tamil name, which he had acquired in the course of his residence near the villages; so there may be possibly some foundation for this statement.

I recollect well that, in a discussion as to these unfortunate though interesting people, it was asserted by a certain *savant* who had succeeded in visiting them that they were so bestial in their nature that they were incapable of laughing or exhibiting other signs of pleasure than grunting. This statement has, however, been challenged.

They have no idea of a supreme or beneficent God, or of a state of future existence and rewards and punishments; consequently they have no idea of right and wrong. If they see a thing and want it they simply go and take it if they can; if they cannot they leave it alone.

Their knowledge of the habits of animals is something extraordinary, and as trackers they are without equal. Sir Samuel Baker, in a book on Ceylon, speaks of one whom he employed to follow an elephant through jungle and over ground which from its nature left no mark visible to the ordinary eye—and his own was keen enough; yet this man went on unerringly, keeping the rest of the party at a trot. Baker said he believed he ran by scent, from his mode of proceeding.

It is difficult to believe all that is said of the Veddahs. They are accused of being unable to count beyond five; of leaving their dead unburied and of neglecting their sick; and wanting nothing but that freedom in their native forests and a continuance of the life which is as that of the brutes that perish.

Of late years an effort has been made to reclaim these poor survivors of original man, and the census returns even pretend to number them, though, for obvious reasons, the figures must be entirely unreliable. The village Veddahs have been improved, and in a small way cultivate the ground. It is scarcely to be expected, however, that they will ever attain to anything. Experience has shown that to change the mode of life of a primeval race is to condemn them to death, and doubtless this will be the end of the Veddah. Mis-

sionaries will convert them; they will live in houses and eat curry and rice, wear clothes, and even read books; but they will gradually dwindle away, looked down upon as an inferior race by their neighbors, and as curiosities by the scientific, until they shall be no more; and the deer shall bound in the jungle glades, and the wild boar root in the marshes, but no more shall the first of those who were given dominion over the beasts of the field follow bow in hand upon their tracks, silent and stanch; and except, perhaps, a few moldering bones overgrown by the rank grasses of a tropical forest, there shall soon be nothing left to show that here survived, until swept away by the stream of civilization, a people who existed in an unbroken descent from prehistoric times.

Our journey was now coming to an end, and reluctantly we turned our backs on the Elephant Rock. Leaving all that we could in the way of knickknacks of value to people in their condition, we started one morning homeward. A number of the men came as far as the edge of the heavy forest with us, and we looked back to them standing there, leaning on their bows, watching our departure. Ignorant and low no doubt they were, but they were quiet and inoffensive, grand hunters of game and faithful as hounds.

So we left them. There they may be to this day—I trust they may; and now, after many years, I think with interest of my acquaintance with those remnants of the primordial race, the Vedahs of Ceylon.

A CREOLE'S REVENGE.

BY CARL E. GROENEVELT.

“‘MARRY the daughter of that viper, and all I am possessed of shall be yours.’ Curse those words, why will they eternally ring in my brain?”

Urgently summoned in my professional capacity of physician to the residence of Mr. Narcisse Ledoux in Rue Esplanade during the fatal yellow-fever epidemic of '78, I traversed the deserted, narrow and tortuous banquettes in the French quarter of New Orleans. Scores of houses I passed, upon the doors and gateways of which were tacked telltale bits of crape, the gauzy stuff visibly quivering in the scorching rays of a July sun. All traffic had ceased. Every soul capable of fleeing the city had done so, and no sound save the hurried motion of an improvised hearse, rumbling over the streets, disturbed the graveyard quiet, and it was with no sigh of regret that I entered the arched and imposing gateway of the Ledoux abode.

Ascending a flight of white marble steps, with balusters of artistically wrought iron leading upstairs, and entering a darkened apartment, the above-quoted sentence fell upon my ears.

One glance at the sallow, jaundiced color of my patient, combined with the singular odor pervading the room, immediately convinced me that the dread emissary of the Grim Reaper, which for months had been depopulating the Crescent City, now entwined another victim in his greedy embrace. The negro nurse, in awe of his master, had allowed the richly embroidered and flowered coverlet, in keeping with the lavish furnishings of the room, to be thrown aside, revealing the invalid's swollen-veined hands crossed on his

heaving breast, while a fever-racked head, tossing from side to side scanty gray locks, told that the age usually allotted to man had been passed.

Aware of my presence, no further words escaped him, and after giving the necessary directions to the colored attendant, who, with his master, was apparently the only inmate of the large rambling house, I departed.

Calling next day and many days thereafter, my patient's condition varied; sometimes answering my questions rationally, oftener, however, he lay in a semi-conscious state and gave evidence that he labored under some great mental anxiety, some ever-present, all-absorbing thought. Finally the crisis was passed, and he became convalescent, although the fever left complications which must eventually prove fatal. During this period it was that the words I first heard him utter, and which had for the moment aroused my curiosity, were of his own accord made clear to me.

From an inner portion of the house his lounge was wheeled to an apartment opening on a piazza. The room was wainscoted and floored with black oak, the mullioned window facing the west. The fierce noonday sun had melted into the mellow light of a September afternoon, dimly revealing the furniture, an odd, delightful jumble of antique beauty and modern comfort, the whole overlooking a garden greatly neglected, but which for luxuriant beauty only in southern countries is possible.

My patient's back rested against a cushion; his hands twitched nervously, his eyes now shining with an unnatural lustre, now half-shut as in

a dream or under the soft influence of some narcotic.

"Promise me that you will hear me out before you flee my presence as from that of a monster," said he.

In vain I strove to impress upon his mind the necessity of refraining from undue excitement; and thus it was that I listened to the story which I here transcribe.

"Fool that I am," continued he. "Why has not my knife pierced this loose-wrinkled throat?

whim of Désirée La Réve. I see her now as I saw her then, my promised bride. A few hours more and we should tread the gates of paradise.

"Again I see her with proud head bent and heartstricken, a victim to her broken vows and my vengeance. That face persists, it haunts me, its lineaments are burned into my brain. Fortune smiled on us, and society gave us its fickle homage; but at the last moment Désirée played me false, eloping on her bridal eve and wedding my former rival, Pierre de Jarreau, a man whom I



"SCORES OF HOUSES I PASSED, UPON THE DOORS AND GATEWAYS OF WHICH WERE TACKED TELLTALE BITS OF CRAPE."

And yet I am possessed by a longing first to unburden my heart of a secret. I have done so great a wrong that to live is worse than meeting the unknown and natural horror of death. It is said that vengeance is sweet, but instead, like the fruition of our fondest desires, it turns oftenest to bitter gall.

"As you know, I am a Creole and loved with a Creole's passion—yes, with an idolatrous worship. You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise more carefully than I studied and humored each

hated and despised. I would call, "Désirée! Désirée!" with the shrieks of desperate creatures for their dead. Kind friends in vain would have me forget and forgive her who was able to strangle my soul in a mesh of her dusky hair. And yet I lived. Oh, why did they not commit me to a madhouse! I swore that if I had to wait until those raven tresses were streaked with gray Désirée would be made to suffer by my hand. I was haunted, the one thought evolving torture—exquisite torture worthy of the Inquisition. A year

went by, and, as if in mockery of my curses, a daughter was born to her. Not long after this occurrence I was possessed suddenly by an inspiration, and in a very ecstasy of delight I laid my plans.

"I shudder now at the great wave of fierce joy that pervaded my entire being.

"One of my slaves was a youth scarcely in his teens, an octoroon. Next day I engaged passage for myself and slave to France. But why recount the years that intervened, during which Estelle, the daughter of Désirée, blossomed into perfect womanhood? Suffice it to say that by every means revenge was instilled into the mind of my *protégé*. It became part of his education, his existence, and meant wealth, culture, luxury, position.

"Receiving the education of a Parisian of high social standing, no outward sign of the foul taint of negro blood visible, well molded and comely, of commanding height and lithe frame, his face dark and clear-cut as a Neapolitan's, can it be wondered that he was the winning card in the game of hearts?

"Marry the daughter of Désirée, and all I am possessed of shall be yours," said I. "Marry her, but tell no one the story of your birth; keep that for your secret."

"I finally returned to New Orleans with my foster son, to whom I gave my name, Narcisse Ledoux, and made him my heir, and as such I introduced him into New Orleans society.

"So distinguished in appearance, so cultured and refined was he, that the *élite* were proud to do him honor, and he soon won the heart and hand of the beautiful Estelle. A year later a child was born to him, but it was dark as an Arab and possessed typical African features. Never for a moment did the innocent, confiding girl or her mother suspect the master fiend's handiwork, but rather considered this affliction as a visitation for some unchronicled crime committed by an ancestor, a gay gallant of *la belle France*; and Narcisse said nothing.

"Time passed, and another child was born, and the same sorrow befell the mother. Still Narcisse said nothing, and I gloated in my triumph.

"Mme. Désirée de Jarreau, now widowed, lived with her daughter Estelle and son-in-law Narcisse. After the second affliction the family left New Orleans and dwelt at their country villa in Pascagoula, a small town in Southern Mississippi; and here was the crowning of my revenge consummated.

"At table they sit. The Bay of Pascagoula is rippling before the land breeze, one sheet of

living flame. The mighty forests are sparkling with myriad fireflies. The lazy mist which lounges round the sand dunes shines golden in the sunset rays; then the rose fades to leaden hue, till stars flash out, one by one, and again are shed across the bay long yellow lines of rippling light; the air is heavy with the scent of flowers and quivering with the murmur of the Gulf, the humming of countless insects. Yet into this spot, which might have served as a model for heaven, man's hell followed.

"Flushed with wine, Narcisse began a dispute, and Désirée, denying some statement, said to him:

"Oh, you can tell me nothing! How well I know your ways! You are not the foster son, but the true son, of my old lover, Narcisse Ledoux, whom I jilted."

"The supreme moment of revenge had come. It glided in like some gaudy snake and enwreathed its coils round all his heart and brain, and the man who had been trained for it from boyhood was equal to the occasion.

"Raising himself to his full height, he glared at the still lovely Désirée and hissed:

"No, you do not know who I am. I am the negro son of Delphine, the praline seller in Canal Street. I am not white at all; and it was to please and avenge my foster father, Narcisse Ledoux, I married your daughter and have made you the grandmother of negro children."

"With a shriek the wretched woman snatched a knife from the table, rushed at Narcisse and would have stabbed him, but his wife sprang between them.

"He is my husband," she said, simply. "Whatever his crime, he is my husband, and it is too late. I love him."

"When the hurricane has spent its fury and laid low many a giant oak a sweet wild flower will sometimes lift its modest head serenely above the dreary waste, its delicate petals unsullied by the storm's rude blast.

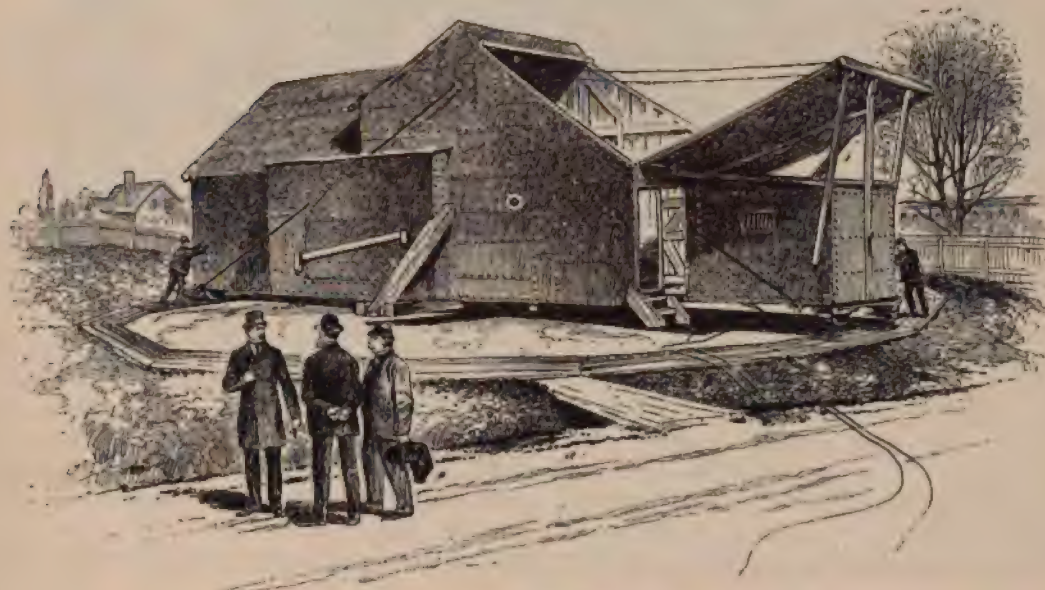
"So the young wife, her soul shining out pure and radiant through the darkness of her wrecked and clouded life, refused to leave her husband, although aware that in his veins coursed negro blood.

"Désirée, goaded to madness and foiled in her attempt to stab Narcisse, turned the point of the knife against herself and fell mortally wounded at his feet. I was avenged."

Soon exhausted nature in slumber brought him for the moment peace, while I, conscious of the futility of nostrums, retired, knowing that ere long the earthly woes of him who had greatly sinned and as deeply suffered would be over.

During the three months preceding and succeeding the death of Narcisse Ledoux I verified the truth of his story, the peculiar and wretched features of his wasted life, and that his adopted

son and his wife removed to Paris, taking with them their unfortunate children; while the woman whose heart he had broken sleeps in one of the tombs of an old New Orleans cemetery.



EDISON'S KINETOGRAPHIC THEATRE, AT ORANGE, N. J.

WONDERS OF THE KINETOSCOPE.

BY ANTONIA DICKSON, ASSOCIATE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND INVENTIONS OF EDISON."

WHAT, broadly stated, without intermediate technicalities, are the nature and functions of kinetoscope and kineto-phonograph? The first is a special application of photography, based upon the appearance of motion, gained by a graded series of images, following each other in rapid succession. Its functions are to give us the representation of life, not as the painting, the photograph or the statue represents it, frozen into a single attitude, but exhibiting all that wealth of movement and expression which makes up the sum of our restless existence. Of this class the kinetograph is the "taking" machine or specially constructed camera, in contradistinction to the kinetoscope or "seeing" machine. The kineto-phonograph goes a step further. It is the union of the kinetoscope with the phonograph, the blending of visual impressions with their kindred sounds. The combined effect is life, with all its eloquent and insistent appeals to the senses of man.

Before entering into an explanation of the

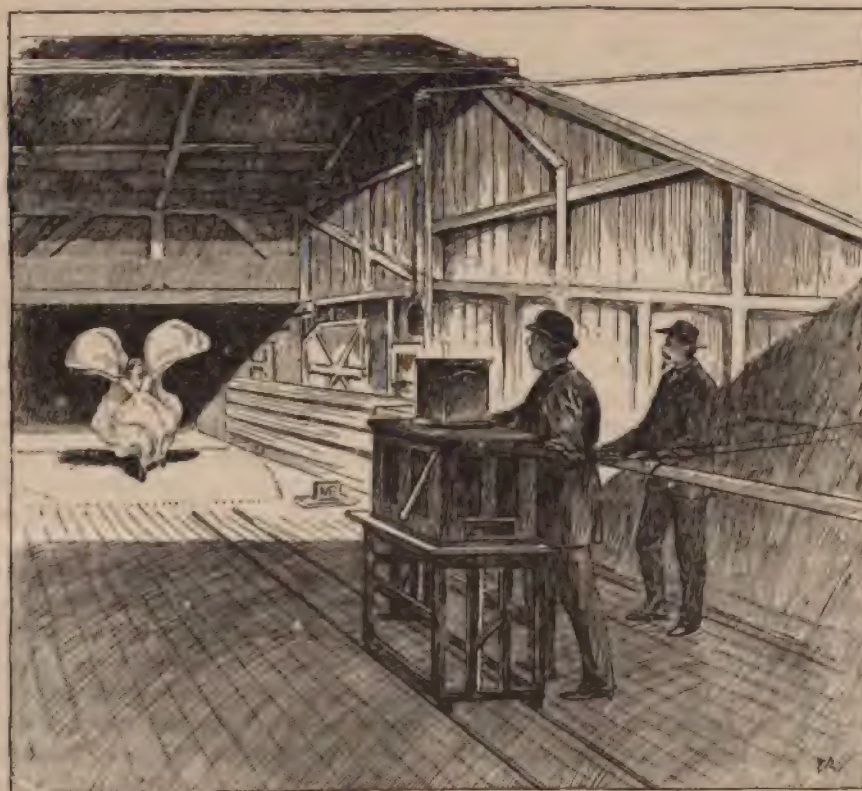
modus operandi of the various kinetos it may not be uninteresting or uninteresting to indulge in a brief retrospect or review of the past, gathering as we move along the pathways of progressive science the various materials destined to be embraced in the perfected whole, and elucidating as we go their fundamental principles. Our journey commences with the second half of the sixteenth century, a period at which the world was emerging from the obscurity of the Middle Ages and catching upon the mountain peaks of individual genius the prophetic forecasts of the coming day.

The dim suggestions of photography first engage our attention, as furnishing the basis of the kinetoscope. First, we have the exact but reversed image of exterior objects, observed by Porta, the Neapolitan philosopher, and caused by the admission of light through a small circular opening in a shutter, piercing into the recesses of a dark room and projected against a white screen—a veritable picture painted by the golden fingers of the

sun. Then the reversal of that image, by means of a convex lens placed in the tiny opening and combined with an ordinary mirror. Next, the innumerable attempts to capture this illusive phantasm, this vision of painted air, a task which seemed better adapted to the capacity of Titania's limners than to the gross methods of man. Then the long-forgotten truth, disinterred from the fruitless sarcophagi of the twelfth century, relative to the effect produced by light upon certain chemical substances, the selection of chloride of silver as yielding the best results, the application of the discovery in the hands of Fabricius and others, the ingenious experiments of Priestley, who achieved the first sun print of any value by coating a glass bottle with a layer of chloride of silver, upon which he placed a series of letters. The sun blackened the exposed surface of the silvered substance, leaving the protected spaces unimpaired, so that with the removal of the lettering a perfect sun writing was produced, which, however, merged itself into the background when subsequently brought to the full light of day. Then came the resumption of the old dream by Daguerre and Niepce, the fruitful partnership of the twain, the final capture of the photographic image on a highly polished

plate coated with iodized silver, the gradual development or bringing into view of the latent image by exposure to the fumes of vaporized mercury, and the final fixing or definite arrest of the picture by immersing it in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, which, removing the superfluous shadows engendered by the presence of the unaffected salts, left the picture bathed in those delicate gradations of light and shade which had marked the original.

The basis of photography was now firmly established, and the later developments were smoothly progressive. The subsequent steps are too numerous to mention in detail, relating as they do chiefly to improvements in lenses, chemical agents, and the introduction of paper and glass plates, tending one and all toward short exposure, distinctness of outline and lasting results. The principles of stereoscopy were developed, by which designs are made to assume the raised proportions of life, a phenomenon familiar to us in everyday existence, and which the simplest experiment will suffice to demonstrate. Place a book before you in an upright position so that the back will face you, close the right eye, and the left side will alone be visible. Reverse the order, and the right side will come into view. Open both eyes, and



THE KINETOGRAPH—PHOTOGRAPHING A "SERPENTINE" DANCER.



THE KINETOSCOPE ON THE BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY—VIEWING A "KNOCK-OUT."

the entire expanse will be exposed, for the reason that the mind behind the eyes has made the two pictures one, giving the impression of a raised and solid surface. In the stereoscope, which, like the generality of scientific processes, aims at a reproduction of Nature's methods, the flat effect is removed, and the raised appearance substituted by taking two impressions of the same picture, one for each eye, each an exact copy of the object it portrays.

So far, so good; we have caught the image, vivified its outlines, arrested it permanently and imbued it with the rotundity or angles of life. Still it is insensate and cold, lacking that motion which is the most suggestive feature of existence. The haunt of the enchanter has been laid bare and the imprisoned princesses revealed, but the sleep of enchantment still fetters their limbs, and who shall break the spell?

Curiously enough, the next link in the magic formula was found, not in the laboratories of science, but in the delicious trifles of babyland. Just about this time an ingenious contrivance was launched into the motley kingdom of toys, named the zoetrope, or "wheel of life," consisting of a cylinder, some ten inches wide, open at the top, around the lower and interior rim of which a series of pictures is placed, representing any given phase of animated life.

The cylinder is then rapidly rotated, and the eye of the spectator, being directed to the narrow and vertical slits which are cut in the outer surface, becomes aware of a certain spasmodic movement within. This simulated movement, as the reader probably knows, springs from a substitution of one portion of an attitude for another, so as to produce the effect of continuity upon the retina of the eye; and the failure of these pictures to blend into the desired continuity is due to the limited number of these impressions. Every movement in life, whether it be a leap in the air, a bow, a courtesy, or a blow, consists of hundreds of intermediate positions, any one of which being omitted causes an awkward hiatus or break in the scale of motion. To this cause the abrupt and automatic movements of the zoetrope are referable. The wood cuts are of the rudest possible type, and taken at such wide intervals of time as to militate against the smooth merging of the one attitude into the other. The idea, however, was powerfully suggestive, and as such commended itself to the attention of many leading photographic experts, who, working upon the plastic surface of the Maddox dry gelatine plate, were enabled to multiply the graded images, and so approximate the desired realism of effect. Gelatine is the most sensitive material in the range of photographic appliances, lending itself,

tiny figures plying the motions of their mimic life with a vim, an ease and celerity which give substance to our fading dreams of elúndom. Projected stereoscopically, the results are finer still; life size is attained, together with a pleasing rotundity lacking in ordinary photographic displays, the general effect being greatly enhanced by a delicate tinting in three colors.

quote the parent's own words, "who from her birth has spoken all languages, played all instruments and imitated all sounds, cooing with the babies, whistling with the birds, singing with operatic stars and discoursing with the philologists."

This precocious genius was the phonograph, an instrument based upon the acoustic principles of



THE GAIETY GIRLS DANCING.

The kinetoscope was complete; the visual impressions were as perfect as the imitative faculties of man could make them; sound alone was conspicuous by its absence, but the means of securing it were not far to seek. A timely accession had meanwhile been made to the ranks of Mr. Edison's scientific progeny—"A young lady," to

the ear, and giving back with perfect fidelity the vocal footprints impressed upon its wax cylinders. An alliance was set on foot between the animated but soundless image of the kinetoscope and the invisible vocalism of the phonograph, with a view to complementing the deficiencies of each. Apart from the phonograph, the kinetoscope was a mere

pantomimic display; divorced from the kinetoscope, the phonograph was a tantalizing suggestion of life, lacking the visible presence of those entities which furnished the sounds. It was as if a mortal should find himself transported to a realm of the Nibelung, barked by the Karnappe, or cap of darkness, which protected the unseen minstrels, and stretching vague hands of entreaty into the eloquent emptiness. It became evident that the means of relieving this painful suggestion of unfed senses lay in promoting a union of the two gifted specialists, Kinetoscope and Phonograph—a union so perfect as to obliterate all lines of demarcation—and to this task the experimental talent of the photographic atelier applied itself. The establishment of harmonious relations was an extremely difficult task, but the experiments have borne their legitimate fruit, and the most scrupulous nicety of adjustment has been achieved, with the resultant effects of life, audibly and visually expressed. The phonograph is now mechanically and electrically linked with a specially constructed camera in such exact fashion as to admit of the sound record being taken simultaneously with the photographic impressions. Thus, when reproduced, the minutiae of expression or gesture will be found to be harmoniously combined with their appropriate gradations of sound, even to the delicate inflections of the lips in molding speech or song.

The stereoscopic projections are exhibited in an upper story of the main photographic building of the laboratory. The attendant preparations are sufficiently gloomy and mysterious to impress the uninitiate, and to suggest the awe-inspiring adjuncts of a mediæval magician. The room is entirely draped with black, for the purpose of preventing any reflection from the circle of light emanating from the screen, and the projector is also concealed behind a curtain of the same ominous hue, a single peephole being left for the lens. A monotonous incantation is sustained, meanwhile, by the invisible electrical motor attached to the projector, and the climax is reached when into your startled scope of vision the figures project themselves, instinct with all the features of life, dancing, singing, gesturing, talking, swinging hammers, or weaving the dangerous intricacies of swordsmanship, with absolute fidelity to life. So complete is the illusion that the mind is totally unprepared for the abrupt vanishing into darkness of these lively phantasmagoria.

The subjects for the kinetograph are taken in the Kinetographic Theatre, which occupies the centre of that cluster of auxiliary buildings which

surrounds the laboratory. It is a peculiarly shaped and colored structure, too irregular for architectural classification, covered with paper coated with pitch and studded with numerous tin nails. To the centre a movable roof is attached, which is easily lowered or lifted by a single pair of hands. This adjustable canopy is supplemented by an ingenious mechanical arrangement which admits of the building being swung upon a graphited centre, similar in principle to that of our river swinging bridges, so as to catch the full force of the sun, independent of its place in the heavens. The interior is as peculiar as the exterior. The lower end of the room is unlit by a single aperture, and is hung with black drapery. Against this sombre background the kinetographic stage is placed in such a position as to meet the fierce light falling down from the movable roof. The effect is marvelous, the figures standing out clear-cut and dazzling against the Stygian gloom of the background. At the other end of the room is a cell, lit by a lurid red window, which lends a Mephistophelian glow to the scene. This compartment is utilized for the purpose of changing the films from the dark box to the kinetographic camera, and is linked to the rear of the stage by a diminutive railroad.

There is hardly a day affording the necessary solar conditions in which a motley procession may not be seen winding its way toward the Kinetographic Theatre. Boxing cats, performing monkeys, terriers and rats, bricking bronchos, trained bears, form the brute element in this unique company of players, which rarely falls out as to the assignment of rôles. The human subjects are equally diverse. Truculent prize fighters and seductive bacchantes, contortionists and trapezists, jugglers, fencers, swordsmen and artisans are largely represented. Sandow leads the van, a modern Hercules, comely, stately and invincible, the embodiment of our classic ideals. Later he will be seen balancing three-hundred-pound dumbbells as if they were balls of thistle-down, or supporting a wooden platform and three horses on his mighty chest. Buffalo Bill marshals his heterogeneous suite—lustrous-eyed Moors and Arabs, turbaned and bejeweled; dashing Texan cowboys in shadowy sombreros and cavernous boots; sleepy-eyed Celestials and agile Japanese; fierce Cossacks and picturesque Albanians; impassive Indians in pomp of war paint and plumes. These resolve themselves into strange combinations—into the Omaha war dance, the Sioux ghost dance and Indian war council; into wonderful feats of swordsmanship, lassoing and shooting. These scenes, one and all, point

decisively to their final development, the kinetographic and kineto-phonographic drama.

Mr. Edison himself has no qualms of uncertainty on this subject. He says: "I believe that in coming years, by my own work and that of

Dickson, Muybridge, Marié, and others who will doubtless enter the field, grand opera can be given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, without any material change from the original and with artists and musicians long dead."

THE BEST OF SEASONS.

BY IRVING ALLEN.

A CORRESPONDENT—a resident of Southern California, but a native of Massachusetts—thus writes: "The sight and breath of snow increases my strength tenfold. Here I am never rid of a feeling of languor that makes the performance of any duty or any exertion an effort such as I never know where the frost is."

Certain weatherwise philosophers of recent years talk learnedly of the effect of a change in the flow of the Gulf Stream on our New England winters; for my own part, I neither believe nor wish to believe in any such fanciful theory. Surely no true son or daughter of New England could rejoice in a revolution in the seasons which would rob us of that period of the year which best nourishes our finest and most characteristic qualities. Our Northern seasons are all beautiful, each having its own peculiar charms; but my favorite of them all is old Winter; to me he is lovely even in his wildest and roughest moods; and my purpose in this brief sketch is to give some reasons for the faith which was born in me, and which has survived a goodly number of "cold seasons."

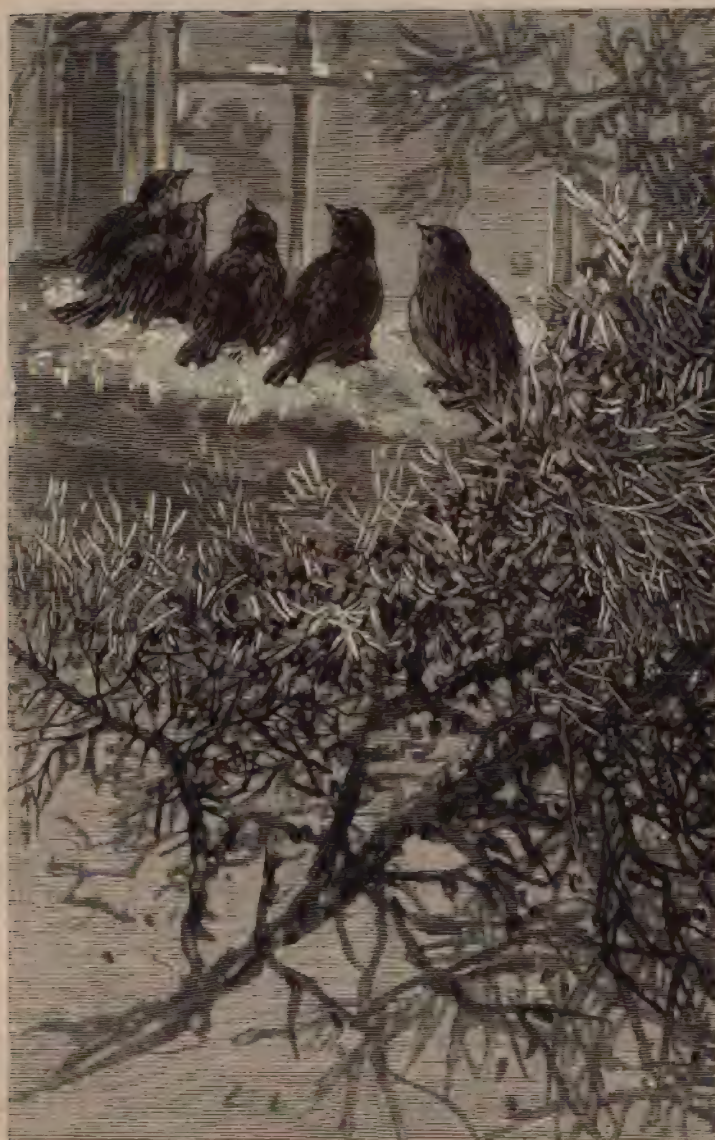
And, first of all, winter is the intellectual season, *par excellence*; the time of the fullest and freest flow of thought, and bright ideas and fancies. Lowell—who has written, on the whole, the finest and most discriminative panegyric of "Old Whitebeard"—justified his acknowledged partiality for the chilly months with happy quotations from a notable cluster of singers, great and little. Hawthorne—whom, singularly enough, Lowell does not quote—Hawthorne, our poet of deepest insight and loftiest creative genius, though he never wrote in verse, thus gives us a glimpse of his own experiences in this regard; it is from "Snowflakes," one of the most characteristic and charming sketches of the "Twice-told Tales": "There is an influence productive of cheerfulness, and favorable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day. . . . In our brief summer I do not think, but only exist in the vague enjoyment of a dream. My hour

of inspiration—if such an hour ever comes—is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame—brighter for the gloom of the chamber—rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the glowing heap of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snowflakes or the sleety raindrops pelt hard against the window panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it like stars at twilight, or like violets in May—perhaps to fade as soon."

Thoreau, a dear lover of Nature at all seasons, seems to have had, also, a special fondness for winter. "It is," he says, "invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late, that the gales may sigh through us, too, as through the leafless trees, and fit us for the winter; as if we hoped so to borrow some pure and steadfast virtue." Elsewhere he writes: "Though Winter is represented in the almanac as an old man, facing the wind and sleet, and drawing his cloak about him, we rather think of him as a merry woodchopper, and warm-blooded youth, as blithe as Summer. We know of no scripture which records the pure benignity of the gods on a New England night."

Our Scriptures have certainly no direct reference to New England days or nights; but Thoreau could scarcely have forgotten that noble passage from one of the Psalms of David, "He giveth snow like wool"; and there is no loftier poetry in the world's literature than descriptive pictures of winter scenery by the unknown author of the Book of Job.

The English poets, as a rule, lavish most of their enthusiasm on the "sweet springtime," and look askance at the advent of the season of cold and ice; this is owing in great measure, no doubt, to the fact that their winters are apt to be damp and disagreeable, with a good deal more rain than snow, although Thomson paints terrible pictures of wintry desolation and disaster. It



A WINTER AUBADE.

would, indeed, be more or less unreasonable to expect cheerful views of winter from a poet whose description of the season was written in bed, whither he had betaken himself to keep warm, with his hand thrust through a hole in the blanket!

Milton, however—a far greater poet, England's "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies"—tells us that "his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal." Cowper, the gentle and melancholy poet of Olney, is never so cheerful and hopeful as while he forgets his griefs, walking in the brisk air of a clear winter morning. The thought of him takes us back to the days of Pierpont's matchless "First Class Book":

a poet who tunes his lyre in a more sprightly and hopeful key. These lines are by the author of "Fables in Song":

"It was the splendid wintertide,
And all the air was thrilling white,
And all the air was still and bright,
With a solemn and songless sunshine wide,
Whose gorgeous uncongenial light
Hardened whatever it glorified."

A trifle obscure, perhaps, in spots, but on the whole appreciative and just.

As Lowell points out, the best place for the truest enjoyment of the atmosphere and the delights of winter is outdoors. A long walk on a December morning, with the mercury at zero or

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year—
Thy scattered hair with sleetlike ashes
filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips,
thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with
other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt
in clouds.

I love thee, all unlovely as thou
seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art."

Edmund Spenser (with the exception of Shakespeare, Milton's most illustrious forerunner) takes a depressing view of the long months between October and May:

"The careful cold hath nipped my
rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows old
hath pight:
My heart besprent with heavy frost I
find,
And by mine eye the crow his
claw doth wright;
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure
past,
No sun now shines, clouds have all
overcast."

Keats thus commiserates some luckless fellow sufferer from the rigors of an English winter:

"He has his winter, too, of pale mis-
feature,
Or else he would forego his moral
nature."

It is cheerful to turn from these dreary misconceptions of a season which kindly Nature has crowded with inspirations and delights to

thereabouts, is worth far more than a summer trip to the seashore as a restorer or retainer of health and vigor. Our boys know that right well; and those of us who have long since left childhood behind us may catch sweet echoes of boyhood's music by taking part sometimes in the winter sports of our boys and girls.

One of our own great poets thus writes of that favorite amusement of New England children, the manufacture of snow giants: "The damper snow tempts the amateur architect and sculptor. His Pentelicus has been brought to his very door, and if there are boys to be had—whose company beats all other recipes for prolonging life—a middle-aged Master of the Works will knock the years off his account and make the family Bible seem a dealer in foolish fables, by a few hours given heartily to this business."

What in all her manifold treasures has Nature to show us fairer and more lovely than the fresh-fallen snow? She has, doubtless, marvels far more gorgeous—I had almost written, meretricious—as the rosy matron Summer is more splendidly attired than her regal brother of the white beard and icy sceptre; but snow is the very emblem of absolute purity, and is purity ever less than lovely?

Poets and writers of prose have rivaled each other in wrathful or melancholy descriptions of the storms and tempests of December and his kindred months; but Winter will hold his own even in the matter of storms, when compared with those of his sister seasons—the fickle or spiteful alternate weeping and smiling of spring; the angry outbursts of the summer thunder gust; the dreary moaning of the autumn tempest. The year's full round has in it nothing else more inspiring—nothing more beautiful, if you have eye and heart for Nature's sterner charms—than an old-fashioned New England snow-storm. Lovely in its beginning, its progress, its close, and its fair results!

The fireplace of our fathers—celebrated in famous verse, and remembered in many a charming prose sketch—has happily been

restored, too often in sadly modified form, to modern hearts and dwellings. The stove and the furnace has each its virtues and comforts, but neither can ever usurp the place of the historic and poetic hearth.

Let the reader, then, imagine himself in his easy chair in front of a glowing fire of anthracite, or better still, of hemlock or apple-tree logs. It is an evening of "bleak December," and presently the clock warns him of bedtime; but he must first take a farewell glimpse through the clouded pane at the winter landscape; what will the weather be to-morrow?

It is weeks since the earth put on her winter robes of stainless white, and what a sweet and wide stillness reigns! The sounds of busy day



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

are hushed, and the silence of the December night is broken only by the distant jingle of silver sleigh bells, or the solemn voice of the village clock. It is not a cloudy sky that you behold, and the stars are yet visible through the hazy veil that half hides them, and dims the pale face of the wintry moon, which has no warmth and small cheer for poor humanity; the "cold, cold moon" in whose rays young Harry Gill shivered, and of which the poets love to write.

If you sleep in a heated room you not only endanger your health in the long run, but you are sure to miss one of the loveliest of Nature's winter miracles—the frostwork on your window panes; for if Winter is a noble poet, Frost is as truly a great artist. Look forth at early morning through the top of a pane which the pencil of the frost etcher has left untouched, and behold one of the most impressive of winter scenes—the beginning of a snowstorm.

The sky is a broad expanse of gray, through which not a ray of sunlight struggles, and out of whose encompassing folds flutter the first wavering flakes. If the wind—and there is little of it—blows from the north this prelude to the winter storm may be prolonged till the hidden sun is well advanced on his daily journey; if there be more of east than north in it we are apt to get the big flakes full of moisture, and ominous of a soaking rain; but this is unusual in the opening of a true December snowstorm. If it proves, indeed, the latter, a slightly warmer breath is sure to mingle soon with the blast from the icy north; the storm gradually increases, till at length the familiar face of the brown earth and all well-known outdoor scenes and objects are invested in their winter garb of spotless white.

Lowell maintains that most of our poets—those that sing the praises of winter— dwell chiefly on the indoor attractions and joys of the season. Emerson secludes the "inmates" of whom he writes in

"A tumultuous privacy of storm."

Longfellow sits at his study window in the brief February afternoon and watches the increasing storm, as the snow falls thicker and faster on the meadows between his old mansion and the ice-bound river. It is from a window of Elmwood that Lowell himself and his little girl looked out on "The First Snowfall" of which he sang so sweetly and sadly. Holmes—whose pathos was a diviner gift than even his bright and sparkling fancy—takes us in the winter to the place of graves, and directs our thoughts to the loveliness hidden "Under the Snow."

Of all our poets, it is Whittier to whom we are

indebted for the most captivating pictures of winter, indoors and out. His most delightful poem, of any considerable length, "Snow-bound" is a true and vivid portrayal of winter experiences—enjoyments and toils—on a Massachusetts farm, and in it he tells but a single story of hundreds. How those musical lines of his recall many a familiar scene of country life! Scores of boys and girls in villages scattered all over New England are, without knowing it, chief personages in just such charming idyls as Whittier portrays.

Many readers will doubtless recall stories of the famous blizzard of six or seven years ago, from which Boston suffered but slightly, but which was terrible indeed in New York city; but I remember a snowstorm greater than that, though without the savage, but fortunately brief, fury of the blizzard: this was the famous snowfall of 1867. This storm commenced soon after the sunrise of a January morning, and before noon the streets of Boston were well-nigh impassable, and business was virtually suspended. That night, hotels, private dwellings, stores and offices were crowded with residents of neighboring towns and cities unable to reach their homes. The snow at noon, after the storm had raged from four to five hours, was up to the writer's waist; this was in front of the Fitchburg Railroad station, where there were no drifts.

To recur to the poets of winter. Lowell's sketch was published in the "Atlantic Almanac" about the year 1871; as I remember it, the eminent author quotes chiefly from old English poets, and of our own great authors mentions but two—Whittier and Emerson. This is singular, inasmuch as, besides those extracts to which I have called the reader's attention, there are Longfellow's and Bryant's admirable winter poems, both of which had long been famous and popular. Here are brief excerpts from Bryant's "Winter Piece":

—"Afar,

The village with its spires, the path of streams
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seemed new to me, nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love call of bird, nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death."

Our cluster of the poets of winter would be sadly incomplete without the name of Tennyson—doubtless the greatest of modern bards, and who chants the praises of the sacred Christmas

time in strains as lofty as those of any singer, of our own or other days. Much of this noble verse is in "In Memoriam." The following are the closing lines of "Morte d'Arthur"—not found in all the editions of the poet's works:

—"Yet in sleep I seemed
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point: till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried,
'Arthur is come again; he cannot die.'
Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated, 'Come again, and thrice as fair;'
And, farther inland, voices echoed, 'Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.'
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church bells ring in the Christmas morn."

I lament the lack of space to write of the amusements sacred to the season—of the moonlight sleigh rides, the coasting, the skating; of the intellectual and social joys of winter—the lecture and concert rooms, the brilliant opera, the

lighted theatre. Beyond and above them all, the sweet pleasures of home, and the fireside with its circle of loved ones, and its dear memories of faces vanished, but unforgotten.

I cannot better close my rambling sketch than with Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Snowflakes"—also the title of the "Twice-told Tale" from which I have quoted:

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud folds of its garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow,
Descends the snow."

"Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels."

"This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field."

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

T. B. ALDRICH's famous "Story of a Bad Boy" occupies a place all its own in the hearts of readers, especially juvenile readers, of the last two decades. Its charm is unique because, as Mr. Howells said when the book first came out in 1870, "No one else seems to have thought of telling the story of a boy's life with so great a desire to show what a boy's life is, and with so little purpose of teaching what it should be: certainly no one else has thought of doing this for the American boy." Up to the present time, the "Story of a Bad Boy" has been an easy winner on its own merits, without the help of pictures; nevertheless, it was certain that some day an artist would avail himself of the host of suggestions which the story contains, and with his skillful pencil bring before the eye the dramatic and humorous and interesting scenes which Mr. Aldrich's skillful pen has already presented to the mind of a multitude of delighted readers. The time has now come, and the competent artist is Mr. A. B. Frost, who has so fully entered into the spirit and fun of the story as almost to astonish the author that he had written a story so full of action and of delightful incidents. It is pleasant to state that Mr. Aldrich is wholly satisfied with the pictures, and that he takes a fresh interest in the adventures of Tom Bailey as he recalls the memory of them in Mr. Frost's effective designs. Paper, print and binding are all that can be asked to make the book irresistible as a gift. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"PUSHING TO THE FRONT; OR, SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES," by Orison Swett Marden, is designed to be, and undoubtedly will become, an inspiration and help to the youth of America who long to be somebody and to do something in

the world, yet many of whom, hedged in as it were by iron walls of circumstance, feel that they have "no chance in life." The book teaches, amongst other things, that he who would grasp the key to power must be greater than his calling, and resist that vulgar prosperity which retrogrades ever toward barbarism; that there is something greater than wealth, grander than fame; that character is success, and there is no other; that a great check book can never make a great man, and that beside the character of a Washington or of a Lincoln the millions of many an American look contemptible. Many examples are given to show the triumphs of mediocrity, the dignity of labor, the omnipotence of persistence; that a man may be rich without money, and may succeed though he does not become President or a Member of Congress. The author has endeavored to touch the higher springs of the youth's aspiration, and to caution him not to allow the maxims of a low prudence daily dinned into his ears in this money-getting age to repress the longings for a higher life. Mr. Marden's book has for its frontispiece a fine portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and there are over a score of other engraved portraits of first-class merit, after such artists as Lenbach, Susterman, Rajon, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Baron François Gérard, Healy; Treasury Department engravings, etc. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, the art publishers, have issued the most varied and beautiful products of the season, in the line of Christmas, New Year's and Easter cards, calendars, etc. These are specially designed for them in England, and printed from the "Rafolith" plates at their



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A GREAT TEMPTATION.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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THOMAS ALVA EDISON.
(From a Recent Photograph.)

Vol. XXXIX., No. 3-17.

EDISON.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

(Illustrated from photographs by W. K. L. Dickson, and with plates furnished through the courtesy of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers of the "Life and Inventions of Edison.")

"After all, it is the imponderable that moves the world—heat, electricity, love."—*Holmes.*

WE have been witnessing recently a sudden and apparently spontaneous revival of the Napoleonic legend—a keen, inquiring interest in all that concerns the life, achievements and personality of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. This legend, slumbering in the soul of modern French nationality, is indeed naturally subject to occasional awakenings there: its recurrence here in America can only be ascribed to an accession, destined probably to be as brief as it is violent, of that irrepressible tendency to hero worship which is latent in our race. Napoleon, launched upon his meteoric career by the culmination of forces belonging distinctively to the eighteenth century, was not with all his genius a new type of hero, nor even a glorified example of the old. He was rather, as Taine has pointed out, a survival, a belated Roman, with Alexander, Cæsar and Hannibal for antecedents, and no higher ideal of ambition than to emulate what they had done ages before him.

The man of the day, not only in America but throughout the world, at this portentous end of the nineteenth century, represents a new efflorescence of human genius—a kind of conqueror who stands unprecedented and alone. He has drawn his strength from the primal elements of nature, and achieved his conquests over the occult but awful forces of the universe. His path to greatness is marked with light, not blood—with hope, not desolation. Others have been mighty destroyers: his is the godlike power to create. The vaster his influence, the more unassuming and self-effaced his personal individuality. The control of uncounted millions of wealth means with him only a royal prodigality in matters of scientific research. When we have said this much we have named our hero. There is but one THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Contrary to the usual result of a near-by and minute inspection of celebrities, it requires a detailed review of his work, and something like a personal acquaintance or intimacy, to appreciate the true greatness of Edison as an inventor and as a man. A peculiarly fortunate opportunity for acquiring such an acquaintance has just been given to the reading world by Mr. W. K. L. Dickson and Miss Antonia Dickson, authors of the superb and elaborate volume which will be memorable among the publications of the present season. Mr. Dickson has long occupied a high

and responsible position on the great inventor's staff of personal aids in the great laboratories at Orange, N. J., particularly in connection with the Kinetographic Theatre described and illustrated in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY last month. His sister, Miss Antonia Dickson, author of the article on the subject just mentioned, is well known to the public through her versatile literary and magazine work. The new and authoritative biography of Edison,* of which these two are the joint authors, has been prepared under unique facilities for procuring fullness and accuracy of fact, and thence for presenting a living and sympathetic picture of the man. The materials have been obtained from the observations of a close business and friendly association of the authors with their subject for a period of thirteen years, supplemented with the verbal and written data which Mr. Edison himself has freely supplied. The very passages which read most like extracts from some modern Arabian Nights are simply the unexaggerated narrative of facts forming part of contemporary history—that everyday truth which is so much "stranger than fiction."

Thomas Alva Edison was born on the 11th of February, 1847, at Milan, Erie County, Ohio. His mother, Nancy Elliot, was a native of Chenango County, a Canadian by residence and education, and of Scottish parentage. His father, Samuel Edison (who lives to-day, in Florida, hale and hearty at ninety years of age), belongs to a family of Dutch origin, which emigrated from Amsterdam to America in 1737. Here the grandfather of Samuel Edison, John Edison, is on worthy record as a banker on Manhattan Island. It is believed that the history of the family, fraught with interesting and creditable details, might be traced back very much further, did not the good-natured indifference of its most distinguished descendant prove an insuperable bar to research.

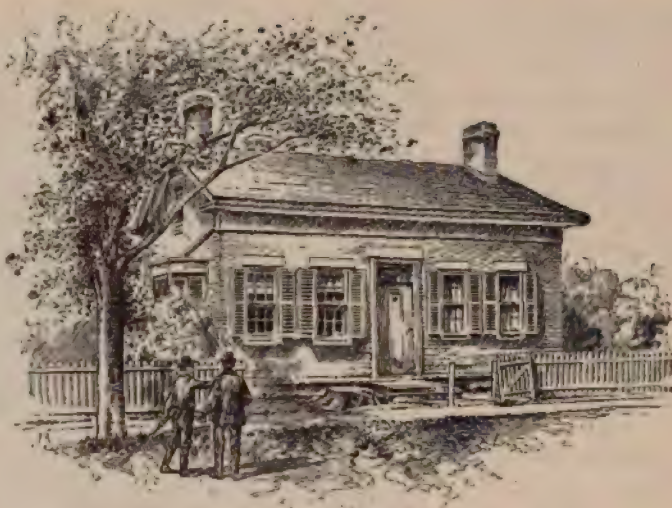
Mrs. Samuel Edison was a woman of sweet and strong individuality, with a substantial education acquired in the Canadian high school. She was eminently qualified to mold the plastic mind of her son, and it was mainly to her judicious ef-

* The Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison. By W. K. L. Dickson and Antonia Dickson. Illustrated. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston, 1894.

forts that the boy owed that early impetus which gave such extraordinary scope and direction to his dawning powers. Nothing could be more erroneous than the notion that Edison is a rough and uncultivated man, educated only from a business and scientific standpoint. The fact is that, quite distinct from the inventive genius by which he is exclusively known to the world, he possesses a lively fancy and virile, original mind, enriched from a surprisingly extensive reading. At the early age of twelve, we are told, he attacked such formidable works as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hume's "History of England," Ure's "Dictionary of the Sciences,"

"The Penny Encyclopedia" and Newton's "Principia." Indeed, his thirst for knowledge must have amounted to a positive rage, needing restraint rather than stimulation. It was at this period that, his family having removed to Detroit, the lad started in to read straight through the Free Library of that city; and he had actually got through some fifteen feet of solid books, when his project was discovered, and his eager mind "switched off" in some more promising direction.

In the spring of 1862, in the height of the excitement of the Civil War, young Edison went into business as a newsboy on the principal trains running in and out of Detroit. He cultivated the acquaintance of telegraph operators, conductors, locomotive engineers and station agents, and by his enterprise in supplying the earliest available war news established a very profitable business. This enabled him to purchase a lot of old type and stereotypes from the Detroit *Free Press* establishment, wherewith to start a paper of his own—the since famous *Grand Trunk Herald*, the first and only journal ever regularly published on a railway train. He fitted up a dilapidated freight car as printing office and editorial sanctum, and while rolling up and down the lines of travel got out a lively weekly paper which speedily attained a circulation of four hundred copies, as well as a proportionate amount of advertising patronage. The novelty of the idea attracted the attention of Stephenson, the famous engineer, and elicited from the London *Times* a cordial tribute of admiration for the enterprising Yankee boy. Encouraged by the success of his maiden effort, Edison extended his venture, and in conjunction with the "devil" of the Port Huron



BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS A. EDISON, AT MILAN, OHIO.

Commercial, started a more ambitious sheet, called *Paul Pry*. The two boys had fun with this while it lasted; but the personalities in which they freely indulged got them into trouble, and a ducking in the St. Clair River which the editor in chief received at the hands of an oversensitive subscriber finally threw cold water, so to say, on the enterprise. Not long afterward, as if to justify the old adage about misfortunes flocking together, Edison's nomadic freight-car laboratory and newspaper office came to a sudden and ignoble extinction. The jarring of the train having uncorked and upset a phosphorus bottle, starting a blaze that was extinguished just in time to save the car, the revengeful conductor summarily ejected the luckless boy, throwing him out with all his belongings, and leaving him stranded on a way-station platform. "This episode," says Miss Dickson, "has served as a basis for innumerable comic sketches, literary and artistic; but to our mind the pathos of the situation has never been sufficiently recognized. Edison's local attachments were strong, and his thirst for knowledge was boundless. The battered car, with its primitive equipments, was dearer to him than the faultless laboratory of the successful scientist, and its sudden dissolution was a terrible shock. In all the sorrowful vicissitudes of Edison's life, and they were many, nothing more desolate can be imagined than the figure of this ill-clad, ill-fed boy standing irresolutely on the deserted road, the fragments of his cherished possessions around him, and in the distance the gradually lessening outlines of his beloved workshop and sanctum. Nothing in his subsequent career illustrates with greater force the indomitable nature of the man than his philosophic acceptance of the situation,

and his prompt reinstallation of himself and belongings in the cellar of his father's house at Port Huron."

It may not be generally known that the deafness which has so grown upon Edison in these latter years was originally contracted from the brutality of that Grand Trunk conductor, who, in ejecting the lad from the car, boxed his ears with such violence as to injure irreparably the delicate auditory nerves and membranes. The results of these injuries have never been eradicated by surgical treatment, although the finest skill has been employed. Yet the great inventor "accepts the infirmity with the sunny philosophy which is one of his distinguishing characteristics, and pursues his labors without a tinge of that self-pity which affords to lesser minds such depths of consolation."

It was in the cellar at Port Huron, then, that the youthful Edison, equipped with a book on electricity and the wreckage of his freight-car establishment, conducted his earliest experiments in telegraphy. In conjunction with a young friend named James Ward he constructed between their homes a line consisting of an ordinary stovepipe wire, insulated with bottles, and crossing under a busy thoroughfare by means of an old cable rescued from the bed of the Detroit River. The first magnets were wound with wire, swathed in ancient rags, and a piece of spring brass formed the key. Most weird of all was the means adopted for generating a current. "Edison secured two Brobdingnagian cats, with volcanic tempers, attached a wire to their legs, administered violent friction to their backs, and breathlessly awaited developments. Sad to relate, these zealous efforts ended in failure. The feline mind, concentrated

on personal grievances, refused to lend itself to the pursuit of science, and the test resulted in a frantic stampede, enlivened by whoops and splutters. But, as Mr. Reid, in his memorial volume, remarks, "The experiment was not without success; a tremendous local current and perfect electric arc were produced, but it would not work the line, and was abandoned."

A little later in the same year (1862) a turn in Edison's fortunes brought the much-desired opportunity within his grasp. He was still working as newsboy on the Grand Trunk trains, and one

day at the Mount Clemens station he managed at the risk of his life to rescue the three-year-old child of the station agent (Mr. J. U. Mackenzie) from being run over by the cars. The grateful father said to him: "Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week and keep Jimmy out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit (which you can do by getting Tommy Sutherland to bring your evening papers out for you, and as nine-tenths of your trade is between Mount Clemens and Port Huron), I will teach you tele-



MRS. NANCY EDISON, EDISON'S MOTHER.

graphing and prepare you for the position of a night operator at not less than twenty-five dollars per month."

"Al" jumped at the chance, and in less than three months' time not only qualified himself as an operator, but made with his own hands a complete set of instruments, and constructed a working telegraph line between the railway station and the town. He frequented the Western Union office in Port Huron, where he improved very rapidly, and it was during this period that he duplexed the Grand Trunk cable between Port Huron and Sarnia, across the river. "This was considered a

wonderful feat," says Mr. MacKenzie, "and greatly facilitated the business of the Grand Trunk Railroad at that point. I doubt if he was ever paid anything for this valuable work." The greed and dishonesty of the Western Union manager at Port Huron preventing any hope of advancement there, Edison went to Stratford, Canada, in the capacity of a night operator on the Grand Trunk, at the promised salary of twenty-five dollars a month.

The circuit manager at Stratford was somewhat of a martinet, and the service of the strictest. With a view to maintaining ceaseless activity during the drowsy hours of night, the operators



SAMUEL EDISON, EDISON'S FATHER.

were required to report the word "six" at intervals of half an hour. This precautionary measure was peculiarly irksome to Edison, from the fact that he was accustomed to roam about Stratford, visiting the adjacent railway stations, etc., and returning in a semi-somnambulist condition only just in time to resume his duties. Finding it impossible to keep his eyes open, and yet unwilling to give up his accustomed rounds, he conceived the brilliant idea of utilizing the clock as a substitute.

This he did by constructing a wheel having notches cut at the outer edge, attaching the wheel to the clock, and connecting it by wires with the main-line circuit,



EDISON AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.



EDISON AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

with the result that the word "six" was regularly given. It was noticed, however, that Sf. could never be raised, just after "sixing." A detective operator was put on the track, with the result that young Edison and his labor-saving device were exposed. That device, nevertheless, is the district telegraph of to-day, having been subsequently perfected, patented and sold to the American District Telegraph Company.

The Dicksons' book recounts with graphic detail the remarkable adventures, by turns ludicrous and pathetic, of the as yet unrecognized child of genius during the next two or three years. As a perambulating operator, overflowing with ideas and animal spirits, and restlessly energetic in the exploitation of new experiments, he sojourned successively in Adrian, Mich., Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Memphis and Louisville. His positions at these places were filled always with ability and credit, sometimes with distinction; though, as his biographers admit, "Edison's love of fun and greater love of experiments led him to violate the essential rules laid down for the guidance of the operators. At Indianapolis these pleasing irregularities led to serious trouble; but his unpopularity and subsequent discharge probably weighed very little upon his mind, counterbalanced as they were by the fact that his increasing skill and deepened insight led him at the age of seventeen to the invention of a telegraph instrument susceptible of transferring writing from one line to another without the assistance of an operator. This automatic repeater is described in a recent telegraphic work as 'probably the most simple and ingenious arrangement of connections for a repeater known, and has been found to work well in practice. It is especially good and convenient where it is necessary to fit up a repeater, in an emergency, with ordinary office instruments.' The ferment of discovery was now working in Edison's veins, militating against the steady, uneventful grind of daily routine. At an age when food and sleep are most essential to mental and physical development he ruthlessly curtailed both, burning not only the midnight oil, but trenching on the gray hours preceding the dawn—a time when, as physicians tell us, vitality is at its lowest ebb, and most dependent on nature's sweet restorer."

Here is a chapter of his experience in Louisville, as related by himself: "The Louisville office was during and at the end of the war in a very dilapidated condition, and the management was correspondingly lax. One night when I was taking reports I heard a tremendous noise on the stairs, and there appeared at the door one of the

most skilled operators in the force, a man whose splendid abilities were crippled by his habitual drunkenness. He was now in one of his most violent fits. He hesitated an instant, then walked in, kicked over the stove with its long length of sooty stovepipe, then proceeded to pull down the switchboard and yank all the operating tables away from the side of the wall, piling their instruments and all on the top of each other. Then he proceeded to the battery room, where he pulled down the shelves with their contents, upsetting a bottle of nitric acid, which ran through the ceiling to the office below, eating up the books it traveled over. He then disappeared. I tested and found out his wire, rigged up a temporary table and furnished the report, stopping at the office until the arrival of the manager. The latter came at eight o'clock, and on entering the office was dumfounded. 'Who did this?' he inquired. 'Billy L.,' I replied, unwillingly. The manager walked the floor for a minute, then said, 'If Billy ever does this again I'll discharge him.'"

It was in Louisville that Edison issued his first electrical treatise, and evolved his well-known style of penmanship, legible and symmetrical as copperplate, which he was able to produce at the rate of forty-five words a minute, a speed commensurate with the extreme limit of a Morse operator's powers of transmission. From Louisville he migrated to Cincinnati, where the machine-shed adjoining the railroad depot enlisted most of his spare time, ending in his "clopement" with one of the main engines, during the temporary somnolence of engineer and fireman. He narrowly escaped wrecking the locomotive, but finally brought it back to the shed, which place, we are told, "yielded much valuable knowledge, and served as the hotbed for those germs of scientific thought of which duplex telegraphy and electrical railroading were to be the perfected results." From Cincinnati he returned to Port Huron for a period of eighteen months, which brought him to the twenty-first year of his age.

At this turning point of his career, the Grand Trunk Railway Company, having adopted the young inventor's device of a double-circuit marine cable, presented him with a free pass to Boston, where a position awaited him in the Franklin telegraphic office, secured by his lifelong friend, Mr. Milton Adams. The story of his *début* in the Boston office, where an attempt made by the other operators to "rattle" him was disconcerted by a dazzling feat of receiving that secured for the supposed "jay from the woolly West" the permanent respect of his associates, has been so frequently told that it need not be repeated here.

Shortly after Edison's arrival in Boston he commenced experiments upon an electrical apparatus for recording votes, for which exclusive rights were obtained in 1869. This was Edison's first patent. The invention was brought before the Massachusetts Legislature, and proved to work only too well. As a member obligingly explained, "The great power of the House lies in our being able to employ obstructive tactics, called in parliamentary language *filibustering*, and indulged in for the purpose of preventing partisan legislation. This invention of yours would take away that power, and we wouldn't have it in the House if you paid us to use it." Ever after, Edison decided to investigate minutely the necessity of any particular invention before undertaking its reduction to practice—a decision to which he has made it the rule of his life to adhere.

In connection with his regular night work at the Western Union Telegraph office, Edison had fitted up a small workshop for his private experimenting. Here he conceived and partially matured a stock-quotation printer, for printing the prices of stocks in various brokers' offices; but meeting with insufficient encouragement here, he suspended work on this scheme, and applied himself to his favorite branch of electrical science—the development of duplex telegraphy. He set to work to remedy the obvious imperfections and limitations of the Morse system. His matured experiments, commencing in 1869 and extending over a period of some six years, were crowned by a system of telegraphy combining in such an eminent degree the attributes of inexpensiveness, ease of manipulation and increased speed, that to this day, despite furious litigation and envious detractors, it holds its own above all competitors. Among the more prominent forms of telegraphy eventually evolved from this source are the duplex and quadruplex, by which two and four messages are susceptible of simultaneous transmission over a single wire. Sextuplex, and even octuplex, systems are among the possibilities of the near future, as the outcome of experiments upon which it is understood Mr. Edison is still engaged.

When, at the termination of his Boston engagement in 1869, young Edison came to New York to seek his fortune, he drifted into Wall Street just before the memorable Black Friday, September 24th of that year, at the critical moment when the central office of the Laws Gold Reporting Company, the focusing point of no less than six hundred brokers' offices, was in a state of despair bordering upon dementia, owing to the sudden and inexplicable collapse of the

stock-quotation printer in use there. Some good angel having directed the footsteps of the young electrician to the spot, he modestly ventured the suggestion that he might be able to point out where the trouble lay. His diagnosis proved correct. The obstruction was quickly removed, and the vital centre was put once more in touch with its dependent organs. President Laws was so impressed with the ready genius of the shabby-looking youth who had thus averted a panic in the gold market, that he straightway engaged him at the (to Edison) unprecedented salary of three hundred dollars per month, to take charge of the whole vast machinery of the concern and run it smoothly.

Stimulated by the confidence thus placed in him, and relieved from the pressure of financial embarrassment, Edison now brought into requisition many of those ideas which lack of means and influence had forced him previously to abandon. The gold indicator being placed in his charge, underwent various important improvements, and was finally abandoned for Edison's own stock-quotation printer, the workings of which were so satisfactory that Mr. Laws spared neither trouble nor expense in introducing it. The stock printer, now a familiar object of everyday use, was intended at the time of its introduction (twenty-five years ago) principally for the gold market. It was designed to print letters, figures or characters from a double type wheel.

The success of the new instrument so alarmed his competitors that they consolidated their interests, with the result of throwing Edison out of his position. The consolidated company then made him an offer, which he refused, preferring to enter as partner into a firm of electricians. While connected with this firm Edison developed an improved form of the gold and reporting printer, which was ultimately bought up by the consolidated company. The restless inventive spirit, however, soon got tired, as he expressed it, of "doing all the work of the firm, with a compensation narrowed down to the point of extinguishment by the superior business abilities of my partners," and retired, to connect himself with General Marshall Lefferts, then president of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. This gave him the opportunity to devise and perfect various stock printers and private printing telegraphic appliances, which commended themselves so favorably to the company that they appointed a committee to wait upon Edison, with a view to securing the title of these inventions. Edison's dealings with that august body are best told in his own words. "I had made up my mind that five thousand dollars would be about right,

although other people were paid exorbitant prices for very inferior inventions, but rather than not sell the inventions I would take anything, no matter what, as I needed money sorely for my further experiments. With these dazzling expectations I received the committee.

"Well, Mr. Edison," said one of the members, "how much do you want for your devices?"

"I do not know what they are worth," was my reply. "Make me an offer."

"Well," continued the speaker, "how would forty thousand dollars strike you?"

"I believe I could have been knocked down with the traditional feather, so astonished was I

gon, which I failed to understand on account of my deafness. Again he roared something at me, but I could not catch it, so left my place and passed on. Sitting dismally on the steps of the bank, I concluded that I was never fated to see that money, and so hopeless did I become that anyone might have bought that check from me for fifty dollars. However, I went back and told one of the clerks in the company's office about the bank episode, when he explained that the teller evidently wanted me to be identified. He then went back to the bank with me, performed the ceremony of identification, and the money was immediately paid, greatly to my astonishment.

In thirty days I had fully equipped a shop of my own, an investment which left me very little money."

Several of these minor shops were successively occupied by Mr. Edison, and, despite the paucity of space and the limited appliances, much valuable work was accomplished. His services were retained by the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Gold Stock Com-



CONCENTRATING WORKS, AT
EDISON, N. J.

at the sum. I immediately accepted, but after I got over my excitement I concluded there must be some Wall Street trick about this thing. I had been reading about Wall Street tricks for

years, and thinking this was one of them, I concluded that if I ever got a cent I would be lucky. However, I was anxious to see the process worked out, so two days afterward a large, formidable contract was given me to sign, couched in phraseology as obscure to me as Choctaw. I was told that I would receive the money upon signing this, which I promptly did, after which a check was given me on a bank on William and Wall Street, to which goal I at once proceeded. I had never been in a bank before, so I hung around in order to see the methods of procedure, then took my place with a row of boys at the paying teller's window. When my turn came and I presented the check the paying teller yelled out a lot of jar-



EDISON LABORATORY, AT ORANGE.

pany, and other influential firms, and in the year 1873 he entered into an agreement with the two former companies which pledged him to the development of all ideas relating to telegraphy. A handsome salary was paid him, and he was under contract, at very high rates, to concede to the companies the exclusive option on all telegraphic inventions. These demands made it imperative for him to secure a wider field of action and a larger corps of subordinates. The establishment selected was wholly unpretentious and devoid of architectural beauty, but it was centrally located in Ward Street, Newark, supplied with a comparative abundance of facilities and manned by a force of three hundred, over which Edison and his

partner, Mr. William Unger, exercised a unique jurisdiction. The general arrangements of the new enterprise were, to say the least, peculiar. which I had to hustle around and raise the money. This saved the humbuggery of book-keeping, which I never understood, and the ar-



EDISON AND HIS EXCHANGE LABORATORY STAFF.—FOR KEY TO PORTRAITS, SEE NEXT PAGE.

"I kept only pay-roll accounts," says Mr. Edison, "no other kind; preserved the bills and generally gave notes in payment. The first intimation that a note was due was the protest, after arrangement possessed, besides, the advantage of being cheaper, as the protest fees were only one dollar and fifty cents. Notwithstanding this extraordinary method of doing business, everyone

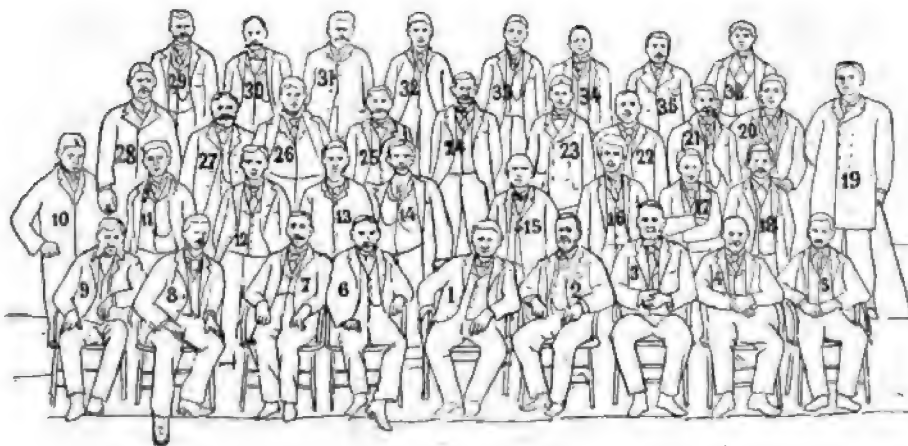
was willing to accept the notes, and my credit was excellent during the years I occupied the Ward Street factory."

To this place and time belong the development of the quadruplex telegraph, to which allusion has already been made; the Edison automatic telegraph; and the experiments in chemical telegraphy which culminated in the discovery and applications of the electro-motograph, carbon button and carbon transmitter—the latter being the same which is now used so extensively in telephony. Here we come to the point of contact between Edison and Bell with regard to the telephone. The carbon transmitter being a marked improvement upon the ordinary Bell receiver, in that it rendered audible in a large room conversation sent over a wire several hundred miles long, Edison's agent formed a company to exploit it in England. The Bell Company also had an agency in England, and were infringing Edison's transmitter at the same time he was infringing their receiver. The Bell patent was subsequently proved invalid, while Edison's transmitter was sustained, and held the monopoly of the telephone in England for some years. When a consolidation was proposed, on terms unsatisfactory to our inventor, Edison cabled to hold back the negotiations for three weeks, so as to give him time to invent a new receiver, independent of Bell's. He then withdrew his whole working force from the electric light, which he was at that time investigating, and put it on telephony. The result of this concentration of energy was the completion, in one week, of a satisfactory

telephone, based upon the new discovery; and in sixteen days twenty instruments were constructed and on their way to England, under charge of two expert operators. The success of Edison's loud-speaking telephone was a signal one. The substitution of the new for the old was made in the Telephone Exchange in London, and a consolidation was effected on Edison's stipulated terms of equal division of profits.

The limitations imposed by the necessarily curtailed space of a magazine article make it necessary at this point to abandon any pretense of detailed reference to the numerous and varied inventions of this prolific genius, who, even at the early age of twenty-four, was characterized by the United States Patent Commissioner as "a young man who has kept the path to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps." These inventions are set forth in chronological order by Miss Dickson in the book we have undertaken to summarize; but even there technical descriptions are necessarily brief, since, to quote her own words, "an exhaustive survey of Edison's inventions would constitute, in itself, a moderate-sized library." Of the inventions belonging to the first six or seven years of Edison's comparatively untrammelled career, covering the period of his stay in New York and Newark—that is to say, from 1869 to 1876—some were wholly and others partially matured and clinched by patents. The greater number, however, were merely rudimentary, containing germs of a perfection to be evolved under improved facilities in later years.

Edison's first marriage took place at Newark



KEY TO PORTRAITS ON PRECEDING PAGE.

1. Thos. A. Edison.
2. Ch. Batchelor.
3. W. S. Mallory.
4. J. F. Randolph.
5. J. W. Harris.
6. J. Ott.
7. Thos. Maguire.
8. J. W. Gladstone.
9. Ch. Brown.

10. A. Y. Stewart.
11. W. Miller.
12. J. W. Aylesworth.
13. J. T. Marshall.
14. A. E. Kennelly.
15. P. Kenny.
16. W. K. L. Dickson.
17. T. Banks.
18. H. F. Miller.

19. A. T. E. Wangemaun.
20. H. J. Hagan.
21. W. S. Logue.
22. Wm. Helser.
23. R. Lozier.
24. E. W. Thomas.
25. F. P. Ott.
26. F. A. Phelps, Jr.
27. Ch. Wurth.

28. S. G. Burn.
29. L. W. Sheldon.
30. R. Arnot.
31. C. H. Kaiser.
32. J. Martin.
33. H. Reed.
34. C. M. Dally.
35. F. C. Devonald.
36. A. V. Thompson.

in 1873, after a courtship which, as we are told, was "brief, simple, and tinged by his characteristic humor." His bride was Mary E. Stillwell, a young woman of superior character and rare tact, who had been employed in his laboratory, and who is to this day remembered with admiring affection by the older members of his working force. She died in 1881. Three children, a girl and two boys, were born of this union, Marion and Thomas Alva (familiarily known as Dot and Dash), and William Leslie.

"Edison's marriage brought with it, among other good things," remarks his biographer, "sundry improved hygienic conditions, notably those attaching to repose. It cannot be said that the reform was a radical one, or that the scientific sinner was not subject to frequent and alarming relapses, but, on the whole, certain unsuspected sparks of sanity were brought in view. Prior to his marriage Edison portioned out his hours of sleep and waking, of food and abstinence, not by the arbitrary division of light and darkness, but by the ebb and flow of the divine afflatus. When the sacred fires of inspiration descended upon him the vulgar requirements of hunger and fatigue were relegated to the limbo of extinct institutions, and the scientific annals of the Newark laboratory testify to the most abnormal stretches of endurance, followed, however, by equally protracted periods of rest. It has been claimed, and with perfect justice, that these extraordinary powers of physical endurance, this ability to dispense with sleep and sustenance, this swift power of recuperation, could only be found in a physique the pure currents of which had never been vitiated by dissipation. A more potent argument in favor of total abstinence could hardly be adduced than that embodied in Edison's career. His severe and protracted labors owe their sustained brilliancy to no artificial stimulus; no alcohol, morphine or cocaine have touched his lips, and nature finds it comparatively easy to repair the ravages inflicted by painful and continued thought." He is, however, a mighty smoker of tobacco, which, as he maintains, thoroughly agrees with his constitution and nerves. With the generality of mental workers the cere-



GLENMONT, EDISON'S HOME NEAR ORANGE, N. J.

bral tension is not merely coexistent with the period of toil, but lasts long after the object has been achieved, crowding the brain with distracting images and promoting a state of acute nervous excitement. With Edison, on the contrary, the effort at relaxation is instantaneously successful.

"Edison's views as to sleep were on a par with his theories in regard to diet. These were of so original and impracticable a nature that had they not been tinged with the inventor's customary humor and brought to bear upon the fine mental equipoise of his wife, carnage and conflagration must have been the result. 'I wish I might never eat the same thing twice in a month,' was Edison's feeling aspiration at the onset of his domestic career. We can imagine the sensations of an affectionate and inexperienced housekeeper, confronted with this unattainable desire on the part of her spouse, casting about wildly for methods wherein to embody his views and finding her ambition cramped by insufficient means, limited culinary skill, and the unkind influences of a New Jersey soil. It must not be concluded that Edison is an epicure and enslaved by the pleasures of the table. On the contrary, as we have already seen, he is singularly abstemious, eschewing all alcoholic stimulants, and averse to prolonged and heavy eating. At the same time his palate is, or perhaps we should say was, extremely capricious, craving a succession of delicate and varied eates, such as the culinary skill of our degenerate race is totally unable to supply.

"'Variety,' Edison was wont to remark, 'is the secret of wise eating. The nations that eat the most kinds of food are the greatest nations.

Rice-eating nations never progress,' continued Edison; 'they never think or act anything but rice, rice, rice forever. Look at the potato and black-bread eaters of Ireland; although naturally bright, the Irish in Ireland are enervated by the uniformity of their food. Look at the semi-savages who inhabit the Black Forest. On the other hand, what is, take it all in all, the

seat of wisdom, Mr. Edison emphatically assented, adding: 'Some say I get the cart before the horse, and that the diversified food is the result of a high civilization rather than its cause, but I think I am right about it. A nation begins to decay, philosophically and morally, as soon as cooking is degraded from an art to an occupation.'"



EDISON AS "A PROUD PAPA."

most highly enlightened nation, the most thrifty, graceful, cultured and accomplished? Why, France of course, where the cuisine has infinite variety. When the Roman Empire was its height the table was a marvel of diversity; they fed on nightingales' tongues and all sorts of dainty dishes. So when Carthage was in her glory"—

"To the question as to whether the orator agreed with the Phœnician axiom that the stomach was

Mr. Edison's youthful convictions, however, are believed to have yielded in some measure to the larger views of his ripened manhood.

By 1876 the vast and varied nature of Edison's schemes brought many things into requisition which were unattainable in the Newark establishment. It is estimated that at this period no less than forty-five distinct inventions were in different processes of completion, and that the financial

profits resulting from the manufacture and sale of patents amounted to about \$400,000, all of which was promptly reinvested in further experiments. Edison then removed to Menlo Park, a quiet country place near the Pennsylvania Railroad, about twenty-four miles from New York, where he fitted up extensive laboratories. He expended \$100,000 on his experimental apparatus

The public had now begun to regard through a kind of glorified and supernatural mist the "Wizard of Menlo Park," who within the space of a few years gave them from his mysterious Jersey retreat not only the marvelous phonograph and the beautiful incandescent electric lamp, but also a score of other inventions, that may be called minor ones only in comparison with his master



MRS. EDISON.

alone, and the other facilities were procured at a correspondingly lavish expenditure. Moreover, his congenial and inspiring personality had attached to his service a large corps of trained and skilled mechanics, together with a staff of scientific assistants, foremost amongst whom was Mr. Charles Batchelor, an Englishman by birth, whose aid both in intellectual and commercial matters the great inventor has often warmly recognized.

achievements, and any one of which would have sufficed to make the fame of an inventor. Amongst these are included the microtasmeter, for measuring inappreciable degrees of heat; the odorscope; the microphone; the megaphone and aerophone, for speaking over long distances without wires; the phonomotor, for measuring the mechanical force of sound waves; the new discoveries in telephony and telegraphy, includ-

ing the device for telegraphing from a railway train moving at full speed; the pyro-magnetic motor and generator; the "magnetic bridge" for testing the quality of iron and steel entering into the construction of dynamos, etc.; the electric locomotive and experiments in electric railroading, which in themselves constitute an important chapter in Edison's scientific life; the improved galvanometer; the electric pen and mimeograph.

The phonograph, of all the wonders coined by Edison's brain, is unquestionably the one that has most strongly appealed to the imagination of the public. Several absorbing chapters of the Dickson biography are devoted to the origin, development and possibilities of this miraculous instrument, the first idea of which is recounted in Edison's own words, as follows: "I discovered the principle by the merest accident. I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! halloo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

The phonograph in its earliest form "came out" in 1878. Ten years later the perfected phonograph was given to the world, and entered upon a constantly enlarging field of practical service; a field which Edison's latest invention—the kinetoscope, described and illustrated last month in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY—has now extended almost beyond the limits of imagination.

As to the electric light, Mr. Edison appears never to have advanced claims of original discovery in connection with it. What he does claim, with undeniable justice, is that in his hands the immature and scattered principles of his predecessors were perfected and welded into one symmetrical whole. In his hands the incandescent electric light was withdrawn from the fruitless seclusion of the laboratory and transferred to the sphere of practical utility. From a costly complex toy, bristling with mechanical difficulties, and endowed with but a limited period of existence, it has become an essential factor of public life, embodying the features of evenness, power

and inexpensiveness, which were so completely lacking in former systems. The Edison Electric Light Company was incorporated in October, 1878; the first successful experiments with the carbon filament were completed by Edison and Batchelor a year later; and in the winter of 1880 the triumphant first public exhibition of the incandescent electric lamp was given at its birthplace, the laboratory in Menlo Park. In the following year, to accommodate the development of his machines for generating electrical power, Edison fitted up the establishment in Goerck Street, New York city, previously known as the Etna Iron Works. His chosen staff of assistants here included, amongst others since celebrated, the brilliant young Servian scientist Nikola Tesla. Then came the supplementary electrical establishment at 65 Fifth Avenue, the lamp manufactory at Menlo Park, the tubing factory in Brooklyn, and the large headquarters of the Edison Lamp Company at Newark, subsequently extended into the vast "Lamp Works of the Edison General Electric Light Company," at Harrison, N. J. Of the costly and hazardous expeditions meanwhile fitted out by the inventor to the uttermost parts of the earth, in search of bamboo fibres for the carbon filament, there is no room here to speak; nor of the storms of litigation that have raged about his head from the beginning, particularly in connection with the electric light. These litigations and their outcome are matters of contemporaneous history. More tangible and interesting to recall are the magnificent Edison exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where the American inventor was popularly acclaimed and fêted with more than royal honors; and at Chicago in 1893, where the famous electrical fountain was the climax of a display such as the world had never yet beheld.

The eighties were pregnant with the crystallizations of Edison's mature thought, with the development of his industries and the recognition of his forceful and versatile intellect. Telephony and telegraphy spread their wide nets over the two continents, the electric light diffused its conquering radiance, the phonograph gathered into its faithful bosom the vocal memories of a thousand climes. Factory after factory sprang into existence, company after company was formed, but still the master mind kept pace with the growing demand. There came a time, however, when the limitations of Menlo Park and its auxiliaries became painfully apparent, and preparations were set on foot for the erection of an establishment which should afford an adequate basis for the development of the inventor's ideas. This was supplied in 1886 by the laboratory at

Orange, N. J., a massive and extensive structure, built at the foot of the Orange Mountains.

Edison's Orange home, since his second marriage, in 1889, is called Glenmont. It consists of an extensive and superbly appointed house, built of brick, stone and wood, in the most unexceptionable style, and surrounded by well-kept grounds. Refreshingly independent of architectural rules, it yet presents a wealth of fancy, which brings into view at every turn unguessed and delightful surprises. It abounds in gabled roofs, picturesque nooks and angles, carved balconies and mellow sheets of stained glass, the whole set in a panorama of rare shrubs, floral arabesques and beds of emerald velvet, the brilliant coloring of which is thrown into broad relief by a background of sombre pines.

"Edison's purchase of Glenmont," writes Miss Dickson, "constituted a ten days' wonder to those acquainted with his rough-and-tumble ways and his utter disregard of luxury. That a nature whose domestic requirements had hitherto been met by the most prosaic of surroundings should suddenly develop a necessity for the very blossoming of æsthetic art was indeed calculated to excite popular comment, but the inventor's selection was universally commended as a suitable shrine for his young and lovely wife. As a general rule, votaries of Hymen are launched into the gulf of matrimony with little protection against the jars and shocks which attend their descent, but in this instance the celestial powers were kind enough to provide a stepping stone for the future Mrs. Edison in the shape of a parent endowed with decided mechanical abilities, the inventor of a mowing and reaping machine and other practical contributions to agriculture. To her early familiarity with the eccentricities of genius, and to the possession of a singularly placid nature, is due the serenity with which the girl wife has applied herself to the solution of her marital problems and the adaptability which she has displayed in regard to her husband's exacting career."

To speak statistically of Edison as an employer

of men and as a creator of human industries is not within the purpose of this sketch. Such a showing might easily be made, as would not only be impressive in itself, but would easily establish his pre-eminence in a direction of which he himself probably takes no thought. Still more irrelevant would it be to discuss Edison as a millionaire. With an absolutely unlimited command of capital, and the actual possessor of secrets of wealth vaster than those attributed by fable to the alchemists of old, this wizard of science presents a striking contrast to the typical millionaire in two respects: he created the riches he handles, and his energy is devoted to disseminating them, not to grasping and guarding. If it were possible to conceive of a man of Edison's powers, possessed at the same time with the mania for owning things which characterizes, for instance—the reader may supply the name from a score which will at once come to mind—such a man might gather unto himself the major part of the wealth of the whole United States. But while other capitalists are engaged in the pitiful rotary process of squeezing from their employes the money wherewith to corrupt legislation and protect their accumulated millions from the strikes brought about by that same accumulative greed, Edison is effectually keeping down his surplus by a princely prodigality in new experiments, and presenting a glorious example to the youth of the nation.

That is why it would be irrelevant and ignoble to speak of Edison as a millionaire. For those reasons, too, we are justified in sharing the confidence expressed in the prophetic words with which our biographers close their well-accomplished task: "Possibly, at the close of a decade or two, if the great inventor and his chroniclers have not been removed to the higher schools of Wisdom, Edison's later achievements may be placed before the public. That he is on the threshold of vaster discoveries than have yet been given to the world is guaranteed by his early promise, his unquenched genius and his splendid and untainted physique."





"HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP AT THE TABLE, WITH HIS HEAD UPON HIS ARM."

THE INN IN THE HOLLOW.

By H. E. ARMSTRONG.

SOME twenty years before the day of railroads in New England a horseman drew rein one evening in June just before sunset on the crest of a hill between the villages of Windsor and Ludlow, in Vermont. The road was lonely, often penetrating woods in which the solitude was oppressive. He had neither met nor overtaken a soul since leaving Windsor, on the Connecticut River, a circumstance which must have suited his mood, to judge from a face that was remarkable for its pallor and sombre melancholy. It was a handsome and an elegant face, but the lines were stern, as of one who had suffered much, and the eyes were lustreless. As he reined up he was in the full

glow of the western radiance which burned along the horizon and suffused the sky almost to the zenith.

"Yes, that must be the inn," he said, as his eyes rested on an old-fashioned, many-gabled house buried in the trees on the road below.

Miles from any other dwelling, hemmed in by a forest that had never known the ax, and reached only by a road that was seldom traveled, no situation could have been more isolated. As he looked and noted this the hoot of an owl sounded lugubriously, and his horse reared.

"There, at all events," he muttered, sighing heavily, "no one will think of looking for me."

Touching the horse with his heel, he rode on and down. The landlord of the Green Mountain House, the name of the inn, was smoking an after-supper pipe at his door as the stranger dismounted. His stalwart and active figure was observed by the landlord, who said under his breath: "A soldier if I am not mistaken."

With his arm thrown across the mane of his horse, a big-boned, rangy thoroughbred, the stranger said:

"You have a quiet place here, landlord?"

"Too quiet," returned the latter, laconically.

"Hardly for me," said the stranger, with a slow smile, that was not lightsome, but rather strained and sad.

"Well," assented the landlord, "if you want no other company but the mail carrier and a belated traveler, and would sooner sleep than be up and doing, this is indeed the spot for you."

"I shall be fortunate if I sleep much," said the other, gloomily. "But tell me," he added, becoming aware that he was being scanned curiously, "why do you keep an inn here in this lonely country?"

"Because my father kept one before me, and at his death left it to me. You hear the brawling of the stream yonder on the mountain?"

The stranger nodded.

"Well, the old fellow had a notion that the water power would bring mills, and that in the hollow just here a bustling settlement would spring up. But, as you see, he was far out in his reckoning. For a year or two after he built the house—it was not long before the War of 1812—there was some custom, mostly soldiers on the march to and from Champlain, and the place as I remember it in those days was lively enough. But with the return of peace business fell off, and we found ourselves living in a land of Nod. Finally the old gentleman died, rusted out, as one might say. Here I stay on, and old associations tie me to the spot. With

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a roof over my head and enough to stock the larder, a few cronies to drop in now and then to cheer me up, and a wife at the fireside to keep me in countenance, what more can I ask in these times of peace? By the way, if I might be so inquisitive, you have been a soldier, eh?"

"Yes," he answered, with visible reluctance; "I was with Macomb at Plattsburg."



"I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOUR RECONCILIATION FROM THE DOORWAY."

"Say you so?" rejoined the landlord, with lively interest. "Let me take your horse—come in—and be served with refreshment. If I heard aright, you would like to put up with us for awhile?"

"That is my intention," said the other. "I am worn with business cares, which have impaired my health. I like the bracing air of this country; the seclusion of your house suits me, and I may stay with you for a month or so. But I warn you, landlord, that you will find me a sorry companion."

"I see, I see," said the landlord, cheerily; "you are not yourself, wanting rest for the body and sleep for the mind. When your health comes back and you feel like a chat over a glass we will talk about the war, and you shall tell me how you helped to vanquish the British under Sir George Provost."

The landlord unbuckled a portmanteau from the saddle, whistled for a lad to take the horse, and led the way into the house.

"Wife, here is a jaded man who will be our guest if we give him an easy bed and wholesome fare. And he must have every care, for he fought with the Green Mountain boys under Macomb and Strong."

The landlord's wife, a woman of girth and good nature, murmured a welcome with a courtesy of respect. She also marked the pallor and brooding sadness of the stranger, and her sympathies went out to him.

No host ever had a more peculiar guest. His response to a hesitating query as to what name he might be called by was to lay down a few pieces of gold.

"Now, landlord," he said, "let me see your rooms."

He selected a spacious apartment in the back of the house, which looked out on the deep woods.

"But little sun finds its way in here," remarked the landlord, apprehensively.

"Never fear that I shall like it less on that account," said the stranger. "Here I can imagine myself in the heart of the forest, and at all times shall be free from the scrutiny of your chance guests, who might take it ill that I should prefer to be alone. For understand, landlord, my complaint wants the tonic of silence and privacy. As I look about I see that these surroundings suit me well. That old oak bed with the great headpiece and high canopy is like the one in which I slept in my father's house; the settee yonder I can draw up to the fire on the open hearth if we should have a cold rainstorm, such as sometimes breaks in these mountains in the summer months; and the broad mahogany table will serve me to write

on when the mood seizes me. Now, as I have ridden far since daybreak, spread a meal for me in this room, and don't forget to send up a bottle of claret, or, if you have not that, some home-brewed ale. Indeed, I should like to eat here always, and I am prepared to pay you for the extra service I shall require."

A preference for seclusion so strict was a new experience to the landlord, who was one of the most sociable of beings, and he withdrew without comment or suggestion, being struck dumb with astonishment. In half an hour he returned with a tray on which smoked a dish of broiled chicken, very tender and juicy, some baked potatoes, a lettuce salad, a plate of homemade bread and the freshest of butter, an Indian meal pudding and a jar of honey. The claret was not wanting, and the coat of dust on the bottle told of many years of undisturbed repose in the landlord's cellar.

"It is really a burgundy," said he, "and if the praises of General Strong's officers count for anything you will find it palatable."

The stranger, who had scarcely noticed the preparation for his entertainment, nodded, but said not a word. As the landlord went out again he thought that he heard a sigh escape his guest, deep-drawn and mournful, as of one in mental anguish.

"In some trouble which he must bear all alone, I fear," said the landlord; and this surmise he lost no time in communicating to his wife.

As the days went on the landlord found his guest more peculiar, mysterious and taciturn. When the weather was fine he left the inn soon after breakfast, and, avoiding footpaths, plunged into the recesses of the forest. Seldom did he return before nightfall, and if rain or hunger drove him home he approached the house from the rear, ascending to his room by a private stairway. Once or twice the landlord observed him scanning the entrance to the inn from a distance with a distrust and uneasiness that was unaccountable.

When the weather was inclement the stranger shut himself in his room, poring over books and writing, or pacing the floor with restless feet. His lamp burned far into the night, and in its still watches his tread often resounded through the house. Without doubt, the agitation of mind which this sentinel duty denoted revolved around people far distant, and he lived again in scenes of excitement and distraction.

The landlord's wife was sure that she sometimes heard their guest strike his clinched hands together as he walked, and utter groans of remorse. At first these signs of aberration gave the landlord some uneasiness, for he thought he

might be harboring a criminal, or feared that his guest might soon be more in need of an asylum for the demented than of the refuge and creature comforts of an inn. But after one of these nights of stress and disquietude the stranger emerged so self-contained and serene of front that the landlord and his wife were reassured.

One evening after nightfall of a day lowering with storm clouds and oppressive with the mutterings of thunder, that the hills cast back and forth somewhere in the distance, a traveling carriage drew up at the door of the inn, and there alighted a well-favored gentleman and a lady of striking beauty. They were both young, and evidently people of distinction.

"Landlord," said the gentleman, as the host of the Green Mountain House hastened out to welcome the travelers, "the storm seems about to break, and if you can accommodate us we will pass the night here."

"I have more accommodations than guests," said the landlord, with frankness, "and my wife will be glad to make the lady comfortable."

They had hardly gained the threshold of the inn when the gloom of the roadway was illuminated by a vivid flash of lightning, and instantly a nerve-shattering peal of thunder shook the house to its foundations, and was repeated in the surrounding hills with appalling reverberations. Then the floodgates of the sky were opened; torrents raced down the gullies, and the roof spouts gushed. Almost incessant was the rumble of the thunder, and the lightnings came in quick and blinding succession.

Inside the house the landlord's wife, whose nerves had become steeled by familiarity with the mountain storms, was ministering to the gentler of her husband's guests, who was a picture of beautiful distress and affright. Her companion, as became a man, was composed, and talked to the landlord about the severity of the storms in that region with an indifference to the raging of the elements outside that did much to reassure the lady.

In a pause between the thunderclaps the landlord's wife suddenly asked him:

"What of the captain? Is he out in this awful storm?"

This was the title which they had given to the taciturn stranger.

"I'm sure he has not stirred from the house all day," said the landlord, "and he must now be in his room."

"You have a military gentleman stopping with you?" inquired the newcomer, glad of an opportunity to start a conversation in which the lady might be interested.

"I believe so," said the landlord. "Although all I can tell you about him is that he saw service in the American army under General Macomb in the campaign against Sir George Provost. He came here on a strapping chestnut mare some eight weeks ago, and has remained with us ever since, for the benefit of his health, as he says; but, for the life of me, I cannot see that he is any less haggard and wretched than on the day we saw him first. What do you think, my dear?"

"The gentleman is evidently in sore trouble of some kind," said the landlord's wife, with ready sympathy.

"That is very strange," mused the lady's companion. "How old is this singular guest of yours, landlord?"

"I should say about forty, and as fine a specimen of manhood as I ever laid eyes on," answered the landlord.

Meanwhile the storm had died down measurably. The thunder rumbled sullenly further up the chain of hills, and the lightning was fitful. Only the rain fell in a steady but diminished shower.

Upstairs in the room of the solitary guest the shade of a lamp threw its circle of light upon the mahogany table at which he was accustomed to read, and to write also when an introspective mood was upon him. Worn out with the constant strain of self-communing, he had fallen asleep at the table with his head upon his arm. As the storm subsided his slumber became deeper, until at last it amounted to coma, so exhausted had he become in mind and body by his vigils. Before the bowed head there stood in a silver frame on the table the picture of a young woman of surpassing loveliness, whose eyes sparkled with intelligence and the innocent joy of living. She had been painted in a ballroom dress of delicate texture, which showed the perfect column of her neck and the graceful slope of her shoulders in all their unblemished purity. It was upon this face that his eyes had rested before they closed in a leaden slumber; and it was this face upon which the lamp shed the fullness of its light, when a figure loomed in the shadows of the doorway. Three silent steps carried it to the table, where it paused, contemplating the picture of the woman.

A hand was placed on the shoulder of the sleeper. The touch was firm enough to arouse him, and with faculties breaking from the lethargy of slumber he turned slowly in his chair and looked whence the pressure came. Then a great cry burst from his breast, and he sprang to his feet, overturning the chair behind him.

"My God, am I going mad, too!" he exclaimed, recoiling from the figure.

"This is no ghost, Olyphant," said the other. "It is I, Lawrence, in the flesh."

The taciturn guest of the inn tore the shade from the lamp, and scanned the other's face.

"It must be," he said, his voice broken and his breath coming with labor. "But—what—I do not understand—it is like the dead coming to life, and I cannot believe my senses. Am I no murderer, then?"

"No, Captain Olyphant; thank God, you're not. There is my hand. Take it and let us again be friends."

"But that letter of Dr. Delaney's?" pointing to an open paper on the table.

The other took it, and read:

"DEAR OLYPHANT: Lawrence's case is hopeless. News has been brought me daily in my hiding place, and the last, just come to hand, is, 'He cannot live through the night.' Fly, or you will be apprehended. I need not tell you that the duel made a most painful sensation, and warrants are out for all concerned in the affair. It was a sorry business. Good-by.
JOHN DELANEY."

"Well, you see," said the reader, cheerily, "Delaney must have been wrong. Here I am, sound and well; not so rugged as before our little affair; but a man doesn't recover from a wound in the groin in a day. It was one chance in a thousand, and they did give me up completely. Now, Olyphant, my old friend, are you convinced?"

The two men clasped hands, and Olyphant, holding the other by the shoulder, said, fervently:

"Lawrence, this is the providence of God. If you had not come I should have killed myself.

How I have suffered no man can know, and there must have been an end to it. But Margaret—what of her?" And his eyes turned involuntarily to the picture.

"She is here with me. We——" And he stopped, embarrassed.

"She is your wife?"

"Yes, my friend. We were united as I lay on what all thought was my deathbed. When I was well enough to travel the physicians recommended a carriage tour in the mountains, where I might get some benefit from the air. The storm compelled us to stop at this inn on our way to Ludlow. The landlord told me of a mysterious guest whom he had, and I suspected who it was."

A stir in the doorway caused them both to turn, still holding each other's hands in friendly bonds.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Olyphant.

"We were startled by a cry," said the lady, coming forward, "but I see there is no cause for concern. I have been watching your reconciliation from the doorway. In one of you I have a husband; in the other I hope still to have a friend."

"Then you can forgive me, madam?" cried Captain Olyphant, the color rushing to his face.

"Was I not the unconscious cause of your quarrel?" said the lady; and, womanlike, her voice trembled. "Yes, I forgive you with all my heart."

The storm outside had ceased. The clouds were rolled away, and only the stir of a gentle wind was heard in the forest.

HIDDEN SPRING.

By J. CARTWRIGHT FRITH.

In the garden, where the sunflowers,
Sun-forsaken, slowly die,
And the fallen leaves are chiding,
As the breezes hurry by,
Trips a maid among the flower beds
That dismantled lie.

See! she enters yonder arbor,
'Neath its trellis vanishing:
And I trow there's no beholder,
Bard or other, but will sing:
"Though the garden mimics winter,
In its heart is spring."



GENERAL VIEW OF GREAT SALT LAKE BASIN, LOOKING EAST AND SOUTHWARDLY OVER THE CITY.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE, AND MORMONDOM.

BY M. V. MOORE.

I.

THERE is a popular belief—a belief quite as common and universal in the New World as in the Old—that America is without any great ancient ruins that are interesting in character, or that are worthy any serious or studious consideration by the lovers of the antique and hoary in art or nature. Perhaps no more groundless opinion ever existed, and especially touching geological facts.

The oldest, the most extensive and the most unique, if not the most interesting, of all the ruins on earth are found in America. We have here not only vast and picturesque ruins of cities whose foundations were laid with hands skilled in the arts of civilization in a past so remote as to be absolutely indeterminate in lights now existing, but we have also, within the territory of the United States, the very ruins of an ancient world itself—a world untouched in its wreck and desolation by the foot of any primitive race known to the historic ages. And to many readers of the periodical literature of to-day these ruins are wholly unknown; they exist, indeed, in nearly every respect, in the most *terra incognita* of our continent.

Less than one hundred years ago nearly all the vast area lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas was delineated on our maps in dotted spaces marked "The Great American Desert." While the march of progress and

civilization during the past forty years has encroached upon and reclaimed much of the desert—obliterating it from the maps—still within those regions there may be yet seen much of a wild, rugged and picturesque desolation which has been fitly denominated "The Ruins of an Ancient World." Lying between the two great mountain ranges there are yet thousands of square miles of territory—a little world within itself—shut in by high, forbidding walls that for so many decades defied the advance of modern American civilization. Even the most daring of the explorers and tourists have not visited all these ruins. The few who have seen them stand in awe before their weird and appalling mystery and gloom; and, judging by the ordinary geological laws, they feel that these ruins are scarcely coeval with the surrounding nature in its life, for there is all the semblance here of a world that has been dead almost from the very beginning of time itself. Much of the landscape—much of the whole face of nature here—is, under the eye, identical with that which we behold in viewing the moon through a powerful telescope. But the moon, which is regarded as a dead world, is considered coeval in its creation with the earth itself; while the evidences indicate that the influences and agencies which produced the wreck and desolation of our great intramountain ruins,

the ancient "American Desert" went upon their work of destruction and death in an era comparatively modern, and possibly within the historic period itself.

In consequence of the climatic agencies of this continent—agencies which are not yet sufficiently known every way to warrant us in establishing from them definite laws that can be used with any degree of accuracy in determining exact chronological bases—science is still in the dark regarding the ages of architectural ruins in Central America, Mexico and Arizona—these the supposed seats of the earliest American civilization. In the drier and less humid climates of the Old World, with its known chronology, the influences of time are better understood than with us of the Western World. The progress of erosion and corrcsion by the elements—in the relation to time and dates—has been determined with some degree of accnracy in the establishment of bases or laws marking ages or periods in the Old World; and until recently those bases had been considered valid in determining times and eras in the New World also. But the introduction of the Egyptian monolith, the Obelisk now in New York Central Park, has demonstrated clearly that the stone chronology of the Old World is unreliable in determining the ages of ruins in America. The Obelisk has shown more signs of disintegration and decay—and consequent ruin—in the few brief years since its transportation to this continent than had been evinced by a thousand years in Egypt.

Evidences that are susceptible of legitimate interpretation reveal the fact that no extremely remote antiquity attaches to some of the geological ruins of our great Salt Lake region and the contiguous country. In Oregon and Idaho especially there are the beds of vast extinct rivers—shallow channels which have not been filled up and obliterated in the encroachments of vegetation and in the shifting of the vast volumes of dust and sands driven from the border lands. In the wide intramountain region there is, indeed, the flow of a living river whose history throws some light upon the question of age in this ruined world. This is the Bear River of Idaho and Utah.

There are several interesting mysteries in connection with this river. It is now one of the large tributaries of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, but there are indisputable evidences of the fact that its waters once went uninterruptedly westwardly to the Pacific Ocean through the Columbia River of Oregon. The whole basin in which the Great Salt Lake now lies was once a vast inland sea. What were the outer limits of this

great ocean, and in what age of the world its waters were reduced to the present confines in the Salt Lake of Utah, are questions about which the students of geological science will, doubtless, always differ. But there are some very interesting facts, significant of time and event, known in connection with the Great Salt Lake itself.

The clearly apparent and unmistakable evidences of the present show that the tide level of this inland sea—for it is a sea, more than seventy miles long and thirty miles wide—has changed at least seven times since the primeval days. Along the face of the mountains lying to the south there are plainly discernible yet the various different shore lines of the ancient waters. These distinct shore lines are in such absolute horizontals, at irregular intervals above the present level of the lake, as to preclude the hypothesis that the mountain itself is a modern upheaval—the facts indicating that there has been a recedure of the waters, a breaking away of the barriers at different intervals of time, and a consequent lowering of the general water level.

This level is now about forty-two hundred feet above that of the Pacific Ocean. It does not appear that the two ever had any direct connection, except in a drainage, of which I shall speak in a paragraph further on.

The last recedure in the Great Salt Lake was from a line just five hundred feet above the level of the waters at the time of the last survey. This survey was made, I think, about 1880. This elevation was sufficient to cover nearly all the low plain land lying between the Wasatch Mountain range and that of the Humboldt westwardly—plain lands now considered part of the great "Desert." The shore line of the ancient sea has been traced in actual surveys for hundreds of miles in an unvarying horizontal around the cincture of rugged mountain wall which lies about the basin. In places this shore line develops into a broad, smooth beach which now resembles a wide and level highway cut by force of wind and wave into the mountain sides—a highway upon which in places several carriages may be driven abreast. Upon the bosom of this ancient sea beach I have picked up marine shells—these yet found in profusion there, not yet decayed nor covered by the moving sands and *débri*s fallen from the heights above or blown from the desert beneath.

The mountain wall about the Great Salt Lake is cut in many places by immense cañons, out of which, from regions to the rear, millions of tons of foreign detritus have been debouched upon the desert plain in front. In areas about the mouths of the cañons this detritus is more than a

hundred feet deep, although in its usual order it gradually slopes away to the point of juncture with the present sea level, covering as it does in the outward spread hundreds of acres of the basin plain. Among all the marvels and mysteries connected with the changes wrought in the primeval world here, none are so suggestive of the awful forces of disruption and ruin as those which rent the mountains in twain, and cleft those grand and gloomy recesses and gorges called, from the Spanish, "cañons." It looks as though only the hand of the Omnipotent God in anger could have wrought such results as are beheld in some of the towering desolate ruins seen in this valley of death. But when we see how the same Almighty Power has permitted the genius of man to transform the waste and ruin into a garden of fruitfulness and splendor, as has been done in many parts of the ancient "Desert," we are ready to embrace that optimistic religion which holds that the genius of the man and the glory of the Creator are not inseparable in the human heart.

One of the most interesting and significant facts connected with the geological ruins of this basin is found in the present rising of the water level of the Great Salt Lake. The significance of the fact lies in other features besides those relating to the age of the ruins here.

What was the very lowest point of recedure ever attained by the waters of this inland sea is a matter which is doubtless indeterminate. It is evident, however, that there was a time in the past when the level of the lake was far below what it is now, and when the evaporation from its surface was equivalent to the volume of the inflow—as in the case of the great oceans. During the historic period, as is well known, there has been a marked and steady increase in the depth of the waters of the lake; its level has been growing gradually higher and higher. Within quite recent years there has been necessarily an abandonment of former favorite bathing places along the shores, where the waters were once so shallow as to admit of the surf bath—the waters now too deep and treacherous for safe indulgence in that delightful luxury.*

There has been also an abandonment of large areas of marsh lands about the lake—

* The waters of the lake contain about twenty-three per cent. of salt, and hence they possess a buoyancy that enables one to float on the top of the waves with a perfect impunity, provided the head is kept aloof and the mouth guarded against strangulation. If the strong salt water once gets well into the throat there is danger of sudden drowning.

lands once appropriated in the manufacture of salt, but now under deep water. The encroachments upon the plain lands devoted to pasturage on the borders of the lake are also plainly apparent.

This increasing depth of the Great Salt Lake is, without doubt, the result of the debouchure upon this sea of the waters of the great Bear River, which in former times ran into the Pacific Ocean through the current of the Columbia. Bear River is the only tributary of the inland sea that, so far as is now known, has been forced into the Salt Lake basin in any era approaching the modern; there is no satisfactory evidence that any other stream now going into the lake ever went directly to the ocean.

It is highly probable that in the future—and at no very remote day—it will become necessary to deflect the current of Bear River again into the Snake River. I am told that the project is not at all unfeasible. A cut of less than two hundred feet deep in the upheaval across the valley below Soda Springs will, it is stated, put the waters into the ancient channel again. The necessity for the work arises from two causes: the constant encroachments upon the plain upon which the city of Salt Lake now stands will demand that the cause be removed; and, secondly, there will eventually arise a necessity for the utilization of the



COMPARATIVE TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS, SHOWING SIMILARITY OF
LOCATION BETWEEN SALT LAKE CITY AND JERUSALEM.



GARFIELD BEACH BATHING HOUSE, GREAT SALT LAKE.

waters of the Bear River in irrigating the vast arid plains that now lie profitless along the ancient channel.

Less than one hundred miles north of the inland sea is the true ancient valley of the Bear River. This valley, with but one break, trends

westwardly, or northwestwardly, to the Snake River, which, through the Columbia, goes to the Pacific. Lying to the southward of this valley, and intervening between it properly and the Salt Lake basin proper, is a range of high, rugged mountain wall—an outlying spur or lateral from the great Wasatch chain which borders the valley on the east. This lateral range, running nearly east and west, was doubtless once the unbroken barrier on the northern confines of the Great Salt Lake basin. The whole trend of the valley to the northward of the range shows that its drainage was once westwardly to the Pacific. Yet in some unknown period of time—evidently not very remote—there was an upheaval across the whole of the Bear River valley, and at a point nearly due north of the northmost edge of the lake. This upheaval created to the eastward another vast basin in the intramontane region—a basin known to-day as the “Soda Spring” region of South-eastern Idaho. This region is full of marvelous and sublime phenomena in nature, second only to that seen in the near-by Yellowstone Park, which it resembles in many of its wonderful features.

The upheaval across Bear River valley is evidently the result of volcanic disturbance. The whole region abounds in volcanic remains and the ruins of the primeval nature there. Just east of the principal soda spring there is, in the mountain cincture, the crater of a vast extinct volcano, whose remaining cone is a rim of nearly pure sulphur. The great gaping lip of the chasm is still a most frightful abyss.

How long the waters remained in covering the Soda Spring basin (now dry) will never be known. The ancient lake bed is now largely a desert, covered with here and there an oasis of great fertility. Up to the south and eastward is the deep



"DEVIL'S SLIDE," IN ECHO CAÑON.

depression known as the Great Bear Lake, below which are some of the finest valley lands in the great West—these, doubtless, part of the primeval world there. But as you go westward toward the Snake River the desolation begins, the ruins increasing for hundreds of miles in the direction of the Pacific. Just beyond the upheaval which

forms the western wall of the Soda Spring basin, amid the ruins of the ancient valley, the bed of the extinct river is distinctly traced all the way to the Snake. The living river (the Bear), as we have heretofore observed, now debouches its waters upon the bosom of the Great Salt Lake through a vast and tortuous chasm or cañon rent in the high mountain wall that rises between the Salt Lake basin and the Bear River valley proper. Indeed, it is believed that it was through this chasm that the ancient drainage of the Salt Lake itself was effected in bygone ages, and in successive volcanic throes. The outward rush of the resistless floods thus suddenly thrown out northward from the vast southern basin swept over the plains of Idaho and old Oregon, assisting in producing the vast geological ruins one now sees all over those regions.



BLACK ROCK AND ANTELOPE ISLAND, GREAT SALT LAKE.

Two forces appear now to have been engaged simultaneously in the work of accomplishing all these ruins—volcanic fire, and water from the long-pent-up lake. Wide basaltic plains, arid and desolate amidst the ancient ruins, now lie in dismal stretch across the old Bear River valley and its continuation, that of the Snake River, all the way until the wall of the Cascade Mountain range is reached. In places one sees huge cones and pyramids of solid lava standing solitary and alone in the desert, just as though they had been dropped down from the heavens above, and having no connection whatever with the surrounding nature. Occasionally these cones and pyramids, hundreds of feet high, are seen resting directly over the channel of the ancient river—the old water way still visible both to the east and to the west, or to the north and to the south. As I have

heretofore said, the shifting sands and the dust of the deserts around have not yet obliterated this silent testimonial of the past ages—the facts being testimonies in support of the theory that the ruins are of comparatively modern creation.

An interesting, yet not altogether safe, Indian tradition sheds its ray of light upon the dark mysteries. Along the wall of the Cascade Mountain range there stand, in grim and silent majesty,



PULPIT ROCK, NEAR MOUTH OF ECHO CAÑON, GREAT SALT LAKE BASIN.

the greatest of our extinct volcanoes, their summits now bare and white in the eternal snows. The very greatest of these in Oregon is Mount Hood. Evidences show that it was this huge monster which once played such fierce and fiery part in the work of desolation and wreck of the primeval world of our West. Its mighty furnaces once shot their molten lava floods out to the eastward hundreds of miles away, bringing utter devastation and ruin in their hot burial blasts. At Shoshone Falls, five hundred miles to the eastward, the Snake River cuts its way through the lava crust more than a hundred feet in thickness. As far up the river as Eagle Rock the crust is one hundred and fifty feet in thickness. At the American Falls, near where the Bear River once emptied, the lava is about one hundred feet in depth. Now, the Shoshone Indians have a tradition which says that, even within the memory of their fathers, Mount Hood, the great destroyer of this valley, was but a simple geyser, "a hole in the ground," out of which the fiery elements were shot up, building its cone higher and higher, sending its floods of lava farther and farther to the eastward, until the tired demon within fell asleep, when the Great Spirit scaled the mouth of the destroyer with a mound of eternal snow.

What was the outer or most extreme limit to the destruction wrought by the Cascade volcanoes and the intramontane floods loosed in the disruption of the walls around the great inland sea is a problem difficult to determine. Perhaps the most extensive and desolate of all the ruins in this region are those which lie in the desert southeast of Salt Lake between the Wasatch range proper and the Rocky Mountains, in the bleak border lands west of the Green River. It is believed that the very earliest drainage from the Salt Lake basin went to the southward and to the Pacific or the Gulf of California through the Green River, assisting in the work of cutting the great cañons of the Colorado in the rush of a tide filled with broken basalt from the lava fields to the north. The bleakness and ruin of the dead world of our great West are here in all their most appalling and picturesque aspects. The whole face of nature here seems to have been swept with the besoms of destruction, in flood, and in arid and burning energies, leaving hill and plain full of weird and grotesque shapes and faces which appeal in vain for dew or rain of heaven for life or verdure.

It is here, indeed, that one sees in the actual touch of the dead nature visions resembling those cold, white, staring and gaping ruins which thrill the beholder with awe and senses of horror

as he gazes through the great telescope on that world of ruins which the poet delights in calling "Luna."

II.

SOMEWHAT central amid the ruins about which I have been discoursing, and on a broad plain but recently covered with the insignia of the desert, the cactus and the sagebush, there now stands a beautiful and populous city. It has many thousands of busy and prosperous people, occupying costly residences and splendid warehouses and factories. It has broad streets along whose shaded borders there flow streams of perpetual waters. Around are gardens and wide fields of richest fruitfulness. Here are arts and industries founded by many millions of native capital, and giving food and raiment and pleasure to thousands of souls. It is—let me repeat—in a region but recently wrought from the desert, from the terror of the savage and from the forays of the deadliest of wild beasts of prey. Nor is this all; the City of Salt Lake, with all its surroundings of prosperity and progress, is primarily the gift of one man to the American civilization of to-day.

Let us pause and consider the character of this individual. The great American whose genius and energy, whose mighty forces of mind and character, were the leading instrumentality in transforming so much of the old physical desolation into fruitfulness and utility, so that even the whole nation is a beneficiary in the harvest after he had planted there the germ; this man stands forth in history—in sorrow, let it be said—with dark shadows upon his name. Let us, however, do justice to Brigham Young's fame; let us admit his transcendent genius—a genius that in its lofty conceptions appears almost supernatural. Let us grant his broad patriotism, his profound public spirit; and let us honor him for the splendid results of his efforts in behalf of empire, even though it did require the high-lifted arm of the nation's government to hold his ambition in check. And let us remember, furthermore, that what we call the sins of the man were those of which others far higher and nobler than he stand convicted. And let us remember, too, that in his justification he placed the Divine Writ itself before his accusers.

But let me be not misunderstood; and let me emphasize my purpose. I am not the apologist of Brigham Young, nor am I his defender in matters of conscience and religion. I have no sympathy with what are called the "peculiar tenets" of the Mormon Church, which are essentially polygamy and the degradation of woman. In these two abominations there lie horrors

enough. But, outside of the iniquity born of those twin harlots, one can find much to commend and admire in the Mormon people. These are, generally speaking, not the social lepers and monsters that many of our adroit "political trimmers" would have us to believe them to be. And as for the polygamy of the people, statistics have shown that only about one-tenth of the people ever believed in or practiced it. Otherwise the Mormons may be regarded as a zealous Christian people, given to good works.

As to Brigham Young the man and the leader—not the imperial trafficker in matrimony—I am sincere when I say that if judgment is to be rendered in due accord with the grandeur of the results achieved, then Brigham Young must be regarded as the greatest of all American rulers and builders of cities and other great monumental remains. When we consider fully all the purely public results accomplished by this one man in the brief space of a few years—results adding to the wealth and the power and glory of his country—where is there another character in America to compare with him? Who has been such an active and successful leader and factor generally in the development of our vast intramontane region? No one, for in this respect he is without a competitor. He was the chief instrumentality in the opening and development of nearly all of Utah and much of Idaho and other parts of the West. It was his genius that conceived and led in the great projects of turning the rivers of the desert into broad and deep artificial canals for the purposes of irrigation, and thereby converting thousands of square miles of an abandoned waste into the gardens of bloom and fructivity. He was, furthermore, the leading spirit in building the numerous large and beautiful cities of the Salt Lake basin and in Southern Idaho. No other American has built so many cities; none turned more of the barren desert into fruitful fields yielding harvests which have added to the national wealth. Illustrating the broad and lofty public spirit of the man, there are numerous works in the West, in many of which, however, the fine character and substantial achievement of his distinguished son, John W. Young, are now most conspicuous.

But it is chiefly in the building up and illustrating of what we now call "Mormonism" that the mind and character of Brigham Young are best known. Since the days of Mohammed no man has been so successful in organizing, holding, building up and leading in a religious movement. It is in this work that the genius and force in his character are most strikingly demonstrated, for we must remember that in his struggles in that direction he met the antagonism of the moral sense of Christendom. It is not within the purview of this article to give anything like even a succinct history of Mormonism; in some future paragraphs I desire to call attention to a few of the architectural monuments which Brigham Young and his followers in that faith have given to the world. And in dismissing him from the main line of thought in connection with the article, I may say that from a close and even prejudiced study of the great apostle's character and works, I am forced to the conclusion that he was a much better and a far greater man than many of our Eastern people believe him to have been, and this opinion has been formed after long personal stay in Utah and other Mormon countries.

III.

It has been said that the measure of a man's love for his religion is often determined in his personal sacrifices and benefactions toward a temple in which he is to worship spiritually. It is frequently the case that men who are lavish in all other expenditures will refuse to contribute, except grudgingly and niggardly, to the church for



THE EAGLE GATE AND BEEHIVE HOUSE, FORMER RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.



FIRST VICE PRESIDENTIAL COUNCILOR,
GEORGE Q. CANNON.



PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF,
HEAD OF THE CHURCH.



SECOND VICE PRESIDENTIAL COUN-
CILOR, JOSEPH F. SMITH.

which they profess great devotion. When we come to consider the question of benefactions for religious purposes among the Mormons—or "Latter-day Saints," as they style themselves—we must not forget that law of the church which removes the matter of the individual donations from the realm of choice or option, and fixes it as one of the compulsory duties of every membership. No able-bodied layman in the Mormon fold is exempt from the exacting laws of the tithing. The tenth

of every man's substance there goes, as they say there, into "the treasury of the Lord." And it is a very striking and significant fact that, out of the vast fund that this small sect has poured into the coffers of the church, the greatest portion has been devoted to the erection of the temples and other sanctuaries of the church in which the peculiar religious ceremonies are regularly held.

Let us consider for a moment some startling



ENDOWMENT HOUSE, TABERNACLE, AND NEW TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

statistics bearing on this subject. The Mormon Church in America is but little more than fifty years old. During the period of its growth here it has encountered, as we know, many forms of opposition and condemnation—the organization doubtless having less of popular sympathy, and less support every way generally from outsiders, than any other ecclesiastical organization known among us. To-day it numbers only about one hundred and fifty thousand adherents in the West, less than one-fifth of these being able-bodied males, and the real wealth-producing element being even less than this number. And yet these weak and oppressed people have expended, in the erection of church edifices alone, a sum variously estimated at from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars—an estimate of about one hundred dollars per capita. Among their religious temples are structures that vie with the most stupendous, remarkable and attractive in all the known world.

The principal sanctuaries of the Mormons are at Salt Lake City—this the religious centre and capital of Mormonism. One of the most beauti-



STATUE ON THE PINNACLE OF THE TEMPLE.



THE GREAT ORGAN.

ful and costly of all their temples, however, is at Logan, in Idaho. But the chief structures devoted strictly to the varied religious proceedings of the church are in Salt Lake City—a city which is to the Mormon what Rome is to the Catholic, and what Mecca is to the Moslem—for the bones of the founder lie there.

There are three of the most noted of the sanctuaries at Salt Lake City; they are the "Temple," the "Tabernacle" and the "Endowment House." The three occupy a large inclosed square containing ten acres, and known as "Temple Block." It is situated in the northern part of the city, near the foot of the Wasatch range of mountains, and on a part of the ancient desert plain sloping gently westward to the great lake a few miles away. The block is surrounded by an immense stone and cement wall some ten feet high. This structure itself is not wholly devoid of the æsthetical in its outward appearance. The walls have four gates opening to the four cardinal points of the compass. The entire structures—walls as well as the buildings also—have been built, as it is claimed, solely by the labor and contributions of Mormons. And it is an inflexible law of the church, which requires its members to labor in any capacity or

position in which the authorities place them. A prominent bishop of the church recently told me that he had worked as a common day laborer, and at fifty cents per day, dressing stone and in digging foundations in building the religious structures at Salt Lake City.

The church buildings each and all have interesting histories. The most unique and remarkable of all of the various edifices is what is known as the "Tabernacle"—the central building with the rounded roof or dome. It is an anomaly in architecture, for it has no duplicate or parallel in all the world. Its architect and builder was Brigham Young himself. He claimed to have designed and built the structure in accordance with a revelation given him directly by God Himself touching the work. The claim certainly derives some support in the entire originality and uniqueness of the whole design and finish. It was the first great church building erected by the Mormons after their settlement in the Territory. It contains only such materials as could be found in Utah and Idaho at the time—material found on lands pre-empted by the Mormon people. It is claimed that there is not a particle of iron used in the structure, not so much even as a nail, the distance intervening between the exiles and the iron markets being at the time too great and difficult to surmount in the necessary transportation. Hence the cedar and redwood shingles on the covering are held by wooden pins. The dome is one of the architectural wonders of the world, it having one of the very largest spans known in roof building.

The structure is something of a semi-ovoid, or, at the base, in the form of an ellipse, two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. From the summit of the dome to the floor it is ninety feet. The dome, one of the largest in the world, has no support except in the outer pillars of the edifice, there being no such thing as "walls," properly speaking, in the lower part of the structure, the trussed wooden dome resting simply upon forty-four pillars. These pillars are of dressed stone set in cement, and with facings about nine feet across. The openings between are devoted to window and doorway. In the amplitude of these openings the building can be filled and emptied with great ease, rapidity and safety. The floor conforms to the slight natural inclination upon which the Tabernacle is built. The immense auditorium—one of the largest in America—is well provided with seats, both on the main floor and in an upper gallery. The ordinary seating capacity is ten thousand; but on one occasion, when Adelina Patti sang there, the audience numbered thirteen thousand.

When I was last in Salt Lake City nine thousand Sunday-school scholars, besides teachers, officials and visitors, assembled within the Tabernacle. The attendance on Sunday schools in this city is not equaled by that of any other city of like population in the Union. In fact, there are, as I believe, more children in this city than in any other city of the world, in proportion to adults. The fact is simply one of the fruits of polygamy.

The acoustic properties of the Tabernacle are unrivaled; indeed, they are simply marvelous. A speaker with ordinary tone of voice in conversational pitch is easily heard from the rostrum at any point within the building. There is no pulpit proper here, there being simply a high and broad platform extending well across the interior, and from which the preachers address the congregation, which in good weather is always large. The choir and organ are directly in the rear of the speakers.

One of the most noteworthy features of the Tabernacle is the immense pipe organ, the largest in America with but one exception. It is one of the chief prides and glories of the Mormon people. It is claimed that the instrument was built solely by artisans of their own faith and worship. From the visual standpoint of view it is certainly a grand and beautiful creation worthy of any admiration. When properly manipulated its tones are replete with sublimest strains of soul-touching melody, in music very deep, rich and thrilling. The instrument occupies the extreme western end or arc of the Tabernacle. Facing it in the east is a mammoth and typical Beehive. Underneath this, in bold letters, is the legend, "By Industry We Thrive," these being the emblem and motto of the Mormon. Wherever one goes in Utah or other Mormon countries, there will be found the emblem and the practical illustration of the motto—Industry. One of the old residences of Brigham Young is called the "Beehive Palace." It is surmounted by the beehive emblem. The great arched way over the entrance to the home also reveals the emblem. It is delineated even in the iron railings which surround the tomb of that marvelous character. This quaint emblem seems to have been, and still is, an inspiration among those people which has not lost its potency, even though the grave has long ago closed over the dust of him who gave it to his followers.

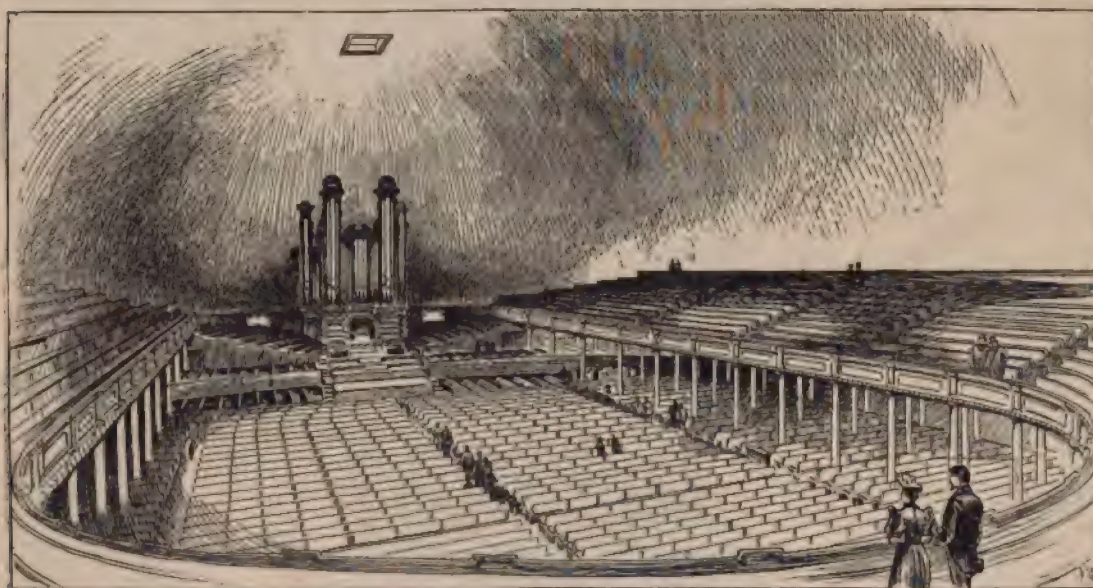
But the supreme pride and architectural glory of the Mormons is their new "Temple," just finished and recently dedicated. This is one of the most magnificent structures of its character in the known world. It was planned and begun by Brigham Young more than forty years ago. Like its companion, the "Tabernacle," standing near

by, its architecture has no exact parallel in the world. It is built of granite and white marble, and is finished in all modern appurtenances, and with facilities and methods which it was impossible to employ in the construction of the older work of art, the "Tabernacle." It is not so large as the latter, for it is only 186½ feet long and 99 feet wide; while the dimensions of the Tabernacle are 250 by 150 feet. But while the summit of the Tabernacle is only about 100 feet from the ground up, the highest point of the Temple is nearly 250 feet. I may add that this building (the Temple) alone cost more than \$5,000,000. Its grand chapel, or "Assembly Room," seats 2,500 persons.

The remaining sanctuary of the church, a beautiful building in the southwest angle of the square, is known as "The Endowment House." It is of brick and wood and stone, and finished in high modern art. Within its walls some of the solemn and awful rites of the church are celebrated, and in mysteries that are not revealed to those out-

side the pale of Mormonism. Even some of its disciples are not permitted to look within the sacred veil there, only those giving themselves up to the Mormon vows of matrimony, and those selected as the victims, are permitted to enter the chambers of mystery there. These facts are certainly in illustration of the old saying that appearances are often deceptive, for "The Endowment House," when beheld from the near distance, does not look like it holds any horrors. It has an inviting air, and is, in its bright colors and gothic gables, in striking contrast with the dull and sombre-looking pile of wood and gray stone known as the "Tabernacle," near by, and within whose walls all is open and free from the semblance of mystery or deception.

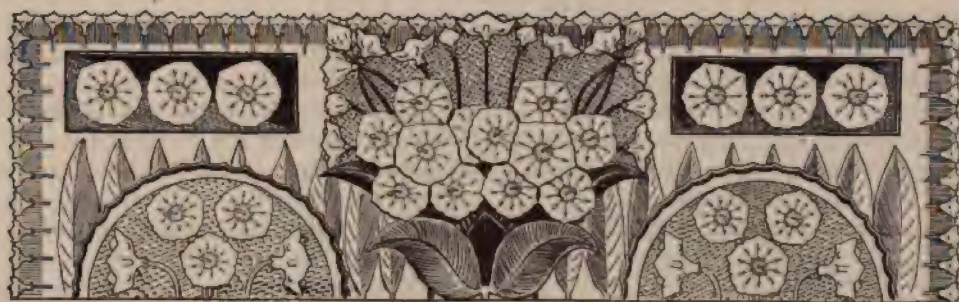
The views herewith illustrate fairly several features of "Temple Block." The festooning occasionally seen in the interior of the Tabernacle represents the decorations after a great festival in the church—the "Stars and Stripes" being conspicuous in the picturesque adornings.



INTERIOR OF TABERNACLE, SHOWING THE ORGAN.



A ROMAN CHARIOT RACE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY V. CHIECA.



HIGH TIDES.*

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).



It went very fast," remarked Una rather indignantly, "and he looked awfully scared. I do not think Mr. Keppel at all polite—ought he not to have seen us safely to the carriage, Miss Hading?"

"Yes," replied Laurel;

and with a flush on her cheek she drew the little girls nearer to herself and pressed on through the crowd.

The street was full of vehicles. Several moments elapsed before the Gascoyne carriage made its way up to the curbstone.

Laurel glanced wistfully around. In that interval of waiting he had ample opportunity to return and explain away his rudeness, but she saw no more of her new acquaintance—he had deserted her without a word.

By a happy chance the incident faded from the minds of the children, and Mrs. Gascoyne was not apprised of it. But Laurel dwelt on Keppel's conduct with distrust and resentment. Why had he rushed away in that strange, precipitous fashion? She felt disappointed—depressed.

That night, while Mrs. Gascoyne was dancing at a german, her governess, in the pretty chamber adjoining the nursery, tossed feverishly, and dreamed of Captain Davy Dole in a madhouse; of the old Cape, lashed by tempests and piled with wreck; of the Texan cabin and the haggard, blood-stained face of Whisky Dick at its threshold; of her beautiful unknown mother; of Jasper Hading's pale, wicked eyes—all the tragedy

that had ever entered Laurel's life hurled itself in a monstrous nightmare on her uneasy slumbers.

At the end of two days Mr. Derek Keppel, violin in hand, appeared again in the school-room. He wore a sheepish air, and the hauteur with which the governess received him did not tend to place him at ease. As soon as the lesson was over he approached her in a deprecatory way.

"I want to apologize—" he began, meekly, though an unholy mirth was lurking in the corners of his fine eyes.

"For what particular offense?" asked Laurel, coldly.

"The shabby fashion in which I left you at the *matinée*."

"Your flight *was* rather abrupt. Pansy also fancied that she heard you swear."

"She did! I hope you will never speak of anything which I particularly wish to conceal, Miss Hading; for when you look at me in that calm, direct way I feel constrained to make a clean breast of my darkest secrets. I saw some people bearing down on me in the crowd that day, and I did not want to meet them. So I bolted. We all have objectionable acquaintances, do we not?" in an humble, imploring tone. "I assure you I was tremendously upset by the affair. I stood afar off till you entered the carriage. I wanted to join you again, but dared not. If I did not tear my hair it was because my self-control overpowered my inclinations."

An irrepressible smile dawned on her charming lips. He had not meant to be rude, then.

"What a boor I must have seemed to you!" he

said, in a mortified voice; and she answered, quickly:

"Oh, no! I thought you a little odd—nothing more."

Her hand chanced to be resting on the table near him. It was a beautiful hand, white and smooth, faintly dimpled, ringless. He eyed it covetously for an instant, then covered it boldly with his own darker, stronger palm.

"You are sure that you quite forgive me?" he entreated.

"Yes."

"A thousand thanks. You are so good!"

He bent down—she felt his quick breath, the warmth of his bearded lips. But those dreadful children were looking. He was forced to drop the incomparable hand and pull himself quickly together.

"As a general thing," he said, lightly, "I do not take to my heels at sight of familiar faces; but some important things depended on my ability to steer clear of those particular people. No, do not look distrustful—I owed them no money—I had not purloined their valuables—I simply wanted to evade them for a time."

His bright, level eyes gazed straight into hers, and disarmed whatever suspicion she may have felt.

"I believe you," she said, frankly and sweetly.

"And you will not remember my sin against me?"

She shook her head, smiling. Lo! the world was again a beautiful place to Laurel Hading.

Time went on. Mrs. Gascoyne dispatched this message to Miss Bowdoin: "I find Miss Hading a positive treasure. Una and Pansy are making excellent progress. The danger is that a girl so charming is likely to marry."

While Mrs. Gascoyne was flying to dinners, balls and operas, if not in pursuit of the elusive St. George, who had never materialized, at least in quest of fresh conquests, Laurel, in the quiet schoolroom, pursued her daily tasks. "Twice in each week Derek Keppel came up the stair to set the violins squeaking and fill the dull place with his strong personality.

Sometimes Laurel played an accompaniment on the schoolroom piano; sometimes she sat at her table and corrected exercises while the lesson was in progress. Then her straight, pearl-like profile and classic golden head, with its knot of hair, like raveled yellow silk, made an enchanting picture for the young man's eyes. On one occasion he brought her a great bunch of Jacqueminot roses. She received the gift with a grave air.

"Oh," she murmured, "they are so very expensive at this season!"

Derek Keppel smiled under his mustache. Laurel thought the poor musician rather reckless with his money.

"I heard you tell Pansy that you had a passion for Jacks," he said, meekly.

"Oh, I have—I have, indeed!" she cried; "and it was very kind of you to bring them." And in an ecstasy of delight she laid her lily cheek to the velvet-dark petals.

Keppel's very soul shone in his eyes. Softly, persuasively, he said:

"Do you mind telling me why you came to this house, Miss Hading?—why you left the Boston school so suddenly? Did that fellow whom I saw at St. John's Chapel drive you away?"

She colored high.

"Yes."

"I suspected it. Has he annoyed you of late? Does he know of your present whereabouts?"

"No, to both questions," answered Laurel. "I trust that I may never see his face again."

"Will you permit me to ask the name of the cad?"

Laurel hesitated. Reveal to Derek Keppel her obscure, perhaps shameful, origin, and the manner in which Jasper Hading had entangled himself in her affairs? Tell Keppel that she had a mother in the world, but for evil reasons knew her not? Never!

"I cannot speak of that person," she said, in a low, pained voice; "I will not! Don't ask me."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"It is better for me to forget him, Mr. Keppel, and everything connected with him."

"I am sure you are right. How stupid of me to inquire! Only as your lover does he awaken my curiosity—I have no interest in him as an individual."

Poor Laurel was glad to carry her velvet-red roses to another corner of the room and leave Derek Keppel to his pupils. But the crisis of her fate was close at hand. It came one late afternoon, as she sat alone in the schoolroom, writing letters. The children had gone out with Mrs. Gascoyne; the house was very still. Shadows filled the corners; the wintry sunshine had vanished from the neighboring housetops. Even on the rattle and roar of the street a hush had fallen.

"My dear Paulette," Laurel was writing, "it is long since I received a line from you. Are you quite absorbed by that vampire, Mrs. Coxheath? Your present situation seems to me most trying, most dangerous. Do not remain in that house, dear—go back to the hospital, where at least you will be safe——"

The schoolroom door opened, and Derek Keppel entered.

"Pardon," he said. "I rapped, but you did not hear."

"The children are out with Mrs. Gascoyne," answered Laurel, in surprise. "Is this a day for lessons?"

Then she saw that he did not carry his violin, and a sudden embarrassment seized her.

"No," said Keppel; "there is no lesson. I came to see you, Miss Hading, not the children." He approached her table with a firm step. "I happened to meet Mrs. Gascoyne, and those little pitchers with the tremendous ears, riding in the park. Then I knew that you were here alone, and I hurried to find you—I have never once been able to speak with you alone, you know." The pen had dropped from her hand. She inclined her fair head, listening. "Laurel, I am a plain man—I cannot beat about the bush. There is something which for days and weeks I have been longing desperately to say—it is this: I love you, my darling—I want to make you my wife."

The supreme moment of life had come to Laurel. Till that instant she had not known how much she cared for him. But now every fibre of her body palpitated with delight. A flood of electric fire seemed pouring through her veins. Her soul became a great joyous thing that flesh and blood could hardly hold. All that had gone before was of "the stuff that dreams are made of." But this was reality, supreme and overpowering.

"Answer me," entreated Derek Keppel, with a quiver of apprehension breaking through the tenderness of his voice. "Can you—will you love me, Laurel?"

The color had ebbed from her face, but her eyes were wide, shining, rapturous.

"Wait a moment," she said, catching her breath in a curious way. "First of all, you must know that socially I am, without doubt, very much your inferior. I live under a cloud. There are mysteries in my life which I cannot explain, even to you. I am quite alone in the world—quite obscure—a mere nobody——"

He cut short her words by snatching her in his arms and straining her lissom body against his breast.

"A fig for your mysteries—your obscurity!" he cried, with a ring of glad triumph in his voice. "Who cares for that nonsense? Socially my inferior?" He laughed gayly. "Oh, that is absurd! If I did not know your sweet true nature I might think you were poking fun at me. A poor unknown musician! Look here, darling—all that I ask is, do you love me well enough to

be my wife? Explanations will keep. I want nothing now but your heart."

"That," replied Laurel, very solemnly and sweetly, "I give you freely."

For awhile silence reigned in the schoolroom. A foretaste of heaven comes to all true lovers in the first rapture of mutual confession. Then words fail, and the language of eyes and meeting lips supersedes the noise of tongues.

Presently Derek Keppel said, softly, teasingly:

"My darling, are you not rather imprudent to care for a man about whom you know absolutely nothing?"

She flung back her glorious young head.

"Why, I know *everything* about you!" she answered. "You are noble and good—worthy of the trust and confidence of any woman!"

"Laurel, Laurel! what an infant you are! You shame me desperately. No man lives who is altogether worthy of the confidence and trust of a girl like you. I suppose I ought to tell you something definite about myself?"

"Yes," she acquiesced; "I think you ought."

"Well," he began, with an uneasy air, "I am a decidedly humdrum individual—neither rich nor poor, neither good nor bad, neither a genius nor a fool. In this city I am really 'a pilgrim and a stranger.' Such relatives as remain to me live at a distance. None of them love me over much. I shall not trouble to consult them about your future and mine. I want to take you away from these Gascoynes—from this stuffy schoolroom. Since you do not hesitate to give me your heart, Laurel, you surely will not withhold your hand. In short, I want you to marry me without delay."

Once more she colored high.

"Without delay?"

"Yes—out of hand, you know. I am terribly alone in the world—so are you. I have no near kindred with whom I am in duty bound to take counsel—you have none. As for my prospects, I can never hope to become a Paganini, and I need not tell you that the violin is not a money-making instrument; still I think I can promise you a fairly decent home, and at least the necessities of life. Oh, my darling, do you fear to marry a poor man?"

She smiled.

"I—a drudging governess? All my life I have known poverty, Derek. Why should I fear to continue the acquaintance, especially in your company?"

He kissed her with fervor.

"But your face, my darling, ought to make your fortune, and lo! you are throwing all this beauty away on an unknown fiddler——"

She laid her soft hand on his bearded lips.

"Oh, stop—I will not listen—you are teasing me. Why do you say such things? I tell you that I *love* poverty and unknown people. Am I not poor—am I not unknown myself?"

"That being the case," cried Derek Keppel, joyously, "you will at once give Mrs. Gascoyne notice to look for another governess. In a month, darling—you must not tax my patience beyond that time—in a month you will be my wife!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. GASCOYNE opposed the match with vehemence.

"You must be mad, Miss Hading," she said, severely, "to marry in this offhand manner a stranger who, by his own confession, has neither money nor family. Of course Mr. Keppel brought me references as to good character and musical knowledge, but his eligibility as a husband—oh, that is quite another matter! Scraping a violin is very precarious business, and he gives only a meagre account of himself. You really ought to do much better with your beauty and fine manners."

Miss Bowdoin received the news of Laurel's love affair with like disapprobation.

"You are *very* imprudent, my dear," she wrote, "to marry *any* man after an engagement of only four weeks! You have been admirably instructed—in propriety as well as other things—and I am shocked that you should consent to such unseemly haste in the great event of your life. Pray reconsider your decision, and above all, learn something regarding the character and past life of Mr. Keppel before you commit your future to his keeping."

Laurel, sublimely indifferent to the advice of both ladies, pondered a little message sent by Paulette Dole. It ran thus: "Follow the dictates of your own heart, dear Laurel—I feel sure that it will never lead you astray."

And Laurel followed the dictates of her heart—that is, she married Derek Keppel in the parlor of a quiet parsonage, just a month from the day of her engagement.

He had asked nothing about her history—she had told nothing. Each accepted the other absolutely upon trust. Laurel loved with the grandeur, the fullness that disdains suspicion. Keppel seemed never to give a thought to such trifles as antecedents. They married, and the young musician carried his bride to a small furnished house in an obscure and unfashionable street, and there the two set up their household gods.

For a few weeks they were absorbingly happy.

The little dwelling became an Eden. Its shabby rooms glowed with the light that never was on land or sea. The one maid of all work declared in private that she had never before happened on such a pair of turtledoves.

"Shure," she said, in her rich Milesian brogue, "the two av 'em are jist ready to fall down an' worship each other."

Every day Derek, violin in hand, tramped away to his pupils; and Laurel, gay as a lark, flitted about her little nest, beautifying all that she touched. She studied ponderous cookbooks. She assumed grand, matronly airs, and jingled her housekeeper's keys with pride and dignity. As the hour approached for Derek's return she would fly, all flushed and beautiful, to the low window of her tiny parlor, and from behind the muslin curtains watch for him, with her heart in her great violet eyes. When from afar Keppel chanced to discern the charming face at the pane he was certain to wave his hat like a schoolboy and quicken his pace almost to a run. At the door the two usually fell into each other's arms, like lovers long parted.

During her second month of marriage Laurel said to her husband:

"I have never told you about my dear friend Paulette Dole, to whom I became deeply attached in my school days?"

"No," he answered, rather absently.

The two were sitting together under the softly shaded evening lamp. Laurel dropped a bit of needlework, to lean and look into her husband's strong, dark face.

"Would you like to hear her story, Derek?"

"Yes, if you wish to tell it, dear."

Of late she had been thinking a great deal about her friend. In spite of the lack of curiosity exhibited by Keppel she began to pour Paulette's woes into his ears.

"I met Chester Coxheath at Dole Haven," she said. "He is an exceedingly fascinating, magnetic person, and oh, I do not like the thought of Paulette remaining in the house of his vixenish wife! Captain Davy is confined in an asylum, and may never recover his reason. So Paulette is virtually alone in the world. I, who have been in the same unhappy position, know how to feel for her. I would like to invite Paulette to visit us for a few weeks, Derek—I would like to separate her from that dreadful Mrs. Coxheath. I am sure you cannot fail to admire Paulette—she is dainty, beautiful, *chic*—the last person that you would in thought be likely to associate with the duties of a professional nurse."

Keppel's face clouded. He bit his lip.

"My darling, your story is very interesting.



INTERESTING READING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MADELEINE LEMAIRE.

The mad sailor, and the lovely girl infatuated with a scoundrel——”

“I do not think Chester Coxhenth is really a scoundrel, Derek.”

“Well, then, let us say, that promiscuous love maker, who could not wait till his divorce was granted before he attempted a second matrimonial venture—these are romantic characters, Laurel; but *must* you invite your friend *here*? Of course you think me very inhospitable, but we are exceedingly happy as we are—happier, I fancy, without Miss Dole than we can possibly be with her.”

Laurel looked dismayed.

“You do not want Paulette to visit us, Derek?”

He caught her hands and pressed them jealously in his own.

“Candidly—*no*. Do not be angry. I am a selfish beast. I want you all to myself. I cannot divide you with your friends. I should detest the person that came between us, even for a day. Were Miss Dole a saint she would be unwelcome.”

His eyes, full of unspeakable love, dwelt on her so tenderly that her momentary vexation passed, like mist in the sun.

“Very well,” she sighed; “I must not make you unhappy, Derek. It shall be as you wish; but I have loved Paulette a long time, and Captain Davy was very, very kind to me at Dole Haven—I wanted Paulette to see my new home, you know.”

“Some other time, dear—wait till some other time!” he pleaded. And Laurel said no more.

Verily her husband was *not* hospitable—he did not care to make the acquaintance of her old friends. Laurel experienced a pang of disappointment, but she was too fond, too loyal, to give it further expression.

The day succeeding this conversation was that of the Gascoyne music lesson. The rich widow still continued her patronage of Keppel, though she resented the hasty marriage which had robbed her “little monkeys” of an accomplished governess. “A cloud no bigger than a man’s hand” had fallen on Laurel’s spirit. She went about her small house subdued and silent. She was thinking of the box of papers withheld from her by Jasper Hading, and of her—mother.

Again and again in the course of the day she determined to tell her trouble to Derek—to say:

“There is a shadow upon me which nothing can remove. It was wrong to marry you with my story untold. You could not guess that I had no right to the name of Hading. Will not the truth greatly vex and mortify you? Perhaps

it may be like a sharp sword thrust suddenly between us—perhaps you will henceforth be ashamed of the wife you have chosen, and your love for me may die out altogether.”

Laurel rehearsed this little speech many times, but the moment she heard Derek’s latchkey in the door her courage and resolution collapsed. Confess her origin, and see him draw coldly away from her?—bring him into violent collision with Jasper Hading, who had already threatened his life? So long as the secret did not affect Derek’s welfare she must bury it deep in her own bosom. Some time, when his affection had withstood the test of years—when Jasper Hading was dead—she would tell her husband everything; but not now—not now.

So Laurel ran to meet her wedded lover with a gayety that was somewhat forced; but Derek chanced to be in a *distract* mood, and so noticed nothing. After a modest dinner, daintily served—for Laurel was a model housewife—the pair returned to their little parlor, where the gas was burning low, and pacing up and down there, began to talk softly.

“Do you love me?” said Derek.

It was a question which he had asked a thousand times at least, and she looked at him reproachfully.

“Oh, Derek!”

“You see, I never tire of hearing your answer to that query, Laurel. You cannot satisfy me with any ordinary amount of affection—I must have continents and oceans of it.”

“Go on,” she laughed; “have you any more foolish things to say?”

“My poor child, I want to know if you are really happy in this wretched little house, with only one servant to respond to your beck and call, and not a single luxury within your reach?”

“Certainly I am happy, Derek,” and her eyes shone like stars in the half-light—“inordinately happy!”

“I have had all the bliss that the world can bestow—I have lived, I have loved.”

Don’t call my home ‘wretched.’ It is the dearest, sweetest spot on the whole earth, and I will not hear it abused, even by you.”

Her hand had slipped into his hold. He began to turn the wedding ring round and round her finger.

“You deserve something better than this obscure den,” he sighed. “I am growing restless—ambitious—for your sake. I want to give you more money, more ease. It is plain that I can never fiddle myself into fame or fortune. I must look about for a new opening.”

"I am quite content with my present lot," said Laurel, bravely. "I do not sigh for ease or money, as I have often told you. Why, I cannot imagine any place, any station in life, that could possibly seem poor to me so long as you shared it, Derek."

He swept her lovely face up to his breast.

"My darling, what sort of home had you known before I met you at St. John's Chapel?"

"A cabin on a Texan prairie. I remember no other. At fifteen I was taken from it and given to the care of strangers."

"You have never spoken to me of your past life, Laurel."

"No," she faltered; "it is a painful subject—I do not like to talk of it."

"Then say no more," he answered, gently; "I would not give you pain for the world."

He drew her into the small bay window, and there the two stood and looked forth upon the night. A street lamp glimmered on the pane, and showed dark figures of pedestrians passing back and forth along the rain-wet pavement. The noises of the city sounded faint and far away. Around Laurel's golden head the muslin curtain fell and wrapped her in mystic whiteness. She lifted her eyes to a thin crescent that shone high above the chimney tops on the fringe of a gray cloud.

"Look, Derek!" she said; "the new moon! Let us wish with our whole heart that we may always be as happy as we are to-night—"

A sudden strange, sharp sound outside the window cut short the young wife's words. The glass cracked—something whizzed through the pane—through the muslin curtains, close to the two young heads, and sank into the wall of the little parlor.

"Great God!" said Derek Keppel; and he snatched his wife up bodily, carried her to the farthest corner of the room and put her down on a sofa.

"Oh, Derek," she gasped, "what was it?—what has happened?"

"Are you hurt?" he whispered.

"No."

"Thank Heaven! Stay here—do not stir—do not tremble—the danger is passed—I am going outside to investigate—I will return directly."

"Wait, Derek!" she implored; but he was already gone.

Some breathless moments went by, then she heard his returning step. He entered the room with a composed air.

"The coast is clear," he announced, cheerfully; "the person who fired that shot has made good speed from the vicinity."

"You found no one outside?" quavered Laurel, with a face like chalk.

"Only a guardian of the night, peering about for the offender."

He went over to the wall, opened his pocket-knife, and coolly dug out the bullet imbedded there.

"Derek," said Laurel, "have you an enemy?"

"Quite possible," he answered, smiling; "no man can storm about the world without making one or two."

She was trembling, but she tried to assume a bold front.

"An attempt has been made either on your life or mine, Derek."

"One cannot feel quite sure of that. The affair may have been purely accidental. Perhaps some careless boy held the weapon. Naturally he would take promptly to his heels. Don't look at me like that, darling—who would knowingly harm a hair of *your* head? As for mine, well," brusquely, "that is another matter; but I hardly think that an assassin can be lurking in our quiet street at this early hour of evening. At any rate, I have notified the police, and you have nothing further to fear."

He secured the sash of the bow window, drew the muslin curtains, then took his violin from its case, and either in bravado or indifference began to play the maddest, the merriest music that Laurel had ever heard. Bullets fired into his home by unknown parties seemed to have small terror for Derek Keppel. Was he hiding anything from his bride of a few weeks? Had he advanced the accident theory simply to quiet her nerves, or did he see further into the mystery of the evening than he cared to confess?

The little lump of lead which Keppel had extracted from the wall was left that night on Laurel's dressing table. Perhaps the thought of it poisoned her sleep, for she awoke suddenly in the wee sma' hours to find the night lamp burning low and her husband tossing and murmuring in uneasy slumber. Laurel held her breath to listen.

"A revolver of 32-calibre," he muttered; "and the aim in direct line with my head! The world is a small place, after all." He flung up his arms wildly. "It's hard for a guilty man to hide in it."

A sudden enormous fear fell upon Laurel. This bit of dream talk brought her heart into her throat. She looked down on the unconscious sleeper. Dared she imagine evil of her own husband? If his past was a sealed book to her she was also hiding many things from him.

"Don't shoot!" he whispered, hoarsely. "I'll throw up the sponge and take my punishment."

And again, with a long sigh, "Keep it all from Laurel—poor Laurel! It will break her heart."

The bride of a few weeks shuddered down upon her pillows, and fell to crying in a helpless, frightened way. Though Derek ceased to mutter, she did not close her eyes again that night.

For several succeeding days the young couple carefully avoided all mention of the shooting. From Laurel's dressing table the bullet disappeared; but a cloud of secret doubt and fear was left on the girl's horizon. Strive as she would, she could not drive it away.

One evening Keppel, rising from dinner, looked long and searchingly at his wife.

"Since that a—cursed affair with the pistol I believe you have not indulged in a breath of fresh air, Laurel," he said. "You are growing pale and thin. Let us go out for a walk."

She yielded readily enough—the two set forth. Keppel was in high spirits, and Laurel felt her own courage rise as she paced along by his side. He began to talk about Mrs. Gascoyne.

"She has never forgiven me for marrying you," he said. "I wonder that I did not receive my *congé* long ago. Your successor, the present governess, is a German, and terrible as an army with banners. She talks wholly in gutturals, and strides about the schoolroom like a Hessian. I quako when she looks at me."

"I would like to know," answered Laurel, in a musing tone, "if Mrs. Gascoyne has yet unearthed Captain George St. George. Of course, you don't understand," as Derek gave her a mystified look; "but St. George is an Englishman, heir to a baronetcy, a grand *parti*, whom Mrs. Gascoyne marked months ago for special conquest."

"Indeed!"

"He came to New York with some Americans named De Lancy, and threw society into a fever of expectation. Mrs. Gascoyne," with a little laugh, "immediately donned her war paint."

"Ah!"

"It was very odd, for in the midst of the excitement the Englishman vanished in a most mysterious fashion—slipped away from his American admirers to Halifax or Montreal, and could not be found."

"Pray, where did you hear this story, Laurel?"

"Why, from Mrs. Gascoyne's own lips. She felt deeply disappointed at the young man's disappearance. He was a hero, or something."

"Don't believe it. More likely he was a fool."

"Fie! that is not polite——"

They were crossing a brilliantly lighted square. A handsome carriage, drawn by prancing horses, came rolling by the pair, and some person inside

the vehicle leaned forward and uttered a sharp exclamation. The voice—whether male or female Laurel could not determine—made Keppel start violently. He grasped his wife's arm.

"Come!" he urged, in a vehement whisper. "Come quickly!"

His agitation, somehow, communicated itself to her. Together they cleared the crossing and gained the sidewalk. Laurel cast a glance backward, and saw that the carriage had stopped, and that a footman in livery was just scrambling down from it.

"Oh, Derek," she said, in alarm, "a lackey from that carriage is following us! What can it mean? His eye is fixed on your hat. Yes, he is pushing this way as fast as he can."

"The deuce!" muttered Keppel. "Discretion is the better part of valor. We must run, darling! If you love me show him a pair of light heels."

He rushed off like a hare, and Laurel with him. Dodging around the first corner, they fled on in the most demoralized, undignified fashion, till they came to a deep, dark doorway. Into this Keppel plunged, and drew his wife into its blackest corner.

"Hush, darling, hush!" he whispered. "Don't speak, don't breathe!"

Like frightened children they crouched together and presently saw the unconscious footman pass their ambush on a gentle trot. He was staring straight ahead. As the echo of his feet died in the distance, Keppel, rumped but gay, began to laugh softly.

"Good-by to that beast in buttons," he said. "We've given him the slip, Laurel! What a lark!"

She looked sober, dubious.

"Do you call it a lark, Derek? Why was that man pursuing us? The people in the carriage must have sent him."

"I dare say. I've a half-mind to rush after him and stand him on his head. Are we natural curiosities to provoke this sort of thing?"

She saw the gleam of mirth in his eye, and a righteous indignation seized her.

"Derek," severely, "do you remember the afternoon at the *matinée* with the Gascoyne children, and the way in which you deserted us there?"

"Yes, my love," he answered, hanging his handsome head meekly.

"I seem to see a connection betwixt that affair and this."

"How keen you are, pet!"

"You told me you were put to flight that day by the sight of some obnoxious acquaintances in



THE SOAP BUBBLE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ETTORE TITO.

the crowd. Were the same parties in the carriage that passed us to-night?"

"Yes, the very same. From first to last they have given me no end of trouble. If I say anything more about them now I shall certainly become profane. Take my arm, and let us go on."

In utter silence the pair returned to the small house in the obscure street. When they reached the door, Derek, fumbling for his latchkey, said, abruptly:

"I fear New York is getting too hot to hold me longer. I begin to hate the place. I am watched here—I must begone."

"Watched!" quavered Laurel. "That is an ugly word, Derek."

"Oh, as to that, dearest, it may mean a great deal or it may mean nothing."

"But who can be watching *you*, and for what purpose?"

"People watch one for a variety of reasons, Laurel. It is impossible to explain everything."

"But when bullets are sent into one's house at night, Derek——"

"Hush, dear—don't speak of *that*—I have something to tell you. A friend of mine has lately offered me a clerkship in a commercial house in London, and I feel decidedly inclined to accept it. We shall have more money there than in New York, and perhaps more peace of mind. Would you like to cross the sea with me, Laurel? Can you trust me to take care of you in a foreign land?"

London! Well, the atmosphere of New York *was* growing unbearable to her, as well as to Derek. Had she not chosen him for better or worse? Was he not his own, till death should part them? He perplexed and frightened her, but she loved him with her whole heart; therefore she must, like a true wife, follow wherever he led.

As she stepped across the threshold of her little home she put her hand on her husband's arm, and in a firm, sweet voice said:

"Some danger threatens you here, Derek, and you feel constrained to flee from it." She waited a moment, hoping that he would deny the charge, but he answered not a word. "Very well," she continued, after the disappointing pause; "I shall not torment you with questions. Some time, I am sure, you will tell me everything. Meanwhile, Derek, I will go with you to London, or to the ends of the earth."

CHAPTER XV.

THE sun was going down. Its westering light caressed the rows of grated windows and the red-brick façade of the asylum, and glancing into the

frost-nipped gardens, fell upon a little path under a high wall, where Paulette Dole was pacing in the wintry sunset, holding in her warm, firm grasp the hand of Captain Davy. A lean, wasted hand. The captain's tall figure, too, looked gaunt and emaciated. His honest eyes were hollow and sad. In every feature he showed his long confinement, his mental sufferings. But Paulette's lovely face wore even more than its old-time brightness. A little hope was fluttering at her heart. To-day, for the first time since the beginning of his malady, Captain Davy had recognized his daughter.

Dressed in sober gray, with all her bronze hair tucked away under a plain round hat, Paulette walked by her father's side through the wintry garden of the asylum, and gazed up at him fondly, eagerly. Would the soul of the man ever emerge from its great darkness into the light of reason? Would she yet see him restored and in his right mind?

"Papa," she said, cautiously, by way of testing his memory, "I wonder how the beach at Dole Haven looks to-day?"

He glanced up at the sky with a sailor's weather-searching vision.

"The wind is shifting," he answered. "There'll be a high sea running before midnight. Dole Haven?" dreamily. "Yes, yes, I remember Dole Haven. Who is living there now?"

"No one, papa. The house is closed. Mrs. Minto went away to her own people soon after you fell ill. Some day, please God, you and I will go back to the place together."

He leaned heavily on her young shoulder.

"Paulette, my child," he said, in sudden and poignant distress, "I want to tell you something."

She stroked his hand soothingly.

"What is it, papa?"

He seemed struggling to frame sentences that would not come.

"I must—I *must* tell you!" he gasped. "Hold the words, Paulette—they mock me—they run from me—I cannot keep them! You are now a grown woman—you ought to know the truth. If I die in a madhouse who will reveal it? Ah!" He grasped his head desperately with both hands. "What do I want to say? O God! it is gone—I have forgotten it!"

The intense anguish and disappointment in his tone thrilled to Paulette's heart.

"Sit down, papa, and rest a moment," she implored, drawing him to a bench under some evergreens. "Try to think."

He fell helplessly into the seat.

"It is gone, I say!" he groaned. His chin

sank on his breast; but at the end of a few moments he roused himself, and looked at her in a sad, perplexed way. "While I am shut in this place, Paulette, are you wandering about the world without a home?" he muttered.

"No, papa. I have found shelter and employment with a lady in a neighboring city—she gave me permission to visit you this afternoon. Do you remember Mr. Coxheath—Chester Coxheath, the boy who sailed with you on the *Saucy Sally*?"

But Captain Davy's memory failed to respond to the name. He was still engrossed with the elusive something which he wished to communicate to his daughter.

"I must—I will tell you!" he insisted, fretfully. "It is your right to know, Paulette. I have it here," striking his forehead, "but it evades me—it will not come to the daylight."

Paulette grew alarmed.

"Don't, papa!" she implored—"don't try any more to think it out. You will do yourself harm. I shall visit you again soon, and then perhaps you will remember."

With tender compassion she drew his hands from his head.

"The words—the words!" he murmured. "They are slipping away, my poor child!"

"Let them, papa—you cannot keep them to-day—the effort makes you ill."

He yielded to her will. His weak mind dropped the thread of memory which he was striving to pursue. He clung to her brave little hand, and relapsed into silence.

A few sparrows chirped in the evergreens. The last sunbeam faded and fell away from the high red-brick wall. Paulette knew that it was time to go.

"Come, papa," she said, with forced cheerfulness, and led him back to the house and delivered him to his attendants. At parting he began again, in a wistful voice:

"You ought to know the truth, Paulette—you ought, but you do not!"

"You shall tell it at my next visit, papa," she answered, soothingly. "Now, you know, I must make haste to take the train to town."

"Very well," he sighed. "I have kept the story a long time, Paulette—so long that it has burned like a live coal into my head."

She cried softly as she stroked his pale face.

"Courage, papa! Your poor head must not dwell upon unpleasant things. Love me, your little Paulette, and think only of me till we meet again."

Down the long avenue, leading through the grounds of the asylum, she hurried away to the station under the hill. A train was just puffing

into view around a near curve. Paulette stepped aboard.

The distance back to town was short. At the depot Mrs. Coxheath's brougham waited. Half an hour later Paulette was again at her post, in the chamber of that lady, drawing the curtains, adjusting the shades to the mellow-shining lamps—making all things ready for the night. Mrs. Coxheath, stretched limp and colorless on a couch before an open wood fire, watched the nurse with bright, intent eyes.

"The afternoon has been unutterably long without you," she said, in a peevish tone. "I really do not know what to do with myself when you are away. How did you find your mad father?"

"He recognized me for the first time since his misfortune."

"And it was for his sake that you became a nurse, Miss Dole?"

"Yes."

"He was a poor man?"

"No; but his malady demanded special treatment, and I feared he might eventually need all the means that he possessed."

"So you turned self-supporting. Very courageous of you, I am sure! Nursing is unpleasant work. You are so dainty and *chic*, I cannot imagine how you endure it."

"I have told you before that I do not find my calling unpleasant, Mrs. Coxheath. The world is full of suffering—I am glad to help a little in alleviating it."

"Oh, if you look at things in that light of course I am dumb! Perhaps," with a sharp laugh, "if all patients were like me your profession would not be crowded. You are the first nurse who was ever able to hold her own in this house; but my whims and furies do not disconcert *you*—you are not afraid of my sharp tongue, and though I try your patience severely I am really growing fond of you."

"If I have done you good I am glad, Mrs. Coxheath," said Paulette, simply.

The sick woman looked at her with eyes full of cunning.

"To you, and not to Hartman's medicines, the improvement in my condition is due. I might say that you have saved my life, Miss Dole—saved it when my husband was impatiently waiting for its termination, panting for his own release—ha! ha! I had cried to Heaven to help me thwart him, and in answer you were sent to me; and see how I have rallied! Turn over my cushions, nurse—I like to feel your hands busy about me—they are full of magnetism to the finger tips."

Paulette turned the cushions. Listlessly Mrs.

Coxheath lay and looked into the fire. The veins made violet streaks on her temples. In spite of her boasted improvement she had gained neither flesh nor color. A thread of silk still kept the wedding ring in place on her transparent hand.

"Nurse!" she called at last.

"I am here, madam."

"Were you ever in love?"

Paullette did not flinch or turn red.

"Why do you ask, madam?"

Her composure disconcerted Mrs. Coxheath.

"From idle curiosity, perhaps, or because women like to probe each other's hearts. Plainly you never wasted devotion on a man made of flint and ice—you were made for a happier fate. It is now six weary weeks since my husband visited me here, and I am dying—dying to see him again! Cruel as he is, I long unutterably for one more look in his face, one word, however harsh and cold, from his lips, whether he treats me ill or well. You see that it is my misfortune to go on loving him to the bitter end."

Paullette was on her guard.

"Violent emotions are hurtful for you, Mrs. Coxheath, as you well know," she answered, calmly. "Dr. Hartman has repeatedly warned you to avoid excitement."

Mrs. Coxheath flung up her thin hands with a gesture of impatience.

"A fig for Hartman! Nurse, I have sent again for my husband." Her black, crafty eyes searched Paullette's face greedily; but no tremor, no change of color, betrayed the girl's dismay. "I do not know in what spirit he will receive this second summons. He may be very angry. Hark! was that a bell? If he comes at all he will be here to-night. I instructed my maid to show him up without delay, and I want you to sit by my side and sustain me through the ordeal of the interview."

"I positively refuse, Mrs. Coxheath! I have no wish to listen to family secrets."

"But I command you!"

"I cannot obey. A third party is entirely out of place in such scenes."

Mrs. Coxheath arose on her elbow—her black eyes flashed.

"How dare you, a hireling, resist my will? Oh, I hear him on the stair! I know his step—he is coming!" And Mrs. Coxheath fell back, a limp, unnerved heap, upon her couch.

Without a word Paullette turned to the curtained door of the dressing room, darted across the threshold, and pulled the *portière* into place behind her.

Once on the other side of that ample screen, she stood trembling from head to foot.

Steps crossed Mrs. Coxheath's chamber—she heard a voice. Yea, he had come again at that vixen's bidding! She clapped her hands to her ears, to keep out the familiar tones—in vain! Every sense seemed preternaturally sharpened—her arteries were full of molten fire. She ran to a window, and buried her head in its drapery—the voice followed.

"Are you alone?" it said.

"A curious question for *you* to ask," replied Mrs. Coxheath. "When am I *not* alone, except for the servants?"

"In Heaven's name, Augusta, why have you sent for me *again*?"

"That you might see with your own eyes the change in my condition. Hartman assures me that I am now likely to recover—I may even live for years to come. This improvement I owe to my nurse—Miss Dole. She has dragged me back from the grave, and put new life into me. But for her tireless care I should probably be lying in the family tomb to-night, and you—you would be walking the world a free man." She laughed wickedly. "In your heart, Chester, how you must bless Miss Dole!"

There was no reply.

"Hartman is already talking of a sea voyage for me. Oh, yes, I am recovering rapidly. Do not hope for a release at present—your chain is still strong—do not hurry to choose my successor. Ha! ha! that thrust made you wince! Come a little nearer, will you not? How moody and careworn you look! I hear that some old debt of your father's is still troubling you."

Utter silence.

"Never was a man so involved as your father. I discharged a great many of his liabilities myself, as you will remember. Do you think to pay this one from the very meagre salary which you receive as a clerk?"

"Certainly."

"It cannot be done. You want money."

"Not yours, at any rate, Augusta."

"You are very bitter. Will you not accept a check from me?"

"Surely not."

"Nor permit me to wipe out the remainder of my late uncle's debts?"

"Thank you—that pleasure I must reserve for myself."

"You have told me before that you would never accept another dollar of my money; but I fancied the thought of your father might shake your resolution. You reject my overtures, then—you will have nothing more to do with me?"

"I will have nothing more to do with you."

"Is your mind still set upon divorce?"

"FAITHFUL AND TRUE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY C. DERTON BARBER.



"I do not remember," he answered, wearily, "that I have thought of divorce for a very long time, Augusta. I am not altogether an idiot—I know, when I am beaten."

"How grim you are! how implacable! Oh, you turn me faint! At heart, Chester Coxheath, you are still burning for freedom. You would renew the contest at any moment if you did not know that it was vain. Yes, I am swooning! Go into the dressing room and fetch my vinaigrette."

An impatient step crossed the floor—an impatient hand flung back the *portière*. Chester Coxheath stepped into the dressing room.

At sight of Paulette, muffled in the window drapery, he recoiled with an exclamation.

"Where is that damnable smelling bottle?" he muttered.

Paulette went forward silently to a toilet table. The room grew dark before her eyes. She groped about, found the vinaigrette, but as she gave it to Coxheath it slipped from her trembling hand and fell to the floor. He bent to pick it up. His own head was not quite steady. Kneeling on one knee, he searched a moment for the trinket, and then lifting his eyes, gazed straight upward into the pale, shrinking face of the woman he loved.

"Paulette—Paulette!"

From the doorway broke a taunting laugh. Mrs. Coxheath was standing there, like an angry ghost, clinging to the *portière* for support. Betwixt its parted folds her jealous white face peered in upon the pair. The eyes flamed like a cat's in the dark.

"I have never seen a more charming picture!" she mocked. "He kneels to you, as to a divinity, Miss Dole—he is so grateful, you see, for the part you have played in prolonging my precious life!"

Coxheath leaped to his feet. The face that he turned on his wife was as colorless as clay.

"I warn you, do not send for me a third time, Augusta!" he said. "As God hears me, I will never enter this house again. No, not if you are drawing your last breath, I will never willingly see your face again!"

He strode past her, out of the chamber, down the stair. Far below, the hall door clanged suddenly—he was gone.

Paulette took Mrs. Coxheath by the hand, and led her back to the low, broad divan standing before the tiled hearth.

"You are too weak to leave your couch, madam," she said, and proceeded to arrange the huge, down-stuffed cushions of silk and embroidery, and to stir up the cheery fire. Then, having regained her composure, she turned to the invalid. "I must request you to engage another nurse,

Mrs. Coxheath," she said, "for I am going back to the hospital."

The angry woman had not counted upon this prompt decision. Under Paulette's look she wilted, like a weed plucked up in the sun.

"No, no!" she protested. "If you leave me I shall die!"

"I cannot remain with you longer!" said Paulette, her insulted womanhood flaming in her eyes.

"Oh, I have gone too far!" groaned the unhappy wife. "Nurse, nurse! you know that I cannot, must not lose you! I did wrong to call him here to-night. Let me confess the truth. You remember Coxheath's first visit to this house? I discovered your secret then—I am very sharp. I feigned a swoon, and heard him make love to my nurse. Since that day I have been consumed with a desire to lure him here again and witness a second meeting between two sundered lovers. I hoped that my husband might in some way be led to betray himself in my presence."

Paulette stood up, rigid and rageful, and looked the other full in the face.

"Madam, all that you say is unworthy of you as a woman, and you have stooped to a most unwomanly trick to humiliate me to-night. Your husband, as I think you know, was not kneeling to me in that dressing room—he was searching for the vinaigrette."

"Oh, I care very little about that, Miss Dole! He may kneel to you if he likes. Your principles, I am aware, are firm as Plymouth Rock. Several weeks ago my agents acquainted me with the main facts of Coxheath's infatuation. It seems that he fell in love with you at the time when he was striving to secure a divorce, and you were then unaware of my existence. You have had a Puritan breeding, therefore you are not likely to make a scandal for the newspapers."

Paulette set her little white teeth. She was desperately angry, but her voice was cold and quiet as she said:

"I tell you again, madam, I am going back to my place at the hospital. My first mistake was made when I left it; my second, when I consented to remain under your roof."

Mrs. Coxheath, alarmed, hastened to change her tactics. She assumed a wheedling tone.

"Impossible! I cannot part with you! Listen to reason, nurse. Why should an accident like this separate us? Do you not see that we are now united by a peculiar bond? Coxheath has tried to ruin both your life and mine—we should in consequence be friends, not foes. I bear you no ill will. He married me solely for money. You did not oust me from his heart, for I never had a place there. If you really wish to walk the

straight and narrow way, and avoid all future encounters with Chester Coxheath, this is the place in which you can best do it. Of his own will he will never enter my doors—never breathe the same air that I breathe. Therefore the closer you keep to the wife, the farther you will be from the husband."

"Madam," answered Paulette, frigidly, "I find this conversation unbearable. When Dr. Hartman comes in the morning I shall request him to take me immediately away."

Mrs. Coxheath slipped from her cushioned couch, and sank upon a great rug of white fur at the girl's feet.

"I am a proud woman," she panted, "but see, I kneel to you, my inferior—I ask your forgiveness. Here I must stay till you promise to remain with me and forget this night. If you leave me now I shall know that, like my husband, you wish me to die."

"Madam!"

"Yes, yes! You have the power to prolong my days—should you not use it you will be guilty of murder. With you to attend me, I might live for months—perhaps, years. Forsaken by you, I shall sink to my grave, and Coxheath will be free to offer you his hand—"

"Oh, stop—in Heaven's name, stop!"

"Not till you yield to my wishes! Have you not wronged me—unconsciously, perhaps, yet deeply? Have you not brought a new element of misery into my already joyless existence? Do you not owe me reparation? Then stay with me, and help me to live on—it is the least that you can do."

Paulette lifted the abject woman in her strong young arms, and laid her again on the divan. Her anger died suddenly—remorse took its place, and stung her into a prompt acknowledgment of the claim set forth by Coxheath's wife.

"True," she said, in a low voice, "it is the least that I can do! You need not distress yourself further, Mrs. Coxheath—I will not leave you—I will remain here and serve you with all the strength and skill that I possess."

Mrs. Coxheath pressed the hand of the nurse to her pale, twitching lips.

"So good of you!" she murmured. "You are an angel, Miss Dole. I say many sharp things, because I am full of wretchedness and must vent it in some way. Do not mind me. I adore my husband, and he holds me in detestation. Can you imagine a bitterness keener than that?—can you harbor resentment against the woman who is compelled to endure Coxheath's hate?"

Tears stole from under her lashes. Mrs. Coxheath could always command tears when she

found them effective. Thrilling with pity and sharp self-reproach, Paulette ran for cordial, and soothed and comforted the unhappy wife, as a mother might some afflicted child.

"How kind you are—how noble!" murmured the elder woman from the depths of her down cushions. "This night marks an epoch in our two lives. Our wrongs draw us together. Henceforth we will be, not employer and employed, but friends. Let me think a moment—we must both take some decisive step, Miss Dole, and at once."

For a space she seemed lost in meditation; then she cried out, vivaciously:

"I have it! Neither you nor I wish to see Chester Coxheath again. The doctor has long desired me to try a sea voyage—when medical men exhaust their knowledge of a case they always recommend a sea voyage. You shall go with me—we will put the ocean betwixt ourselves and that man."

"But I cannot leave my father!" said Paulette.

"Nonsense! He is improving—he is in skillful hands, and a madman cannot compute time. He will not miss you. In your absence Dr. Hartman will visit him, and send you weekly reports of his condition. Do not raise excuses," craftily, "or I shall think that you prefer to remain in the vicinity of— No! no! I will not say it. How your eyes flash! Mine is an unruly tongue. Surely you will go—you cannot desert me when I need you most? No voyage would benefit me without your attendance. In London I have many friends—in Paris a very dear nephew, whom I mean to make my heir. I will increase your salary, and show you the great beautiful world. Be sensible, Miss Dole, and seize this opportunity for pleasure and profit."

Paulette hesitated. Did she indeed wish to avoid further meetings with her former lover, and help on his wife to recovery? Then she must yield to this woman's wishes! Any reluctance on her part was certain to arouse odious suspicions in the ill-ordered mind of her charge. She would be accused—oh, shame—of seeking to stay near Coxheath. The hot color flew into her face. She fell straight into the trap which the elder woman had set for her.

"I will talk with Dr. Hartman in the morning," she faltered.

"Delightful!" purred Mrs. Coxheath. "I know what Hartman will say. You make me quite—quite happy."

She fell to gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Near her a Dresden lamp, burning under an immense shade of ruffled rose silk, threw a false glow on her bloodless face, and made her eyes gleam strangely under their lowered lashes. At

the corners of her lips a cruel, furtive smile appeared.

"At any price I must keep this girl close to myself," Augusta Coxheath was musing. "Only through her have I the power to wring his heart. He shall never have her—never! I must build a barrier between them that he cannot surmount, even at my death. I must thrust them forever and forever apart, but *how?*"

The fire snapped on the tiled hearth, the burnt brands fell—the lilac flame soared. Suddenly Mrs. Coxheath started. A wicked triumph flashed into her white face. She seemed to expand with an unholy delight.

"Eureka!" she murmured softly to herself.

"Nothing can be more simple! She is, after all, a little fool, and with care I can mold her like wax. Yes, yes, the plan is excellent—why did I not think of it before? I may not live long, but when the end comes I shall know that he cannot turn from my grave and lead her to the altar—betwixt them an impassable gulf will yawn—I shall have had my vengeance—I shall have wrung the last hope from Chester Coxheath's heart; for heart he has, and this girl alone, of all the women in the world, holds sway in it. Ah, my dear husband, wait a little, and I will put between you and your soul's desire something as strong as the death which will soon hold me—something as deep as the grave in which I shall lie buried!"

(To be continued.)



LOST LOVE.

BY NORMAN GALE.

My life is hedged by bitter thorns,
And full of endless sorrows;
Time sends my soul but hopeless morns,
And still more hopeless morrows.
Ah! might there come that warmer part,
With all its dear repeating—
The lovely speech of Laura's heart
Upon my bosom beating!

But she is in a star at rest,
And treads some golden county,
Where roses sweeten in her breast
And thrushes pipe their bounty.
For me no more that warmer part,
With all its dear repeating—
The lovely language of her heart
Upon my bosom beating!



"NAN ENTERED, A WEARY LOOK ON HER PALE FACE."

LOST AND FOUND.

BY ELLIS M. WILSON.

A BACK room on the first floor of a miserable tenement in one of the most wretched parts of London, E. No fire in the broken, ash-strewn grate; no furniture in the denuded room, excepting a rough couch covered with a ragged, dirty shawl, and a couple of stools, broken, mended and decayed.

Anything the pawnbroker would accept had found its way to that ever-ready receptacle of the belongings of the poor; but even the pawnbroker would have nothing to do with the few things re-

maining in the wretched room, or would have given such a trifle for them as did not justify their removal.

A girl and an old woman were the only occupants of the place—a girl of apparently seventeen years, graceful and beautiful as a poet's dream. She leaned against the small window in the *abandon* of despair, her cheeks flushed, her large eyes fixed upon vacancy.

The old woman was half sitting, half lying, upon the wretched couch, her gray hair showing

under the ragged red hood which muffled her face and neck; her eyes, cruel with greed and want, were fastened on her companion in a sort of harsh reproach.

"We're behindhand with the rent," she said, shrilly—"behindhand these three weeks. How long d'yer think that can go on? How long d'yer think they'll let us stay? Out of this we'll have to go to-morrow if the rent's not paid. And where are we to go to? The Lord only knows. An' me with my rheumatiz so bad!"—and she sank down on the seat as she concluded, in a crying, whining voice: "I as is 'most blind, 'swell as rheumatism!"

"What can be done?" asked the girl, helplessly. "I've pawned everything I could. This," and she looked down at the meagre skirt which covered, but scarcely, her graceful limbs, "is all I've got now; and this morning he offered me three ha'pence for it—I could not let him have it; and what would three ha'pence do?"

The old woman hesitated a moment, her bleared eyes fastened on the pure, beautiful face before her—a beauty which even poverty and misery, although they had marred, had not been able to destroy. The cheek was pale and thin, but the eyes were large and beautiful, with the earnest, clear look which only a pure soul can give.

Perhaps some compunction arose even in her sin-laden soul to draw an angel through the mire of vice, but present need was keen. She was hungry, cold, miserable and reckless. She beckoned her companion toward her and whispered something into her ear.

The girl colored over her whole face, a vivid, painful flush. She drew back shudderingly, a startled look in the fawnlike eyes.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she gasped, wildly.

"You must," said the old woman, angrily, now the ice was broken and no more restraint necessary. To-morrow we will be turned out of even this wretched home. You can't get work—I can't work. I tell you, you must."

She snatched as she spoke the ragged shawl from the couch, threw it over the girl's unwilling shoulders, and drawing her toward the door, pushed her out into the darkening night.

"Go," she said, in a harsh voice—"go; and don't you return alone."

An hour passed—two. The old woman sat covering and muttering to herself over the wretched fire which she had raked the few cinders together to make—the room was dark and cold, for what heat came from the miserable grate went with the smoke up the chimney—and

the door was pushed open, and Nan en-

tered, a weary look on her pale face, the shawl drawn tightly around her shivering form.

"I've been roaming the streets for hours," she said, wearily, as she threw back the heavy hair from her flushed young face, "and all I've been able to bring home is—this."

She indicated with a half-scornful wave of her hand toward the open door where "this" was entering after eagerly enough, and in the dim light trying to find his way in the strange place.

"Roaming the streets for hours," said the old woman, ironically, "with your face!"

She walked toward the young man; and peered from under her heavy brows into his face.

"I guess, sonny," she said, "your mother doesn't know you're out—or here, anyway."

"My mother!" said the boy, and a shade of intelligence for a moment drove the stupor from his heavy eyes—"my mother!" Then, with a short laugh, "Yes, she's home—she's home."

"Then," said the old woman, laying her palsied hands on his broad shoulders and looking intently into the heavy but rather handsome face, "you go to your mother, and tell her that Sal Willis had you in her power, and she spared you—spared you for the sake of the past."

"I'll go soon," said the boy, sullenly, striving to free himself from the clutch of the half-palsied fingers—"I'll go soon; but now—now I want to talk to—her."

"You'll go now," said the old woman, opening the door wide and drawing him toward it—"you'll go now, home to your mother."

To his mother! The name seemed to exercise an almost magic influence over the half-awakened faculties. His mother!

He paused irresolutely.

A mother's love was evidenced in every part of the carefully disposed and fashionably made dress which he wore; a mother's care, in the necktie arranged as his own hands could never have arranged it. In the well-kept hair, the carefully trimmed mustache—in his case it required a mother to care for these details.

He went. The old woman turned to Nan.

"Go to bed," she said, not unkindly. "There is a crust of bread with a glass of water by your bedside—it is all we have. Go to bed, and to-morrow—"

Ah, to-morrow! We all build on to-morrow, forgetting that to-day alone is our own—forgetting that to-morrow is not, does not, cannot exist.

Nan left the room. She ate the crust of bread with the hunger that long abstinence gives, her sad, thoughtful eyes fixed meanwhile upon vacancy.

She had not said how she had cowered in doorways, nor how she had fled affrighted from the look of insult or the approach of a stranger. The boy had followed her, although she tried to evade him; but she had not returned alone—she at least had obeyed in this.

She lay down upon the narrow, wretched couch in the cupboard which was called her room, and slept as only the young and the healthy can sleep, soundly, defiantly, forgetting all in that blessed repose.

During the night the old woman stirred once or twice uneasily. She gathered the dying embers of the fire together, and then she, too, slept, or seemed to sleep.

In the morning Nan awoke; it was late, and stormy, as she saw when she approached the window of the outside room. She stooped by the grate and tried to draw the cinders together, but they had quite gone out, and she had nothing wherewith to rekindle them.

The old woman lay as she had lain the night before. It was cold, and Nan hesitated to disturb her; but a something—she knew not what—in that motionless form led her to the side of the couch, and she gently drew aside the ragged shawl that covered the face.

Ah! no need to cover it for warmth now. An unseen and merciful presence had entered that wretched habitation in the still night and taken one of the inmates—the one least able to bear further privation—from the cold, the hunger and the morrow's anticipated homelessness; had taken the worn, wretched, sin-laden soul—where we, know not, but at the least away from this. Ah! perhaps there is mercy shown to those whom miserable circumstances and surroundings have helped to render vile. Nan sank down, stunned by the discovery; and yet, scarce realizing what had happened, she took the palsied, wrinkled hand between both her own young palms and strove to impart some of their warmth into the cramped and crooked fingers, but unavailingly. The hand felt heavy and listless, and fell from her grasp, when she gently pushed back the gray hair which half covered the worn, still face.

Ah, no! there was no awakening—no warming; those rigid features had settled under the stamp which would never more leave them; but there was a peace around the hard mouth Nan had never seen before—a calmness over the whole of the rough face which the hand of Death alone could bestow.

Tears were dropping fast on the withered face now—tears not so much of grief as of loneliness; for, cruel as the old woman had been, hard as she had been, even she had had her moments of

tenderness. And, after all, she was the only companion the girl had ever known.

"Ah! what for you cry?—what for you feel so badly, eh?" It was a kindly voice, and Nan looked up hastily as the speaker, who had been standing by the open door, advanced to her side. "What for you cry? Is she seck!" She lifted the shawl from the haggard face over which Nan had again drawn it. "Ah!" She dropped it with a shudder at the uninviting sight.

"She was very old," said Nan, half apologetically, as if she ought to offer some excuse for the hard and terrible appearance of the dead face.

"Ah, well, she no feel old no more! You come with me, child. Was she your mother? No. Ah, I thought not! Yon come with me. Yes—yes, you come with me. I look for Tiny, my leetle dog that stray away. I find you—perhaps I find my leetle dog now."

"Your little dog?" asked Nan, rousing herself. "Was she a terrier, with, oh, such beautiful eyes? I think the boys next door—I would have fed it——"

Her companion was gone before she could finish. She returned in a few moments, her face glowing, the little dog held tightly in her arms.

"You come with me now, child. I find my leetle dog—and I find you. Ah, my Tiny!"

She caressed the dog as she spoke, and he licked her face rapturously. Evidently its joy at being found was as great as her own.

There was nothing to detain them—nothing but to untie a black string, on which a small locket depended, from about the withered throat, and retie it about her own. It was a promise long ago given; it was all that Nan could do—the guardians of the poor would do the rest.

* * * * *

A small house at Islington, in a rather narrow court, and yet slightly apart from the other houses of rather less pretensions. An old-fashioned tiny house, with the ivy covering its age-marred walls and peeping into its latticed windows; small, comfortable and commodious enough for its three happy tenants.

A plain old German woman, whose coarse features might almost have been called ugly were it not for the kindly blue eyes under the shaggy brows, and the secret something which spoke of a hidden beauty under the rough exterior; a young girl whom she invariably spoke of as "my niece"—and whose beautiful face called forth many a wondering glance at the strange contrast—and a little, playful, frolicking dog known by the name of Tiny, and the pet of the other two, completed the small family.

There is a lovely face pressed against the panes

of the small parlor window now, and a pair of gray, thoughtful eyes are following the rumble of a carriage past the little house.

It is a grand carriage, its occupants a lady with a proud, dissatisfied face, who is leaning back luxuriously amongst its cushions, her rather handsome lip curved with what seemed a supreme disdain of her surroundings, and a boy of perhaps twenty by her side—a handsome boy in the first flush of young manhood, yet with a heavy look in the eyes turned inquiringly upon his mother, from which her own shrink instinctively.

The carriage stops at the linen draper's opposite, and the supercilious footman alights, but the lady does not. She issues her orders, and the shopmen who are so lofty to lesser customers come out, bareheaded and obsequious, to receive them.

The proprietor, Mr. Ball, is a gentlemanly appearing man, even his patroness acknowledges, as he bends his handsome, iron-gray head in return to her slight bow; but he is a tradesman, and she—well, she is, of course, entirely removed from that class.

"What is it, my dear?"

The little German woman hurries into the small parlor, in answer to the call of—"Aunt Mary!" and peers also out of the small, latticed window, her rugged features forming a strange contrast to the lovely young face below her.

"Oh, yes; that is Mrs. Fish's carriage, the Hon. Mrs. Fish. Yes, dear, very rich and very proud. She lost her child, oh, many years ago—her little girl—her Rosalie—her baby. The nurse took her, she thinks, for the nurse go, too. The boy born after, but not right. Poor mother, she grieve so! Her husband he dead now—no one but the boy."

The carriage was returning, and the old woman had rushed from the window at a yelp from Tiny. The girl remained, the beauty of her young face enhanced by its simple framing.

"Oh, mother, see, see!"

The boy was standing now in the carriage, his excited face turned toward the window from which Nan had drawn back. His mother looked haughtily where he had pointed.

"Sit down, Ralph," she said, angrily. "I see nothing—sit down and compose yourself."

The boy sat down sullenly, muttering something about "Sal Willis."

"What about Sal Willis?" asked his mother, quickly, then checked herself. Servants were ~~are~~ to hear. "What about Sal Willis?" she

l again, in a milder tone, that afternoon, they had returned home and were seated

together in the drawing room. And in his incoherent way the boy told her he had forgotten the name until the never-to-be-forgotten face of the morning recalled it.

"You are dreaming." was all the answer or encouragement he received.

* * * * *

"What for you no come to bed?" asked the old German woman that night of her young guest and friend. "What for you no come to bed, my dear? Ah, I haf not slept well since the professeur he died; but you—you are young, my dear—you must sleep. You go to your bed—immediately!"

Nan had been sitting by the window, gazing into the narrow street, thinking she knew not of what; but in obedience to her old friend's advice she went to her bed and slept.

* * * * *

"Ah! I have found you at last—I have found you at last!"

The door of the little cottage had been left open, for the day is warm, and Nan, busy in the small sitting room, has not noticed that the carriage of yesterday has paused before it until the excited exclamation recalls her to herself, and she quickly draws her hands away from the grasp of the boy before her, whose handsome face, flushed and eager, is so near her own.

"Ralph, control yourself. Will you excuse us?" And the little German woman has hurried in, and is standing beside her young friend as the proud, courteous voice goes on: "My son seems to think he has seen you before, and he speaks of a Sarah or Sal Willis. Did you know anyone of that name?"

"She brought me up. I lived with her," replied the surprised girl. "She died four years ago."

"I—I once had a servant of that name," went on the lady, whose face had grown very pale. "She left me suddenly. She took with her all I valued in the world. Did this woman you lived with leave nothing behind? No paper?—no word?"

"Nothing but this." Nan's hand had wandered to her neck, and drawn from it the black ribbon with a small locket attached. "She—she sold the chain," said the girl, the locket still in her hand. "But this she said was mine. She would not sell it—she said I must wear it—that I had worn it as a child."

She held the slight token forward, and the proud woman took it in her trembling hand. She touched a secret spring. A tiny curl of golden hair fell out, and the simple name "Rosalie" was engraved inside.



BELCHUS AND ROSEMARY'S CELEBRATED FAMILY OF TWELVE.

DOGS AND THEIR KEEPING.

By S. H. FERRIS.

It is said that "every man owns a dog, and that poor men generally own two." While this statement may not be literally true, yet it is undoubtedly a fact that upon no other creature of the animal world do men and women lavish so much of their affection as upon representatives of the canine race. In thousands of homes the dog is the only pet, and in many cases the esteem in which he is held is only a little less in degree than that which is felt for human friends and relatives.

One man, the owner of three dogs, and who could ill afford the luxury of being their possessor, was asked why he kept so many pets.

"Because," he replied, "in sorrow or adversity, as well as in prosperity, I know that I have three friends whose regard for me will never change, and I am always sure that my home coming at night will be greeted with distinct evidences of joyful affection from them. My pocket may be empty, and my larder likewise, but my dogs will ever love me just the same. Of no human friends can I say this."



COPLÉ SOPHIA—A SKIPPERKE.



RUSTIC SOVEREIGN—AN IMPORTED ENGLISH BULLDOG.

But while most people have a place for their dogs very near to their hearts, and would gladly do almost anything in their power to promote the good health and bodily comfort of their favorite animals, there is probably not more than one person in a hundred that thoroughly understands the real requirements for the proper care of pet dogs. It is quite certain that very few pet canines suffer from actual neglect, but instead on most of them a wealth of care and attention is bestowed, that if of the right kind would produce vastly beneficial results. It is unquestionably true, however, that a very large number of valuable dogs die every year because of their being made the subjects of too much improper care, and in many cases the most worthless mongrels of the streets are better situated as regards healthy bodily conditions than are the petted "curled darlings" upon whom every attention is lavished in the homes of wealthy people.

The principal rock upon which the good intentions of pet-dog owners are wrecked is that of improper feeding. The canine in his natural condition is undoubtedly a carnivorous animal, depending for his daily food upon the flesh of such creatures as he can capture and kill. Many persons not unnaturally reason from this fact that their pets should be given a liberal sup-

ply of meat to eat, some people even going so far as to feed their dogs with nothing else. The household pet of to-day, however, it should be remembered, exists under far different conditions from those which surrounded his distant ancestors. The wild dog of the woods and prairies was compelled to caper about quite nimbly and work very actively to secure a supply of food sufficient for his subsistence, and a single full meal a day was probably all that he was ever fortunate enough to obtain. The favored canines of to-day, however, are usually fed twice or more in twenty-four hours—although twice is enough—and secure little really valuable exercise.

As regards the amount of animal food that may be safely fed to a pet dog authorities disagree. It may be said, however, that under most circumstances one-third meat is amply sufficient, and in some cases, as where a dog receives but little ex-

ercise, this quantity may with wisdom be largely decreased. Nevertheless, under certain conditions, for a limited length of time, animal food may be fed entirely, as for instance to a dog that is being worked hard at hunting or in the field. Too much meat, however, with too little exercise, is sure to produce unpleasant results. In this connection the case may be cited of a pair of St. Bernards of noble breed who were fed upon a mixed diet until they were ten months old, and who were purchased at that age by a gentleman, who, thinking to increase their size, and thereby their value, afterward gave them nothing but meat to eat. As a result of this treatment both dogs died within a year, their flesh breaking out with terrible, unsightly and offensive eruptions.

It should be remembered, however, that the digestive apparatus of dogs is radically different in its construction from that of men. Most vege-

tables are composed largely of starch. Before this can be digested it passes from the stomach into the intestines, and with the human family the capacity for absorbing the nutriment that it contains exists almost from the time of birth. With dogs it is different, and the power to digest starchy matter increases and is developed largely as the result of habit and age.

It is best, therefore, to give young canines a

larger proportion of meat than is allowed their elder brethren. In puppyhood, however, milk can to a great extent be employed to take the place of vegetables, and in this respect it may be said that the lacteal fluid is a model article of diet for dogs of all ages. The most satisfactory way of feeding meat is either raw, or after it has been slightly seared by broiling. In this condition it contains nutriment in a form to be most readily absorbed by the canine stomach.

Some people object to the use of raw animal food because of the supposition that it may contain parasites. While this objection might have force as regards certain grades and kinds of the article, if proper care is used in selecting and purchasing there can certainly be absolutely no valid grounds whatever for fear. It is best, however, to confine the variety of meats offered to fresh-killed beef or mutton.



BROUGH—AN IMPORTED ENGLISH BLOODHOUND.

All dogs seem to have a natural predilection for liver. This is an exceedingly rich article of food, and it should only be fed at rare intervals as a special delicacy. It should also always be very thoroughly cooked.

The best way to offer meat to a dog is in large chunks, preferably in connection with a bone of suitable size and kind. It is customary with most people to give their pets animal food cut into pieces of proper proportions for the human mouth. This would be very well if dogs would only eat as men and women do. But they will not, and instead, when a plate of meat is placed before them, they will swallow it all as quickly as possible without pausing to masticate any portion of it. That this process in time is almost certain to result in serious digestive troubles it is not difficult to believe.

It is wise therefore to feed meat in pieces of considerable size, so that the dog will be compelled to tear it into shreds with his teeth before he can swallow it. When animal food cannot be obtained in suitable form for feeding in this way it should be chopped quite fine; and for small dogs it is best always thus to prepare it.

Small pieces of meat can also be made into soups in which vegetables are used, and although some nourishing properties are lost in cooking, the mixture forms quite an acceptable article of diet.

Dogs take to bones as naturally as ducks to water, and these articles have been aptly termed the "canine's toothbrush." But in reality they are far more than this; they are the animal's dentist, for by gnawing upon them he not only cleans his teeth, but develops, strengthens and keeps them in good condition as well. Bones are therefore always in order at feeding time. Care should be exercised, however, in purchasing them, and only those selected that are easily crushed, but not splintered by pressure. Splinters of bone have been known to cause death by lodging in the intestines.

A final fact in regard to the feeding of meat deserves to be commented upon. It has been noticed that dogs, even when they are hungry, will sometimes take pieces of animal food and hide them

in the ground. It has been reasoned from this that perhaps the flavor of meat becomes more pleasing to a dog when it has reached a certain stage of decay, as is the case with venison and the palates of some human epicures. But whatever may be the cause of the peculiar canine habit, it may safely be said that no dog should ever be allowed to partake of any article of food that is not entirely fit to enter the stomach of his master or mistress.

Articles from the vegetable kingdom should form the largest part of the daily rations of pet dogs, and to such animals as toy terriers practically nothing else should be given, with the exception of milk, eggs and beef broth.

It is not always easy to accustom a dog that has been fed largely on meat to partake of a diet composed mainly of vegetable substances. If the pet shows a disposition to resist the change that

is manifestly for his own good it is best to chop his meat so fine and mix it so thoroughly with the vegetables that he cannot separate them; or the animal food in large pieces may be withheld until the other portions of his meals have been partaken of. If he persistently refuses to become a partial vegetarian the food should be offered at the regular feeding time, and if not eaten



CHAMPION FRANK FORREST—A CELEBRATED BEAGLE.

it should be taken away and absolutely nothing else given until another meal hour arrives. The persistent following of this course will in time work a revolution in a dog's tastes; and while it may seem cruel to starve a pet into submission, the end aimed at certainly justifies the use of the means employed to accomplish it.

Eternal enmity seems to exist between the canine appetite and such garden vegetables as potatoes, turnips, beets, etc. These contain but little nutriment in a form to be readily assimilated by the dog's system. They are valuable, nevertheless, from the point of view that when fed occasionally they act to promote good health. Therefore the articles should be mixed with beef broth, or prepared in some other suitable way, and given to the pets at regular intervals.

The various cereal grains must form the staple articles of the vegetable portion of the diet. Of these, wheat is, without question, the best. It



A ROYAL FLUSH—CHRISTIAN AND GUIDA'S COLLIE FAMILY.



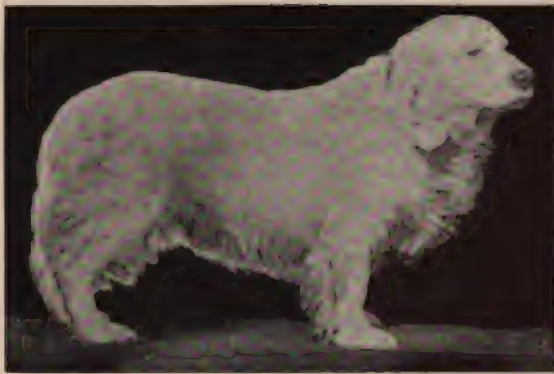
DEWY—A WELSH TERRIER.



POOBAH—A BROWN FRENCH POODLE.



A HAPPY FAMILY OF CLUMBER SPANIELS.



FRIAR BOSS—AN IMPORTED CLUMBER SPANIEL.

should be used cracked, or in the shape of whole wheat flour. In the form of white bread it has been robbed of most of the properties that furnish nourishment.

Oat and corn meals are to be commended for feeding to dogs of large size, although for such small animals as toy terriers they are inclined to be rather too "heating" in their effects. Both of these cereals require an abundance of thorough cooking to render them fit to be eaten. For corn meal two hours and a half to three hours of steady boiling is not any too much; or it may be boiled for an hour, and then placed in pans and baked in an oven for two hours. To make it more attractive the meal may be mixed with chopped meat, or the "cracklings," or "scraps,"



CHAMPION VICTOR—AN ENGLISH BLOODHOUND WHOSE ANCESTRY IS TRACED FROM THE TIME OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



WELLESBOURNE CHARLIE—A COLLIE.

from a lard refinery, before it is baked, and after the cooking process is finished the resulting cake may be broken into small pieces and moistened with milk or beef broth before it is fed.

Rice is composed almost wholly of pure starch, and for toy terriers should be made the principal article of daily food. But it is seriously deficient in tissue-building qualities, and should always be used in connection with milk or beef broth.

No canine's *menu* would be complete without



POOBAH.

milk and eggs. These are both complete and model foods in themselves, and they could be used for feeding to the exclusion of everything else did not the matter of expense preclude the possibility of following such a course. These articles may therefore be wisely employed in connection with other materials.

Skimmed milk contains nearly all the constituents for tissue construction, and the removal of the cream has only taken away some of the fat and force-producing properties that may be secured for feeding in a less costly form. When a dog will eat sour milk he may with safety be given nearly all that he will consume.

For dogs who are so unfortunate as to be upon the sick list eggs are both acceptable and valuable. If they are not readily borne by the invalid's stomach the difficulty can usually be removed by discarding the yolks and feeding the whites only.

Eggs also have the deserved reputation of being valuable to increase the beauty of a dog's coat. Therefore when it is thought desirable to have a pet appear at his very best the diet should be largely increased in this direction.

The number of meals that a pet dog should receive in twenty-four hours should be limited to two, the principal one being given at night. Some indulgent masters and mistresses will wish to provide their favorites with the luxury of a midday lunch. For such a purpose one or two eggs beaten up with milk will prove a very agreeable dainty.

No well-bred dog should ever be allowed to have tidbits at the table, and if he is fed at all times by anybody and everybody his good habits and manners are sure to be spoiled. His meals should be given to him at regular hours, and by no other person than his master or mistress unless some exceptional happening makes it impossible for them to perform this agreeable task.

Next in importance to the subject of proper feeding comes the matter of providing a suitable kennel. Every pet dog should have some particular spot, where his bed is located, that can be called his own especial property. It may be only a corner in the carriage house or stable, but he should be taught that it is his, and exists for his use alone.

For a dog of medium size an oil barrel turned upon its side, placed upon blocks to raise it slightly from the ground, and filled with straw that should frequently be renewed, forms a fairly satisfactory summer home. For a larger dog a big packing case will answer all the purposes of a hot-weather kennel. Its top should be slanted to shed the rain, and if the floor is also constructed

with a slight pitch water can be used more freely on the interior with the result of greater cleanliness. The roof should be provided with hinges so that the inside of the kennel may be readily inspected, and on warm, sunny days it may be left partially open for the plentiful admission of light and air, both of these being very objectionable qualities to such vermin as are likely to find a lodging place in a dog's home.

As a more substantial kennel that will be suitable for occupancy during all seasons of the year a building may be constructed that is about ten feet long by six feet wide, being nine feet high in front and seven at the back. A kennel of this size will be amply large enough for one St. Bernard or mastiff, or for two animals no larger than the collie. If two canines are quartered in it, however, they should each be given a separate apartment.

The structure should be built of good, well-seasoned lumber, and if it is not thought desirable to cover the exterior with shingles a couple of thicknesses of first-quality building paper will prove quite as effectual as a guard against storms and the cold. As in the case of the less expensive kennel, the floor should be slanted slightly, so that the water used in washing will drain off it. A window should be provided, and the pet canine will appreciate the favor if it is placed so that he can look out upon his master's home. The glass may be protected from breakage by a covering of wire netting. Two entrances should be arranged—one for the owner, and the other for the dog. The aperture for the dog should have a door hung upon hinges that will admit of its being opened both inward and outward. It will be an act of kindness to substitute a screen door for the solid wooden one during the warm-weather season.

In one corner of the kennel a bed of suitable dimensions should be provided. It must be raised six or eight inches to protect the canine sleeper from floor draughts. In summer it may be covered with straw, hay or dry leaves. In winter it is better to have a large box well filled with pieces of blankets and old carpets. For rough-coated dogs, like the collie, such materials are to be preferred for use during all the year, as their fur is likely to be injured and made unsightly by pieces of straw or hay becoming imbedded in it.

The interior of the kennel should be thoroughly whitewashed at least once a month in summer, and less frequently during the winter. If this work cannot conveniently be done a solution of carbolic acid and water will prove fairly satisfactory as a substitute, if liberally applied.

In spite of every precaution that may be taken

the homes of the best dogs will sometimes become infested with pestiferous vermin. When this unfortunate condition exists the canine should be removed and the kennel made as near air-tight as possible. In the centre of the interior of the building a piece of crockery should be placed in a dish of water, and a couple of handfuls of powdered sulphur scattered upon it. A small quantity of alcohol must be poured over this, ignited, and the kennel closed for two or three hours. At the end of this time it may be opened, given a thorough airing, and it is then ready for occupancy again as usual.

In the matter of bathing pet dogs most people err in the way of attempting to secure too great a degree of cleanliness. The canine that receives a fair amount of exercise and lives in the midst of ordinarily clean surroundings need be subjected to the process of washing only at infrequent intervals. The application of too much water, especially in connection with the ordinary toilet or laundry soaps, is sure to have a bad effect upon the coat, by depriving the hair of much of the oily matter that should act to keep it soft, supple and smooth.

When for any reason the bath becomes an absolute necessity it should only be given two or three hours after the animal has been fed. The water employed should be heated to a degree of temperature slightly higher than that of the body, and that used for rinsing should be only a trifle cooler. The body should be washed first, and the head left until the last, care being exercised to prevent any liquid from getting into the ears, where it may cause unpleasant trouble.

After the bath is completed the dog should be thoroughly dried. This work may be done with towels except in the case of Yorkshire terriers, who should be groomed with brushes, placed one after another before the fire to dry, until the last vestige of moisture is removed from their coats.

If good Castile soap can be obtained it is excellent for use. It is worth while, however, to exercise caution and be certain that the article purchased is genuine, because a large portion of that which is offered for sale is spurious. Nearly

all of the so-called glycerine or transparent soaps are reliable, for the reason that it is not easy to manufacture them from impure fats.

If it is desired to keep the dog's coat in exceptionally fine condition a special soap may be prepared by the pet's master or mistress without much trouble or expense. The ingredients to be procured are: One pound of Crown soap, one ounce of camphor and one-half ounce of mercurial ointment.

Crown soap is a soft soap made from seed oils, and is intended principally for use about the stable in cleaning harness. It is held in high favor by women



SIR BEDIVERE—A ST. BERNARD, IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
AT A COST OF \$6,500.

in England for the purpose of washing the hair, it being asserted that it leaves it in a splendid soft and silky condition. It can be purchased of almost any harness dealer. Mercurial ointment, or "blue ointment" as it is commonly called, and camphor can be procured of every druggist. The three articles should be thoroughly incorporated together, and then the soap is ready for use. In addition to giving the hair a glossy appearance, it will alleviate irritation, assist the cure of skin disease, and make it decidedly uncomfortable for vermin. It is used to a considerable extent by

large kennel owners in preparing their dogs for the show bench, and the excellent results obtained when it is applied in washing always repay for the trouble of making it.

While soap can safely be used upon the coats of most dogs, there are two notable exceptions to the rule, namely, Yorkshire and Maltese terriers. To the fur of the former soapsuds only, and not the soap itself, should be applied, while in cleaning the hair of the latter class of animals raw eggs may be employed. Here it may be



LEAMINGTON—A \$5,000 ENGLISH MASTIFF.



RIPON STORMER—A PRIZE FOX TERRIER.



ORMSKIRK—AN IMPORTED COLLIE.



GROUBIAN—AN IMPORTED RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND.

said that an occasional egg shampoo will wonderfully brighten up the coat of any dog. Its application, however, should always be followed by a thorough rinsing, for the eggs in drying will harden into the hair like so much glue.

Instead of frequent baths, every pet dog should receive a thorough grooming each day. For this work a brush should be used that has long bristles that will reach down through the hair to the skin. After the fur has been well brushed in one direction for five or ten minutes, it should be rubbed a little while longer with the hands—either bare or covered with woolen mittens. The result of the

daily application of a course of treatment of this kind will be seen in a coat whose lustrous beauty will be the delight of any master or mistress who truly loves to look upon a handsome dog.

In spite of every well-meant endeavor that may be put forth to make a dog healthy and comfortable, there will yet remain one persistent enemy of canine happiness, the flea, whose vicious activity must be fought with relentless vigor. The attacks of the pestiferous little insects are made upon the most patrician as well as upon more plebeian pets, and their virulent bites are the source of an irritation that is well-nigh unbearable. It is the habit of the pests to lay their eggs in sand, and as a result they are particularly plen-



AN ENGLISH MASTIFF.



MINCA MIA—A FAMOUS GREAT DANE.



CHAUNCEY LASS—AN IRISH TERRIER.

tiful in number at the seashore and in the country during the summer, and the lives of many vacation seekers after rest and recreation have been made miserable by the suffering that their favorite animals were compelled to undergo. To successfully fight the flea with ordinary insecticides is a practically hopeless task, as the poisons that

will prove deadly to most other forms of insect life will only act to place this creature in a somnolent state, from which he speedily awakens for a season of increased activity.

The well-known Persian and Dalmatian insect powders are used to a considerable extent by many people in their warfare against the *Pulex canis*, but as ordinarily applied, by sifting into the fur, they are simply soporific palliatives. It has been discovered, however, that the active insecticide principle of these powders resides in a peculiar acrid resin that may be extracted by alcohol. Therefore to produce a remedy that will certainly rid a dog of fleas the following articles should be secured of a druggist: One pound of Dalmatian insect powder, three ounces of oil of eucalyptus and two quarts of alcohol. The tincture of the insect powder alone would probably prove efficacious as a flea destroyer; but in dealing with these lively pests it is best to make assurance doubly sure, and the oil of eucalyptus, another powerful insecticide, is added for this purpose.

The three articles should be placed together in a bottle and allowed to remain for a week, the vessel being frequently shaken in the meantime. The mixture must then be filtered through absorbent cotton, and preserved in a tightly stoppered jar. In using the substance a sufficient quantity of it should be poured into five or six times as much water, and applied to the dog's coat with a sponge, the liquid being allowed to soak down through the hair to the skin. If this method of treatment is made use of once or twice a week the canine that is the fortunate subject of it will soon become a very objectionable object for vermin of any kind to feed upon.

In conclusion it should be said that while a pet dog requires considerable attention at the hands of his master or mistress, in order that he may be healthy, vigorous and happy, yet every bit of care that is bestowed upon him will be repaid many fold by the affectionate regard of the animal that approaches nearest to man in habits, bodily wants and intelligence.

There are a great many people who have pet dogs with habits that are not all that might be desired, and there are yet others who would like to own canine pets if they were sure that they could obtain animals whose behavior would always suit their tastes.

There is a well-remembered ancient saying to the effect that it is impossible to teach an old dog new tricks. While this is not absolutely true, it is manifestly much easier to train a young animal than an old one, although an intelligent dog of any age can be taught almost anything within reason.

It is best, however, for anyone who contemplates becoming the owner of a pet dog to purchase a young animal. The choice may lie between the representatives of any one of several excellent breeds. Brown French poodles, shipperkes, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, Japanese spaniels, Chinese chowchows, collies, mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes and English bloodhounds are all popular and fashionable at the present time. Newfoundlanders are not fashionable, and they can therefore be purchased at prices to suit slender purses, although for valuable canine sense there are no animals superior to these.

Only a dog whose ancestry can be traced back through two or three generations should be selected, and it is best to take him away from his mother when he is about two months old. The sooner he becomes an inmate of his new home after reaching this age the better it will be for him, for a dog at a kennel where there are numerous other animals to require attention never receives as good care as when he is the only pet

in a household. Besides this, dogs, like human beings, thrive better the farther they live apart, and as a child in the thickly settled tenement districts enjoys but a poor existence, when compared with his country-bred brother, so, too, a dog in the midst of a lot of his fellows never reaches such perfect development as he otherwise might.

After the new pet has been purchased he should be provided with suitable quarters. In summer his kennel should be cozy and well ventilated, and in winter comfortable and warm, for puppies are very sensitive to the cold.

The first thing to be taught the little creature is cleanliness, and although it is not always an easy or a pleasant task, it must certainly be accomplished.

Many people make the mistake of taking their young pet directly into the home, there to be affectionately treated by every member of the household. When night comes he is carried to his kennel; but having been given a taste of more agreeable quarters and companionship he whines most pitifully, and after an hour or two the senses of the hardest-hearted are generally so affected that the little fellow is allowed to return to the house. The effects of such a course of treatment are invariably unpleasant.

When the pet first arrives he should be placed in his kennel, or given some other suitable quarters, from which he can easily run out of doors in the daytime, and in which there is a large box filled with sand at night. He should be visited by no one but his master or mistress for several days, and by them only at infrequent intervals.

After the dog has become well established in his new abiding place he may be admitted to the home for a few hours each day. He should be taught, however, that this favor is accorded him only as a reward for good behavior, and if he acts improperly he should be taken by the collar and shown his wrongdoing. Then, if it is warm weather, he should be placed out of doors, and if cold, taken to his kennel, being firmly scolded all the time. After this no one should visit him or take any notice of him for awhile, and he should not be allowed to return to the house for at least half a day. This course of treatment, persisted in for a week or two, will quite certainly correct any faults that may exist.

Having established habits of cleanliness, there may, and probably will, be other points of misbehavior to be corrected.

In dealing with young dogs it should be understood that they are learning something by instinct and observation during every one of their waking hours, and that to a large extent their

behavior is patterned after that of the persons with whom they are most intimately associated. If a master or mistress is in the habit of becoming angry and showing it by a word or blow every time a command is disobeyed the dog is also quite likely to be quarrelsome and unreliable; whereas if he is ordered to obey, and the order strictly but kindly and firmly enforced, his general conduct will be of far more agreeable character.

It is seldom necessary to use the whip upon a dog, and some well-known breeders discountenance its employment altogether. It would seem, however, that flagrant misbehavior sometimes demands the application of corporal punishment. After this has been administered a few times the dog will usually learn to dread the simple name of the whip, and the mere mention of it will generally prove fully as effective as more severe methods.

A REMINISCENCE OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

BY MRS. W. K. L. DICKSON.

It was in the year 1886 that I met Rubinstein, and by reason of one of those seeming *contretemps* which often yield a richer harvest than our most carefully planned undertakings. He was playing in London at the time, and had succeeded in completely revolutionizing the metropolis. Rubinstein—Rubinstein! was on every lip. It was a genuine sensation, something apart from the obligatory ceremonies of the Row and the conventional art of the picture galleries. The spontaneous and untrammelled genius of the great maestro had torn away the incrustations of society, and laid bare the fountains of national being, the Norman culture, the Scandinavian fire.

We secured tickets with great difficulty, but by some unaccountable mischance, while remembering the date, we confused afternoon with evening, and realized our error only after the recital was over. What was to be done? It was the last appearance of the imperial virtuoso, and we also were birds of passage, winging our flight from one Continental city to another. Necessity is the mother of courage as well as of invention, however, so after hurried consultation my husband sought Rubinstein's hotel, secured an interview and detailed our pitiful case. Rubinstein received him with exquisite cordiality, laughed at his despair and enjoined upon him to bring his wife to see him the next morning, an invitation to which I promptly acceded. Sated as he must have been with public applause, Rubinstein seemed, nevertheless, to find a certain quality in our unrestrained admiration which touched and amused him. His manner was completely opposed to the opinion I had conceived of him, and which his leonine appearance seemed to guarantee. It was simple and gentle, with a certain caressing tinge, exquisitely fresh and spontaneous, with that mellow boyhood which we ascribe to the larger children of the golden age. His ante-

chamber was crowded with applicants, so he could grant us only a short interview, which he concluded by saying: "I am sorry I cannot play to you now, but if you will visit me at my home in Russia I will atone to you for your disappointment." We thanked him gratefully, but had little hope that we should ever avail ourselves of his invitation. Our plans shaped themselves, however, in this direction, and several weeks after we found ourselves in St. Petersburg, with our tonal paradise almost within our grasp.

It was on the morning of the 27th of August that we left our hotel and stepped into the troika which was to convey us to the depot, *en route* for Peterhof. A mammoth Tartar controlled our fiery steeds, robed and hatted in that fur-trimmed, immemorially old costume which it is the Russian fashion to wear year in and year out, totally irrespective of climatic conditions.

The distance between the metropolis and Peterhof is a trifle over eighteen miles, and is reached through an almost continuous stretch of villas and gardens. Peterhof itself is situated on a bluff, some sixty feet in height, commanding a superb view of the Gulf of Finland. Rubinstein's house, as we approached it, shaped itself into a pretty sylvan villa, literally embowered in vines and flowers, and standing in a spacious garden which sloped down in the direction of the sea. Our summons was answered swiftly by Rubinstein himself. He hastened toward us, both hands outstretched, and presented us gayly to his lovely young niece, telling her that these were the friends who had been disappointed in their efforts to hear him in London, and who had traveled all the way to Russia to repair the loss. Then, with a caressing "Come, my child," he placed my arm in his, patting my hand paternally the while, and led the way upstairs to his private music room situated in a tower, which was lifted above the

rest of the building and completely isolated from outside sounds. The room, although unostentatious, was handsomely and tastefully furnished, and presented an essentially homelike aspect. It was supplied with a sonorous and sweet-toned Baby Grand, and was literally walled around with manuscripts, the originals of those inspired compositions with which the stage and concert platform have familiarized us. The windows looked out upon the waters of the gulf. These waters were still now, with the glassy serenity of midsummer; but it was not difficult to image them quickened with turbulent anguish and yielding their burden of inspiration to this storm-tossed and Titanic musician-soul.

After a few introductory words Rubinstein took his seat at the instrument, and while we listened, scarcely allowing our breath to stir the silence, the broken cadences of the improvisation shaped themselves into a melody of ineffable loveliness, tinged at first with sadness and a half-entreating inquiry, but rising through successive modulations and mutations to a strain of such seraphic joy, and purity, and triumph, that my soul parted with its last conventional fetter, and I found myself on my

knees before him, covering his hands with tears and kisses, and murmuring, brokenly: "Master, master, you have played us into heaven!" He stroked my hair gently, while his eyes remained for awhile in some deep region of thought unknown to our cruder philosophy. Suddenly, with one of those swift transitions which are so essentially mirrored in his compositions, he threw back his massive head and said: "In heaven? Well, now, my child, I will play you into hell!" And then began the wildest, most demoniacal performance that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive—a desperate fuga, or flight, interwoven with mad cachinnations of mirth; short, sharp outbursts of pain and despair, as of an impotent soul in the grasp of an inexorable destiny; clanging

dissonances, tantalizing suggestions of unfinished themes, weird and unsatisfactory harmonies; then a broken fragment of melody, an unresolved discord and—silence, throbbing with ghostly chaotic echoes.

After a long while I ventured to look up. Rubinstein's face was tense and ghastly, his brows were clammy, his fingers locked and unlocked themselves nervously. Presently, but still without speaking, he took a cigarette, offered me one, lighted his own, and leaning back wearily in his chair, closed his eyes. In a little while his features had resumed their usual sunny and benignant expression, and as we rose to go he tucked

me impulsively under his arm and bore us off to the garden. There he rifled the floral sweets unmercifully for my benefit, crowning the gift by his own picture and autograph.

"Where and when shall we hear you again, Herr Rubinstein?" I said, wistfully, as we bade him adieu. An expression of extreme sadness crept over Rubinstein's mobile face.

"I shall play no more," he answered, quietly. Then, in answer to our shocked exclamation, "I may lead orchestral concerts at the Ge-vandhaus, but I shall never play again in

public. I shall devote myself to composition." "Then we shall never hear you in America?" I said, sorrowfully. "No," he replied; "I can never cross the ocean; my playing days are over."

The words were prophetic, as after events proved, but they came strangely at the time from one who seemed to be in the full tide of artistic activity.

And so ended my glimpse of the great maestro. It came at an eventful period of my life, and was necessarily brief. Since then I have passed through many experiences, have met diverse peoples in diverse lands, but no strain in the Great Psalm of Life has had power to displace those magic measures with which my soul was flooded in the Russian home of Anton Rubinstein.



RUBINSTEIN.



"SHE ENTERED THE CLOSET, AND BROUGHT FORTH A GOWN, WHICH SHE HELD UP."

THE JEWELS OF MRS. JACK NOTLEY.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

"Do you care to take a drive, my dear?" said Mr. Jack Notley to Mrs. Jack Notley, with solicitous affection, and one arm around her slender waist.

They were in the halcyon days of the honeymoon. They were in a strange hotel, in a strange city, far from all prying eyes. Mrs. Jack, however, had not yet outgrown the effect of the strict

teachings of all her earlier years, and feeling guilty of some impropriety whenever her husband caressed her thus informally, she turned a blushing face to his, and said, half laughing, that she would like nothing better than a drive.

After kissing the blushes Jack Notley rang the bell and ordered the carriage, without the faintest presentiment of how the expedition would end.

"What gown shall I wear?" said his wife, delighted thus to combine the intimacy of a girl friend with the masculine charm of her lover.

"What gown?" said Jack, reflectively. "Why, wear that light one with the fussy business on the front and back."

Mrs. Jack looked at him.

"The light one with the fussy business on the front and back!" she repeated, slowly, affecting an air of being desperately puzzled. "Light one—with—*fussy business* on the front and back!" she said again, raising her hand to her forehead distractedly.

Mr. Notley crossed one leg over the other, and watched her with absorbed interest.

"I have it." She entered the closet, and brought forth a gown, which she held up with an exaggerated air of triumph. "Is that it?"

"That's it," said her husband, perfectly satisfied with his powers of description.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Jack, laying the gown over a chair, "but my having only a few gowns with me, and a superhuman intellect, enabled me to select the right one, Jack. Now listen, sir. Say, 'Figured silk, with lace trimming.' That describes it, and I shall always know what you mean without exerting myself so much."

"Figured silk with lace trimming," said Jack, hugging his teacher.

She was soon ready for the drive, and they started off in high spirits.

The park was full-decked in summer greenery. They passed the lake where the queenly swans floated, the little summerhouses at pretty intervals, the lawns, and contracted groups of trees and underbrush that played at being forests.

"This is a good deal better," said Jack, holding his wife's hand so that no one could see them, "than being an old bachelor, with nobody to sew on my buttons, and all that sort of thing."

"I haven't sewed on a button for you yet, have I?" said Mrs. Jack, happily. "Can't you manage to break one off pretty soon? I should like to see how it would seem to be putting it on."

"Oh, you won't have to do that for a long time," said her husband; "and you won't ever have to if you don't want to," he added, squeezing her hand, so that Mrs. Jack felt there was nothing in the world she could not have for the asking.

It was a jolly drive. They stopped at a wayside tavern and had some ham sandwiches, and Jack some ale; and even Mrs. Jack, at her husband's solicitation, took a tiny sip of the same cool beverage, looking about her guiltily, that no one might see her engaged in such a tremendous, shockingly free-and-easy proceeding.

They rode home slowly, enjoying the shades of evening, and the salt freshness that blew in from the near-by ocean.

As they neared the city's centre the sound of fire bells grew louder. Mrs. Jack was frightened for fear the horses might shy. The commotion grew more pronounced. Evidently they were in the region of a conflagration. They both grew anxious, as they were also in the neighborhood of their hotel. They turned a corner.

"Jack, the engines seem to be around the hotel! Look! Aren't they?—aren't they?"

"They are," said Jack, jumping out as he spoke, helping out his wife and paying the driver, all in a moment's time.

They were at the edge of a large, gathering crowd.

"It is the hotel," said Jack. "I must go up there and see what can be done to save anything. Go in there."

He took her arm firmly, and led her into a drug store.

"Don't leave here until you see me."

"But oh, Jack, don't go—oh, do be careful—"

He had already started.

"Jack!" she called after him, excitedly, "if you get in safely bring the waist of my wedding gown."

That this extraordinary request reached his ears was evident, as he called back, "All right!" as he ran, shouldering his way through the crowd.

The thought came to him suddenly, "I didn't ask Boss where the jewels and money are."

The crowd pressed behind him. He saw it would be impossible to go back now, and besides there was not a moment to be lost. The engines were sending the mighty streams of water against the side of the huge building nearest him, where the fire was beginning to rage. Their rooms were on the opposite side. By pushing, by assuming an air of authority, and making his way by muscular force, he reached the other corner of the hotel. He saw a number of firemen and employes running in and out, saving what they could of the valuable adornments of the interior.

In a few minutes he was leaping up the stairs, the key of his rooms in his hand. He was warned that his time was more than precious. The firemen called to him that the flames were reaching rapidly to the roof above him. The smoke was already beginning to find its way, in small, cloudy puffs, through various corridors and openings which invited its deadly passage. Three flights up he turned the key in his own lock.

The rooms were just as they had left them:

the newspaper on the sofa, some fruit and bonbons on a table—all soon to be the scene of a horrible destruction. He rushed to the dressing table. The key! He knew where Bess hid it. The drawer opened. The money and jewels were not there.

"By Jove!"

He turned the contents upside down in a quarter of a minute. No sign of the valuables. The other drawers were emptied, with the same result.

The roar of the flying streams of water and the shouts of the firemen and of the dense crowd filled his ears. He heard some one calling that he must get out of the building at once. For a moment his self-possession wavered. He threw open the trunk, ransacked the trays and boxes, and found nothing.

Some one called again to him, this time with an oath and a hoarser voice. Just then he remembered what his wife had called after him, her voice trembling with fright: "Bring the waist of my wedding gown."

He dashed into the closet. It was lying on a shelf. He crushed it inside his coat, buttoned one button, which held it sufficiently, and turning with a wild desire to save something, he stuffed the newspaper in his pocket and ran out of the room.

The smoke had gathered with incredible rapidity.

"This way!" called a strong voice. "The stairs are now cut off—the flames have come through."

He followed the sound blindly, and soon reached a window, where a grimy, perspiring fireman stood outside on the fire escape.

"You ain't overanxious to live, are you?" he said, gruffly, to Jack, as the latter climbed out after him.

He thought he would tell the man of his loss, which was about ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and about a thousand dollars, which had been amongst Bess's wedding presents and which she had insisted on keeping by her. But Jack reconsidered the confidence as he remembered that he had saved the waist of his wife's wedding gown, which she had requested him to do in the enthusiasm of a very impractical and ill-timed hallucination of sentiment, and that to the eyes of an average man he might appear in rather a ridiculous light.

He had time, as he went down the long ladder, to regret this girlish impulse on the part of his young wife, which might have been discarded at such a moment, it seemed to him, for the more valuable information about the jewels.

"She was so frightened," he thought, tenderly, a second later, "poor little girl! The loss will be chiefly hers. All her wedding gifts, too. By Jove, it's too infernally bad! If she had only been a little more practical, though!"

He bit his mustache as he hastened down the street—not the one by which he had come, which was too densely packed for a sparrow to slip through. The air was full of the ominous roar of the engines, which drowned the murmur of the throngs of spectators.

To reach the drug store he was obliged to go all the distance around the block. He ran most of the way, reaching the store quite out of breath and completely tired. A rope had been extended across the pavement in front of the shop. He had to explain matters to a burly policeman before he was allowed to pass.

In the store his wife was not to be seen. Then, for the first time, he felt the burden of fear.

The drug clerk explained:

"Your wife was awfully scared. She was sure you would be burned up. We took her back in the office there, and gave her some smelling salts. She nearly fainted."

Jack did not wait for all this. He ran to the rear, where he found his wife, as white as a sheet, seated in a chair, with her head on a table and her fingers in her ears. But she knew the instant he entered.

"Jack!"

She flew to his arms, laughing and crying, and was soon in such an hysterical condition that the drug clerk hastened back to investigate, and ran off again for some brandy, at Jack's order.

He held her tightly in his arms, and comforted her as best he could. He kept back the news of her loss until she should be better equal to bear it with equanimity.

"Oh, Jack, are you hurt! Oh, thank Heaven!—oh, I have been in such horrible suspense! But could you get the waist?" she said, eagerly.

"Darling," he said, "you must be prepared for bad news. Your jewels and money are gone—I could not find them."

She drew back from him agitatedly, looking at his coat, which seemed bursting with white satin.

"But the waist—have you got it? Isn't that it?"

Jack looked at her with amazement and disapproval. What a strange flippancy in his wife's character! He felt that awful pang of disappointment which newly married people rarely escape.

"Yes," he said, with a stiff sort of sadness; "I got the waist. Here it is. I hope it will compensate you for everything."

"Jack, what do you mean—do you—— Why dear old waist for anything in the world." And —oh, why didn't I tell you? Here, feel that!" she stooped and kissed it, and left a little tear mark on it.

He put his hand on the satin.
"I sewed them all in there—the money and jewelry—everything. I knew no one would be apt to steal this, and I knew I wouldn't lose this

"By Jove!" said Jack Notley. "What queer things women are!" he added, with all the brilliance of an original thought.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.



A BULGARIAN VILLAGE.

BULGARIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

By CELIA R. LADD.

If it be true that one cannot justly estimate or describe the resources of our own country until he has become thoroughly acquainted with the village and the farming population, most emphatically is it true of all Oriental nations, where the lines of distinction are so sharply drawn between the peasant farmers and the dwellers in cities, so entirely different are their modes of living, dressing and thinking. In Bulgaria there are no farmhouses in the open fields, but the peasants cluster together in small hamlets for protection, and till the land for miles in every direction. The selyoueen (villager) is the tiller of the soil, the hewer of wood and drawer of water, the laborer of the nation. He often holds much the same relation to the chorbojee (landowner) as the Russian serf does to his landlord. In the principal cities of Bulgaria there is a class composed largely of merchants, bankers and professional men, who are attended by servants, who import furniture from Vienna, and whose private

residences are fitted up in good style; their wives and daughters play the piano, do embroidery and copy the fashions of Paris. On festivals and holidays the public gardens are thronged with these gayly dressed people, who strongly resemble the Germans and Austrians in their own cities.

The selyoueen lives his own life, varying little from the existence his ancestors have led for generations. Modern improvements do not reach him, nor alter the course of his way. He drives his slow-stepping black buffaloes to market, his creaking wagon loaded with wheat or onions; he sows his grain by hand and cultivates his corn fields and vineyards with his heavy hoe; he reaps his wheat with a sickle and treads it out on a threshing floor; he climbs dizzy heights on the mountain side to glean sticks for fuel, which he uses with the strictest economy; he prunes his vines with a knife and presses out the grape juice by treading the vat with his bare feet. His wife shares all outdoor labor, and still finds time

for her domestic duties; she mixes her coarse black bread in a trough, and bakes it in a small outdoor oven made of sun-dried mud brick; she cooks her kettle of onions or cabbage over a few twigs in the corner of the *ogneeshta* (fire-place); she brings water from the public well, pounds out her clothes in the river and spreads them on the bank to dry; she spins her yarn from a distaff, and weaves it in the modest apology for a loom; she trudges miles to market, driving her donkey laden with garden vegetables, or white curd cheese made from goat's milk. Their food is black bread, with onions, cabbage, a slice of melon or a bunch of grapes, not forgetting the inevitable bottle of sour wine; their clothing is homespun flannel; in the summer they are barefoot; in the winter they wind their feet in woolen cloths and wear wooden clogs, or sandals of undressed leather, bound with strings. Their lives are interwoven with citizens of the cities in different ways. Every city has its *okroozh* (circuit) of outlying villages, who are dependent upon it not only as a market for their produce, but for legal and military protection. Here is the court to which they must appear in case of local dispute; here the military force who must guard them in times of political disturbance; here, too, lives the physician who is paid by the government to attend all in the district who need his services. You can see the peasants in their rustic costume at any time, on the streets or in the market places, whither they have come to dispose of their produce. The girls are employed as house servants, and are constantly going to the fountains for water, to the public ovens carrying loaves of bread or dishes of meat and vegetables to be baked, or from the bazaars, their baskets full of eggplant, tomatoes, green herbs or red peppers.

But in order to understand village life you must see the *selyoueen* at home, working his fields and living in his village of mud-walled brick.

In the spring of 189— we planned a trip from one of the Danube cities to a town two days distant in the hill country of the Balkans. We had already a fair knowledge of the language and customs of Bulgarian life in the aforesaid city, but of the villages we knew little. "Let us go to L—," said my friend Mrs. M—, of the American Mission. "Slavka, our native teacher, has friends there. She is a delightful traveling companion and interpreter, and will be well pleased to go with us. The journey, the stops at *hahns* (inns) and village houses will give you just the information you want. It is now the pleasantest season of the year for traveling, as it

is near the Easter holidays. Malko Saylo (little village), the halt for the first night, is not more than ten hours distant. You will find distance here is not measured by miles, but by the time in which a very slow team of horses can traverse it. If you meet a villager and ask how far to the next town the answer is two hours, four hours, etc., as the case may be."

My friends now began the preparations for our journey, which to my inexperience seemed multi-fold and superfluous. Provision enough to last for two days was cooked; tin dishes, knives and forks were packed up; camp beds inclosed in canvas bags; blankets and pillows made into bundles; even candles and matches were not forgotten.

"What is the use of taking so much?" said I to my provident hostess. "Do they not furnish food and bedding at the inns on the route?"

"Wait until you have been there," she said, smiling. "I do not think we are taking anything unnecessary."

"But what do the natives do when they travel?" I asked. "I am sure they do not go loaded with food and bedding."

Again she replied, in her wise, conservative fashion, "Wait and see. I have ordered the driver to be here by five o'clock," she added. "We ought to be off the pavement by daybreak. I will not say *must*, but *ought*, for the *talikajees* (drivers) are usually behind time." The noise of heavy carts rattling over the cobblestones before day awakened us, and finding it impossible to fall asleep again with the burden of our expedition upon our mind, we rose and prepared for the early breakfast which had been timed on the supposition that the driver might *possibly* keep his word. Our repast was soon over, and making all ready, we sat down to wait for our carriage. Slavka appeared promptly, her luggage tied up in a bundle, her face glowing with pleasure at the prospect of seeing her friends. Her short black curls peeped out from under her cap, and her manners were sprightly and attractive. Her English, though understandable, was far from perfect, but her accent and idiom amused and interested us. The time dragged slowly as we listened to every sound. A quarter past five—half-past—a quarter of six—and just as the clock struck the next hour wheels stoppèd before the gate in the wall, and the Turkish driver entered the yard, leisurely smoking his cigarette, and offering no apologies for an hour's delay. He was a veritable Turk, red fez, baggy trousers, knives in his belt and all; but as a professional coachman his business depended on his orderly conduct, and we were assured we had nothing to

fear. "They are always late," said Slavka. "If he had happened to find anyone who would have given him a higher price he would not have come at all; for this reason it is the custom when we engage talikajeos to take some money from them to bind the bargain."

Our carriage was a heavy-wheeled English phaeton—a comfortable seat for Mrs. M—— and myself, one facing us on which sat Slavka, and a high one for the driver in front. The two stout sorrel horses wore small bells on their collars, and their harness was ornamented with beads and tinsel.

The servant now hastily bundled in bag and baggage, and at a crack of the whip we were jolting over the rough cobblestones of the uneven pavement. The rising sun shed its full light on the gray walls and red roofs. The city by this time was fully awake; vehicles of all descriptions rattled past us. From the high, deep ovens by the road, bakers, their sleeves rolled to their shoulders, were taking out loaves of hot bread with long-handled wooden shovels; servants with large baskets in their hands clattered along to the market place on their wooden clogs. Pungent odors came from the stalls where cooks were frying sausage over kettles of red-hot coals. Smiths in iron and brass were hammering away at their forges, and the shopkeepers had already taken down their shutters, and were sitting cross-legged on the floor waiting for customers. Street vendors were crying their wares, rebee (fish), and tophe semit (hot cakes). Still we jolt along, holding to the sides of the seats for support and wondering when we shall reach a smoother road. At length we are past the bazaar, with its discordant sounds and offensive odors, and have reached the outskirts of the city. The houses are smaller and poorer; the stone walls around the yard give way to bush fences; now they are farther and farther apart, and cease altogether. We are off the rough pavement, and bowling over a smooth macadamized road. The wind from the meadows and wheat fields blows fresh in our faces. The breath of the sweet spring air comes to us like an invigorating cup. We cross a narrow bridge over a small stream, and see before us only fields and sky; no trees, no fences, no farm-houses—not a sign of human life for miles and miles. On and on we drive, with little more variation in the scene than if we were plowing the Atlantic in an ocean steamer. The fields are cultivated by villagers living miles away, the boundaries of these irregular patches determined only by the different-colored vegetation. The green wheat gives place to greener oats, and beyond is a patch of corn, then rows of onions and

cabbage. We now begin to meet travelers, horse-and-footmen, who hail us with the salutation of the road, "Dobur chass" (Good hour), and pass on. In a plain before us we see a large herd of oxen, cows and horses. The herdsman walks leisurely among them, smoking his pipe and watching their movements. A little farther is a shepherd tending his sheep; his coat and cap are of skin dressed with the hair on, and he seems to take life very easily. We overtake and pass men and women trudging home from market. During the small hours they walked to the city with their produce in bags slung from the yokes on their shoulders, and are now returning eased of their burdens and counting silver rubles in their leathern pockets. Their open faces are full of curiosity. They press to the side of the carriage, asking, "Kdey shtey edesh?" (Where are you going?), and wish us "Dobur put" (A happy journey). A gendarme who is guarding the road gallops past us; he wears high top-boots, his red shopka (cap) has a black border and his brown uniform is trimmed with green; his rifle is slung at his side, and he sits his horse with a military air.

We are quite amused with a group of sturdy villagers riding donkeys so small that, were it not for the straps in which their feet are swung, there would be danger of their reaching to the ground.

The ride in the fresh, bracing air gives us sharp appetites, and consulting our watches, we find it a quarter of twelve. Our breakfast was at five. No wonder we are hungry!

"Yes, it is time for lunch," said Mrs. M——; "but there is no need of telling the talikajee. He thinks too much of his horses to neglect any available resting place. Our trouble will be to start him again. Every halt is mapped out. We shall now see a hahn."

Sure enough, in a few moments a tall well sweep showed its brown pole above a clump of trees, and opposite was a "wayside inn." The horses were soon drinking eagerly from the wooden trough by the curb, and we alighted, carrying our tin lunch box. The building was of the rudest construction. To our ideas it seemed more like a shed than a house. Its mud walls were whitewashed and roofed with thin slate stones, which overlapped each other at irregular intervals. The board shutter, swung back, showed the window innocent of glass save for the row of suspicious-looking bottles standing on the sill. Beside them was a cocoanut shell full of rich earth, from which a beautiful trailing vine of maple-leaf ivy clambered up the rough-plastered wall. On a wide board under the eaves, supported by crotched sticks, several men were



OX CARTS ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

stretched at full length, sleeping heavily, oblivious of their surroundings and indifferent to the sun's scorching beams, which were pouring full upon them. They had probably traveled the preceding night, and were now snatching an hour's rest before starting again on their way.

On entering the low room we saw it was paved with stones, and several small tables surrounded with stools stood ready for guests. The boards were not of the cleanest, and there were neither tablecloths nor dishes. Slavka is ready to supply the deficiency with a thick brown paper brought

for that purpose, over which Mrs. M—— spreads the tablecloth and proceeds to unpack the lunch box. The hahnjee (landlord) now appears for his orders, and retires to the fireplace in the corner to prepare chahi (tea) for three, which he speedily effects by thrusting a long-handled brass vessel filled with water into the bright coals. The steaming beverage is soon on the table in thick glass tumblers, accompanied by cubical lumps of white sugar, and slices of lemon for flavoring, after the Russian fashion; this, together with cold chicken, sandwiches, jelly and pickles, makes a delicious meal. The dogs eyeing us hungrily from the corners receive their share of bits and bones, and we pack

up the fragments for future use. Other travelers now drop in, ordering vino (wine) and rakea (whisky), which they sip in small glasses between the huge mouthfuls of black bread and curd cheese brought in their own bundles. The hahnjee could also furnish for those who desired a plate of sauerkraut, a dish of salt pickles made of green peppers, or a hot-roasted sausage highly flavored with garlic and red pepper.

After some haggling with the lord of the manor we pay our bill, two grosh. Seeing our foreign dress, he had asked us four, twice the accustomed



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.



RUSTCHUK.

price, and Slavka came to the rescue, settling him with dispatch. Mrs. M— now calls to the driver: "Hiday da edenveo" (Get ready to start). But he insists there is no hurry for an hour yet. "The horses have souls—we want to kill the poor beasts," etc. After various coaxings, threats, and promises in regard to his pay—part of which has been withheld until the end of the journey, as a means of keeping him in order—the horses are put to the carriage, and we are again off.

There was little or no variation from the sights and scenes of the morning. We might think we were going over the same ground, the same level plain stretching indefinitely before us, the same brown road winding in and out among the fields of oats. Looking ahead, we see a cloud of dense white dust, and a nearer approach shows a long train of buffalo teams. These buffaloes are huge, ungainly creatures, with thick horns and broad solemn faces. This custom dates from the dangerous times of Turkish rule, when a man was liable

to be robbed and plundered if he went alone to market with a load of wheat. Thirty creaking wagons composed the train. Women and children walked beside the buffaloes, leading them by means of chains affixed by staples to their broad horns. Pieces of striped carpet on the bags served as cushions to those who were tired of walking. Cooking vessels and all the appliances for camping out were loaded in, for the wheat market on the Danube was two days dis-



BULGARIAN PEASANT GIRLS WITH DISTAFFS.

tant. Farther on we saw a party who had halted and were preparing their evening meal with all the appearance of a gypsy encampment. When night came on they would sleep under the wagon or on the bags of wheat.

About 3 P.M. we saw signs that we were nearing a village. Travelers were more frequent, cattle and sheep strayed along the banks of the creek, where gabbling geese were swimming; and at a short distance women were pounding out clothes in the same stream and spreading them on the grass to dry. Women carrying children stopped in the middle of the road to gaze after us, and old crones eyed us narrowly. Willows and high grass fringed the river, which was spanned by a narrow stone bridge.

"Now you will know what it is to sleep in a hahn," said Slavka, as we jolted along in the muddy ruts of the street. "Right ahead is the one where I always stop."

Looking in the direction indicated, we saw a line of sheds or barracks built around three sides of an open square. The fourth side, fronting the street, was a stone wall, which we entered through a high and wide gateway. The inclosed space was already alive with horses, buffaloes, donkeys and dogs. The court being used for a hostelry, the row of sheds was divided into small rooms. We were assigned to ours, and at once took possession. It might have been twelve feet square. Across one end of the mud floor ran a platform of boards about a foot high, where travelers could spread their rugs for sleeping.

The small window was guarded by bars and a heavy wooden shutter which could be fastened at night. A padlock was furnished for securing the door. The room boasted a table and two or three stools, a pewter can for water, a wash basin of the same material, and that was all. Our traveling companion rendered herself invaluable, knowing just what to do and how to do it. Straw was ordered for the floor and water for the can, camp beds were set up, the table covered first with thick paper and afterward a cloth cover, towels hung on nails, our candles on the shelf—and it really began to seem homelike.

The approach of our turnout and our foreign dress had attracted the attention of the whole town, and a crowd of women were soon gathered at our door, full of questions. "Where did we come from?" "Where were we going?" "Were we married or not?" Mrs. M— alone could answer in the affirmative. "Then Slavka and I were not married? Choodno!" (strange), with a mysterious shake of the head and an inimitable shrug of the shoulders. "Were we engaged, 'hen?" Slavka colored and looked confused.

Their woman's instinct read in her face the answer they sought. "Naeestena (truly) she was engaged," their bright looks expressing their congratulations. "When, then, would she make her svadba (wedding)?" "How large a zestra (dowry) had she?" "Who was her betrothed?" "In what work was he found?"—meaning what was his employment? "Why was I not married?" "Why not engaged?" That I was neither appeared to them "mnogo choodno" (very strange). I reply that I have other work. Not being able to comprehend so strange a phenomenon, they again mutter, "Choodno!" (strange), with the same mysterious shake of the head and the same shrug of the shoulders. This group formed a study. They were strong, sturdy, sun-browned, and well represented the average village women. There were lines of care and toil on their hard faces; some had dark hair and some light, but all wore it arranged in the same fashion, long, heavy braids falling below the kerchief which was their only head covering. Their dresses were flannel cut like a long, straight coat, fastened at the belt by woolen aprons woven in red and yellow stripes, reminding us of our grandmothers' yarn carpets. Some carried babies bundled up in small quilts, with queer little caps on their heads; some were leading small children, while others were knitting or spinning.

"Let us take a walk and see your village," said Slavka, who was the spokesman of the party.

"Za povadaty" (You are welcome), was the reply.

As they filed out of the hahn yard and guided us through the narrow, winding alleys, groups of women were clustered together sitting on the dusty ground just outside their gates, their hands busy with knitting needles or distaffs. Under an open porch formed from a projecting roof another group of gossipers were gathered around a loom, which stood in front of a barred window. (See illustration, page 333). Children in little straight dresses, closely imitating their mothers', sat or stood on the stones. As we walked on between the rows of basketwork twig fences we came to the village well, where people were waiting their turn to bring up the bucket with the long sweep, or were carrying away the heavy load upon their shoulders. (See page 332.) The place was by this time alive with the sounds of laborers and their teams returning from the fields. Buffalo cows with their rough voices were calling to their calves, sheep bleating and carts creaking.

While the dogs kept up a chorus of wolfish howls families were eating their evening meals on the grassplots just outside their door; and

men were smoking and drinking on the benches at the village inns. Returning to our quarters, we prepare for the night, locking the door, fastening the wooden window shutter and lighting our candles. The room was full of an unpleasant "animation," and we lay down, but not to sleep; fleas swarmed over the mud floor, and we could not escape them.

"What if we had not brought our beds?" said Mrs. M——, mischievously. "Wouldn't you like to put a blanket procured from the hahn down on that mud floor and pass the night?"

It was bad enough as it was. I did not care to imagine anything worse. How I passed that night is not easy to tell, but the long hours at length wore away, and we rejoiced to see daylight streaming through the cracks in the window shutter. We were all in haste to be off, and fortunately for us our coachman was in hailing distance, having slept on the ground under the phaeton, not far from our door. We hastily performed our ablutions in a limited quantity of water and bundled together our effects. Not caring to wait for chaili, we swallowed a cold bite and mounted our chariot. We dropped the required amount into the hands of the hahnjee as we passed through the portal, not waiting even to challenge his exorbitance. When we reached the open plain the fresh air was so grateful and refreshing, and the fields so beautiful in the early sunlight, we soon forgot the vapors of the preceding night.

"Shall we have the same experience to-night?" I queried.

"Never fear," answered Slavka. "When we reach my friend's house you will be very comfortable. You will then see that some, at least, of our people know how to keep house in a nice way."

This day we began climbing the hills, and the scenery was varied and picturesque. As there is a price to pay for all things lovely and desirable, we found ours was the rough hill road, in whose ruts we were soon jolting. We forded streams whose waters nearly reached the floor of our phaeton, the banks being steep and precipitous. The hills rose one above another, their sides covered with green meadows or vineyards of grapes. Tiny streams thread their way down the gorges, and pour out their waters to feed the larger rivers flowing to the plains below. Men and women pass us, going out to their work with heavy hoes or axes on their shoulders. They carry in their hands the bread for their dinners tied up in bundles.

Bright-eyed babies peer at us from the bags slung over their mothers' backs. These same

bags, or perchance their striped woolen aprons, will soon make convenient hammocks for them, slung to the boughs of some low tree, within heaving distance of the spot where they are hoeing. We notice that the women in this region wear garments of a different cut from those we passed on the plains. Instead of the long, coatlike dresses, they wear skirts plaited full at the waist, and they walk with a long, swinging stride. The kerchiefs on their heads are fastened over a high hoop.

We enter a deep gorge whose high walls on each side are festooned with drooping vines. For half a mile we enjoy our cavern, the landscape shut out and the sky overhead. The rich green of the trailing vines shows out in bright contrast to the brown earth walls. As we emerge we still see vine-covered cliffs at our left; but the valley with its verdant plains is at our right, veiled in a thin mist. A fountain, whose waters are guided to this spot from the height above, pours out its crystal stream with a gurgling, rushing sound. The stone trough, constantly overflowing, again sends a stream down the next declivity. Trees are now more frequent; clumps of chestnuts throw their shadow over the road, and the hillsides are covered in some places with a growth of scrub oaks. Flocks of goats are browsing and climbing from cliff to cliff, the paths they have beaten making them look like terraces.

As yesterday, we ride mile after mile, seeing no one and hearing no sound but the twittering of birds and the fall of cascades tumbling over the rocks. A clattering of hoofs breaks the silence, and we see a train of pack horses carrying boxes of merchandise, their drivers dressed in the short coat and tight trousers which all the villagers assume, and the shopkas on their heads. Next comes a village priest in his rusty black gown and tall cap, his long hair done up in a knot at the back of his head. He rides a lean pony, and his wooden saddle does not tell of wealth, to say the least. Sitting on the brow of a hill not far from the road are a group of laborers eating their mid-day meal. The white cloth headgear of the women gleams out brightly in the glare of the sun, and in their arms are the queerly dressed little babies temporarily taken down from their hammocks in the trees.

Just ahead of us rise the high brown walls of a monastery. The grounds outside the inclosure are grassy and well shaded, and we conclude to stop here for our nooning. A large fountain in the hillside pours out its streams through many pipes, and here peasant women are washing their wooden koreetoes (troughs), standing on the stones. A monk now comes to the gate and in-



ENVIRONS OF VARNA.

vites us in. Like most institutions of its kind in Bulgaria, this monastery is built around a stone-paved court and divided into small rooms, galleries running around all sides, both above and below. The room we enter resembles those in *balns*. They are evidently used to entertaining wayfarers.

A servant is ordered to make coffee, and in a few minutes brings it from the outdoor kitchen. We draw our stools around the little square table and discuss its merits, together with the odds and ends of yesterday's feasts. "Would we like some *hlepa*?" (bread), asks our host, to which query Mrs. M— replies: "*Nama nooghda*" (No need). The brother continues his conversation as he stands by the window knitting, unwinding his yarn from a small wooden frame he carries on his arm. Their order, he tells us, neither drink wine nor eat meat; there are but few brethren here now; the monasteries are not as well kept up as formerly. Why, he does not explain. We learn from him that it is their custom to rent rooms during the hot season to people from the cities who wish to enjoy the fine air and well-shaded grounds. "They furnish their own rooms," he explains; "their baking of bread, meat and vegetables is done in their large *foorna* (oven), and so they have all things needful."

We reluctantly leave this beautiful spot, tarrying so long to inspect the house and grounds that our *talikajee* this time needs no urging to

push forward. As our host follows us to the gate with his benediction of "*Suz Bogum!*" (God be with you), we drop in his hand the *backsheesh* (present) which was another way of paying for our entertainment.

Another hour's travel brought us to a mountain town with narrow streets and tall houses, whose projecting roofs shut out the light and seemed almost to meet from opposite sides. Women were climbing the stone steps from the valley below, bent nearly double under the pile of fagots they had cut for firewood. "It is so near Easter," remarked Mrs. M—, "that people are even now preparing for it." And in many places those whom we met were dressed in festive attire and had a holiday air. From the outskirts of the town we heard the sound of bagpipes, and approaching, caught sight of a circle of young people who, with hands joined, were dancing on the green. They made a pleasant picture, with their bright eyes and fresh, honest faces. (See illustration, p. 333.) The gay handkerchiefs on their black braids were decorated with artificial flowers. Necklaces of heavy gold coins (the village girl's wealth), handed down from daughter to daughter, were tied around their necks, and their belts were fastened with large metal clasps. Their white chemisettes rose above the low-necked bodices, and their short skirts showed their stockings knit in many-colored fanciful designs above their low shoes.

We had now reached a high open plain and were nearing our destination. On either side of the way shepherds were driving flocks of sheep and lambs.



A VILLAGE WELL.



DANCING THE "HOLA."

"They are going to G——," said Slavka, "a large town three hours distant."

"That is the way they take lambs to market," said Mrs. M——. "They will be sold for Easter, and the sheep driven back. There are villages and villages," she added, as we neared our stopping place. "This one is in a lovely situation. The inhabitants are thriving and cleanly. You will find it a great contrast from the place where we staid last night."

Shining through the thick foliage of the trees, we soon saw the red-tiled roofs, and the rough gray church, surrounded by graves on the outskirts (page 328). People were passing through the gate of the graveyard, carrying herbs and wine to place at the head of the mounds, as is their custom before the Easter festival. This was indeed a charming rustic villa. Fountains were pouring out their waters in the streets. The fences inclos-

ing the yards were so covered with climbing vines, they looked like hedgerows. Morning glories were trained up the walls, and the windows were filled with pots of geraniums. We stopped before one of the neatest of these cottages, and our hostess met us at the gate with a warm hand grasp and



KNITTING AND WEAVING.

words of welcome. She was a strong, athletic peasant woman whose sun-browned face and hard hands told of toil in field and vineyard, but whose open countenance and kindly smile testified to her womanly character. Her tidy and comfortable home showed her housewifely skill. The house consisted of sitting room (which also served for a sleeping room)—the back room was a kitchen—a long open porch, and overhead the attic. The divan in the sitting room was covered with red flannel. Bright-painted boxes stood here and there, containing the family clothing, and the board floor was scoured white as sand could make it; the glass in the small windows was clear as crystal, and the white cotton curtains were spun and woven by the mistress of the house. The door opening into the kitchen showed a clean stone floor, and bright copper and pewter on a shelf over the fireplace, where a kettle steaming on the hearth sent forth the most appetizing welcome. Gospodeen (Mr.) Evanoff, now coming in, shook hands and bade us be at home. We were soon seated on the floor around the little table, six inches high, enjoying the savory stew of chicken and rice. The brown loaf was light and crisply baked, and the sharp pepper pickles added zest to the repast. Our host and hostess

did not partake with us, but stood behind us, ready to anticipate our wants. When the kettle boiled on the coals a pot of fragrant tea completed our meal. Gospozha (Mrs.) Stephanka with unceasing industry rattled her knitting needles as she stood talking, now and then stopping to give a touch to the baby's hammock, which hung from rings in the ceiling. She had many questions to ask Slavka about old friends, and the evening passed pleasantly enough.

As the sun went down a heavy mist hung over the mountains, and the cloud-capped hills, so near us. Soon after the night closed in the rain began falling in thick, soaking torrents. The kind family, retiring to the attic, gave us the sitting room for a dormitory. The cushions of the divan made the softest of pillows. The light shining from the fireplace played in fantastic shadows on the whitewashed wall. The sound of the heavy rain pouring upon the tiled roof and beating against the windows seemed only to increase our satisfaction in our safe shelter. Several times during the night the noise of the storm and the roaring of the swollen river awakened us only long enough to help us to realize better how comfortable one could be under the roof of a peasant's cot in the Balkan Mountains.

IN A TEK-PAI.

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

OF course you do not know what a tek-pai is. I did not myself until I arrived in the Far East and had risked my life in one of them. A tek-pai is the prettiest raft in the world. It is made of long, straight bamboos, which are the lightest and at the same time the strongest wood known. These are lashed together with bamboo cross-pieces, so as to make a very substantial platform. There is no attempt made to wall it in or to make the floor solid. The sea comes up between the bamboos, and the waves break on its end, so that the deck, if you may call it such, is always awash.

The Chinese, ingenious in everything, keep passengers and baggage stone dry by the simplest expedient in the world. In the middle of the tek-pai is placed a huge washtub, breast high and large enough for an entire family to take a bath in. It is lashed to the main timbers of the raft and forms a cabin, which is picturesque and very uncomfortable. In using it they first put in your trunk, then all your baggage, and then yourself. You perch on the trunk, very much

as a bird does on a fence, raise your umbrella over your head, murmur a faint prayer, and then start off on your journey.

It looks very perilous, but it is really as safe a way of locomotion upon the water as is known to man. The craft is very light, and whether propelled by oars, shoved by poles or driven by the wind against its broad sails, moves as swiftly as the catamarans of New York harbor. It drives through small waves and over large ones. Now and then a breaker will fall upon the deck and cover the passenger's head and back with spray, and sometimes, though rarely, a combing swell will fill passenger, trunks and tub with salt water. In this case the boatmen dash forward with coconut cups and wooden vessels and bail out the ridiculous cabin.

In going through the surf of the beach comes the only element of danger. Properly done, the oarsmen steer the craft on the top of an incoming breaker and strike the shore just behind the crest of the wave. In a second they are upon the sand, seize you and your belongings, and long

before the next breaker arrives have transported you far up on the dry beach.

But when the tek-pai is handled by greenhorns the course is not always so smooth. They get too far behind the incoming breaker, and are struck by its follower at the very worst moment possible. Boatmen, passengers and baggage are hurled in every direction, and sometimes carried back into the sea; and again, the raft itself is turned over as if by the hands of a giant, and its occupants smitten down by the timbers.

The best place to see the tek-pai in all its glory is at Anping, on the west coast of South Formosa. The shore is a great sand bank similar to those on the New Jersey coast. Behind it is a rich farming country, broken here and there by sluggish rivers, shallow lagoons and arms of the sea. There is no harbor unless it be the great ocean itself, and the steamships which carry its rich commerce are compelled to anchor at sea, far out from land.

Long before the vessel drops it is surrounded by these tek-pais. One brings the customhouse officials; another, its consignee; a third calls for passengers on board; and a fourth brings supplies for the officers and crew.

The boatmen are splendid types of Chinese manhood, being erect, symmetric and sinewy. They are rather economical in wearing apparel. Those who are extravagant use a pair of trousers that starts at the waist and ends at the knee, while those who are frugal content themselves with a pair of swimming trunks. They are good-natured fellows, and take delight in chaffing and chaffering with would-be customers. They offer to take you and your baggage ashore for one dollar. You express intense horror and offer them ten cents. They resent, but finally drop to ninety cents. You increase your bid to twelve. If you have the patience of a Job you can finally secure your passage for about twenty cents. But if you are like the majority of mortals you weary of the interminable talk and compromise on a half-dollar. Even this is not a large sum when you notice that your tek-pai has four oarsmen, and that the single job has taken them three hours, and that in all probability they will not have more than one other order during the rest of the day.

If it is eleven o'clock in the morning the tek-pai men tie their raft to the steamer and sit down to their morning meal. When the sea is smooth they will not even take the trouble of fastening their craft, but drift with the wind and tide as they satisfy the stomach. Their meal is simplicity itself. It consists of one bowl of rice, one tablespoonful of sauce resembling Worcestershire, a bowl of cabbage boiled with a small piece of

ham, a few minnows fried with spices, and sometimes a handful of raw onions or leeks. Upon this diet, which is almost vegetarian, or in which animal food is used as a flavor, these men thrive and perform their hard labor.

When you are once into the tek-pai and have started you realize that the work is not so easy a mode of transportation as it looks from the deck of the steamship.

You can hear the breath of the men growing quicker and quicker as the boat proceeds, and can see every muscle in the bronze figures ahead of you expand and contract like those of a trained athlete. Ere half a mile is passed the perspiration rolls down their bodies from head to foot, and in hot weather the oil of the skin follows the example of the water. You understand then why they are so spare and devoid of fat. The tremendous exertion and the hot tropical sun simply melt out every particle of fat within them.

If the weather is good and no sea is running you steer for some narrow inlet. Entering this, you are soon in the lagoon or bay within the beach. Here you see other types of tek-pais, each as interesting as your own. There is a fishing tek-pai, which is either square or rectangular in outline, on which there is a seat, and sometimes a tub of salt water in which to keep alive the fish that are caught. On it will be the fisherman and his boys, laughing and chattering, happy as lords, although in all probability the poor little craft, worth scarcely a dollar in our money, is their sole property on this earth. Further on you pass a freight tek-pai, long and narrow, on which is carried the merchandise from the seaboard up into the interior of the island. Some are so large as to enable the owner to have a little cabin on the after portion of the vessel. They are wonderfully well adapted for the business. The heaviest ones, when fully laden, do not draw more than eight inches of water, while the lighter and smaller ones do not take up more than three.

They are close rivals to the Mississippi steamboat, whose draught was so light that it could run over a meadow after a heavy dew.

Then there are farmers' tek-pais, on which they bring down vegetables and firewood, and above all the omnipresent pig to sell to the fishermen and laborers of the seaport.

If you keep your eyes open you will soon see that the Mongolian sailor is as superstitious as his European colleague. Many of them wear around the neck a talisman similar to the scapular worn by Italians. Others have fastened upon their tek-pai a "joss card," which is a drawing made by a priest and blessed by him, and which insures good

luck. While still others will have ensconced in a box, securely fastened to the bamboos of the vessel, a little image of the favorite deity of their tribe, town or guild.

As a class the tek-pai men are very honest and brave. If they do yield to temptation they be-

come ferocious pirates and look with profound scorn upon ordinary thieves and criminals. They make good sailors and furnish every year numbers of first-class hands to the fleets of steamers and sailing vessels, junks and lighters, which move the vast commerce of the China coast.

LATE LOVE.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

DOUBT.

'Tis late, dear heart, 'tis late;
Eastward the sky is dark.
The way, it leadeth straight—
Straight down to death's low gate,
Where Love's sweet ardor dies.
For us the morning lark
With song no more will rise
To tender, rose-gray skies:
For us no summer noon
In golden calm will wait,
For us full soon, full soon
The waning, spectral moon.
Oh, sad, oh, desolate,
To love so late, so late!

CERTAINTY.

Sweetheart, it is not late:
Morn, noon and night are one.
Love, godlike, doth create
And hold immortal state.
Love knows nor time nor space,
Nor rise nor set of sun.
Love runs no halting race,
Nor backward turns his face
To count the years gone by.
Of days he keeps no date,
From death he does not fly,
His ardors never die.
Oh, Love, our lord, our fate,
He knows nor soon nor late.

SECRETIVENESS.

BY JULIA DITTO YOUNG.

THEY say that women straight must tell
Their dearest secrets, though they try
To guard them most securely. Well,
That's soon disposed of. 'Tis a lie!
The Spartan boy who felt the fox
Tear half his bosom's flesh away
And spoke not, is like one who rocks
And hushes what she fain would say.

There lived but one such boy; there dwell
Upon this earth a legion vast
Of silent ones who bear a hell
About them to the very last,
And still are wordless, since their speech
Might kindle jealousy or doubt,
And stern control their muscles teach,
Lest any find their secret out.

Sometimes upon a merry room
Black tidings suddenly will smite:
"A distant friend—you scarce know whom
I mean—has shot himself to-night!"
And she who loves the dead man slips
Her word in, with a heart like ice,
And yet with firm and steady lips:
"How sad! I've met him once or twice!"



"DOCTOR, I WANT TO GET SCALPED."

THE LOST SCALP.

BY GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

THEY were all men with experiences, and had met together over the dinner table to eat, drink and while away a few hours of their busy lives with song and story. Most of them, at some time in their lives, had been in the West either as travelers or prospectors, and so the story that Dr. Chalmers told touched a responsive chord, dealing as it did with Western adventure and the devil-may-care life of the plains.

"When I left college," he began, toying with his wine glass, "I had an idea, which I find is shared by most elated graduates, that the East wasn't big enough. I must go where I could expand, as the saying is—grow up with the country; so, of course, I turned my back on civilization and the 'effete' East, and started for the land of adventure and probable gold. I hadn't any capital but time, an average amount of medical skill and a little more than the average student's knowledge of surgery. I met the usual fate of the Western adventurer, struck bad luck, went from good to bad and from bad to worse, until I finally came to a standstill, with even my pluck gone, at

one of the meanest, lowest little mining towns that the West afforded ten or fifteen years ago—and you all know what that means without further description.

"I stuck out my shingle, and strange as it may seem, I at last found the opportunity that I had been chasing for so many months. I did not have much use for pills and powders and all the other paraphernalia of the ordinary physician. The miners and the cowboys knew little about any medicine except whisky, and cared less. But my surgical knowledge stood me in good stead. Hardly a night passed but I was called out to take charge of some one who had had a quarrel and gotten the worst of it. I became as expert putting in stitches as a woman gets making clothes. They were all generous fellows. If they had money I was paid twice over. If they had none some one else who had was forced to pay my bill, or else furnish an unwilling case for my surgical skill. I made my little pile there, and was just on the point of breaking away from the rough, distasteful life, which is interesting only in story,

coming back to my Eastern home and using the capital I had acquired to start a practice, when I was an unwilling participant in one of the strangest adventures that befell me during my life in that locality, where surprising adventures are the rule and monotony the exception.

"Late one afternoon my office door was thrown violently open and a young man strode in. I call it 'office,' although the room in question, the only one the shanty contained, answered equally well for bedroom, office and living room. The young man was dressed in the style of the plains—buckskin trousers, long boots, slouch hat and flannel shirt, with pistol and knife as accompaniments. It was so long since a knock at the door had been tendered by a newcomer that I didn't notice the omission. You can't tell from a man's appearance on the plains what his social status may be; you have got to wait and hear him talk—that is unfailing. I waited, and soon found that, notwithstanding his rough exterior and the reckless manner of his entrance, he was a gentleman, as we use the term.

"He had a peculiarly gentle, well-modulated voice, which was entirely incongruous with his appearance, and you can imagine my surprise when he said, with a slow drawl, and not a suspicion in his manner that showed he was aware of making an unusual request: 'Doctor, I want to get scalped.'

"Naturally I concluded he had been drinking. As that was the normal condition of about three-quarters of the inhabitants where I had the misfortune to dwell, my conclusion was a fitting one.

"'Oh, I'm not drunk,' he said, impatiently, as if reading my thought. 'I'm not drunk, and I'm not crazy, and I've not been betting; but I'm going to be scalped, and you've got to do it. I don't see any other way out of my trouble.'

"I resented the masterful tone of his remark; but his weapons looked aggressive, and a pistol and hunting knife in the hands of a reckless man are not playthings, so I concluded to treat the matter as a joke. I soon found it was a very serious joke, even in that land of serious jokes. He had come to get scalped, and scalped he was. That was one of the neatest operations I ever performed. I am proud of it even now, and can say without egotism that a Piute brave on the war path could not have done it neater, and my victim to-day is as hale and hearty a man as any of you."

Of course at this pause there were numberless questions; but with a smile the doctor waved his hand to enjoin silence, took a swallow of wine and continued.

"After I had requested an explanation the young man hesitated a moment, and then said:

"'Oh, I see, doctor, you are one of those cautious individuals who want a reason for everything. I can't blame you in the least. I suppose I should if the cases were reversed and I sat in the chair of the inquisitor; but you must promise never to betray me.' Of course I promised, for my curiosity was in such a rampant state that I was willing to promise anything, and I shouldn't tell the story now if there was any chance of your ever meeting the hero of my little tale. When you hear what he told me I think you will agree that I couldn't do less than help the poor fellow out of a very tight place.

"The beginning of his story closely resembled my own. After he left college he caught the Western fever, and induced his father, who was a man of wealth, to furnish him the funds to come West, buy a ranch and make a start in life for himself. He was an only child, and his father a widower. The parting was hard, but the old gentleman had a great idea of his son's ability, and wanted him to astonish the world. He had not been a college man himself, and attributed any little vagaries he detected to the 'varsity mode of instruction.' He fitted him out, gave him his blessing, and told him when he got tired of it to come back and there would always be a place for him in the office and in the home. The young man acknowledged that it was selfish to leave his father, but he couldn't bear the idea of shutting himself in. He wanted air, and a good deal of it; so he quieted his scruples, took the money his father gave him and hurried West. In a little while he had run through every cent of it. How it went he could not tell. It was a small fortune, and in a few months he had nothing but the remembrance of reckless hours. He had nothing to do, nowhere to go, and so he wrote back for more. I have forgotten what story he told—something about the terrible expense of travel, about being cheated by sharpers, and a lot more. His father knew as little about the West as he did about Teheran, and any sort of a story would do. In a little while he received the money. That went the same way, only he had learned to spend it quicker, so it only lasted about half the time. He wrote again without any thought but that the supply from which he was drawing was inexhaustible, and the only thing necessary was to formulate a plausible story. But he had miscalculated. The old gentleman's eyes seemed to be opened a little to his son's extravagance, and it was a bitter lesson to him. He wrote him page after page of fatherly reproof, and ended by sending him the money, with the solemn statement that it would be the last. The old gentleman never told a lie—even a white one—and the young man appre-

ciated the fact that what he had written was to be. The letter was quite pathetic and touched him deeply. He realized in his careless way that he had done wrong, and made all sorts of good resolutions. I can understand how it touched him, for I read it. He had preserved that, with one or two more, in case I wanted proof of his strange story. I believed him when he said that he never intended to hurt his father's feelings. What he had done he had done through recklessness and a too-easy yielding to the temptations of youth. Well, his good resolutions melted over night. He soon went back to the old life, the only difference being that he had grown more cautious and the money went slower. He had his fun, but it wasn't quite so fast or so furious. However, the end came before long, and he saw that he had got to stop. He would have been all right even then; he had still enough to get back home and be a prodigal son; but he fell in with a lot of fellows one night, and there was a little game, and before morning he was penniless. He lived on husks for awhile, but they did not agree with him; then he tried hard work, but that agreed still less. He had had enough of it all. He wanted to go home and be respectable, but he couldn't do even that. All this time he was receiving letters from his father, praying him to live right and take care of his money—the usual home sentiments which only made matters worse, for he didn't dare write back and tell the truth.

"One afternoon he and a chum of his, who had stuck to him through good and ill fortune, borrowed some horses and started across the plains to visit some distant mines where they heard there was work to do—they had reached that limit. When night came they camped out, and amused themselves by smoking and cursing their bad luck. They were surprised there by a few Indians, who were scared off at the first pistol shot. This furnished them with an idea, however, that was better than their original plan. After talking over the affair, they hit on a plan, and came back to Lonely Alley, the town they had just left, to carry it out. Between them they composed a letter which would have done credit to a war correspondent of Custer's famous campaign. The letter was written to his father. It detailed in the most heartrending manner that midnight encounter with the redskins; told how he and Lee had been ambuscaded by them, their money and clothes stolen; how he had been scalped and left for dead by a swarm of savages; that after awhile Lee, fortunately, escaped on one of the horses, and returned to rescue him from exhaustion brought on by loss of blood and exposure. It was quite the most exciting tale of

Indian adventure that I had ever heard. After describing his troubles he begged his father to send him money to come home and die.

"The letter he received in reply was in accordance with his father's character. He sent him the money not only for his own return, but also for that of Lee's, requesting that he bring him back with him, so that he could thank him in person and perhaps do something substantial for him. He spoke of the lost scalp a number of times—in fact, he seemed quite curious to see how a person could get along without one, and wound up with pages of fatherly affection, with hopes and plans for their common future, in which Lee figured prominently. It was a fine example of paternal love. You could see he didn't feel worried about his son's dying. He seemed to consider that just despondency, but he did place the most implicit reliance in the story of the lost scalp.

"There was some good left in the young man, notwithstanding his rough life and deceptions. He loved his father, and he simply could not go back to him and destroy all faith that the old gentleman had in his word. He had told the lie about the scalp in order to make his story more lifelike and to help himself out of a bad place; and now he was determined to stand by it and really get scalped, to carry out his design and save his father from further distrust. So he had come to me to have the operation performed.

"If I go back to him well and strong," he said, while his voice trembled, "he'll know that I've been telling lies all along; that all the letters I wrote him were false; that the few faint suspicions he has had of my wild life and extravagance fall far short of the reality. It will simply break his heart. But he can't refuse to accept the evidence of his own eyes. Seeing is believing, you know. If I go back to him without my scalp he'll just have to take my word, and my previous letters will stand. I've got Lee, too, to corroborate everything, and I can begin all over again and feel that I'm a man once more. I think losing my scalp will make amends for a good deal of the past."

"I couldn't gainsay that—in fact, I didn't try. I got out my instruments, and in a few minutes it was all over. It isn't at all a difficult operation. Care is all that is required for one who knows how to wield the knife. He was very brave, didn't utter a moan, and in a few days, after obeying my directions with a docility which surprised me and augured well for his future, he and Lee returned to his Eastern home, preceding me by a few months."

"Did you ever hear of him again, doctor?"

"Twice only. He wrote me shortly after he returned that he had settled down to respectability, and that it was not so distasteful as it appeared from a distance. Lee, however, had disappeared. He couldn't stand the strain, and had gone back to the West with a new outfit and plenty of money from the grateful father. And once I received a paper and letter—the paper an-

nouncing my hero's approaching marriage to a beautiful and wealthy woman whom, in the letter, he said he had won as Othello did Desdemona with his 'strange tales.' Since then I have heard nothing, but the sequel isn't hard to guess. I don't write our friends of respectability and citizenship and able financiering, etc. That the French say, goes of itself."



COAT OF ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER FLAG.

BY CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH, UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.



U. S. REVENUE PENNANT.

VER the customhouses of the United States floats an ensign bearing sixteen perpendicular stripes, with the national coat of arms emblazoned in blue on a white field, a handsome and symmetrical banner

that lacks but a few years of celebrating its one hundredth birthday. In point of antiquity this flag can claim precedence over the meteor symbol of Great Britain established in 1801; the present flag of Portugal established in 1830; the flag of the

Empire of Germany adopted in 1870; the Italian tricolor established in 1848; the Swedish-Norwegian ensign; the recent flags of the old Empires of China and Japan, and the Republic of Brazil.

The flag has a history, and an eventful one; the deeds achieved under its rustling folds having been chronicled from Maine to Texas, and from the gleaming portals of the Golden Gate to the barren, forbidding shores of the mysterious Arctic.

The perpendicular stripes and pure white union, with pennant to correspond, were specially designed for the purpose of distinguishing revenue

cutters from all other types of government craft. The emblazonry embracing the coat of arms of the United States was sanctioned by Congress, March 2d, 1799, and dignified by President of the United States' approval on the same day. Clothed with special powers extending over four marine leagues from the coast with a penalty of one hundred dollars for its use and display by those unauthorized to act upon its stripes; empowered to enforce its demands through the convincing arguments of power followed by shot or shell, should occasion demand, this flag with the thirteen stars and sixteen stripes was created, not for the purpose of designating locations of customhouses, but



U. S. REVENUE FLAG.



A REVENUE CUTTER OFFICER IN ARCTIC DRESS.

Barons were usually created on a battlefield, when the candidate presented his pennant to the king or general, who cut off the train of it, and thus making it square, returned it to him as the symbol of his increased rank. From these customs may be traced the *coach* whip and broad *pennants* worn by commanding officers of ships, and of commodores, and the square flags of the admirals of our own and foreign navies.

When Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, hoisted a broom at his masthead, to indicate his intention to sweep the English from the sea, the English admiral hoisted a horsewhip, indicating his intention to chastise the insolent Dutchman. Ever since that time the narrow or coach-whip pennant, symbolizing the original horsewhip, has been the distinctive mark of a vessel of war, adopted by all nations. This pennant is not regarded as an emblem of rank, but as significant



WHALING STATION, POINT BARROW.

emphasize the character and duties of the Treasury cruiser.

History in general has failed to appreciate the value of symbols, which have given ascendancy to party, and led armies to victory with more certainty and dispatch than all the combination of tactics and the most disinterested valor. The revenue cutter ensign forms no exception to the general indifference concerning national banners. Its special features and character have been obscured from the use made of its perpendicular stripes on shore, until the colors, that should have been maintained as the cutter emblem of authority, have become indistinct and shadowy under the appellation of "customs or revenue flag."



U. S. REVENUE CUTTER "CORWIN" FAST IN THE ICE.

of command, and that the vessel is of a public character.

The Continental frigate *Alliance* was sold at Philadelphia, June 3d, 1785, leaving the United States absolutely without a national vessel of any description. In the spring and summer of 1791 ten little revenue cutters were launched, bearing the *stars and stripes and pennant* corresponding, forming the only armed vessels controlled by the government. As a means of conveyance and communication along the then unfrequented coast line the cutters were frequently brought into requisition by the highest dignitaries of the land, preferring a trip by sea to the delays common to lumbering coaches and jolting post roads.

President Washington, on one occasion, embarked on the cutter *Virginia*, commanded by the brave Richard Taylor, who, in return for the valor exhibited in many an encounter with the enemy during the Revolutionary struggle, had been personally selected and commissioned by the President for the revenue cutter service. Embarking at Norfolk, the President, amid the cheers of the populace, acknowledged the honors paid him both afloat and ashore, while the cutter, looking her best, swept onward, bearing the distinguished chieftain to his mansion at Mount Vernon.

On another occasion the cutter *Active* sailed from Washington for New York, having on board George Clinton, Vice President of the United States. On the 29th of June, 1807, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when abreast of the Capes of Virginia, a squadron of British men-of-war, under command of Commodore Douglass, lying at anchor, was sighted. The ensign and pennant of the cutter was plainly visible, but the fact did not deter a shot being fired from the flagship, followed by the manning of a large barge, mounting in its bows a swivel. The boat pulled rapidly toward the cutter, and requesting the Vice President to step below, the commander of the *Active* cleared for action. As the smoke from the light guns drifted away it revealed the boat's crew in disorder, who contented themselves with discharging the contents of the swivel. A few shots followed from the nearest man-of-war, but with a freshening breeze the cutter continued her course, escaping all damage.

On July 10th, 1797, the frigate *United States* was launched, marking the foundation proper of the United States Navy, and rendered necessary by the threatened war cloud with France. The force afloat was rapidly augmented, embracing several revenue cutters, all sailing under the ensign and pennant of the United States.

This continued until 1799, giving rise to much

complaint and confusion amongst merchantmen, who found it impossible to distinguish between the light-armed cruisers of the navy and vessels of similar proportions and appearance under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department. As cutters are empowered by law to fire on vessels refusing or neglecting to stop or heave to, Congress, to solve the growing difficulty, passed an act, March 2d, 1799, authorizing revenue cutters to be distinguished from all other vessels by a special ensign and pennant. The President authorized, and Secretary Wolcott designed, "an ensign and pennant, consisting of sixteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white, the union of the ensign to be the arms of the United States, in dark blue on a white field," and from that day the ensign has never undergone a change. The stripes represent the number of States admitted to the Union when the flag was adopted. In 1871 thirteen stars on a white field were substituted for the eagle in the union of the pennant.

On August 1st, 1799, Secretary Wolcott issued his instructions to the commanding officers of the several cutters to replace the stars and stripes with the newly devised flag, and from the mast-head of the Baltimore cutter *Active* the ensign of the service was first displayed. This vessel was commanded by David Porter, grandfather to the late admiral, an old veteran of the Continental Navy, who loved a fight as some men love a feast, and to whom the sight of a sail at any time, which presented the hopes of an enemy, gave his blood and spirits a glow of delight.

Anticipating the law of Congress passed in the following March, Captain Porter had utilized an American ensign, transferred the stripes, replaced the blue with a white union, and painted on the coat of arms.

The supply of bunting was limited, the material being only obtainable from England, and in some instances Secretary Wolcott's order was carried out by utilizing strips of red and white cloth with cotton for unions.

The first reliable bunting made in this country emanated from the United States Bunting Company at Lowell, Mass., in which the late Hon. Benjamin F. Butler had an interest. On the 21st of February, 1866, Mr. D. W. C. Farrington, agent of the company, presented to the officers of the United States Senate a flag manufactured by his company. It is believed to have been the first real American flag ever raised over the Capitol of the United States.

A young friend of General Butler's, in the woolen business, acting upon a suggestion from the shrewd lawyer, went to England, obtained employment in a bunting factory, remaining six

months, during which time, by his superior intelligence, he had mastered all the secrets of the business. Obtaining a recommendation and his discharge, the young man went to a hotel, shaved, donned a dress suit, and sent an invitation to his late employer to dine with him—stating he was an American, and lonesome. After dinner the manufacturer asked: "How long have you been in this country?"

"About six months."

"Have you traveled far?"

"No; I have been here all the time."

"Why didn't you make yourself known?"

"You have seen me every day."

The Englishman looked his surprise, and for a reply the American laid his recommendation before him.

"You came over here to learn how to make bunting?"

The young man nodded; and thus it was the manufacture of bunting was established at Lowell.

Under the cutter ensign the first prize from the enemy was captured in the War of 1812, seven days after the declaration of war. It was off the Capes of Virginia, and the revenue cutter *Jefferson* was the fortunate vessel.

The cutter *Surveyor*, during the same war, sustained a gallant engagement with a superior force of the enemy, winning from the English leader a letter expressing his admiration of the courage displayed in defense of the flag. The cutter *Eagle*, chased by two men-of-war into shoal water, landed her battery and crew, keeping the enemy at bay until lack of ammunition compelled them to retreat after destroying their vessel. At Newport the flag waved over the cutter *Vigilant* when she captured the British privateer *Dart*, that had long been the terror of the coasting merchantmen.

Again, on the coast of South Carolina and other points along the Southern seaboard, attacks from the enemy were met by the blue jackets serving under the perpendicular stripes.

In chasing pirates and wreckers along the keys of the Florida and Gulf coasts, breaking up their haunts, suppressing the operations of slavers and their twin brother, the smuggling fraternity, the cutter flag gained for its list of achievements well-deserved honors.

The war with Mexico found eight revenue cutters co-operating with the army and navy, winning from those in authority fresh commendations for the efficiency displayed.

From the deck of the historic revenue cutter *Harriet Lane* was fired the first gun of the Civil War from the deck of a loyal vessel. It was off Charleston, on the morning of April 12th, 1861.

The celebrated order of General John A. Dix, authorizing "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," was intended to cover the honor of the revenue cutter ensign, and the emergency calling for that stern mandate formed a stirring incident in the history of the flag.

The revenue cutter *McClelland*, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was stationed at New Orleans, commanded by Captain John G. Bushwood, a Southerner. The day that Georgia seceded General John A. Dix assumed charge of the Treasury portfolio, and William Hemphill Jones, Chief Clerk in the First Comptroller's office, was sent to New Orleans to save, if possible, the revenue cutter stationed at that port. Upon arrival he telegraphed to General Dix that Captain Bushwood positively refused in writing to obey any instructions of the department. In reply to the message General Dix left the White House, where he was staying temporarily, went to his room in the Treasury Building, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, wrote the following famous dispatch, addressed to William Hemphill Jones, New Orleans:

*Treasury Department
Jan. 29, 1861*

*Tell Lieut. Caldwell to arrest
Capt. Bushwood, assume command
of the cutter and obey the order of Genl.
through you. If Capt. Bushwood
after arrest undertakes to interfere
with the command of the cutter tell
Lieut. Caldwell to consider him
as a mutineer & treat him accord-
ingly. If any one attempts to haul
down the American flag, shoot
him on the spot -*

*John A. Dix
Secretary of the Treasury.*



A WHALER BESET BY ICE.

The dispatch was copied by a clerk, and the copy sent to the telegraph office; the original was thrown into a drawer reserved for the purpose. The original draft, which, General Dix stated, "was written in haste and with a bad pen," is now, together with the flag that was hauled down and the State flag which replaced it, in the possession of his son, the rector of Trinity Church, New York. The telegram was intercepted and withheld from Mr. Jones, and thus the treason of Captain Bushwood was consummated, and the flag of Louisiana, a French tricolored ensign, bearing in its blue a circle composed of seven white stars, was hoisted at the peak.

On board the *McClelland* was a young Scotch sailor, an ordinary seaman, David Ritchie, whose patriotic heart throbbed with indignation at the act of treason he witnessed but was powerless to prevent. When the captain and his sympathizers retired below to celebrate their devotion to the State emblem that had supplanted the revenue cutter ensign, Ritchie walked aft, possessed himself of the dishonored flag that had been tossed contemptuously aside, and hauled down the usurping symbol, leaving the revelers without distinctive colors of any description at the main peak. Amid the clinking of glasses and general relaxation of

discipline appropriate to a scene so charged with treason and the violation of oaths and sacred obligations, the determined Scotchman quietly slipped over the gangway, and, with the two flags secured to his waist, swam to the low, shelving shores of Algiers, a little town opposite to New Orleans, unnoticed by anyone attached to the *McClelland*. Upon reaching the shore Ritchie sought a place of concealment and safety for the time being, impelled with but one determination—eventually to deliver the two flags into the hands of those qualified to defend the national honor.

It was not until three months later that the patriotic sailor was enabled to acquit himself of his perilous self-imposed task. On the evening of April 25th, 1862, when General Benjamin F. Butler, surrounded by his

staff, was issuing orders from his headquarters, incident to the formal occupation of the city by the Federal troops, Ritchie, in his faded and ragged blue uniform, crowded through the throng of officers surrounding the commanding general, simply stating to those demanding his business that he had a message for General Butler.

Farragut's fleet, with frowning broadsides, was swinging with the tide before the Crescent City; and inferring from his appearance that he was a gunboat sailor who had seen hard service, the soldiers ushered the blue jacket into the presence of the general commanding. Delivering into his hands the trust he had guarded so well, Ritchie in modest language related the particulars connected with the discolored bunting, concluding with a request that he might again be given an opportunity to serve under the folds of his adopted flag. And General Butler determined upon the spot that the sailor's faithful ardor and intrepidity should be suitably rewarded. Such examples of devotion and sentiments of patriotism were rare in those stormy days, when treason stalked boldly forth in the council chambers of the nation and the highest officials were conspiring against the government. The flags were forwarded to Washington, coupled with a special message embodying the facts, to General Dix, with



FUR SEALS, ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

U. S. REVENUE CUTTER AND STEAMER
"LINCOLN" AT SITKA.

CAPTAIN DAVID RITCHIE.

a recommendation that Ritchie be rewarded for his gallantry by being made the recipient of a commission constituting him a third lieutenant in the revenue cutter service. The commission was promptly awarded; the blue shirt of the sailor was exchanged for the laced coat of the officer; and the Scotch sailor, possessing a good education, backed with aptitude for his profession and the natural shrewdness of his countrymen, walked the quarterdeck with confidence and marked ability. He rose to the rank of captain, winning from the merchant marine widespread popularity. He was stationed at one time on Long Island Sound, where he won high praise for his exertions in rescuing forty-seven persons from drowning in the *Melis* disaster, and recovered seventeen bodies. It was a common custom amongst seamen, when their vessels were ashore or in trouble of any kind, to comfort each other with the remark, "We'll come out all right."

Captain Ritchie will be round ere long with his craft to lend us a hand."

The wreck of the *City of Columbus* off Gay Head on that fateful January morning brought the revenue cutter flag prominently before the public, together with the services of the officers, recognized by Congress and the public in a most generous manner.

Under "Winter Cruising Orders," authorized by President Van Buren in 1837, a proud distinction was conferred upon the revenue cutter ensign. For over half a century the cruisers of the Treasury arm of the service have continued to maintain a vigilant patrol over the storm-swept stretches of the coast, touching a tender and responsive chord in hundreds of households by the sea.

Throughout the wild and boisterous months the cutter flag, from Maine to Hatteras, maintains an unceasing surveillance of the coast; and many a thrilling, soul-stirring account of battle with the elements—the terrors enveloping a lee shore; the heroic dash to the rescue in buoyant, skillfully managed boats; the heaving ice-bound rollers; slippery wreckage and half-frozen seamen snatched from the remorseless maw of the treacherous ocean—is filed away amidst the dusty labyrinths of the Treasury Department, fittingly bound in red tape, buried and forgotten.

Mid heavy winds and spiteful squalls, writhing breakers booming ominously above the shriek of the gale; bewildered by cutting sleet and drifting snow, menaced with hidden dangers increased by the deepening gloom of the lowering storm cloud, the weary mariner, borne down by fatigue and exposure, welcomes with joy the gleaming perpendicular stripes pushing through the mist and obscurity, a guarantee of aid and relief, a vivid realization in the sailor's heart that "hope is brightest when it dawns from fears."

On one occasion, on the New England coast, a revenue cutter sighted a schooner late in the afternoon. She was covered with ice, sails slit and torn, rigging cased in ice, with the tattered shreds of an ensign flying union down. It was English bunting, and an appeal for help. The sea was running tremendously high, with mercury ranging below zero; but the schooner was boarded by a relief party, and the first sight that greeted the officer was the bodies of two poor fellows stretched on the main hatch, their clothing frozen stiff, eyes wide open and staring hideously into the wintry sky, while their faces bore evidences, in their terrible expressions, of the sufferings they had succumbed to. It was the valor of those serving under the cutter flag that conveyed the battered craft to a haven of safety and ministered

to the wants of those who would have perished but for the timely assistance.

Volumes filled with incidents of a like character might be written illustrating the operations and value of the flag afloat during the trying and exacting period of each year in the history of that symbol, officially termed "Winter Cruising Orders."

Ten days after the acquisition of Alaska the revenue cutter flag was speeding toward those distant shores, floating from the peak of the Treasury cruiser *Lincoln*. It was under the flag of this vessel that the government made its first attempt to obtain reliable information regarding the new acquisition of territory. But little was previously known concerning channels, coast line or characteristics of inhabitants.

From that date annual cruises have been made to Alaskan waters, adding a vast fund of information covering all subjects pertaining to that portion of the world. In threading the perilous depths of the Arctic, patrolling the turbulent Behring Sea with its fogs and treacherous currents, protecting the fur-seal interest and promoting the best interests of the brutish natives, the revenue cutter flag has been particularly active and peculiarly favored, having escaped all dangers and surmounted every difficulty. The naval service, through various causes, has had exceptional bad luck in those distant, inhospitable routes with vessels bearing the letter S, viz., *Suanez*, *Saginaw*, *Saranac* and *Rodgers*, entailing a loss of over \$2,000,000.

The number of whalers wrecked in those perilous, unknown waters have averaged four per year. During three years, under the perpendicular stripes, one revenue cutter rescued and brought down to civilization over 175 distressed seamen and miners; while in another instance 160 rescued seamen stood at one time on the deck of a revenue cutter, amid the indescribable terrors of an Arctic tempest, their vessels having been dashed to pieces amid the grinding ice and resounding breakers of that desolate and terrible region. The value of the revenue cutter flag in that land of hopeless, deadly waste and region of storms forms one of the brightest pages in the history of the cutter ensign.

The ocean is a battleground, marked with the devastation caused by heaven's fury, to withstand which requires as high an order of courage, as great an amount of skill and judgment, as ever distinguished the world's greatest leaders. Horace has well said that "his heart must needs have been bound with oak and triple brass who first committed his frail bark to the tempestuous sea."

This sentiment has peculiar significance and

force when compared with the discriminations existing between the legislation vouchsafed the army and navy, and withheld, as by an iron hand, from those battling under the flag of the revenue cutter service. Occupying a dual position as a fighting element in time of emergency; to be clothed with civil functions with the dispersements of battle clouds; to patrol by night and day the most dangerous length of coast in the height of inclement seasons; to be debarred from the privileges and safeguards accorded the more powerful but no more deserving arms of the government; to respond in the hour of emer-

gency, no matter how great or the nature of the peril, without hope of reward or protection for wife or child—such is the position of those who serve under and honor the flag denoting their branch of the government service.

The record achieved beneath its stripes, the uniform so honorably worn, the country so faithfully served, should care for and protect those who have devoted not only the best years of their life, but have given health, strength and their finest abilities in maintaining masthead high, in fair weather or foul, the integrity of the United States revenue cutter ensign.

EL RANCHO DE LA ROSA DE CASTILLA.

By EMMA F. SALAZAR.

It is a beautiful property of five hundred acres, situated in Southern Colorado.

The Spanish Peaks, offering their prettiest view thirty miles distant to the west, stand like friendly sentinels on perpetual guard. There is a pleasing sense of security in their neighborliness, for so illusive is the atmosphere, they appear quite close at hand. They might appropriately be called the Tearful Twins, for almost daily in the summer time they are shrouded at some hour in misty veils, half concealing and half revealing their majestic forms. The Indian name for them, Guajatomas, is applicable to that characteristic, signifying "water all the time." However dry the surrounding country may be, there is always rain on the Peaks.

Still farther to the west, in enchanting and refreshing perspective, the main range of the snow-clad Sierra Madre extends. Through a vista of summer green, clothing all the lesser elevations, their snowy mantles accent a most beautiful picture.

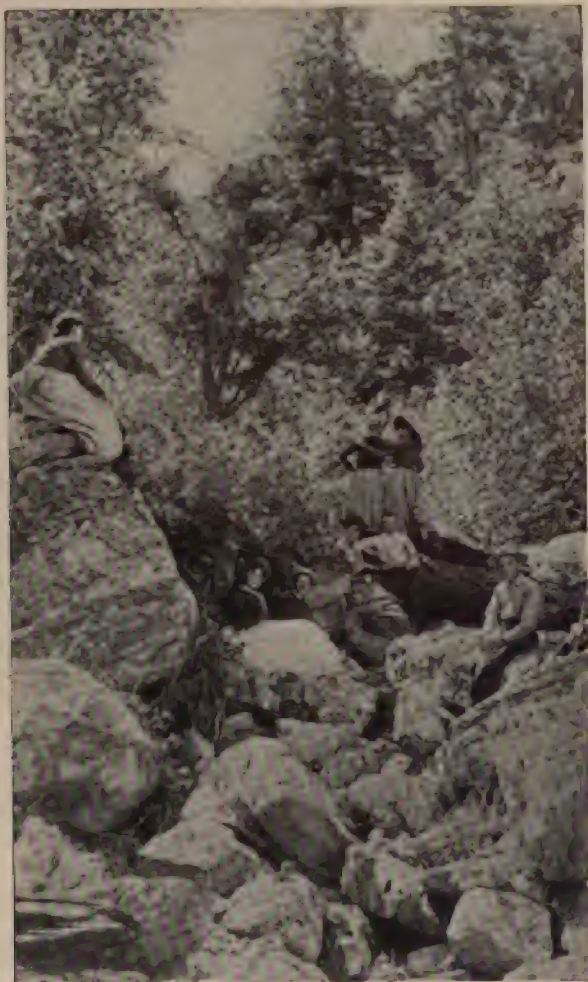
To the north the snowy crown of Pike's Peak, three hundred miles distant, can be seen; and all around us billowy ranges, hills and mountains create a rich diversity of landscape. One peculiar formation to the east we have called Peccary Hill. It rises abrupt and alone from the surrounding level, bare and barren on its sides, but with apparently a ridge of trees defining what might be called its spinal column. From the west it looks exactly like the back of a peccary.

Full Moon Hill is directly southeast of our front door, and we so named it because one evening we espied that beautiful orb resting like an immense ball of molten silver directly on top of the elevation.

We have Cactus Slope, where the branching, treelike plants, four to five feet high, are ablaze with the glory of their great flaming scarlet and gorgeous yellow flowers; Sage Brush Hollow and Sunflower Lane, where Oscar Wilde's insignia vary in size only from that of the field daisy to that of the single hollyhock—quite modest indeed for sunflowers. Frog field is where the little *acequia* threads its way through the alfalfa for irrigating purposes, and the batrachians gather on its edges and hold nightly serenades in rivalry with the crickets. Wild Rose Ridge is densely abloom with the dainty flower, and the air everywhere is redolent with its delicate, though subtle, perfume.

The best and prettiest part of the Apishipá River runs through a portion of the ranch, and its finest trees border its banks there. One beautiful specimen, the largest on the whole extent of the river, we call Buzzard's Roost, because nightly thirty or forty of those great carrion birds seek rest there. Other trees afford shelter to numerous mocking birds, whose wild and varied music thrills the air at all times. Wild canaries, field larks and magpies in flocks claim permanent residence there. It would seem as if every variety of bird, from the tiniest bunch of feathers to the immense American eagle, had representation here.

The magpies are the most interesting of all the feathered denizens. They are beautiful, graceful birds and very sociable. They come directly up to the kitchen doorway and contend with the chickens and pet dog and cat for any bone or morsel of food thrown out. Their curiosity is comical. Their very notes are interrogative, and in listening to their chattering one cannot but



PICNIC PARTY IN THE CAÑON.

believe that they hold verbal communication with each other. The sounds they utter are wonderfully akin to language.

Mischievous beavers inhabit the river also, and have destroyed much fine timber in building their dams. Hunting them in the winter for their pelts would be a profitable occupation, as various poachers have seemed to think. The ranch has long been the property of the family of the present owner, and numbers of ruined *jacales* and *adobes* are in different places, marking the one-time

homes of the old *peones* who belonged to the proprietor and worked on the place in the time of slavery. Those who are now employed to work on the place have their homes outside of the ranch, and many little *adobes*—one-room mud huts—dot the country about.

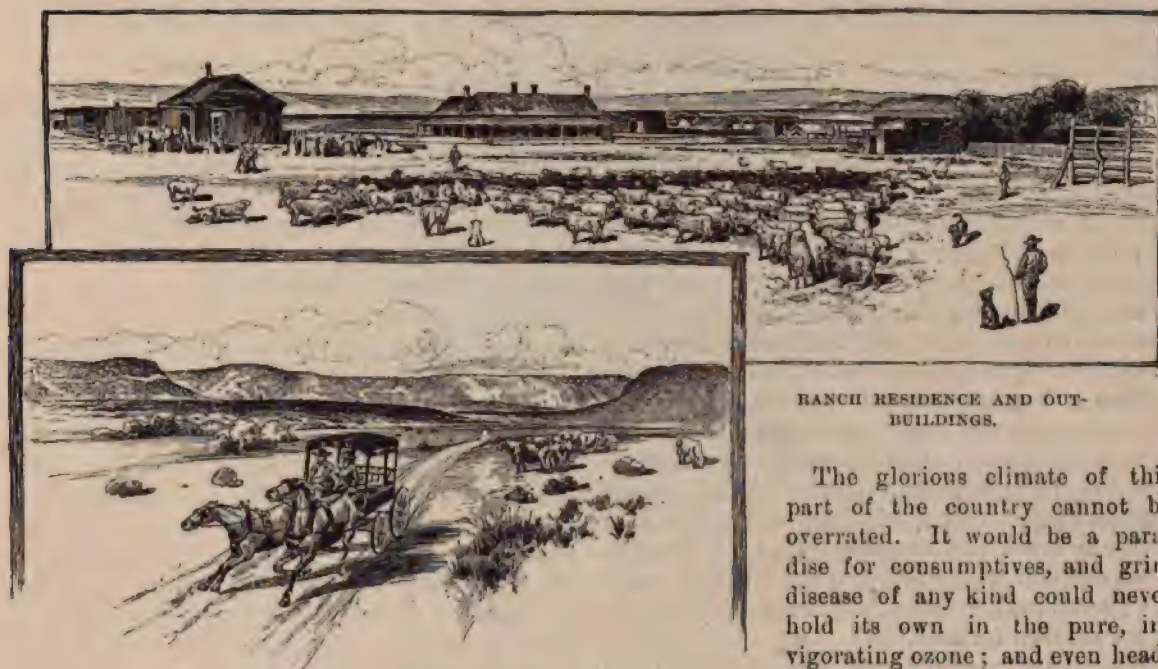
Quite a village has sprung up within a few months, about two miles to the west of the ranch, owing to the opening of some coal mines there. The nationalities there represented are from all quarters of the globe. Primitive simplicity necessarily characterizes everything. Accommodations are provided as quickly and cheaply as possible to meet the needs of the people.

We had been some weeks at the ranch when we made our initial trip to the town, or "Plaza." We were looking for a meat market. A small, frame-inclosed *adobe* room bore the legend above the door, "Meat Shop," while beneath that another roughly printed sign read "Post Office." The proprietor of the meat part of the establishment, who proved to be a sturdy young American, modestly apologized for the rough state of things there; but it was really very neat and orderly for such poor quarters. His stock consisted of three small pieces of beef, each pendent from its own hook, and incased in a wrapping of white cotton cloth to keep out dirt and flies.

In connection with the post office part of the place the postmaster carries a small stock of canned fruits and vegetables. He does not keep stationery or anything in that line; but



"BUZZARD'S ROOST."



RANCH RESIDENCE AND OUT-BUILDINGS.

The glorious climate of this part of the country cannot be overrated. It would be a paradise for consumptives, and grim disease of any kind could never hold its own in the pure, invigorating ozone; and even headaches are unknown.

MAIL ROUTE ACROSS THE RANCH.

he will sell you a can of tomatoes for fifteen cents.

A neighboring frame shanty, but a few steps from the meat shop and post office, is embellished with a large piece of white cotton over its door, bearing an elaborate attempt at a water-color painting. A green streak of very steep inclination, intended to represent a river, has the widely distended jaws of a crocodile protruding from one side, while directly above this ominous opening a monkey hangs suspended by his tail from a limb of a very forlorn and dead-looking tree. The printed portion words the invitation, "Drop into Henry's place!" The grim signification of the design probably never suggests itself to the patrons of the place, which is a saloon. Three times weekly a mail carrier, paid by the government, comes from twenty or thirty miles up in the mountains to the station on the railroad for the mail, which he leaves at three different post offices established at intervals.

It is night on Apishipá ranch;

The grasshopper's whir is hushed,
The butterfly sleeps in the meadow,
The dragon fly rests on the rush.

The mischievous magpies are sleeping,
All snugly tucked in their trees,
And the timid wood pigeons are keeping
So quiet, while rocked by the breeze.

Adown by the river where clematis grows
Reigns silence, solemn and deep;
The bee cradles now in the heart of the rose,
And the roses are all asleep.



A FARM HAND.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES READE.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

CHARLES READE, the novelist and dramatist, the author of those brilliant novels "Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Griffith Gaunt," and the inimitable comedy "Masks and Faces," despite his eccentricities and irritable dogmatic outbursts, was one of the most delightful of men. You felt so sure of his honesty, his unswerving integrity, and his frankness was so naïf and engaging, that anyone with the slightest penetration would involuntarily say, "Here is a sound-hearted man, with a touch of genius and a noble soul." He was all that. His early struggles, his absolute fight to procure acceptance for his works, especially his dramatic productions, would have disheartened many a man of lesser spirit and courage. He used to say in those militant, bitter days, "I am like Goldsmith—I shall blossom late;" and he thoroughly realized his own forecast.

When I first met Mr. Reade he was close upon fifty years of age, and he was quite forty-three before he made his mark on the public mind. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a broad chest, a bearded face, large, fine dark eyes with a soft expression, and his head, which was noticeably small when the size of his body was considered, revealed a tendency to baldness. He had a pleasant, vibrant voice which he could make heard when aroused and angered, but in social conversation he was the perfection of amiability. He was a trifle deaf, but one of his friends, John Coleman, the tragedian, who wrote an entertaining memoir of him after his death, always protested that he was not so deaf as he pretended to be. Coleman said this deafness gave him an advantage in conversation; it afforded him time to take stock of the situation, and either to seek refuge in silence, or to request his interlocutor to propound his proposal afresh. It is possible that Coleman was correct, but as far as my own experience went I never had to raise my voice beyond the usual conversational pitch to make Mr. Reade hear perfectly.

He was a man of moods. I called on him one day, and he had in his hands a copy of a journal which contained an attack on a play he had written, and which had been produced the night before. His eyes were aflame, and before he hardly said "Good morning" he burst forth: "Now, hear this idiot—did you ever listen to such inconceivable bosh, such utter absence of logic and ordinary critical perception?"—and then he read a passage of the article. "Upon

my soul, these fellows who call themselves critics haven't the most elementary notion of their vocation. How they get pitchforked into their positions, with their ignorance, prejudices and want of scholarship, passes my comprehension." And then he threw the paper down, heaved a deep sigh, and turned to other topics.

On another occasion, when I paid him a visit, his mood was of an entirely different character. A friend, an actor whom he admired—and he did not admire actors generally—had been reading one of his own plays to him, and, it seems, gave certain passages with so much effect that Reade walked up and down the room, exclaiming: "He extracted my true meaning, did ———. He was superb, sublime—there's a man who can appreciate a poet and who does his author something like justice. I was enchanted, carried away by the eloquence of my own words!" And he capered about the room like a great boy, his eyes sparkling with delight, snapping his fingers the while, until I thought he would finish up with a dance. He was certainly in tearing spirits, and his egotism about his own work was the incarnation of frankness. No impulse was guarded, no feeling concealed. What he felt he said straight out and took the consequences. In this respect he was the antithesis of Dion Boucicault, who entered the room a few moments afterward. The Irish dramatist would read an article praising or condemning his pieces with equal reserve, and no actor who ever lived on the face of the earth, had he been Garrick, Talma and Edmund Kean raked into one, could have incited in Boucicault such an explosion of exhilaration as Reade exhibited.

It was intensely funny to hear these two able men discuss plays and playwrights and sum up the merits of the actors who took part in their pieces. Boucicault listened to Reade's opinions, and then quietly opposed his views root and branch in order to provoke discussion. Reade would condemn, Boucicault would praise; or *vice versa*. If Reade suggested that such or such an actor displayed talent or power, the other utterly pooch-pooched the idea and protested that he was a mere stage machine, who spoke a certain number of lines that he had committed to memory for so much a night.

He carried this affected opposition so far that I once or twice feared the discussion would end in blows. The difference between the two was that Reade believed implicitly every word he uttered, and Boucicault was enacting a rôle in or-

der, as the saying goes, to draw Reade out, and to simply amuse himself. They agreed on several points, however—that Frederick Robson was the most remarkable actor in his line they had ever seen; that Sarah Bernhardt appealed to the nerves of an audience rather than to their deep emotions; that Ellen Terry was overestimated by the general public, was monotonous and wanting in subtle, intellectual charm; and both were distinctly of the opinion that Dumas *fils* was more a philosopher and a preacher than a dramatist; a literary man, caustic and clever, but wanting in those qualities that are so conspicuously apparent in Victorien Sardou as a playwright. Boucicault said if Dumas and Sardou had joined forces and done their best, the latter to construct, and the former to write, the dialogue of a modern play, the result would have been an enduring masterpiece. I think Boucicault was right, as Sardou's writing is frequently commonplace, but he is a master at inventing telling situations and surprises, while the plots of Dumas usually lack ingenuity and fail to arouse interest. Of the elder Dumas, who wrote the immortal "Monte Cristo," no words of commendation were too strong to lavish on him, and Balzac they placed not far below Shakespeare. One day in their conversations Boucicault remarked that there was a great deal of tedious twaddle in the Bard of Avon's works he should be sorry to append his name to, whereupon Reade, who took his opponent seriously, said, "Dion, don't be an ass. I know your vanity is colossal, but spare me such opinions." And then they went into Hyde Park for a walk.

Mr. Reade was a methodical worker. He was a fairly early riser, and after a nine-o'clock breakfast he would go to his desk and work away until about two o'clock, when he would put aside his pen and look over the papers, go for a drive or a walk, or pay visits to his friends. Every now and then he would devote a day to his numerous scrapbooks. He bought immense numbers of journals and magazines, English, American and French, and he would snip paragraphs and articles out of them and paste them in vast books that were duly indexed and labeled, and he seemed to be able to turn to any given subject when in search of information with curious facility. He must have possessed an extraordinary memory for detail to remember these thousands of clippings, treating as they did of multitudes of subjects. One book was labeled "Murders," another "Thefts," another "Accidents," "Curious Swindles," "Jewels," "Violins," and so on. Sir Edwin Arnold once, speaking of Reade, said: "The encyclopedic variety and range of his notebooks ranks among the curiosities of literature, and is a

monument to his artistic fidelity." I am told that Sir Edwin himself compiles vast scrapbooks for reference, and George Augustus Sala has piles of these storehouses of information always at hand when he desires to read up on a particular subject. Their usefulness is indisputable to all practical journalists.

As an illustration of Mr. Reade's thoroughness in his researches, before he wrote his famous story "Christie Johnson," he resided among the fisher folk for a considerable period, and entered into the herring fishery as a commercial speculation, providing the necessary capital, and often going out in the boats with the fishermen at night to study the method of their "catches." This was certainly a practical method of obtaining the *couleur locale*. Among other notable volumes in Reade's study was a collection of letters from well-known and eccentric people. There was one from Boucicault advising him to cut out the *Jew* and *Jackey* from his play "Never Too Late to Mend." Reade had made a "mem" on it: "No, my old fox! They will outlive thee and me." He wrote his "copy," by the way, on large sheets of drab-colored paper, which, he said, rested his eyes. His MS. at one period bordered on the illegible, and next to Henry Irving's was the most difficult to decipher I ever encountered. So many friends railed him about the difficulty of reading his letters, and the printers expostulated so frequently on the obscurity of his "copy," that he reformed his chirography, and toward the end of his life wrote more carefully, dotting his "i's" and crossing his "t's" with scrupulous particularity. Apropos of Irving's writing I once received a note from him in New York which I could not make head or tail of. I submitted it to two acquaintances who were used to manuscript. They were equally baffled, so I was compelled to return the letter with a request that he would kindly favor me with a translation, which he did. The first letter consisted of about thirty words, and I could only decipher three. Irving's signature, when he writes in a hurry, resembles a wild Chinese puzzle.

At one period of his life Mr. Reade was a gourmand; but as he grew older he was compelled to diminish the length of his menus. He never touched soup, and was careful to give his cook strict instructions to avoid grease in his plates. He was inordinately fond of fish, and he protested that fresh herring was the finest product of the sea. For a change he would at dinners, at his own table, have sole, turbot, brill and salmon; but he could not be induced to partake of mackerel. Southdown or Welsh mutton was his favorite meat, and he shirked beef. All sorts of

game he indulged in, and fruits and homemade puddings (without suet) were his delight. He never touched beer, and rarely spirits, and he preferred sparkling to still wines. He said that first-rate dry champagne gave him a pleasant fillip and put him in good talking trim at dinner.

I enjoyed the privilege of spending a week in Paris with Mr. Reade. He had crossed the Channel to negotiate with M. Zola the English rights of "L'Assommoir," which was produced subsequently at the Princess's Theatre under the title of "Drink." We staid at different hotels, but I went about a great deal with him, saw him every day, and almost every evening I accompanied him to the theatre or the Hippodrome, which at that time was in great vogue. One night when I called on him (it was late in the autumn), I found him reviving his wood fire (he protested that French *garçons* could not build a fire correctly), and he had no less than seven candles alight, all in a row on his table. He thought French hotels in many respects were behind the age—and in the matter of gas in the sitting room and some other details that could be mentioned they certainly are. I said to him,

"Mr. Reade, I have dined several times with you. It is now my turn to play the rôle of host."

"All right, my boy—to-morrow, if you like; but for Heaven's sake instruct your landlord to be careful to avoid all fatty dishes, will you not? I am not up to the mark just now, and I've got a Carlyle sort of dyspepsia hanging about me that makes me as bearish and ultrabillious as that cacophonous old pedant."

I promised to warn my landlord, and if possible to have a few words with the cook. I staid at a small private hotel in a street running out of the Avenue de l'Opera.

"Let us dine *tête-à-tête*," suggested Reade. "I'm not in the mood to talk to strangers."

"Do you object to a young lady?" I asked.

"Is she a literary person?"

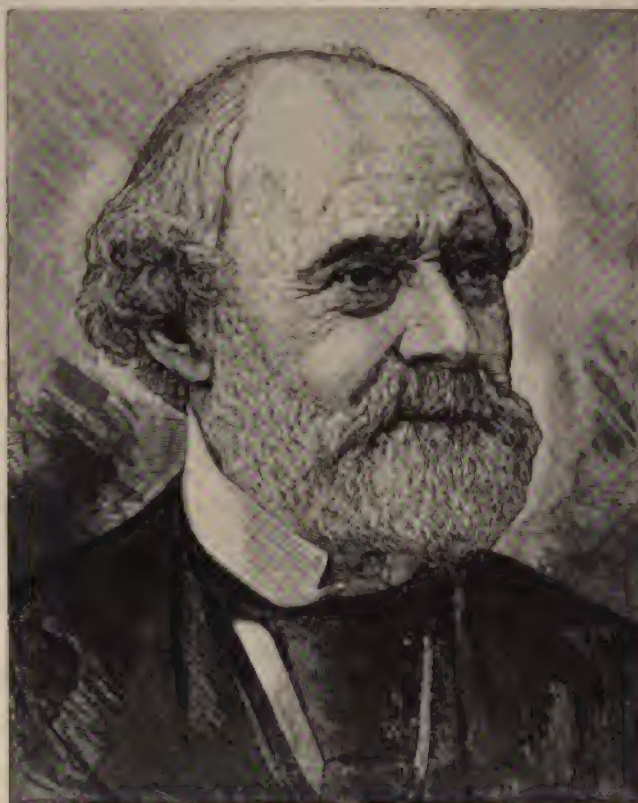
"No; she's a *danseuse*—Letty Lind, who was once a pupil of mine, a pleasant little body who knows more about *entrechats* and *pirouettes* than books. She's over in Paris to see the new ballet at the opera, and she's as quiet as a mouse and a capital listener. You'll like her."

"All right—but no literary women, if you love me. I'm in Paris for a holiday."

I quite understood, and it was then and there

settled. A cozy little dinner for three, *en famille*, in a private room, no dress coat and no ceremony. Reade detested getting into a swallow tail, and frequently refused dining out because he hated the trouble of dressing. He swore roundly that he could never find his studs, and when he did find them he couldn't get them in his shirt without a deal of trouble.

I warned the landlord about the character of the dinner, assured him that my guest was a most distinguished English author—which, by the way, did not in the least impress



CHARLES READE.

him. If I had said he was a great banker or capitalist he would have been much more interested. He promised, however, to instruct the cook, and mutually we arranged the menu.

The evening came; we dined at six, as we were to go to the circus afterward, and Mr. Reade appeared. The first course was a sole au vin blanc, and to my horror it floated in what seemed a pool of liquid grease. Reade looked at it and absolutely snorted with disgust. I rang for the landlord, and pointed to the fish. He expressed his regret, and volunteered to go at once to the kitchen and look after the dinner himself. I

again implored him, as my friend was something of an invalid, to keep a sharp lookout for fat; and he certainly did, for the rest of the dinner—the vol-au-vent à la Toulouse, the selle de mouton, printanière gélée, the perdreaux sur canapé, the salade Rachel, the épinards à l'Italienne, the glace tutti frutti and the desserts variés—were all that could be desired. As the dinner progressed and the Irroy got in its fine work my guest grew cheery and chatty, and sent Miss Lind into fits of laughter with his anecdotes and quaint epigrams. Then he told us stories about the great, valuable diamonds of the world, and neatly touched on the art of dressing.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress," quietly observed Mr. Reade.

"What period is that?" inquired the little *danseuse*.

"From the cradle to the grave."

"Oh, Mr. Reade, as the French say, 'shoking!' You are cynical. My poor sex is always catching it right and left. We mainly dress to please you barbaric men, to appear attractive in your eyes, and then you lampoon us for our pains."

When the dinner was over Mr. Reade solemnly arose, went and stood in a corner of the room with his back to the table, took something wrapped in paper out of his pocket, and must have munched for quite five minutes. Both Miss Lind and myself wondered what he was doing.

"Perhaps as he's a dyspeptic he's taking some medicine he carries about with him," she suggested, in a whisper.

People in a general way do not occupy five minutes in taking medicine immediately after a hearty meal. I certainly was curious. When he returned to the table and poured himself out a glass of wine I said: "Pardon me, Mr. Reade, but what on earth were you swallowing in that corner? And why eat in a corner? Miss Lind and I are burning with curiosity to know."

"Well, my dear friends, I'm not a conventional

person. In fact, some of my friends who know me well say I'm a bit eccentric—perhaps I am. I'll tell you what I was eating. In coming here I passed through the Rue St. Honoré and saw in a window some lovely baked apples. If there is anything in this world I love it is baked apples. I purchased four, and I couldn't resist demolishing them, and so I retired to a quiet corner to have my little feast. Pardon me, won't you, Miss Lind? I know Paul will, for he's a dab at baked apples himself when he gets a chance at them."

Of course we thought no more about it, but it seemed funny at the moment to see that great, tall, stalwart man stand in a corner, like a boy who was being punished, turn his back on us and eat baked apples!

We finished up the night at the Cirque d'Hiver in the Champs Elysées, and among the performers were a group of acrobats from India, which evidently set Mr. Reade's fancy going in an Oriental direction, for on our way home he talked of Hindoo literature and the epics of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata; of Vedic hymns, the Bhagavat-Gita, or "Divine Song," Aryan rule, Vishnu, the poet Vyasa, and declared that Max Müller was the greatest Sanskrit scholar in existence. Any stranger listening to him would have thought he had spent a year in Hindostan studying the literature of that interesting country, instead of just emerging from a commonplace circus. But no subject came amiss to him. He had read deeply and remembered, and he adorned everything he touched. I have heard him hold forth for nearly an hour on the Jacobean poets, and he would mention the names of bards and quote specimens of their muse that not one literary man in a hundred ever heard of. He seemed to know Ben Jonson by heart, and he had the words of the Elizabethan poets and the "pastoral Spenserians" at his fingers' ends. Charles Reade—bless his memory!—was a great scholar, and to have known and loved him is one of my most cherished recollections.

THE COMRIE CASE.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

I HAD, of course, heard of Roland Gay the detective. Most people had. But I had never come across him. I accounted myself fortunate indeed when the waiter whispered to me that the quiet-looking person, dressed like any ordinary gentleman, who shared the coffee-room with me, was no other than the great Gay.

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"What is he here for?" I inquired afterward. Mr. Gay seemed of a retiring disposition, and soon left me to myself.

"Who knows, sir?" retorted the waiter.

I ought to have blushed for my innocence. It was not in the least likely that so astute a person would declare his business as openly as people

ask for ham and eggs or a chop for their breakfast.

Later in the evening, however, I had again the good fortune to find myself alone with Mr. Gay. We were in the smokeroom of the hotel, just he and I.

Ere long I could not contain myself. We had exchanged commonplaces, but had got "no farther." I felt that I was talking under false pretences.

"By the way," I said, "it strikes me as silly to pretend that I do not know who you are, Mr. Gay. I'm very glad to meet so famous a person."

His smile was good to see. It came and went, however, with remarkable suddenness.

"Oh, well," he replied, "that's all right. I don't know that I'm altogether so sharp as the papers make me out to be. But I do my best."

"So I should imagine the rogues say whom you run to earth. Your profession must be about the most exciting we men divide among us."

"Perhaps," he admitted.

"And the most satisfying."

"Far from that."

"Ah! but I am speaking of it in the hands of its leaders—men like yourself. Of course an unskillful man must often have to groan over failure."

"Ay; but most of us are that at first. None more than we, I should suppose."

"No?"

"Fact. Do you remember the Comrie affair, fifteen or sixteen years ago?"

"The Comrie affair!"

No; I remembered nothing at all about it. Could not even guess whether it was a murder or an embezzlement.

"Well, then, I'll tell you if you like," said Mr. Gay, amiably, as became his name. "I ought to have it at my fingers' ends, for it made me. And yet I was never nearer losing it altogether. Chance, good luck, or what you please to call it, that's the best friend a man in the service has. He's a lump of silly pride if he thinks differently."

I signified assent to Mr. Gay's words, though, of course, I did not agree wholly with an opinion that robbed him so deliberately of the credit that most people gave him for his talent as a sleuth-hound.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head; "it's just luck. The old heathens who made a god or a goddess of Fortune weren't so far out of it. But I'll tell you about the Comrie case, and you shall judge."

"The facts, short, were as follows: A rich old

gentleman and his daughter lived in a big house in Lanarkshire. His name was Comrie. In his younger days he had traveled a deal, and in his travels he had spent a large sum of money on gems, cut precious stones and intaglios. His collection was about the finest in the Lowlands, not to say in the North. It was valued at many thousand pounds, and all kept in that country house of his, instead of at his banker's. You see, he took as much pride in the things as a mother in her child, and wanted always to have them by him to finger and handle.

"One morning, when I had been only two years in the service, news came that Mr. Comrie had been found dead in his library, and that about a handbagful of gems was missing. Taylor, Mr. Comrie's valet, was also missing, and so was a woman named Farquharson, who was Miss Comrie's maid. Miss Comrie herself had gone away to some relatives, and had left her maid behind at the Grange—as the place was called.

"It seemed a pretty plain case, you see. Of course the valet had killed his master, and the maid was an accessory, before or after the fact. They had got off with their plunder, and it behooved us to catch them.

"'An easy job for you, Gay,' said the chief, when he put it on me. 'The man's young, and he's bound to be indiscreet, having a woman with him. In less than a week I expect you'll have them. Take my blessing and go.'"

Mr. Gay shook his head.

"That blessing," he continued, "didn't seem to do me much good. Of course, though, I was a bit handicapped by being rather late. This Mr. Comrie was used to spending his evenings in his library, where he was waited on by no one except Taylor; and he'd go to bed when he pleased, any hour, and not want his valet till he rang his bell, which was often as late as ten or eleven o'clock. You see, too, his library was only approachable through his bedroom, so that the maids weren't likely to come upon him the first thing. That arrangement was naturally for the protection of his precious stones and things, but I thought it a deuced bad plan when I came to the house and understood what a start those two had got through it.

"I didn't get down there till nearly two o'clock, and for anything I could tell the murder had been committed at eight or nine o'clock the evening before. In fact, that was so: the doctor's evidence confirmed it, and so did the coincidence that no one in the house had seen either Taylor or Farquharson after supper time. Of course these two didn't go with the rest in the servants' hall, but they were generally on view somewhat.

It was their not showing up the next morning by nine o'clock, combined with Mr. Comrie's silence, that set the housekeeper first wondering and then suspicious.

"Thus it was twelve o'clock or thereabouts before I could leave Glasgow for the Grange, and, as I said, two o'clock before I reached the house.

"That gave them a terrible pull over me. An Anchor Liner had left that very morning, and there were five emergency passengers, any two of whom, from the description, might have been my birds. Indeed, I was disposed to think they were trying that very tempting but hopeless way of escape. Eventually, though, information from the other side proved that I was wrong on that clew.

"And, worse still, by then I hadn't the ghost of a substitute clew. They had got off wonderfully well. No one for ten miles round had sighted two persons even conjecturally answering to them on the night. I could only guess they had schemed it out cleverly beforehand, arranged for disguises, and got to Glasgow at daybreak or thereabouts, holding their heads high as honest folks. My chief agreed with me. I believe he was as disappointed as myself, but knowing all, he could, he said, excuse my failure.

"It remained to be seen if they would betray themselves by means of their plunder. We were prepared for them on this score. There wasn't a jeweler in the country (I might almost say not a purchaser of that kind of antiques abroad) who was not warned about them.

"However, August came, and still we were quite in the dark.

"They had done away with Mr. Comrie in April. You will see that it began to look healthy with their chance.

"I worried myself to death almost about the affair. It was a terrible disappointment to me, and I had felt foolishly confident at the outset. All the while, though, I expect I was learning some grand lessons. And not the least of them was the need we have of being patient firstly, secondly and lastly. The man who hasn't acquired a rare stock of that useful virtue won't do much in our business. It's a dull virtue, I grant you, but it has rare bottom to it.

"And so, as I said, it was August, and I was about done up with anxiety and running about to no purpose.

"Look here, Gay," said the chief to me on the 4th of the month, "you mustn't break down. You're something of a fisherman, aren't you?"

"I was, and confessed it.

"Then you'll do me a favor to take two or three weeks' holiday somewhere, and try some

flies a fellow has sent me. I don't think much of them."

"The dear old chap couldn't have offered me a bait more sure of hooking me. The very next day I was on board the *Clansman*, and trying my hardest to forget the Comrie murder.

"I didn't stop at Oban. I looked at the map and the 'Sportsman's Guide,' and chose the very remotest fishing place I could. You don't know Barra, I suppose. Few people go there. It's just the southernmost of the Outer Hebrides Islands, with two or three lakes about chock-full of trout.

"The captain of the boat said I'd find it quick enough. And sure enough I did. There were only two visitors there—a middle-aged man with a black beard and a good-looking youth. They had been in the island for six weeks, they told me, and they excused themselves for their rather rough manners (so they said) on the plea of this isolation. Now, their manners were really not at all rough. The younger one was quite gentlemanly and pleasant, and the other was not more reserved than about half the men one meets in traveling.

"I soon saw, however, that they did not care for my company. They never asked me to fish with them, and ate their meals apart from me. In the evenings, too, when most men chum over their pipes and Scotch, they left me to keep the smokeroom warm. To be sure, the younger one didn't smoke, but it seemed odd that they should taboo the smokeroom on his account.

"I hadn't been in Barra four days when I heard these men were going elsewhere. The landlord told me so, and I said I was glad to hear it.

"They're not my sort," I said, "any more than I'm theirs, if I may judge from their manners."

"Then the landlord, with a wink, let me into a secret that startled me.

"Between ourselves, sir," he whispered, "one of 'em's a woman. They've got some game on, though I don't know what it is."

"Are you certain?" I asked. How my heart beat, to be sure!

"Well, he wears stays, anyway!" was the reply.

"That did not seem conclusive. But my professional instinct was now revived, and of course the Comrie case rushed to my mind.

"It is the unexpected that happens," I said to myself.

"That afternoon I made up a little plan. If (as it might be) these two were my two, then the man's beard was false. It behooved me to test it.

"I made up a most fetching cast of pike hooks set back to back—in all, three pairs of them.

With these in my hand I designed to come past Mr. Brown (as the elder man called himself) as he was sitting in the coffee-room ready for dinner. He was fond of the armchair, which facili-

remembered the case. I ripped the whole thing off him, and recognized the Taylor under Mr. Brown in an instant.

"A revolver did the rest of the business. I had



"MR. COMRIE HAD BEEN FOUND DEAD IN HIS LIBRARY."

tated matters. If my pike cast in his beard did not strip him of his hair I should be in for an abject apology with a vengeance.

"Ah, but it did, you know—or would, if you

them both on board the *Staffa* the next morning. And didn't I get complimented at the head office and elsewhere for what was the purest accident in the world!"

Mr. Gay leaned back and contentedly sipped his whisky.

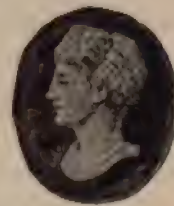
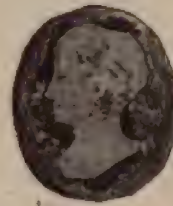
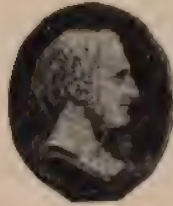
I thanked him for his story, but did not agree with him that chance deserved all the credit in the Comrie conviction.

"You might have failed to get his beard off;

you were not bound to identify them as Mr. Comrie's assassins, and——"

"Oh, but," said Mr. Gay, "when I learned from the maid that never once had she seen their port-manteaux open, I put my two and two together."

"Which seems the more to your credit," said I.



A MAN'S HEAD, IN PROGRESSIVE STAGES.

A WOMAN'S HEAD, IN PROGRESSIVE STAGES.

CAMEOS AND CUT GEMS.

By THEO TRACY.

It is like opening the pages of a romance full of new and startling thought, to examine a strong box or a jewel case filled with cut gems that decked the fair necks and rounded arms and taper fingers of beautiful women whose very race has perished centuries ago. Here and there among the gems are curious amulets; some of them have come home stained with the lifeblood of warrior sons who wore them tenderly and proudly away, placed just above their hearts, after they had been consecrated beside the "oracles" or blessed in the temples of what we call "pagan deities"; others have been pressed to thrilling, passionate lips by returned wanderers, to whom they have been very precious talismans in conflict and in trial, in hard-won victory or in

patiently endured defeat—on whose field the greater victors are sometimes found.

Towering obelisks, splendid arches, magnificent victory columns, each tells in its own way a nation's story; but the tiny souvenirs time has so kindly preserved for us draw us indescribably near to the people who made their nations; they are souvenirs infinitely more precious because we may read in them home life, controlling sentiments, human passions; because they take these people of ages upon ages ago quite out from the time and wonder mists that have surrounded them and give them to us warm, living, sentient, very like ourselves in human sentiments and human passions. And what serves more fully to demonstrate the fallacy of our own arrogant boast, that



HORSE'S HEAD.



A ROSE.



FLORA.

each decade has brought us greater skill and more poetic sentiment than the past even dreamed of, than these little relics artist genius designed, artist hands fashioned and changing fashion helped control centuries before Moses traced the words of the Divine Law on the grandest intaglio ever made, and the Levitical priests wrote the names of the twelve tribes of Israel on the twelve precious stones that enriched the sacred golden breastplate? The jewel intaglios and cameos these people have left call up picture after picture and whole processions of pictures of fair or dusky beauties, as the special circumstances might be, tripping with exquisite grace to rhythmic melody in a glory of odorous flowers and gorgeously wrought and tinted gauzes intermingled with barbaric chains of gold and loops of marvelous pearls.

The tiny jewels thus made for woman's adornment are fair and wonderful, and sweet in their associations, but they fail to stir the heart like these symbolic talismans that we know were so carefully strung as parting gifts and blessings; these little amulets whose messages and tokens of success and protection and fidelity the recovered wisdom of later years has taught us to decipher!

The earliest Egyptians of whom we have any record were wont to fashion their jewels, whether for ornament or talisman, in the scarabs that we of to-day are apt to so inseparably associate with the form of the sacred beetle; they made them of carnelian and *pietra dura*, and surrounded them with hieroglyphs and characters that meant love and constancy, fortune and benediction. For these scarab forms the Phœnicians and Etrurians substituted round or cylindrical *pietra-dura* pebbles, with a talismanic motto or symbolic sketch engraved in the lower edge, which had been carefully ground and polished; but whether in Egypt or Phœnicia or Etruria, the little amulets were always worn about the neck, until—and we are assured it was quite by chance—the holes for the cords or chains by which they were suspended became so enlarged as to admit a finger; and thus the first ring, which was also a seal, happened into existence.

Although the arts of cameo cutting (or *bas-relief* in stone) and intaglio working (or incisive cutting) were conceived by the Egyptians, it was in Greece that they assumed symmetry; from Greece they traveled with Grecian spoils and Grecian customs into Southern Italy, and then they worked their way gradually up through Florence and Naples and Milan, and other Italian cities, finally retracing a portion of their route and reaching culmination in Rome. The Pompeian cameos and intaglios, of which the National

Museum in Naples has such rich store, tell the story of that luxurious and sensitive and sybaritish city with strange intenseness. The gem of private collections, and in fact a rival of any collection, is owned by that poet worker in precious stones and precious metals, and that sure historian, Signor Augusto Castellani, director of the Capitoline Museum of Rome, and inheritor of all the delicate secrets of the Etruscan jeweler's art.

It was many thousands of years ago that the beautiful art of gem cutting was conceived, practiced and forgotten—buried under the ashes of time and disaster; it was not until the days of Alexander the Great that the symmetric finish and beautiful resurrection began; the text books of this resurrection were the exhumed treasures I have mentioned, of Egypt and Phœnicia and Etruria; its school and students were in and of *Magna Græcia* (Southern Italy). Progress and development were rapid and undisturbed from the beginning of this renaissance until such jewels became favorite imperial ornaments, and choice gifts of distinguished and loving favor, not only from emperor to emperor and imperial subject, but among the richer class of citizens. Among the favorite designs of those days were portrait heads of ruling sovereigns, representations of deities and inscriptions of symbolic animals. Many times these were used alone, but occasionally symbolic words were placed about them, and sometimes they were bordered by the twisted Etruscan cord; occasionally, too, even in those far-back days, the cuttings were reproductions of antiques, the winged horse of Phœnicia being a chief favorite.

The luxurious Augustan age was a period of marked advance in the art, but even the productions of that time were outrivaled by those made under the rule of the splendor-loving Medici, and both find themselves fully equaled to-day by the exquisite creations of the cameo and gem artists of modern Rome. Fashion has become prime mistress of the art again, and demands that the traveler in this classic land should return, not only with the cut semblances of Roman and Grecian heroes and sovereigns and symbolic figures, but with the likenesses of dear living ones made thus imperishable. One of the most beautiful intaglio necklaces I ever saw was in cut gems, each of a different tint, but all blending most artistically and joined by light-twisted Etruscan cords; there were eleven of these fair and indestructible cuttings, and each was of a dear home face. A pair of beautiful onyx cuff buttons I saw, set around with pearls and diamonds, represented the heads of the two children who were

to take them home as a gift to their father and mother. It is a beautiful innovation, is it not?—one that fully deserves to become a custom, and that really is becoming more and more so each year.

The periods of Augustus and the Medici produced the majority of the antiques that are so enthusiastically received at present. The custom of cutting and engraving with diamonds has descended from those early days through a long and most interesting ancestry of flint, chalcedony splints and corundum to that species of diamond that is known as adamant, a gem nearest of kin to the beautiful white sapphire.

The demand for antiques has been so great, the "dust of centuries" has so blinded the eyes of travelers in foreign lands, that temptations have been offered too powerful for the honesty of many so-called "gem dealers" to resist. The result has been the springing up in these latter years of diverse kinds of antiques; so there now exist real antiques whose misty dimness, like a breath on crystal in a frosty morning, is not the result of an acid bath; forged antiques, which pass for the real, and are sometimes made entire and sometimes by skillfully piecing out a bit of a genuine antique; and modern antiques, which are just what they honestly claim to be, modern cuttings of antique subjects done with the delicate fac-similes of real antique tools, for the entire outfit used by the cameoists of the most ancient time has been discovered and is exclusively used to-day by every first-class cameoist and intaglioist. The modern antique is often by far the most satisfactory, and quite as beautiful as any old antique that may be found.

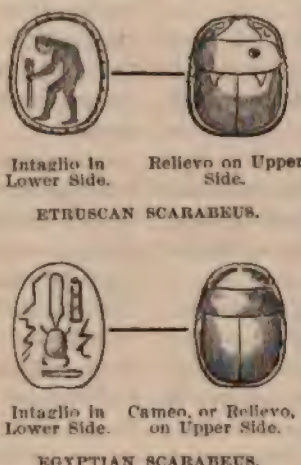
There is a whole vocabulary of special terms applied to gem cutting, either in relief or incision; a few of these it is imperative for everyone who has the slightest real interest in cut gems to understand. The word "cameo" itself is simply a name used to distinguish bas-relief or alto-relievo cutting in stone or shell from intaglio cutting. *Pietra dura* is a general or class name applied to onyx, sardonyx, agate, jasper, chalcedony, topaz, amethyst and plasma, a gem which bears the same relationship to an emerald that a brilliant bears to a diamond. Carnelian, flint and jade are among the chief favorites in softer stones; onyx is a Greek derivative whose original means "finger nail." Dr. Archibald Billing, in his charming work on gems, tells us that "if

one of the layers of an onyx is orange, brown or red sard the stone is a sardonyx; if there is a stratum of bloodstone in the onyx it is called the bloodstone onyx; if the onyx is colorless and translucent it is chalcedony onyx; if it is a neutral, undecided tint, like gray, and semi-opaque, it is simply an onyx."

The sapphire, from its hardness, has been thought impossible for gem cutting, so a wonderful work very recently accomplished by Signor Castellani is the centre of wide and admiring attention; this is nothing less than the cutting of a scene from the famous battle of Dogali, in a splendid sapphire, perhaps an inch and a quarter in diameter; there are scores of figures in the scene, each in strong action and each minutely perfect.

Besides the precious stones that are used for cameo cutting, there are beautiful shells that come from the Baltic and the Red Seas and the Indian Ocean. The shells are of two varieties. One is called the "sardonyx" shell, and naturally resembles the sardonyx in its various tints, the darkest being rarest and most valuable; the other cameo shell is called the "rosso," and varies in its foundation tints, from exquisitely delicate pink to vivid pomegranate red; the shells weigh from one-half kilo to a little more than two kilos. Each shell is of three strata; first, the rough, yellowish outside, whose excrescences in form and depth determine the figures to be carved on it; second,

and third, the dark-brown or red stratum, which is the foundation. An onyx is of only two shades usually—white, above a dark background; sometimes a medium or mixed tint intervenes between the upper and lower strata; years of patient and delicate study have produced a working of this middle stratum that gives it the appearance of an almost vaporous cloud stratum, with which the most beautiful effects are given. Cameo shells cost very little—only from five to ten or fifteen francs each; the longer and the more delicate the work required, the greater the ultimate cost. Shell cameos are much more quickly finished than *pietra-dura* cameos, and much more easily broken, therefore their first cost is much less. It requires from a week to ten days to finish a good shell-cameo portrait, and it costs from 70 to 100 lire (\$14 to \$20). A *pietra-dura* duplicate of the same portrait would cost at least three times the first amount, and



would require from three weeks to a month in the working.

The tools used in shell-cameo cutting are called "boletti"; they look exactly like four-sided shingle nails, finished in oblique diamonds at the working ends; they are made of steel, and are of different sizes, from that required for the coarsest outer clipping to that used for the delicate finish of curls and ornaments.

The first step in shell-cameo working is to cut the shell into little rounds or ovals the size of the desired ornaments, and then to rub these bits first with pumice stone and after with emery and oil. Before the art cutting, which is all done by hand, the bit of shell must be mounted on a little spindle-shaped handle with a flat head, in which it is firmly imbedded with wax. The boletti are of three kinds or varieties: the *lima*, or file, for the rough outer coat; the *ciappole*, for the larger and coarser clipping; and the *triangolo*, for the most delicate finishing touches.

Pietra-dura cutting is entirely different from cutting in shell, and is done, as already stated, with identically the same kind of tools that were used in the Alexandrian and Augustan ages; because the entire process is rotative, the instruments are called "rotini"; the swiftness of the rotation is entirely regulated by the amount of foot pressure applied to the little machine that carries the rotini.

There is only one point of similarity between the shell and the pietra-dura processes; both are mounted on the little spindles for handling, but the pietra dura is imbedded in cement instead of in wax.

The fac-similes of the ancient instruments with

which modern artists do such exquisite work are very thin, closed wheels, the largest about a third larger in circumference than a silver quarter of a dollar; they are all made of the finest steel, and have knifelike edges. The process is very interesting; the design selected to be wrought is outlined on the upper or white face of the stone, which is then held firmly against one of these knifelike little wheels for a threadlike cutting; after this those parts of the white stratum which intervene between the design and the outer edge are removed with another rotino, operating in gougelike fashion, but used with the greatest care, for the least error in direction or the slightest variation in touch may completely spoil a cameo. The first two steps having been accomplished, another rotino is substituted, one with a sloping or graduated edge and considerably thicker than the first and second; it is with this rotino that the different elevations of the relief are made. A whole series of rotini is brought in use afterward, each rotino growing smaller than its predecessor; the last is as fine as a fine needle point, and must sometimes be used under a powerful magnifying glass.

The arranging of light in a cameoist's corner (for the work itself is done in a very tiny space) is most important; the upper part of the window and a depth of perhaps a yard into the room are heavily shaded, so that every particle of light is concentrated directly on the cameoist's little workstand and the cameo itself. It is almost impossible for one not a cameoist to comprehend the amount of time, patience, adroitness of hand and artistic knowledge that are all factors in the final perfect development of a pietra-dura cameo. The cutting of cameos and intaglios is the most sensitive of arts, one that to achieve its highest perfection must be executed literally *con amore*, which includes enthusiastic patience and its nameless kindred details. All through the work baths of diamond dust and oil are applied to the edges of the rotini for facilitating their progress, and the greatest care is taken in the preparation of the diamond dust itself, which must be pulverized to twice its usual fineness and then put on a little steel plaque and ground still again with oil.

If the design to be executed is a portrait two or three sittings of the subject must be given before the design is drawn on the stone or shell; then a tiny clay or wax bozzetto (model) is made, and then another and another, if need be, until the desired effect is produced. As a sort of negative of the cameo or intaglio portrait a tiny cast in gesso (plaster) is taken, and then the cutting itself may be commenced. The processes for an



A BUNCH OF GRAPES.



"AURORA."—CAMEO BY DE FELICI.

antique reproduction or for a "study" are precisely the same, with the exception of the sittings. The making of wax and clay bozzetti (especially wax) has become a fascinating occupation for ladies of artistic genius, the names of two royal princesses having now attained great prominence on the list of cut-gem modelers. A strong preference is given to wax for this modeling, because it is clean and plastic, and because it may be put away for weeks, if need or fancy dictate, and then taken out again and the work resumed at exactly the stage where it was interrupted. An example of what may be done in gem cutting itself, through woman's delicate handling and exquisite perception, was seen at the London International Exhibition of 1862, for two of the gems of the memorable collection shown there—two works that were constantly surrounded by admiring and wondering crowds—were executed by the Signorine Elisa and Elena Pistrucci, of Rome. "The Death of Adonis" and a beautiful "Zephyrus" were the titles of those beautiful cuttings. The genius of these ladies was their birthright, for they were daughters of the great artist who was proclaimed "king of cameoists" by two nations.

Nearly contemporaneous with their father, Benedetto Pistrucci, was that other great cameoist, Girometti, of the Royal Italian Mint, who achieved wide renown for his marvelously sculptured cameo portraits. Saulini, and then Vergè, who appeared a little later, also won great fame for the grace and beauty of both designs and cameos. Of to-day's most distinguished artists is De Felici, whose latest works are a most exquisite "Aurora"—whose figures seem actually floating in the changing mists and soft clouds of the sky—and a beautiful portrait of Gladstone. There is also the younger Vergè, the grace of whose figures and the artistic finish of whose finer detail are simply wonderful; and there was the lamented

Rossi, who cut an "Aurora" that fully rivals the most beautiful antique ever made.

Such great expense has attended the study of gem cutting, including cameos, that the public has thus far known very little about it; it has, indeed, been only the rich connoisseurs who might take it up scientifically.

While every gem cutter must thoroughly understand light and shade and anatomy, while he must be, indeed, painter and sculptor combined, there are very few artists who know anything at all of gem cutting, and who would not make a sorry showing if they were obliged to take it in hand. The struggles of cameo artists, too, to attain perfection in their art have been quite as great as those of any other artists. Pistrucci, chief of this century's cameoists and intaglioists, has been named the "immortal of the nineteenth century, as Dioscorides was of the first, and as Cellini was of the sixteenth." His history is one of strange interest. He was born in Rome, May, 1784. His father held high legal position under the Papal Government, and designed both his sons (Benedetto and his brother Philip) for the profession of the law; but, *au contraire*, Philip, who was the elder, became a famous copperplate engraver, and Benedetto, after vain and wearily prolonged struggles with Latin and the classics, found his true happiness in the studio of a cameo cutter. His experiences in his first position were indeed peculiar, for his father, though a wise and majestic judge and a profound scholar of the law, knew nothing whatever of the study and practice of the fine arts, and was impatient that Benedetto should make immediate and rapid progress in the profession he had selected against his own wish and counsel, and without previous knowledge of



CAMEO PORTRAIT OF GLADSTONE.

even the simplest rudiments of drawing. His master seemed to share this idea (or was it a parental conspiracy?), for directly he entered the studio he set him to copying from old figure designs, without a particle of instruction, declaring the copies all perfect and passing them on without a word of comment. He was only fourteen years old, but in this instance "the boy was surely wiser than the man." He sadly felt his own deficiencies, and as instruction in his master's studio seemed impossible he diligently applied himself to the utilization of every outside advantage. Each moment he could call his own, whether by day or by night, was precious to him. He chose Raphael for his master, through his works in the Vatican; there he spent all his holidays, from early morning till sunset time—he and his brother Philip—delighted with the rare privilege (especially rare at that time) thus accorded them. They carried with them a simple midday meal of bread and fruit, which their absorption hardly permitted them to remember; and there, with the great doors of the Stanze closed and locked after them, as though they had been prisoners from other than their own sweet wills, they worked on, unmindful of the passing hours, perched high on a wooden scaffolding that had been placed close to the beloved paintings, studying and transferring as if their very lives depended on it. This beautiful intimacy with Raphael was so rich in results that Benedetto was rapidly advanced from copying to designing, and then to cutting, first in the softer stones, and then in *pietra dura*.

Among the finest cameos of Pistrucci are the "Strozzi Augustus," the "Crowning of a Warrior" (almost universally accredited to the antique), that fills an important position in the Imperial Russian Cabinet; the last portrait of Napoleon, and that exquisitely graceful thing, "The Young Bacchus." Like Girometti and many other great cameoists, Pistrucci was also one of the most celebrated of coin and medal designers and workers. A splendid example of his coining is the famous Waterloo Medal designed by Flaxman by order of King George IV., and executed by Pistrucci when he was chief medalist to the Royal English Mint. Others of his noted medals are two portraits of Her Gracious Majesty of England, one as Princess Victoria, the other as Queen, with diadem, and the same sovereign's Coronation Medal; a large gold medal of George IV., and another, of the Duke of York. Pistrucci was the maker of the largest medal ever made, the Waterloo, and of the smallest, a tiny souvenir of the Duke of York, which was scarce a quarter of an inch in diameter. Sometimes his friends objected to his clear explanation of his methods and

processes, but he was so true an artist that he always responded: "The higher any one of my pupils stands, so much the more he elevates me." Pistrucci died in September, 1855, at the age of seventy-one. As scholar, medalist, artist, cameoist and intaglioist he was altogether one of the greatest artists and most remarkable men of the century.

Is there a poetic or an artistic temperament that does not many and many a time see pictures, intaglios, cameos, wrought by Nature's hand, in rocks and cliffs and marbles, in landscape contours and in the soft piles of morning and evening clouds? Every true child of our noble mother Nature may be thus happy, but I know of only one person who has thus far found a natural tracing in stone—perfect, clear, lasting as the finest engraver could make it; it is such a rare, sweet story, and so in touch with our subject, that I must give it to you here. A little before the last presentation of the Passion Play a charming and cultured American lady was traveling in Europe with her gifted boy, an exceptionally noble little fellow of perhaps twelve or fourteen years. He was all she had left—and who does not know the love of a mother in such circumstances? While they were traveling this dear son died, and his mother's heart seemed buried with him, until suddenly there came to her, like a direct whisper from him, the inspiration to give herself to all such work as should help develop noble sentiment in other and perhaps less fortunate boys. How many things she did for this, and how devotedly, I cannot stay to tell you here, but among them all was the determination to establish a museum, not so much of strange and startling curiosities, but of bits gleaned hither and yon, each with its own especial history, to lead those other lads to think, and then to question—for inquiry is the child of thought.

She traveled over the world. She made a collection rarely beautiful, because every object in it was gathered with loving care. At last, just as the echoes of the Tyrolean bells were sounding out so sweetly, so grandly, so alluringly over the country of the Ammer that they drew all the world thither, she, too, found herself among the strangely mixed company that stopped at the foot of the lofty mountains and wound up and up their rugged sides, to the music of tiny cascades, and hundreds of birds, and whispering, swaying trees, and Tyrolese yodels. One early day, when she was unspeakably sad and lonely, she began the pilgrimage so many others make each decade—some for this reason, some for that—to the summit of the lofty Koeffel-Spitze. At the

foot of the simple iron cross that crowns it she knelt and wept out her sorrow—with one of the most beautiful views in the world before her, the sound of the church bells that call the participants in this grandest of dramas to early mass circling through the stillness about her, and the softest softness of the Tyrol's matchless air, and the clear liquid blue of the Tyrolese sky above her. "O God," she cried, "help me to devote myself yet more self-forgettingly, yet more fully, to Thy little ones!" And then she arose, comforted and at peace. She cast her eyes downward for some little souvenir of the place and hour, to add to the work she had established in her son's name; she selected a tiny oval pebble, yellow in tint and seemingly plain. She took it with her to her far-away home, and one other day, when she felt sadly desolate again, she placed it before

her on a little table, with other souvenirs, for marking and labeling. Turning it around and around and over and over, half abstractedly, she was startled to see a face, clearly marked, appear on what had been the under or resting side of the little stone. It was a beautiful face, a divine face—that of the Christ whose life the simple Oberammergauers had so devoutly portrayed far up on the slopes of the Tyrol; it was the Christ of the old masters, Mayer's Christ, Humanity's tender, loving Christ, she saw. Awed and startled, she took the tiny pebble to a great scientist, an eminent geologist, a famous traveler; but not one of them could account for this strange likeness—no one could say aught but that it was a marvelous action of nature that had traced this wonderful resemblance on "the stone from Oberammergau."

ADIEU!

BY ERNEST DELANCEY PIERSON.

LAST night together we had sought the sea,
Between the ebb and flowing of the tide,
And from our hearts impulsive thoughts leaped free,
Full knowing well that thence our paths divide:
And knowing, too, that all the dreamy past
So fairly writ, recording golden hours,
Must be as evanescent shadows cast
On glasses, or the mirrored glow of flowers—

Must be forgotten as the transient scent
Of blossoms through an open casement blown,
Or, like the fragment of a song unspent,
Die in the mystery of the unknown.
I know too well that lives like yours and mine,
The narrow creeds of men would set aside,
Are linked together by a power divine
That e'en eternities cannot divide.

And yet the callous world has ruled it so,
That on the morrow we must separate.
Forsooth, was it because I was too low,
And raised my eyes to one of high estate?
Or is the blood that tingles in my veins
This moment, as I dreaming think of you,
Too mingled with a common people's strains,
Too dark to be of perfect Norman blue?

Nay, was it not because your fair white hand
Held Midas' power within its fragile grasp,
To gild, perchance, time's swiftly flowing sand
And shackle Danae with a golden clasp?
Was it not this that weighed the balance down
Against the miscreant who dared to look,
Forgetful of the manners of the town,
Into your eyes as in an open book?

You will return to that superior throng,
Where all the finer threads of life are spun,
A little sad, perchance, because my song
In parting was less sweet than it begun.
And I? It matters not what I shall do;
'Twould only sadden you to speak it here.
I only know the sky has lost its blue,
The days are weary and the night is drear.



THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE AT KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

BY CATHERINE F. CAVANAGH

It is to the deaf-mutes what Oxford is to the English, what Harvard is to the Americans; in fact, it is the finest college of its kind in the whole world. This magnificent institution is situated in the northeastern suburbs of one of the most obscure and unfashionable quarters of Washington, but it is the emerald setting in the ring, and any city in the world would be proud to possess such beautiful grounds and buildings as those of Kendall Green.

About the latter part of the first half of this century attempts were made to establish a school for the deaf in the District of Columbia, but the plans fell through, and the school was threatened with dissolution. It was then that Amos Kendall appeared on the scene, and became interested in the deaf. His reputation is well known as that of a journalist and politician. At one time he acted as tutor in the family of Henry Clay, and while with Clay made the acquaintance of some of the most brilliant and renowned men of that period, and through intercourse with such men his ability as a journalist was soon made known to all the country, especially when he was editor of the *Argus* of Frankfort, Ky. His writings on Jackson, which were always of an approving character, soon attracted the attention of that "Old

Hickory," and he appointed Kendall Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, and afterward Postmaster General of his Cabinet. It is said that some of the most important documents issued by Jackson were written by Amos Kendall, who eventually became the bosom friend of the President.

Kendall was a Democrat, and a staunch one, and soon after he left public life he again entered the field of journalism and founded a Democratic organ at Washington, called the *Kendall Expositor*. It was about this time that he bought the beautiful plantation known as Kendall Green, and there built his home, which is standing to-day, in the centre of the grounds, and just at the entrance to the college woods. All the great men of the age were here entertained by Kendall; and it is a matter of history that in the darkest hours of Morse's attempts to bring his telegraph before the world Amos Kendall encouraged the plan and received his friend with every show and substantiality of welcome at Kendall Green; and here, in the old woods, was the wire first successfully tested.

When the school for the deaf in the District was pronounced a failure Amos Kendall came to the front and received some of the pupils in his old home, and eventually donated part of his

property for the establishment of a national college for the deaf.

Such was the humble beginning of this now famous institute, and to-day deaf young men and women from all parts of the country receive a college education in this beautiful spot. As one looks around at the great green lawns before the college buildings and the chapel, at the fields on either side and the woods to the back of the building, he wonders if it is not with deep regret that the students leave this piece of paradise, when there is no more for them to receive at the hands of the faculty. If the students are questioned on this matter the reply generally is, "Yes, it is very beautiful here, and we have spent many never-to-be-forgotten days here, but we are glad to be through our studies and face the world."

"Face the world!" Is it not enough to make young men and women, blessed with all their faculties, ashamed that they have treated their studies so lightly, and lived in the expectation of having their relatives or some one else look out for snug berths for them when school is over?

What do they do after they leave the peaceful halls of Kendall Green? Do they face the world? Of course they do, and this is how they do it:

This being the highest college of the kind in the country, the graduates of it are in great demand for the different schools for the deaf throughout the country; and so the majority of the graduates secure positions in this capacity. Some have secured places on newspapers; while some are editors and owners, not only of papers for the deaf, but of papers for the hearing world as well. Some have studied art here, and after graduation go to Europe to finish their education; others who have been working as photographers to the college try that field after leaving their first school. As far as taking portraits is concerned, these students do not make much of a success in the hearing world, as it is often difficult even for persons with all their senses to manage some of the subjects that come to the galleries; but in landscape work, printing, developing and retouching, especially the latter, these students cannot be excelled.

Others have entered the ministry, as ministers to the deaf, for there are several churches in the country exclusively for the deaf. Planters, cattlemen, farmers, chemists, printers, clerks, ranchmen, molders, architects, draughtsmen, justices of the peace (to the deaf), patent attorneys and



THE MUSEUM.

departmental clerks are named as the occupations of some of the alumni of Kendall Green. This college has had as students the sons of many prominent and rich men throughout the country, and is even now educating millionaires.

The college itself has been progressive, and it is now possible to teach many to articulate fairly before they leave to enter upon their duties in the world; while others, who were able to speak brokenly when they entered upon their studies, went back to the world with speech both fluent and smooth. Of course it is understood that the difficulty in speech is produced mainly by the difficulty in hearing. If a person has never heard anyone talk, speech would not naturally come easy to him; or if he has become slightly deaf from the effects of a severe cold he is never able to tell whether he is speaking in a whisper or giving forth tones that resemble the screech owl's. It is this fact that makes many of the students backward in speech, either from the fact of embarrassment or fear of ridicule, and they confine their speech to the teachers in the schoolroom, or perhaps make use of it when brought in business relations with the hearing world.

By careful training many have been taught, as I have said, to speak fluently and without having comment passed on their manner of speaking. The year 1892 witnessed a great triumph in this direction, when one of the graduates delivered his oration, not in the sign language, as has been the custom, but as any hearing person would. This event was followed in the year 1893 by another of the same character; but it is only fair to say that these two young men were not born deaf, and so had not lost entire control of speech; yet if they had not persevered and followed well the training of their instructors this part of the programme would have been impossible.

In 1891 there was founded at the college a normal course, intended to train for teaching the deaf some of the brightest graduates of our leading colleges. These Fellows remain at the college one year, and are given instructions in the methods of articulation and in the sign language, and at the end of the year are assigned schools in different parts of the States. During their stay at the college they are paid twenty-five dollars per month and given their board and lodging; and as they are sure of a position at the end of the year contestants for these fellowships are sharp. Among the colleges which have secured fellowships for their graduates at the college for the deaf are Yale, Harvard, Williams, Howard College, Ala.; Hanover College, Ind.; and Amherst. The principal idea in establishing a fellowship at

a deaf college was in order that teachers might be secured for the deaf, who could impart some of the notions and systems used in hearing colleges, and so make it possible for a deaf person to receive as broad an education as the rest of the world.

In the centre of the group of buildings in the main part of the beautiful grounds is the chapel, with its high clock tower covered with old ivy. Joined to this building is the dining room of the students, and to that the main college building, which contains the students' apartments and recitation rooms, the library and the museum. To the east of the chapel is a building used principally for the females of the institution, and back of that is the Kendall School, which prepares students for the college.

Following the winding asphalt walks toward the northwest, we come upon the magnificent gymnasium, which contains the swimming school and the bowling alley, on the lower floor, while the upper floor contains the general gymnasium and visitors' gallery.

It is in this upper hall of the building that the students give their balls and dances, and a finer floor was never danced upon. The balls are always attended by the most prominent people in the District, and looked forward to for many months before they occur. Still keeping on the asphalt walks, we turn toward the houses of the faculty, which form the western boundary of the grounds. These houses look small in comparison with the large buildings of the college which lie in the distance, but in reality they are very commodious. The halls are long and very broad, with large rooms lying to either side, while the long windows open out on verandas which are almost covered with woodbine. As these houses are free to the faculty, and they have a good round salary besides, one is led to think that there are places farther removed from paradise than a professorship at the National Deaf-mute College.

The students, like the majority of students all the world over, have any number of friends throughout the city of Washington, and as much of their time as can be spared from studies is given over to social affairs. As is quite natural, as a rule these young men are brighter and more serious about intellectual matters than those who have perfect possession of their hearing and speech. When they make up their mind to accomplish anything they generally succeed. Their plays, which are mostly pantomime, are a source of pleasure to their many friends, who are always bidden to witness their attempts at acting. Their gestures are always perfect, for there is nothing so graceful as a properly trained student

at the college for the deaf. This may be attributed to the fact that their language is really but a system of gestures, and the poetry of motion is well brought out in their training. At these plays, as well as at all exercises to which the outside world is welcomed, an interpreter is on hand to translate the signs to the public; but where well-known plays are chosen the intelligent spectators are never at a loss to understand and be amused by the productions of these deaf amateurs, and it really keeps the wits to work to follow the plays smoothly.

President Gallaudet, who is the head of this institution, is a genial and much-admired man. It has been said that not one student has ever left the Green feeling ill will toward that just chief. He is never too busy to take part in their plans, to witness their plays, or give a bit of personal advice. His home is always open to the students, and when they wish to see him they can do so. He is one among them and of them. In fact, all the machinery of this great institution seems to be well oiled with sympathy and kindness, and

it is a pleasure to spend a day among those at the Green, or listen to the students tell of their life there. Grover Cleveland is patron, ex-officio, but as each President is accorded that honor, there is supposed to be no party spirit within the walls of the college. That does not assure us of the fact that there is none, however, for the boys have their debates in the lyceum, and fight their battles out with their fingers. If there is any criticism passed it is usually on the grace or ungracefulness with which the signs were made.

Outside of their studies and efforts to entertain the lady friends of the college the young men are enthusiasts in athletics. Their football team is among the leading ones of the District, and their smooth green tennis courts are a source of pleasure to the eyes and the feet of many tennis clubs throughout the city, who are now and then invited to play on the ground. In fact, this college is not backward in entertaining, and visitors as well as students are forced to admit that some of their most delightful days have been spent on Kendall Green.



THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

A PASSION FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

BY JESSIE M. ANDREWS.

EACH night came the Indian maiden to the spot where the laughing, singing waters leaped from rock to rock; where the wind played celestial symphonies through the swaying trees, the dew glistened in the clusters of dark, shining leaves, and the mist of foam above the waterfall shimmered in the moon's rays with the soft radiance of a silver veil.

So came Ypsilanta, child of Dawn and the

East Wind, to pray to the Spirit of the Waterfall, whose ceaseless, murmuring music sang with the voices in her heart. Toward the seething, foaming water she stretched her dark hands—to the Great Spirit whose angry voice she heard in the storm and thunder; whose warning came to her in the moaning of the wind; while in the sunshine she beheld his smiles, and in the dark majesty of night felt the awe of his omnipotence.

Even as she prayed the brightness of the moonlight faded into a soft, pearly light; the stars blinked sleepily and withdrew behind the draperies of the clouds; long shafts of light shot across the heavens; in the east a faint rose-colored glow crept around the horizon.

The Spirit of the Morning rose over the earth, and before her fled the dark guardians of Night. Dawn smiled on the maiden, her mortal child, and sent soft zephyrs to play about her ears.

Lo! spirits from the forest land of Sleep climbed upon her forehead, shot sharp darts of light into her eyes, and weighed down her eyelids in slumber. On the soft bed of violets beside the cataract slept Ypsilanta; the spray from the rushing water fell upon her hair and glistened among its dark, shining coils; on her brow was the kiss of Dawn.

Near her the waters still leaped and foamed, over smooth rocks, along pebbly bottoms, down into soft beds of moss, ever singing, ever murmuring to the silent, listening forest the story of the Indian maiden.

In her were the glowing, majestic beauty of the Morning—the tears, the strength, the unknown wail of the East Wind. Dawn and the boisterous, stormy gale from the east—so ran the Indian legend—once met in an amorous embrace, and of their mystic love had sprung this child of mingled tears and auroral light, whom the Genius of the Great Lake had borne on its swelling bosom and laid among the tall rushes near the camp of the Iroquois—a gift from the Great Spirit to the young chief of the Mohawks. . . . So Ypsilanta still slept by the waterfall; from the invisible spirit world dreams crept forth and entered the mind of the maiden. She shuddered in her sleep; a faint, unintelligible cry came from her throat; she moved uneasily on her grassy bed.

* * * * *

Clouds of thick, curling smoke—unceremoniously, demon cries breaking the silence of the forest—a sudden break in the veil of smoke—a young man with a face pale, calm, rapt, and around his head a glowing nimbus of flame—a cold breath, and in the ominous wail of the wind come the words: “Arise, Indian maiden, daughter of the mighty chief. Behold, the Great Spirit bids thee go forth and deliver the paleface from the fires of the Mohawks!”

The god of day rose in glory above the horizon, and his rays sparkled in the waters of the cataract, and crept through the eyelids of the dreaming maiden.

A slender, graceful roe appeared for a moment through a break in the bushes, its soft, hazel eyes

fixed upon Ypsilanta; it drew nearer, till its breath fanned the maiden's cheek; then, in a moment more, it had bounded away, and was lost in the density of the forest; and Ypsilanta awoke beneath the warm kisses of the sun god.

* * * * *

Leaving the village of the Hurons, a canoe passed down the Richelieu River, crossed the border land of Quebec, and plied its way through the beautiful, rippling waters of Lake Champlain. The midday sun shone on the slender figure and noble features of a young man whose simple black gown, suspended rosary, and well-worn breviary tucked in his cincture, marked a son of St. Ignatius—the French missionary, who, taking his life in his hands, had entered the country of the Iroquois, bearing the viaticum to a dying convert. He drew out of the hot glare of the sun into the shade cast by the trees on the banks, ever seeking to hasten his speed by increased efforts with the paddle. A few moments of peaceful solitude, when forests, shores, rocks sped past him, and the light canoe pushed through the clear, sparkling waters which lapped its sides; then a fierce, exultant war whoop rang out to the echoing rocks; dark figures emerged from the forest, and a flight of arrows whizzed through the air toward the canoe. One arrow pierced the arm of the religious; there was a stifled cry, and the paddle fell into the lake.

In a moment three Indian warriors had plunged into the water and dragged the canoe on to the bank. Faint, wounded, bound, the Jesuit was led into the forest, toward the clearing where rose the smoke from the tents of the Mohawks, through the shouting, hooting crowd of braves who pelted him with stones, or with demoniacal delight brandished their tomahawks and halberds above his head; past the slow fires where was cooking the flesh of the elk, the bear or the moose, or where great quantities of maize were roasting; amid insults, jeers, yells, to the elaborate wigwam of dressed deerskin, fantastically painted—the tent of the Mohawk chief.

* * * * *

The sunset's rays, gleaming through the tall forest trees, cast a fiery glow over the wigwams, blended with the light of the camp fires, and bathed the distant waters of the lake, visible through the breaks in the trees, with a glory of flame. Free for a moment from the torments of his foes, the captive gazed through the opening in his prison tent, watched the sunlight slowly fade, and gazing, dreamed.

Far away, where the waters of the bay kiss the shores of France, was his boyhood's home; there the stately convent where the long, serene days of

his novitiate and the ensuing years of study had been passed ; there the harbor from which he had sailed one year ago—the young missionary, full of holy zeal and courage, who went forth unhesitatingly into the unknown dangers and trials of the New World. Over the waters, through the forest, came on the evening air echoes of the chiming of the bell, the peal of the organ, the low, sonorous chant—the *Salve Regina*—of compline in his dear, distant convent.

the trees with red-gold flashes, darted like tongues of flame among the shadows, or danced with elfish movements on the rocks and bushes. Not a star was visible in the dark vault above ; the trees waved their long branches like the arms of witches. An illimitable sweep of forest, trees, darkness, and the voice of nature was silent—the silence before the storm. In the midst of the circle of fires was the figure of Brother Laurent, bound to a tree, his hands fastened behind his



"TWO ALONE WERE CALM, TWO DEFIED THE ELEMENTS—YPSILANTA AND THE TORTURED CAPTIVE."

A vision of the beautiful Loyola appeared before his feverish brain, urging him on to victory ! The dream was broken ; his garments were torn from him by the hands of his savage captors, his wrists bound by cords which ate into his tender flesh ; and bruised, wounded, half dying from inflicted tortures, he was led into the forest.

* * * * *

The light from eleven fires tinged the leaves of
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back, his wounded arm strained and swollen, at his feet a pile of brush and twig.

But on that face, white and deathlike in the glare of the fires, was the enraptured smile of the martyr ; waves of light-brown hair fell low over his forehead where stood out the veins betraying physical anguish ; his dark-blue eyes no longer saw the faces of his tormentors ; the light reflected in them came not from the glimmer of

the flames. Near him, with folded arms and knitted brow, stood the dark, ominous figure of the chief. Suddenly there issued from the forest depths a sound like the noise of many waters, or the sweep of the wind through the long grasses of the prairie, rising, swelling, vibrating.

Between the trees, behind the rocks, pressing closer, closer to the fire circle, appeared dark faces, crouching figures, and from their throats came the savage, mystical notes of the dirge which filled the ears of the captive as his tormentors drew nearer, ever narrowing the circle about him. Louder, wilder became their music, fiercer and exultant their culminating whoop; then there was silence. A shadow passed over the face of the chief, as if he struggled with himself; he raised his head; in his eyes was the dull glitter of a coal. Over the physical frame of the martyr passed a convulsive shudder; but on his face was stamped the unfailing, indomitable heroism of the Jesuit. Already the pine knot had been ignited from one of the fires, and an Indian, with slow, catlike movements, was crawling toward the pile of brush; the word of command had all but passed the lips of the chief, when a cry rang through the silence—a voice, clear as a bell, musical and penetrating, uttered one name: "My father!"

With the grace, the swiftness, of a young roe the beautiful daughter of the chief burst through the pressing crowds, leaped over the line of fires and stood panting, fearless, before her father. A half-suppressed growl of discontent went up from the savages; the brow of the chief darkened; but Ypsilanta faced him with heaving bosom and flaming eyes.

"My father, our chief, behold, the Great Spirit demands the deliverance of the paleface." The angry voices of the braves became more ominous; the chief raised one hand, as though he would strike her. Never before had Ypsilanta appeared so tall, so superbly beautiful. The fierce fire in her eye was more than human anger. "To-day has the Spirit spoken to me in a dream, bidding me go forth and save the victim from your fires. Behold the lights in the northern skies—the spirits of your fathers hold their war dance; they demand the life of the paleface. Beware of an anger greater than your own—the anger of the Great Spirit!"

The dark, luminous eyes of the Indian maiden met those of the captive. Lo! it was the very face she had beheld in her dream. The chief moved not; closer around the fire peered the dark faces; the long, sinewy arm of the savage held the flaming brand close to the pile of fagots, when, by swift movement, Ypsilanta tore it from his grasp

and threw it crashing far out into the midst of the mumbling throng. Again she faced the chief.

"So you heed not the voice of the Great Spirit? The Mohawk chief braves the wrath of the mighty wind god?"

She pushed her hair away from her forehead, and springing back, just into the circle of fires, leaped on to a rock. A sudden pall fell upon captive and captors alike. With the glare of the flames playing on her figure Ypsilanta raised her arms, and in loud, clear tones uttered a succession of strange, unintelligible words. A veil of inky darkness covered the sky; from the east came a sudden cold, strong wind which swept through the trees and smote the cheeks of the savages; the fires crackled and burned more fiercely in the wind; the unprotected form of the Jesuit shivered in the cold. Still the command to release was not given.

Ypsilanta's voice rang out still louder; her words became more terribly mysterious. A few large drops of rain fell; a wail of terror went up from the throats of the Indian braves; they threw themselves upon the ground.

Ypsilanta moved not from the rock, though the east wind blew about her, and the rain fell faster, thicker. One by one, seven of the fires went out; wails and shrieks rent the air; a superstitious horror fell over all; even the great chief was awed. Two alone were calm, two defied the elements—Ypsilanta and the tortured captive.

* * * * *

In the wigwam, on the rough bed of skins, Brother Laurent tossed in fever. On the ground before the opening, watching him with great, shining eyes, was stretched Ypsilanta. In a little cup of bark she had brought some cold water from the spring to cool the parched lips of the sufferer when he should awake from his troubled sleep. What were the long, weary days and nights of watching, which had brought heavy circles around her eyes and had driven away the deep, rich color from her cheeks, to her? The untamed maiden of the forest knew no other laws than the wild impulses of her own heart. The deathblow of the paleface must be struck over Ypsilanta's body. . . . Outside, resting in the shadow of a tree, was a young Mohawk who had watched with kindling eye the coming and going of Ypsilanta. In the heart of the Indian warrior there suddenly burst forth a fierce flame of passion, which in his savage mind he knew not by the name of jealousy.

* * * * *

Ypsilanta knelt beside a spring, watching in

the water's depths the dancing reflections of the stars which peeped through the gray curtain of crépuscule, or the slender crescent that sailed amid the cloud banks.

"The waters of life"—the "Spirit that breathes o'er the waters"—what was it he had said to her? Yes, she had sat at his feet and listened to each word, and now she could only remember he had spoken of waters—a "well of water springing up into everlasting life"—and he had promised her she should "never thirst." A wild, hoarse laugh broke from her throat; she flung herself down among the leaves and moss. In her savage, untaught heart she had cried out for something human, something tangible, and he told her of fires that burn eternally, and of a Spirit and healing waters that alone could save! Ypsilanta laughed as the dew gathered thick about her, and glistened like great tears on her hair and on her heavy lashes—laughed because the chief's daughter had never learned to weep. Suddenly her laugh ceased; she pressed her ear close to the ground—yes, there were footsteps approaching; voices were borne on the wind to her. Silent, motionless, Ypsilanta waited. The twigs cracked near her, the bushes rustled. A deep voice was speaking in low, suppressed tones—broken sentences came to Ypsilanta.

"The fever god has left the tent of the paleface. Shall the Indian woman still desert the circle of her people, and frown upon the sports of our warriors? Shall she drive away the spirit of sleep from her eyes, and anger the god that dwells in the wigwam of the great father? The mighty Manitou is pleased. The spirits of the Indian braves walk in the clouds to-night. Then, the Great Spirit is angry, there is darkness; long serpents of fiery light dart and disappear, and the voice of the thunder god cries out behind the mountains. There are shadows in the forest, deep, black shadows; and there is one in the camp of the Mohawks who is not of the land of the red man. There is death in the skies and in the shafts of the storm spirit, and there is lightning in the long knife of the Indian warrior. And the paleface shall sleep—a long, long sleep—and the Indian maiden shall have beads and bright feathers, and she shall forget—" There was exultation in the voice as, slowly, the footsteps died away. Ypsilanta moved not, but lay on the chilly ground, gazing with wide-open, solemn eyes into the rapidly darkening sky.

A strange light was in Ypsilanta's eyes, a determination which the young Jesuit novice could not fathom, as suddenly her shadow passed between his open breviary and the flickering light

of his fire; a mystery he was unable to penetrate lay beneath the surface of her words.

In the summer sky flashes of the heat lightning came and went; an oppressive darkness, unrelieved by the light of a single star, hung over the earth and clung to the forest depths; the warm atmosphere was charged with electricity.

In the wigwam a fire was burning dimly; a thin line of smoke crept up through the opening in the top of the tent; flickering, mysterious shadows played around the sides of the wigwam and danced across the moss-strewn floor.

Seated where his face was thrown entirely in the shadow was the form of Brother Laurent, his black gown with its cincture bound about his waist, and around his shoulders, partially concealing his face, a rough blanket. The firelight fell aslant his figure, and tinged his finger tips with a rosy flush. On the hide wall of the wigwam was the fantastic shadow of the bent figure, the blanket falling like a cowl about his head, the rapidly moving hands, as bead after bead of his rosary slipped through his fingers.

The trees waved their branches silently; they bent and whispered in the warm night air. An object was crawling through the darkness; a black outline moved near the opening of the wigwam. In a sudden flash of lightning, something bright and steely glimmered, like a serpent, close to the ground. The beads fell faster; the fire was slowly going out; a dark face peered through the opening. The soft moss yielded to the weight of a figure that moved stealthily across the floor; a stick suddenly cracked, but the Jesuit heard not, moved not. The rising wind blew about the wigwam till the shadows of the swaying walls assumed the shapes of a thousand demons, and the dying flames burst into a new glow. A long steel blade flashed in the firelight, an exultant laugh broke the appalling silence, and a figure sped out into the darkness.

The blanket had fallen away from about the head; long coils of jet-black hair swept over the ground; a face which the ashes of death could not rob of its serene beauty lay where the firelight fell in a golden circle about it. On the floor, bathed in blood, lay Brother Laurent's forgotten rosary.

The camp of the Mohawks still lay wrapped in sleep; the chief moaned in his dreams; thrice he faintly called out, "Ypsilanta!" but she answered not, and his restless struggles ceased. The solemn silence of night was broken only by the occasional screech of the wild cat in the forest depths, the weird hoot of the owl, or the

maniacal laugh of the loon which hovered over the waters of Lake Champlain.

* * * * *

Brother Laurent, as he crept out from the deep shadows of the trees, wrapped in an Indian blanket, his feet incased in moccasins, a quiver filled with arrows thrown over his shoulder,

groped his way toward the spot where the canoe was hidden, where echoed the sad music of the splashing waves breaking among the rocks. As, under cover of night, he felt the frail bark once more rise and fall upon the waters of the lake, unconsciously he muttered: "Et ne nos inducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo."



PEDIMENT FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA. KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR.*

HOW BRONZE STATUES ARE CAST.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER.

THE bronze that is used for statuary consists of an alloy of pure copper (90 parts), tin (3 parts), zinc (7 parts). For ornamental work brass is sometimes employed, which is an alloy of from four to six parts of copper to one part of zinc. Bearings for machinery are sometimes made out



BRIDGEPORT, 1861. (PANEL FOR BARNUM MEMORIAL.) HENRY PLASSCHERT, SCULPTOR.

* Photographed by William H. Rau, of Philadelphia, Photographer to the Federal Government. Mr. Rau also furnished the illustrations of "The New Navy," in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for October, 1894.



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE. (PANEL FOR BATTLE MONUMENT AT TRENTON, N. J.)
THOMAS EAKINS, SCULPTOR.

of what is known as gun metal—four parts of copper to one part of tin. But the alloy employed for these mechanical purposes varies, and its constituents are usually trade secrets.

To form the bronze alloy, the ingots of copper are melted in plumbago crucibles. These crucibles come in four different sizes, holding from 75 to 550 pounds of metal. The melting point of copper varies from 1,800° to 2,520° F. It is below that of gold and considerably above that of silver. When the copper is all melted in these crucibles, bedded in Connellsville coke (the porousness of coke renders it useful for melting all metals requiring high temperature, and consequently the play of considerable draught through the burning material), the tin and zinc, which fuse at about one-third the temperature of copper, are added to the molten copper in bars, rapidly dissolve, and are evenly stirred throughout the entire mass. The heat is maintained until this process of fusion is finished. The molten alloy is ladled out of the crucibles

and allowed to enter the mold by the "grooves" and "gates," to be hereafter described.

The models, or patterns, for the bronze castings are furnished, in the case of statuary, etc.,



STATUE OF GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
HENRY F. ELLICOTT, SCULPTOR.

by the sculptor, in the shape of plaster-of-Paris casts, or by wood turners, in the shape of wooden patterns, for ornamental brass, or bronzework.

The accessories necessary to bronze casting are crucibles, furnaces, large ovens, "Paris sand," old bird sand, "core sand" and "flasks," or iron frames.

The Paris sand comes in old wine casks from Fontenay-aux-Roses, a suburb of Paris, where it is dug out of the ground and shipped in its natural condition. Each cask weighs about 900 pounds, and is worth with its contents from \$6.50 to \$7 wholesale, including transatlantic freight. When received this sand is first dried on frames in the sun. Then it is fed from a bin between steel rollers, which break up lumps and stones and reduce it to a uniform consistency. To prepare it for molding purposes it is then dampened, and kneaded, and rolled, exactly as if it were bread dough, until it acquires the consistency of dryish putty without any of the sticking qualities of putty.

The "flasks" are iron frames, say 6 feet in width and length, 1 inch thick, and perhaps 9 inches deep—exactly like the sides and ends of a flat box from which the top and bottom boards have been removed. These "flasks" are used in pairs—one resting on the other. They can be fastened together by clamps, or "dogs," which fit over flanges, or lips, which run all the way round on the outer edge of the opposing surfaces (see opposite page). These dogs are secured in position by wedges, which are driven in at *a*, between the upper flange and the upper lip of the "dog." We now have the sand for the molds, the model or pattern from the sculptor or wood turner, and the "flasks," and are all ready to describe the casting. A represents the upper "flask," or what is afterward known as the "cope"; B, the lower "flask," or "drag"; and D, the "dog."

The lower "flask," B, is placed on the ground, inclosing, say a hollow space 6 feet square—36 square feet. (The "flasks" vary in size, of course, according to the size of the entire casting, or of that segment of it which is to be molded at one time.) Over the bottom of this ground space old bird sand is sprinkled, to a greater or lesser depth, according to the thickness of the model; the design being that the upper surface of the lower "flask" shall be in approximately the same plane as the middle of the model. Suppose, for instance, that it is a human figure which is to be cast. Enough bird sand is shoveled into the lower "flask" and leveled to raise the model, when laid on its side, to such a position that a straight line drawn from one side of the top of

the lower "flask" to the other side would pass approximately through the navel of the recumbent model, or plaster cast. This is the rule generally, but not always precisely followed. The bird sand is then shoveled in all round the sides of the model until it (the sand) is on a level with the top of the sides of B. Nothing is now exposed but the upper section of the recumbent model—one eye, one ear, one arm, one leg, etc. Around this exposed section the "Paris sand" is now modeled in separate sections. These sections are made necessarily separate for purposes of removal. If the whole half of the model (human figure) were covered with a single mold this mold would of necessity fit in under the arm and leg and behind the ear, and could not be removed without breaking it. In other words, separate segments of molding are required wherever the model is "cut under," as the technical expression is. The separate segments are of different length and width but 3 to 4 inches thick, and are supported in each case by a framework of wire fashioned within each individual segment. When the whole model is covered with these segments the "Paris sand" is shoveled in, and pounded down with "rammers" until the upper surface is flat and flush with the upper rim of "flask," A.

The whole "2-flask" frame is now turned over, so that B is above and A below. The bird sand is scooped away from the model, which has hitherto rested in it, and moldings made for this section or side of the model. When these are made the model has been entirely molded, and is no longer used. We have thus secured the entire mold. But all bronze castings are hollow, and vary in thickness from 1-8 to 3-8 of an inch of bronze. To obtain the inner mold, or "core," the procedure is as follows: To get the model or pattern out, the two "flasks" are taken apart by knocking off the "dogs." In each "flask," when the plaster-of-Paris cast is removed, we find the exact outlines of half of the figure. Both of these halves are now filled with "core sand," as it is called—a coarse, gravelly sand, which has been dampened and kneaded like the "Paris sand." This "core sand" is beaten down into each half mold until they are filled up tight and flush. Two flat rods are then laid across the top of the "core sand" in one "flask," and the other "flask" is laid on top of it, and the two tightly clamped together with the "dogs." The place occupied by the model is now filled by the "core." When the two sides of this core have had time to adhere (the union is strengthened by "nailing" the sides together) the upper "flask" is lifted off, and leaves the entire "core" intact—an ex-

act reproduction of the plaster-of-Paris cast. What are called "slickers" are now employed to shave off from the outside of the half of the "core" which projects a thickness equal to the thickness of metal desired in the cast. When this thickness has been removed over the whole surface, the upper "flask" is again placed in position and clamped on, and the frame turned over, and what is now the upper "flask" is removed; and the same 1-8 to 3-8 of an inch, as the case may be, "slicked" off the other half of the "core," which is now exposed. The mold and "core" are now both complete. The "core" is suspended between the upper flask, or "cope," and the lower flask, or "drag," by the two iron bars which penetrate clear through its body, and project about an inch on each side into the mold.

Before placing the "core," "cope" and "drag" in the oven to harden grooves or channels are cut, which ramify all over the outer surface of the "cope," and communicate with the cavity to be filled by the metal casting by "gates" or holes running through the substance of the "cope." The liquid metal runs along these channels and through these gates of the "cope." The "drag" is treated in the same way, with channels and "gates," through which the air is driven before the advancing flood of molten bronze.

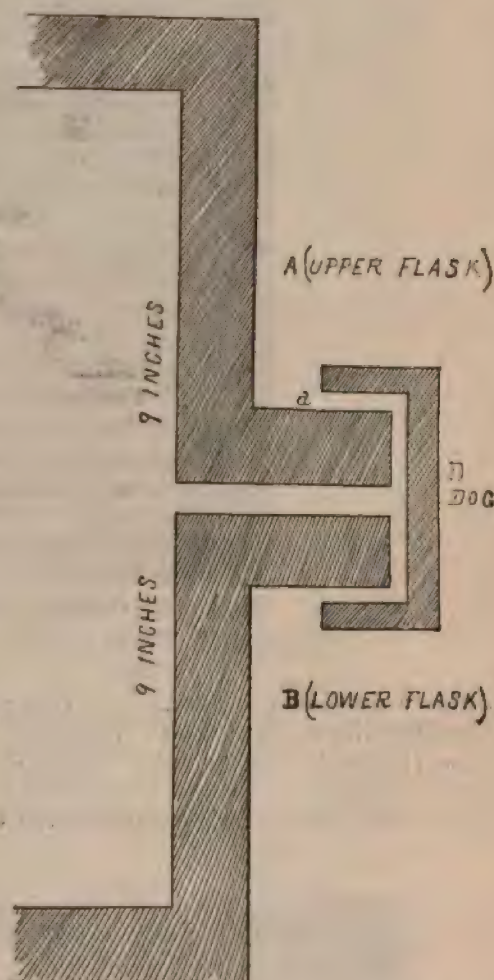
"Core," "cope" and "drag" are now run into an oven, and allowed to lie there several days and dry thoroughly. Charcoal is dusted all over the molds and "core" before they are put in the oven, to prevent the molten bronze from adhering to them.

When dried, "core," "cope" and "drag" are replaced *in situ* in the "flasks," which are turned up on end, and the alloy of bronze is melted and poured into the main channel on one side, steadily, until it has driven all the air out through the channel on the other side, and now fills not only the entire space between "core" and mold, but also all the "gates" and channels. In two hours the metal has cooled, and the "flasks" are removed. There then remains the mold (sand) with all the ramifications of the channels and "gates" (solid metal wire). The sand is knocked off, and the ramifications of bronze wire sawed or clipped off, leaving only the casting with the sand "core" inside. This "core" is pulverized by sharp and constant jarring until it runs out of the apertures in the casting through which the iron bars which supported the "core" have been removed.

If the casting consists of several parts which have been separately fashioned these parts are riveted together on the inside by screws and nuts, and the division lines of metal on the outside

welded together with a flat point. The whole statue, when completed, is bronzed with acid, which oxidizes the metal of a uniform color, dependent upon the strength of the acid. Variations in color are effected by means of mixing powder with the acid. This whole finishing process is secret.

The five principal bronze foundries in the United States are:



The upper and lower "flasks" and the "dog" are solid metal (represented by shading). The lower lip of the "dog" actually touches the flange of B. The wedge is driven in at *a*.

1. The Henry Bounard Bronze Company, of New York, who have just cast the Astor Gates for Trinity Church, New York, and who secure most of the work from New York studios.

2. Hon. Maurice J. Power, New York, who is casting the Lincoln and Grant figures for the Brooklyn monument.

3. The Ames Manufacturing Company, of Chicopee, Mass., who have cast the General Washing-



FRONT GATE, TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR.

ton statue in Union Square, New York; the General Washington statue in the Public Garden, Boston, Mass.; the Marshal Sucre statue at Cumana, Venezuela; the General Geo. B. McClellan statue at City Hall, Philadelphia; and the Gen-

eral Albert Sidney Johnston statue in New Orleans, La.

4. The Tacony (Pa.) Iron and Metal Company, who turned out the 37-foot (high) William Penn statue.



BRIDGEPORT, CONN., 1840. (PANEL FOR BARNUM MEMORIAL) HENRY PLASSCHERT, SCULPTOR.

5. The largest castings of Bureau Brothers, Philadelphia, are the bas-relief of Dr. James McCosh, in the new chapel at Princeton, N. J., after a model by Augustus St. Gaudens; The Lion Killer, now on exhibition at the Post Office, Philadelphia; the statue of Samuel Chapin, in Springfield, Mass.; the Tammany Regiment statue (For-

ty-second New York Regiment), at Gettysburg; the Cuyahoga County Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, Cleveland, O.; the General Reynolds monument, in front of Philadelphia City Hall; the Orestes and Pylades, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; the Schiller and Goethe, in the same park.



COLOSSAL STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN. FOR TOWER OF CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA. THE LARGEST BRONZE STATUE IN THE WORLD. A. CALDER, SCULPTOR.

CANDY—A HERESY.

BY A. L. BENEDICT, M. D.

SOME time ago my attention was called to a boy of ten, the victim of a dyspepsia almost as chronic as the short space of his life. Candy eating was said to be the root and branch of the trouble, and a lecture on this evil was expected as part of the treatment. A little investigation showed that there were other things to be considered. The boy's mother was, to say the least, highly indiscreet in her management of children. Almost from babyhood his breakfast had consisted of coffee and whatever else he wanted after the healthy demand for food had been stifled by the hot drink. When his appetite returned, an hour or two later, it was blunted with cookies, pie, candy, fruit or other dainties, as his caprice chose. His other meals followed with the same disregard for the needs of his growing organs. On asking just what his last meal consisted of I learned that he had tea, a dish of blackberries, a small piece of bread and butter and six olives. An hour later he had visited the candy store, and the whole blame of the immediate disturbance was ascribed to this last affront to a delicate stomach.

Let us see what light our knowledge of physiology throws on the matter of candy eating. Aside from water, salt and a few other purely mineral substances, foods may be divided into three classes: 1. Albuminous, otherwise known as nitrogenous, because nitrogen is an important constituent, and as proteid, from the Greek word for *first*, since this class of food is of prime importance, death resulting if it is long withheld. This class includes eggs, skimmed milk, lean meats, fish and poultry, a considerable proportion of beans, peas, wheat, oats and other cereals, and a small proportion of most other vegetables. 2. Fatty, including cream, butter, salad oil, fat meat, etc. 3. Carbohydrate, consisting of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, the last two in the same proportion in which they exist in water. This class comprises the great majority of vegetable foods. All forms of starch, grape sugar—which is the sweet principle of most fruits—cane sugar and milk sugar are here included. Potatoes, bananas, corn, are of value as food, almost entirely as masses of starch. Bread is rightly called the staff of life, since it contains an abundance of proteid and carbohydrate nourishment with a little fat.

Experimentation has shown that, of these three classes of food, a laboring man requires daily 120 grams (about one-quarter of a pound) of the first, 56 grams (about one-ninth of a pound) of the

second, and 500 grams (about a pound) of the third. Persons not actively engaged in exercising require smaller amounts of all kinds of food; those most exposed to cold need a larger proportion of fats; and brain workers, a slightly greater proportion of proteids. Roughly speaking, however, every person requires at least a pound of starchy and sugary foods, about three times as much as he needs of fatty and albuminous foods combined. All of this carbohydrate food is digested into grape sugar before it is absorbed and used by the body. In other words, three-quarters of the entire food supply of the body becomes available only when it is converted into what is practically candy. Moreover, one of the most fatal diseases known, diabetes, is essentially a robbing of grape sugar from the system. Is it reasonable to suppose that a substance is of itself harmful when physiology and the study of disease unite in demonstrating that it is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the body?

A double provision is made for the digestion of carbohydrates. All forms of cooked starch and cane sugar are digested by the saliva; not, of course, during their brief stay in the mouth, but after they reach the stomach. Thus, proper mastication is important, not only to cut and crush the food into portions small enough to be permeated by the gastric and intestinal juices, but for the sake of mixing it thoroughly with saliva. It has been well established—and my own experience in examining the stomach contents, after their withdrawal through the soft rubber tube, confirms the experiments made by physiologists—that in an hour or an hour and a half after a light meal the starches and cane sugar will have been entirely converted into grape sugar and absorbed. At the same time the digestion of fats has not begun, and that of albuminoids is only fairly under way. So important is grape sugar, or glucose, to the body, that a separate provision is made for digesting raw starches, such as bananas, and whatever cooked starch and cane sugar may have passed through the stomach unchanged by the saliva. This provision consists in part of the pancreatic juice, which is poured into the intestine just below the stomach.

If, then, the appetite for candy is a natural one, why does its gratification appear to do so much harm to the digestive organs? Partly for the same reason that meat, perfectly wholesome and necessary, causes gout when taken in too great quantity; but more particularly because

the craving for candy is not recognized as natural, but is treated as a sort of criminal instinct on the part of the stomach, to be appeased by marauding expeditions at odd times of the day and night. Travelers among the Indians have described their feasts, at which, after a preparatory fast, enormous quantities of meat are consumed at a single meal. The appetite for candy is satiated in about the same barbarous manner, and as a result the system is surcharged with carbohydrate nourishment, the nutritive organs are overtaxed, and the ability to digest the necessary food of other kinds is temporarily lost. The majority of carbohydrate food is taken in the form of bread, vegetables—especially corn and potatoes—cakes and the more solid fruits. The need of making up a deficit by taking sugar or candy varies greatly with individuals. The natural appetite, unperverted by bad habits of diet and not increased to a craving by long deprivation, may be quite safely trusted to indicate the needs of the system. If, instead of our present rich desserts with their basis of pastry and cake dough, pure candy and fresh fruits were served, I believe that the average of health would be decidedly increased. If candy were an everyday delicacy, taken after the appetite for more substantial foods had been satisfied, there would be no temptation to over-indulgence, and little danger of indigestion for any person in ordinary health.

It has been taken for granted that the candy used

be pure. Glucose, from the physiological standpoint, is not an impurity, though on account of being less sweet than cane sugar it may be considered, commercially, as an adulterant. Highly colored candies should be viewed with suspicion, though many vegetable dyes, and even the aniline preparations, may give a bright color in harmless amounts. Hollow candies, filled with glycerine and rose water, or, worse yet, with brandy, are to be condemned. Chocolate is too often adulterated with nauseating vegetable meals and crude licorice. Pure candy can be easily as well as cheaply made at home, either by boiling down a solution of granulated sugar or by molding confectioner's sugar. Chocolate, nut meats and fruits may be added to give a variety of flavors. These additions contain mostly indigestible material, but reasonable amounts of substances which lack nutritive value serve to stimulate the healthy movement of the stomach and intestines.

I do not wish to be misquoted as advocating the indiscriminate or excessive use of candy. It must be understood that glucose, so far as the body is concerned, is a predigested food, and in health it is sound policy to let the digestive organs do their own work. Still, there is an undeniable appetite for sweets, especially for candies, and even if this substance had no food value whatever it would be better to allow it in moderate amounts at the close of regular meals than to follow the present custom of having an occasional saccharine spree.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A VERY remarkable exploration is the one completed at the end of December, 1893, by Baron von Toll in Eastern Siberia and the New Siberia Islands. The primary object of the expedition, which was sent out by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, was to search for the body of a mammoth said to have been seen on the bank of the River Balakhna, near Khâtanga Bay, in about 73° N. Lat. Baron von Toll and his companion, Lieutenant Shileiko, of the Russian Navy, left St. Petersburg, December 25th, 1892, arrived at Yakutsk on the Lena, February 23d, and on the 9th of March started for the north. They crossed the Verkhoyansk Mountains and the Omoloi range into the "tundra," or marshy plain, in 70° 30' N. Lat. At Kasatche they found a guide to lead them to the place where the mammoth had been discovered, but the carcass was missing. In April they set out for the New Siberia Islands in dog sleds, and in eight days reached the southern end of Kotelni Island, where Von Toll had built a hut in 1886. This hut was cleared out, and a depot of supplies was made in it for the use of Nansen, in case he were forced to pass that way.

The party then went round to the northern end of the island, and made another depot in this manner: a deep hole was dug in the constantly frozen soil, and the leather-covered cases were laid in it and covered with planks; on these earth was shoveled in, and water was poured on it to freeze; then more earth, then water, and so on, till the hole was filled. An inclosure was built around the place and filled with earth, and on this a high signal was planted. A snowstorm greeted the party on the 7th of May, and four days later the first summer birds were seen, silver gulls and gray geese; and the lemmings were migrating in vast numbers from the island to the mainland, and *vice versa*. Kotelni was left on the 18th, and already the snow on the frozen sea was soft, so that the dogs could not pull the sledges. On the mainland the streams were running full with the melting ice and snow. Here the explorers mounted their reindeers and followed the Arctic coast to the west. At Kasatche Lieutenant Shileiko took the more direct route to Kumaksur, on the Lena, while Von Toll followed that to Bulun, higher up the river. For a month there was

no rain, and the heat was that of real summer, 80° in the shade. There were swarms of gnats, and the tundra moss took fire. At Bulun Von Toll went on board a steamer, which stopped at Kumaksur for Lieutenant Shileiko, and together they descended the Lena to the delta. The banks are 1,000 feet in height, and at times there are stretches of seven or eight miles in length without a landing place. The delta is inhabited by hunters and fishermen, who build a hut wherever they halt, so that there are more huts than people. At Bolkalak, on the Olenok River, Von Toll discovered the graves of Lieutenant Prontschichev and his wife, who died near that place in 1737. The wooden fences were still sound, and the inscriptions on the half-decayed crosses could be read. From Bolkalak the journey was continued to the west. The companions parted at the Anabar River, Von Toll to gather up his collections at Bulun, and Shileiko to continue to the westward. The weather at this time—September 18th—was like Indian summer, four days later winter set in, with heavy snow. The snow improved the traveling, which was kept up late into the night by the light of the aurora; but the cold was great—44 degrees below zero—and on the unprotected tundra the storms sometimes interrupted the journey for days. Skirting the forest limit, 71° N. Lat., to the end of the tundra, the travelers reached Yeniseisk on the 22d of November, and arrived at St. Petersburg two days after Christmas. Out of the 17,000 miles accomplished 2,800 represent their explorations on a route based on 38 astronomically determined points; and Lieutenant Shileiko made 400 surveys. The collections in botany, geology, zoology and ethnography were rich. The region explored lies in the governments of Yakutsk and Yeniseisk, in East Siberia. Baron von Toll concludes that the forest limit formerly extended to 74°. All the living creatures in the tundra—men, birds, reindeer and lemmings—migrate with the change of seasons, toward the Arctic in the summer, and back to the shelter of the forest in the winter.

DR. DONALDSON SMITH, the Philadelphian who started last May to cross Somaliland to Lake Rudolf, wrote to the Royal Geographical Society on the 3d of September from Webi Shebelle, in 7° 11' N. Lat., 42° 11' 23" E. Long. He had lost many camels the first month, and had to move

very slowly, and the guides did not know the road; but he was satisfied with the journey. He found the mountains on the Erer River so precipitous in places that a man could not climb down to the river. The stream was between 1 and 3 feet in depth and 100 feet wide, with a current of 3½ miles an hour. Mr. Smith followed the river for 30 miles before he found a ford, and there the current was 4½ miles, and one of the carriers was swept away and drowned. The country was full of game, and the flora was rich and varied. The temperature on the tablelands was from 71° to 75°, but on the river 88°. The sparse population—whole districts being uninhabited—Mr. Smith attributes to the feuds between the Ogadans and the Gallas.

COUNT VON GOTZEN has just crossed Africa through the German East African possessions and the Congo State. In May last he passed the Kagera Nile at the point where Stanley places his Mount Observation, and reached the Ufumbiro Mountains, where the peaks are called by the following names, in order from east to west: Ufumbiro, Vihunga, Karisimbi, Nuvunge and Kirunga-tsha-gongo. This last (the Mount of Sacrifice), Von Gotzen saw, by the glow upon it, must be an active volcano, and after a three days' struggle through the dense forest he reached its top, at an elevation of 11,220 feet. He describes the crater as the most singular and imposing that can be seen, an amphitheatre a mile in diameter, with walls 1,000 feet in height, sloping at an angle of 80 degrees down to the level, yellow-brown floor, in which opened two shafts as regular as if made by the hand of man. From the northern shaft, which was between 350 and 500 feet in diameter, poured forth a column of vapor, red with reflected light, and accompanied at irregular intervals by sounds like the roll of thunder. There seemed to be another centre of eruption on the western side of the mountain, but Count von Gotzen was unable to make his way to it through the dense forest. From the mountain he turned south to the Kivu Lake, which he found to be not much smaller than Lake Albort Edward. He camped at the northern end, and it looked like the sea; though the sky was clear, nothing was visible of the southern or the western shore, and heavy breakers beat against the lava cliffs.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

ONE of the most valuable meteorological stations in the world is that on Mont Blanc. Our own on Pike's Peak and Mount Washington are of similar service. It is possible to remain on the American heights throughout the winter, but no one has yet dared to undertake a winter's stay in the station on the summit of Mont Blanc. Winter registry of the weather that the observatory experiences is, however, very desirable, and is automatically obtained by instruments that are kept running, and which make their own records. To accomplish this a meteorograph, actuated by a weight of 200 pounds, has been constructed. The weight descends from a height of twenty feet, and as it requires eight months to fall this distance the machinery is kept steadily running for that period, and the automatic registers attached to the wind gauges, barometers, thermometers, etc., are enabled to continue working until the observer returns in the spring.

THE so-called Russian thistle has been found as far east as the western part of New York State, and must be vigorously attacked. The damage wrought by this pestilent weed, which is by no means a thistle, but is a saltwort, having leaves somewhat thistlelike, is very great in the Northwest, and its seeds have been carried eastward along railway lines. These seeds are very small, as many as 25,000 being produced sometimes by a single plant. In the West the plant is torn up by the roots and rolled before the autumn winds like the tumbleweed, sowing wide areas as it goes. It is an annual, however, and hence can be kept down in the fenced and cultivated Eastern regions by simply cutting off the plant before it seeds. It is, nevertheless, a strong addition to the farmer's plant enemies.

SOME tests of insect poisons largely used by Southern cotton planters have been made by the Alabama experi-

ment station. One sample, sold as "Paris green," was found to be composed wholly of chrome-yellow and Prussian pigments, powdered and so thoroughly mixed with clay dust, chalk, etc., as to look precisely like the real article, except that it lacked the proper brightness. There was not a trace of either copper or arsenic, and the compound was utterly useless as an insecticide. If there is one public institution more than another which the farmers can afford to support liberally in this country, it is the system of agricultural experiment stations.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION contributes to *L'Astronomie* an interesting paper upon the subject of the sun and its flames. These spots are so large that several of them exceed the diameter of the earth by at least six times. The luminous surface of the sun is projecting above its brilliant eruptions and fantastic rose-colored flames that are from 300,000 to 400,000 miles in height. The sun is 94,000,000 miles distant from the earth; an express train, running continuously at the rate of 3,000 feet a minute, would take 283 years to reach the sun from this planet. The calorific power of the sun is such that it would cause to boil 10,000,000,000,000 cubic miles of water at the temperature of ice; if brought as near to us as our moon is our globe would melt like a ball of wax. The solar surface is not solid nor liquid, nor gaseous; it is, upon the whole, but a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas having nearly the density of water. The spots are apertures formed in this solar surface. Above the solar surface there extends around the globe a stratum of burn-

ing gas of about 9,000 miles in thickness; it is rose-colored and transparent.

THE following, relating to electric "storage," is condensed from a paper lately read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers by Messrs. Bedell and Kinsley as the outcome of long study: The so-called storage batteries do not store electricity, properly speaking. They store chemical energy, which may be turned into electrical energy at will. The only real storage batteries are the condensers, of which the Leyden jar, well known in lecture-room experiments, is the most familiar type. Several curious facts connected with the charge and discharge of such condensers have received careful investigation, among which is the so-called "soaking in" of part of the charge and its appearance later as a "residual charge." Every condenser consists of two metallic sheets separated by a non-conductor, or of a series or pile of such. When one has been charged it acts as if part of the charge remained upon the metallic plates while part soaked into the non-conductor. When the condenser is discharged only the former portion takes part in the discharge; the latter gradually comes to the surface, and in time the condenser may be discharged again, though no charge has been given it meanwhile. A series of residual charges, diminishing in intensity, may thus be formed. The condition of a condenser depends, therefore, on its history—on its condition for weeks, or even months, past. In solid dielectrics the absorption is less, as the temperature is higher. In pure oils there is none at all.

TO MAUD.

THOUGH, Maud, I respect your ambition,
I fear, to be brutally plain,
No proud and exalted position
Your stories are likely to gain;
And, frankly, I cannot pretend I
Regard with the smallest delight
The vile *cacœthes scribendi*
Which led you to write.

Your talk is most charming, I know it,
You readily fascinate all,
But yet as a serious poet
Your worth, I'm afraid, is but small;
Your features, though well-nigh perfection,
Of the obstacle hardly dispose
That you haven't the faintest conception
Of how to write prose!

You think it would be so delightful
To see your productions in print?
Well, do not consider me spiteful
For daring discreetly to hint
That in this too-crowded profession,
Where prizes are fewer than blanks,
You'll find the laconic expression,
"Rejected—with thanks."

And so, since you do me the pleasure
To ask for my candid advice,
Allow for your moments of leisure
Some other pursuit to suffice;
And, if you would really befriend me,
One wish I will humbly confess:
Oh, do not continue to send me
Those reams of MS.!

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.'s publication of what may be called a popular edition of the *Rubāiyāt* of Omar Khayyām is doubly notable, being at once a literary and an artistic event of the season. The text is, of course, Edward Fitzgerald's noble rendering into English verse of the mediæval Persian astronomer-poet; and the accompanying illustrations, numbering over fifty full pages, are the famous series by Elihu Vedder, "commenced, May, 1883—finished, March, 1884: Roma." These singularly beautiful drawings

touch the high-water mark of imaginative art in American illustration, and probably constitute to-day the work by which our distinguished compatriot is most widely identified. Upon their original publication ten years ago, in a costly folio *édition de luxe*, their strength and beauty, inspired by an appreciation of the mystic spirit of Omar as broad and fine as that which prompted the literary interpretation by Fitzgerald, Vedder fully shared the honors of what was the poetical sensation of the day. That judgment

is more than confirmed as time goes on: and meanwhile the improvement in processes of pictorial reproduction has enabled the publishers to duplicate these marvelous plates in a smaller form, directly from the original drawings, without the slightest deterioration of their artistic qualities. The result is the present octavo edition, bound with the same design as the original one, containing all the illustrations, together with the artist's comment thereon, full variorum notes, the text of the quatrains printed separately, a biography of Omar Khayyám, and a sketch of Mr. Fitzgerald—a book of unique beauty and classic value, within the means of every lover of poetry and art. To understand the unparalleled figure of Omar in the usually conventional literature of the East we have to take note of the time in which, and by which, he was produced. It was the period of the First Crusade. The orthodox creed of the early Moslem Arabs was cooling down into culture and cant. The Persians, on the other hand, had not accepted it. Five centuries earlier, when first subdued by the followers of Islam, they had possessed in the Zoroastrian dogma a highly organized creed of their own, which only yielded slowly before the fierce persuasions of the Crescent. Then arose the schism of the Shias, or followers of Ali, which spread among them from the first century of the Hegira, both by reason of their vicinity to Kufa and Karbela, and because the Shias were enemies of the elective Caliphs to whom the Persians were also hostile. About a hundred years later fresh secessions occurred, originating in political ambition, but colored by religious eccentricity and destined to cause fresh heresy. The descendants of Abbas (the Prophet's uncle) founded a Caliphate, or Papacy, at Bagdad; and the son of Jafar Sadik, counted the sixth Imam, set on foot the almost atheistical sect of the Ismailis. When the Seljukians obtained influence at Bagdad they had already founded the short-lived empire known to mediæval Europe as that of the Saracens, and in many of the provinces, such as Khorassan, and farther west, had found Sunni orthodoxy in full vogue. Thus, when they embraced Islam, they naturally adopted the form of that faith which was at once popular with the conquered people and established at Bagdad. But that was by no means the case in the lands which they wrested in Persia proper from the tribes of Ghor. Not only were the heresies of the Shias and the Ismailis popular among the Persians, but at the same epoch they were influenced by other innovations. This was the period of the Ikhwan-us-Safa, the Encyclopedists of Basra, as it was also the climacteric of the Sufis, with opinions supposed to have grown out of Greek philosophy, and largely imbued with the tentative Pantheism originated by the school of Epicurus. It is not certain what was the ethnic origin of our poet, whether his extraction was Arab or Iranian. From his name it is inferred that he was a member of the hereditary guild of tentmakers; for *khaima* means a tent in Perso-Arabic, and *khayyám* is a conjugation of intensity or frequency from it. But he studied science and letters in the time of Toghrul Beg, the same school also affording instruction to two other men who were to obtain a more mundane notoriety. One was Hassan Sabah, he who, under the title of Sheikh-ul-Jabal, afterward became infamous as the founder of the truculent order of Assassins. The second was one who seemed far the most successful, though history has not remembered him so well. Sultan Toghrul was succeeded by his able and magnanimous nephew, Alp Arslan, A.D. 1063. In this reign the second of Khayyám's schoolfellows, of whom mention has just been made, became Minister, and his civil administration proved as useful to the Saracen Empire as the military ability of his master. After reducing the Caliph to insignificance at Bagdad,

and successfully encountering the Emperor Romanus, Alp Arslan, the Saracen Cœur-de-Lion, was assassinated at Merv on December 25th, 1072. His vast dominions, of which the western boundary was the Mediterranean Sea and the eastern the Chinese Wall, devolved upon his son Malik Shah, and the Minister continued in power, with the title of Nizam-ul-Mulk, for nearly thirty years. It is natural to inquire what so permanent and powerful a Minister did for the friends of his youth; and it is curious to find that he did so very little. The post of Chamberlain (mace-bearer or bedell) to the Sultan was obtained for Hassan, and Khayyám was provided with a small pension and permission to live in a garden house in the suburbs of his native town of Naisapur. The result of this moderation, as the Minister doubtless called his treatment of his schoolfellows, was unhappy, though in his Testament he declares that Omar refused all other rewards. Hassan soon went off to Syria, joined the Ismaili heretics, and established the robber hold of Allah-Mut among the mountains of Northern Persia, which was the centre of the short-lived power of the Assassins. The Nizam endeavored to put an end to the order, but paid for his endeavors with his life. Meanwhile, in his milder way, Khayyám also broke with orthodoxy, lived on in his humble retreat a contented but settled despisier of the world, survived his niggardly Mæcenas for nearly thirty years, and became the means to which that once mighty statesman is alone indebted for the remembrance of posterity. Man does not seem a very ideal being, yet we catch here and there a mark of the might of spiritual over material greatness. We have now before us the elements of that society on which the criticism of Khayyám was to act as a partial solvent. Station and power were great but insecure: in the higher places ruled pride and persecution: rank and command were with battles of the warrior and garments rolled in blood: the ferocious egotism of the natural man was accentuated, and gentle manners driven into the shade. We must picture to ourselves the poet in his garden, looking out upon the well-watered valley below Meshed, with vines and fruit plots around, and a bright sky overhead assuaged by shadowy plane trees, while streams lapsed softly through the meadow grass. It was a retreat, yet with loopholes, for the neighborhood of the town afforded some choice of society. Omar's hospitality was open to pleasant persons of both sexes—to all, indeed, but zealots. He was not one to confuse belief with faith: heterodoxy is as bad in his eyes as orthodoxy; you may do what you will if you will be cheerful and undogmatic. He is the slave of freedom. That he is ambitious, in the vulgar sense of sighing for the perishable advantages of wealth and station, no one can believe: he may desire to influence his fellow creatures, but it is as a friend rather than as a master. For personal comfort he looks not to luxury, but to love: not to the blind assurance of the bigot, but to the confidence of innocence and goodness. It has been thought that Khayyám was a Sufi, and only used the language of pleasure as a symbol for pantheistic aspiration. But he can be outspoken; and many of his Anacreontic stanzas are neither equivocal nor ambiguous. He is not sure whether, even on this side of the grave, perfect bliss is to be had; and in such uncertainty it would be folly to strive. But he is quite sure of the wisdom of savoring to the utmost the passing moment; and, like Horace, he makes the precariousness of joy a reason for enjoyment:

“Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.”

- "Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
 Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
 The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
 The leaves of life keep falling one by one.
- "Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
 Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?
 And the first Summer month that brings the
 rose
 Shall take Jamahyd and Kaikobad away.
- "You rising moon that looks for us again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 Through this same garden—and for one in vain.
- "And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
 Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
 And in your blissful errand reach the spot
 Where I made one—turn down an empty glass."

Khayyām mocks at circumstances. Death is a slave; even life, saving so far as it is a scene of calm enjoyment, is a mere bubble. The noise of the Franks in Syria is deadened by distance: the crimes of Hassan Sabah, the toils of Nizām-ul-Mulk, are ignored, while the poet surprises the secrets of Nature, observing her economies of matter and her recklessness of man. Our last glimpse of the poet shows him in a posture of pity. He was summoned to Merv and employed in the reform of the calendar; and he died a natural death about 1123 at Naishapur, his old age being untroubled and his life unbridged. More than this an Oriental of that time could not hope from Fate. The rest of his happiness must come from within, as we will hope it did. One of his disciples tells us that Omar said in his old age: "I would be buried in such a place, that the north wind may scatter roses on it." After the poet's death the disciple, visiting the grave, found that it was beneath a garden wall, "and the fruit trees reached their boughs over, and dropped their blossoms over his tomb, so that it was almost hidden." One of the curious features of Khayyām's life and labor is the fact of such heterodox and seemingly unprofitable matter surviving, with no aid from the printing press, through the havoc of seven stormy centuries. Of this we may be sure, that no nation preserves a work of literary art unless it has endeared itself to many minds, and found an echo in the popular feeling. Not only have Persia and Khorassan been scourged since then with fire and sword in which the frail life of manuscripts must have been in constant danger, but the outspoken heterodoxy of the *Rubaiyat* must have rendered them especially liable to the hostile pursuit of the Moslem Church. That they have, trifles as we may think them, been preserved amid all these dangers to furnish themes of enjoyment and of discussion in a state of society so unlike that in which they were born, and in which they lived so long, raises them to a position of almost scriptural dignity. And at last we behold them inspiring modern artists in the busiest centres of Western life.

THE numerous inquiries for information upon literary matters and details which are continually addressed by esteemed contributors to the editor of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, and doubtless to all other magazine editors, make it obvious that there is an extensive field of usefulness and profit for a publication devoted to the practical interests of writers in general. There are a multitude of things that all who write with a view to publication must learn, sooner or later. The sooner and the more thoroughly these things are learned the better for contributor and editor alike. Experience teaches, but slowly and painfully;

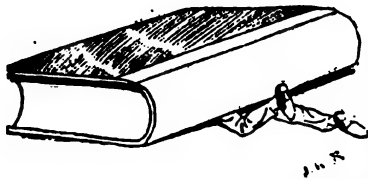
whereas a few practical points, administered with professional authority at the outset of a career, will save untold disappointment and wasted effort. To writers, especially young writers, in need of such counsel—and their name is legion—we can confidently recommend the *Authors' Journal*, a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of literary workers, which has just been started in this city by Mr. Frank Lee Farnell. Mr. Farnell is well equipped for this undertaking by his already successful experience in literary, newspaper and magazine work, including a period of service upon the editorial staff of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. He knows whereof he speaks when he says: "Every magazine nowadays has a particular purpose to carry out—has to appeal to certain classes of people. A periodical that should try to interest everybody would not pay, because it would not be perfectly satisfactory to anybody. . . . So every periodical is different; and a writer, before addressing the envelope that is to carry his manuscript to an editor, should know as far as possible wherein the policy of that editor differs from that of any other." The *Authors' Journal* says it will "point out to the inexperienced the many obstacles in the path to literary success, and show the way for surmounting them; it will bring its readers into touch with the news of the literary world, and keep them informed of changes, removals, etc., among the magazines; it will tell what the various periodicals are particularly seeking in the way of contributions; it will answer inquiries pertaining to literary matters; it will describe the methods of prominent authors, and it will endeavor, in a practical and interesting manner, to assist young writers in their efforts to obtain recognition. To those who are able to write, but are unacquainted with the proper course to pursue in getting their articles, stories and poems into print, it will give valuable information; while to those who have already achieved success will be given much fresh and interesting gossip about their fellow workers." The initial number (for February, 1895) fully bears out the promise of the above, and has many bright features which augur well for a useful and prosperous career. The subscription price of the *Authors' Journal* is one dollar per annum, and it is published on the first day of each month, at No. 1 William Street, New York city.

A DESERVEDLY successful novel of the day is "Zaphra," by John P. Stockton, Jr. It is avowedly a "novel of purpose," a product of the cycle of advanced thought which is bringing about a spiritual and social renaissance destined to make the closing half of this nineteenth century memorable. Under the garb of fiction Mr. Stockton deals with the problems of poverty and resultant crime; he exposes fearlessly the greed which coins human misery into gold; he points out clearly our duty to suffering humanity, and suggests a practical remedy for the evils he depicts. In the development of the story occult phenomena are ingeniously employed.

"ELECTRICITY AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION," by Professor J. P. Barrett, chief of that department, treats exhaustively of the electrical features of the great Chicago Fair. Not only are the exhibits well accounted for, but everything of an electrical character that entered into the service of the Exposition. The book will hardly appeal to the lay reader, but to those interested in electricity or who know anything about the great new science, there is a vast fund of information. Very properly the book begins with an account of how the 100,000 incandescent lamps were installed and operated, those on the grounds, around the lagoons, on the cornices of the buildings as well as inside. Under the head of arc lighting the whole system of service

lighting is treated, the ground lighting and that inside all the buildings, with figures showing cost of that service. In this chapter are also accounts of the great search lights, with figures of operation, and the story of the construction and operation of the electric fountains which gave so much pleasure to evening visitors. Other chapters are devoted to descriptions of the 25,000-horse-power central station that operated the Fair; the subways and conduit systems, the intramural railway; the electric launches; lighting of

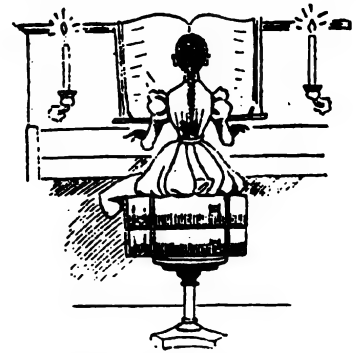
the chrysanthemum itself, could be as successfully cultivated in America as that flower, and would in its way become as popular. With a view to its introduction here he offers to send postpaid to any address the "Guide for Cultivators," with a set of seeds representing twenty choice varieties, for the price of one dollar in gold. This should be remitted, with the order, by International Postal Money Order, to Rokumonya, 5 Sakai-cho, Nihombashi-ku, Tokio, Japan.



1. A heavy book.



2. A light book.



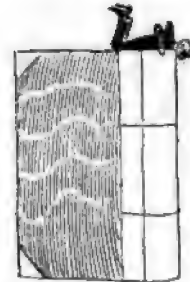
3. Elevating books.



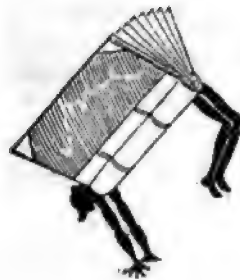
4. A humorous book. (N. B. It has just fallen on his favorite corn.



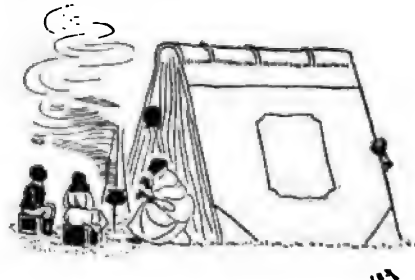
5. A dry book. In spite of this he seems to be enjoying it.



6. A very deep book.



7. A lively and amusing book.



8. A book for the domestic circle.

SOME BOOKS REVIEWED BY THE COMIC ARTIST.

the circle of lights around the Ferris Wheel. Indeed, those who read the book will hardly think of anything electrical that they saw that is not accounted for in it.

FROM Tokio, Japan, an enthusiastic amateur floriculturist named Rokumonya sends to FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, with compliments of the season, a neatly printed "Guide for Cultivators of the Japanese Morning Glory," accompanied by seeds of a dozen varieties of this poetic flower. Mr. Rokumonya believes that the Japanese morning glory, which blossoms in almost as many varieties as

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

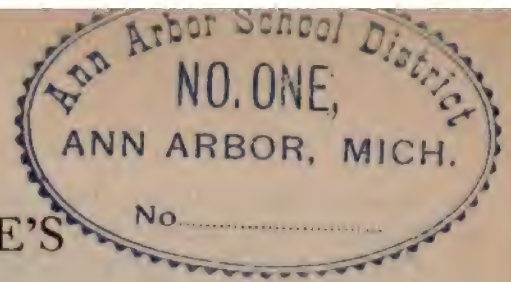
THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, THE ASTRONOMER POET OF PERSIA. Rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald. With a Biography of Omar Khayyam, a Biographical Sketch of Mr. Fitzgerald, and Variorum Notes. Illustrated by Elihu Vedder. Crown octavo, cloth and gilt, \$5. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

FRIENDSHIP. LOVE. KISSES. Selections from the Poets, by Volney Streamer. Illustrated in colors. Three volumes, decorated covers and gilt, in box. Raphael Tuck & Sons Co., New York and London.



W. L. CHAPMAN, N.Y.

COMPLIMENTS AND CONGRATULATIONS.



FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXIX.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 4.



EASTER EGG-ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EASTER EGGS.

BY M. E. LEICESTER ADDIS.

We're independent men, with wives and sweethearts by our side;
We've hearts at rest, with health we're blest, and being Eastertide,
We make our springtime holiday and take a bit of pleasure.
And gay as May, drive care away and give to mirth our leisure.

Then at this welcome season, boys, let's welcome thus each other—
Each kind to each, shake hands with each, each be to each a brother;
Next Easter holiday may each again see flowers springing,
And hear birds sing, and sing himself, while merry bells are ringing.—*Old Song.*

OF the three great annual festivals of the Christian Church—Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide—Easter, the anniversary of our Lord's death and resurrection, takes precedence, and in early church history is often spoken of as the Queen of Festivals; for on Easter Day depend all the

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movable feasts and fasts of the year. The nine Sundays before Easter (Palm Sunday, Carling Sunday, Mothering Sunday, the first three of Lent, Quinquagesima, Sexagesima and Septuagesima), with the eight which follow it (Low Sunday—so called from the lowering of the pomp and ceremonial of the Easter service—the four following Sundays, the Sunday after Ascension Day, Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday), have not inaptly been called its bodyguard.

The week between Palm Sunday and Easter is known as Holy Week, or Passion Week, solemnly observed in all Roman Catholic churches, and the rubric of the Episcopal Church orders a daily service.

Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, or more familiarly Pace Saturday, Easter Day and Easter Monday and Tuesday are now generally included in the term Eastertide.

Although Easter is a movable feast, held the first Sunday after the first full moon upon or after the 21st of March, it seldom falls in March oftener than twice in a decade. This is a very significant fact, for the Latin name *Aprilis* is derived from *aperis*, to open or set forth; and as Easter is the festival of new life, so is April the month of the year full of budding life and hope. Our Saxon forefathers called it Oster (which signifies rising); also Eastermonath, in which month they held their feast of Eastre, Easter or Eoster, probably derived from the still older *Astarte* of Eastern nations. It also used to be called The Great Day.

The French call it Pâques, from the Greek *Pascha*, and still older Hebrew *Pesch* (Passover), and our English *paschal* is applied to the lamb of which Christ and his disciples partook before His crucifixion. In some districts of England the old people still use the word *pasch*.

Strange to relate, although Presbyterian Scotland has retained many of the old customs belonging to the various saints' days and the festivals of the church of pre-Reformation times, the only day observed in Eastertide is Pace Saturday.

It is one of the gala days of the children throughout the length and breadth of the land, and is eagerly looked forward to. Even the thriftiest Scotch housewife relaxes her economies on this day and gladdens the children's hearts by dyeing eggs for the afternoon games. For weeks ahead all the onion skins have been carefully preserved; the clippings of red flannel or turkey-red material of every kind are treasured up, and then a half-penny (one cent) is expended on "cutbear" and logwood. The onion skins dye a rich yellow brown, the red rags produce a soft shade of red, and the "cutbear" and logwood

dye the eggs magenta and purple. The farmer's wife sends her contribution to her little friends in canary yellow—the result of butter dye—and with possibly half a dozen eggs apiece the children of the countryside collect in some old grass field, where the soft moss, found only in very old pasturage, forms a cushion for the eggs.

How happy and merry everyone is! As the eggs are tossed, now high, now low, they challenge each other; and what shouts of glee when in the general mêlée a number of the eggs are broken!

I can picture such an old mossy field now, not far from the much-talked of "Thrumms," which has been the egg field of Pace Saturday for generations; and we used to listen attentively to the grandmother's tale of a noted sheep stealer, Randall, who was hanged between two trees on a knoll in the field for stealing sheep on the Sabbath Day. And every year, as we sat 'neath the clump of trees in the field and ate our broken eggs and shared our cakes with each other, the grandmother's story of Randall was retold for the benefit of the younger members of the company who daringly swung between his gallows trees and would not be duly impressed by the solemnity of their surroundings. The dear Calvinistic grandmother is gone, and yet the lesson lingers with us, for, wittingly or unwittingly, she impressed on our youthful minds that the breaking of the Sabbath Day was a greater crime than the stealing of the sheep.

So as successive Pace Saturdays come and go these country children still roll their Easter eggs on Randall's Knap, whilst fragrant memories of the dear old home of childhood come to those children of former Easters who are now scattered over the world on prairie, jungle, bush and karru. But the hope still lingers fondly that on some Pace Day of the dim future they may yet visit the old spot and share the delight of the children as they troop merrily by to roll their eggs.

In the north of England the eggs are rolled and tossed on Sunday afternoon in the field adjoining the parish church; and eggs and oranges are freely exchanged between acquaintances and friends. The oranges are supposed to typify the bitter herbs of the Passover Feast.

But the custom of egg rolling as practiced at Washington and elsewhere in America is borrowed from Scotland.

The Scot never forgets his native land, her customs and feasts, and so strongly marked is his individuality that he establishes these customs in the land of his adoption.

Our Halloween fun and frolic is but another

proof of this, for Halloween is observed only partially in England as a borrowed custom.

In Scotland and Ireland children are taught by their nurses to crush the eggshell after eating its contents, or to push the spoon through the bottom of it. This is not so often seen here, because eggs are seldom eaten out of the shell.

This shell crushing is a relic of a great superstitious belief that witches lived in empty eggshells and made boats of them, casting spells upon the household.

I shall not enlarge here upon the use and exchange of eggs, with the symbolism attached thereto by the pagan nations before the Christian era. Suffice to say that eggs were of the greatest importance then, and entered largely into the sacrifices and oblations poured out upon the fields to secure good crops. They represented fullness and plenty, and the saying "As full as an egg is of meat" dates from the earliest records.

As the hidden life within the egg could be called forth to light, so did the earth cherish the seed and of her fullness produce smiling crops to gladden the hearts of herdsmen and tillers of the ground.

Coming to the children's custom of dyeing and playing with eggs, we find that it dates from the fourth century. During the forty days of Lent the use of eggs for food was strictly forbidden. All were good Catholics then, and there were no heretics to whom the eggs might be sold. The church could compel her children to obey, but she had no power to restrain the hens from producing, and so in every household the egg basket overflowed with plenty. This was the children's opportunity, so the eggs were boiled hard, and then they became excellent playthings.

Dyeing in bright colors to attract the little ones is the next development, scarlet and the various

shades of red being particularly popular; first, because of its brightness to the childish eye, and second, because red was the color of the church, and therefore blessed.

In France during the Middle Ages there were many curious customs relative to Easter eggs. Before Eastertide began the priests paid a round of visits, blessing and receiving eggs. The largest eggs were picked out and sent to the King as tribute.

After high mass in the chapel of the Louvre on Easter Day huge gayly decorated baskets of gilded eggs were carried in to the royal presence; the attendant chaplain blessed and distributed them to those present.

Then comes the substitution of the artificial egg of sugar, pasteboard, ivory, etc., the cover or case for some daintier gift. Béranger and other writers refer to the fabulous sums of money spent upon luxuries inclosed in Easter eggs.

In Germany and the north of England there is a common belief that hares lay eggs; and when a hare is seen bounding over the fields in March, which gave rise to our saying, "As mad as a March hare," the children clap their hands, crying, "Hare, hare, good little hare, lay plenty of eggs for Easter Day!"



THE WINDOW IN THURMS.

Connected with the story of Easter eggs we must tell of the legend of the bells. In the Catholic countries of the Old World the bells are not rung during Passion Week; and the belief still lingers that they have gone to Rome to be blessed by the Pope. But they returned on Easter morning, bringing presents of scarlet eggs from the Holy Father to his good children; for presents are always looked for when one has come home from a far country.

The joy bells came first, and the angels, drawn from heaven by their joyous peals, filled the egg



RETURN OF THE BELLS FROM ROME, WITH THE POPE'S BLESSING.—DRAWING BY MANUEL ORAZI.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA DEPOSITING AN EASTER EGG UPON THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS.

baskets of the good children. The death bells came back, too, but brought nothing, for Easter is full of joy only. So even in the Easter of the children the bells tell of the joy and the eggs tell of the gifts of love Christ brings to the little ones.

In rural Switzerland the egg dance of Easter Monday is still to be seen. It differs little at the present day from what it did in the Middle Ages, and in describing an egg dance made famous in history we can better understand the origin of the modern custom.

Early in the sixteenth century Marguerite of Austria was Gouvernante of Flanders, and as was customary then, she visited her Castle of Brou, near Bresse, on the western slope of the Alps, and there she decided to spend Easter.

Philibert the Handsome, Duke of Savoy, who was hunting in this district, duly went to pay his respects to the fair chatelaine of the castle.

It was Easter Monday, and all were merry; the various Easter games were played, and the dancing on the green was joined in by all.

The old men amused themselves by shooting a barrel of wine, and when one was successful in making his arrow stick in the wood then he gained the privilege of drinking all he wanted, or, as the saying went, "*Jusqu'à merci.*"

Then the great egg dance, the special dance of the season, began. A hundred eggs were scattered over a level space covered with sand, and a young couple, taking hands, began the dance. If they finished without breaking an egg they were betrothed, and not even an obdurate parent could oppose the marriage.

After three couples had failed, midst the laughter and shouts of derision of the on-lookers, Philibert of Savoy, bending on his knee before Marguerite, begged her consent to try the dance with him. The admiring crowd of retainers shouted in approval, "*Savoy and Austria!*" When the dance was ended and no eggs were broken the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Philibert said, "Let us adopt the custom of Bresse." And they were affianced, and shortly afterward married.

Philibert did not long survive his happy mar-

riage, and in 1511 his devoted Marguerite erected the lovely church of Notre Dame de Brou to his memory. There the tombs of Philibert and Marguerite may still be seen, a perpetual memorial of the mediæval observance of Easter and its *danse des œufs*.

And now, in conclusion, let me emphasize how important it is for us to take an increasing interest in the quaint observances of our feasts and holidays.

It will indeed be a misfortune if these old customs are allowed to die out. They belong to history, and give us more real information regarding the manners, customs and social life of our ancestors than volumes of written history can. It is from such traditionary customs that we can best learn and appreciate the strong power the church held over the daily life of her children in olden times—a power which inculcated above all things the absolute necessity of reverence.

We are educated as our forefathers never were. Education is the all-pervading cry, but with this universal education we have lost the power of reverence.

We may laugh at the simple faith and credulous beliefs of bygone superstitious times, but have we anything equally beneficial for the guidance of our daily lives to show as the result of our superior knowledge?

The attention of the pupils in our schools ought to be drawn to these old customs, which they inherit equally with Scotch and English children. In place of the history lesson, so often a recitation of dry, hard facts and musty information, a weary task to the uninterested child, we might interweave with the necessary hard study a lesson of how our forefathers lived and moved and had their being, influenced in their simple, happy lives by the practical lessons taught them at successive festivals by the mother church.

Each holiday season comes down to us laden with the influences of the past, for in the chain of life there can be no broken link. In observing them we but reverence the heritage we have received. May we never forget that as we have received so must we hand them down unsullied to the children who are to come.

THE PRINCESS RETURNING.

BY JEANNIE BEDNALL.

Oa, hush! in the air there's a whisper,
Like the flutter of birds on the wing;
It swells, it comes nearer and nearer,
List! list! 'tis the voice of the Spring.

She comes like a princess returning
To the kingdom she governed of old;
She calls to the flowers, her maidens,
And arrays them in silver and gold.

The tall trees stand breathlessly silent,
While with verdure she wraps them around,
And tenderly, softly caressing,
With beauty she covers the ground.

She touches the great harp of Nature
Till melody flows, and each string
And our hearts are attuned, for we love her,
We love her, the long-hoped-for Spring.

COUNT YAMAGATA.

THE STORY OF THE JAPANESE NAPOLEON.

WRITTEN FOR FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY BY TEIICHI YAMAGATA.*

SINCE the famous battle of Ping Yang, in which the Chinese received the severe drubbing that first opened their eyes to the real military prowess of the Japanese, the name and fame of Count Ariake Yamagata have traveled around the world. He has taken first rank as a military strategist, and is likened to the Prussian Von Moltke, and to the American General Grant. Japan rings with his praises, and military men the world over are studying his tactics.

Count Yamagata has one quality that was strongly developed in both of the generals above mentioned—he has always been persistent. From his earliest boyhood he has made a constant study of the modern science of warfare. He began at the bottom, and, without the doubtful aid of favoritism, has climbed to the top. His career stands as a monument to hard work. He has ambition, energy and a highly developed quality of patience. In Japan he is held up to school-boys as a sample of what noble qualities can accomplish.

Count Yamagata was born in the early spring of 1842, in the Province of Chioshiu. At that time Japan was a very queer old feudal empire. The Emperor was imperial in name only; he was a prisoner in his palace at Kyoto, and the Shogun, or Prime Minister, was the real ruler. Each province was ruled by a provincial prince, and even the Shogun was not potent enough to pre-

vent frequent interprovincial wars. The Province of Chioshiu was one of the mightiest of these, and had seldom enjoyed a lengthy peace. Hence it will be seen that the young Count Yamagata came of an old fighting stock, in which all the warlike traditions were preserved. His father, Karo, belonged to the highest class of the Samurai, and was the favorite adviser of the provincial prince, Mori.

Here was a good start, so far as circumstance was concerned; but the young Japanese can gain no glory from his antecedents. He must conquer only by his own efforts.

By the time that he was able to toddle the little fellow began to take interest in the queer characters of the Japanese written and printed language. The knowledge of reading and writing seemed to come to him by intuition; but in truth his start on the road of knowledge was due alone to incessant effort. When his playmates of his own noble rank, attended by numerous servants, went off to the hills about the city to fly their kites, this little germ of a future field marshal took a bundle of books under his arm and sought solitude. His parents were not unnaturally concerned with the fear that his studious habits might work to the detriment of his health. They tried to persuade him to take an occasional rest from books and seek physical strength in the field sports of his time and prov-

* The writer of this article is a near relative of Japan's foremost military strategist, Field Marshal Yamagata, of whose life he presents a clear and striking account. The writer is a young man belonging to the newest and most progressive element in Japan. Early in his teens he became a cadet at the Naval Academy, and served with distinction until he reached the grade of ensign. During the French war in Tonquin he was commissioned with relative rank in the French Navy, at the request of his own government. He got his first taste of real warfare in the sanguinary naval battle of Foocho. Mr. Yamagata afterward came to this country to study, and was graduated from the Johns Hopkins University. He is at present living in New York, engaged in literary pursuits.

ince. But he persisted in his determination to become a wise man, and Japanese children are generally allowed to have their own way. Yet, though a bookworm, he was not by any means devoid of fun.

His quality of heroism developed at the age of ten. One warm summer day he was taking a stroll under the shade of a paper umbrella; as usual, he had his books with him, and giving very little attention to his path, was absorbed in his reading. Suddenly he heard women's screams and children's shrill shrieks.

Facing about, he saw a horseman of the noble rank of Samurai, whose beast was frantically running in his direction. The animal was plainly a runaway. The bridle dangled before the brute's fore legs, and the rider, unable to reach it, hung to his saddle and shouted to pedestrians to get out of danger.

The people were not slow to obey the command, and the nobleman now saw in the road only a delicate-looking boy of ten.

"Abunai yo!" (look out) shouted the horseman, from a distance.

But Ariake, who had calmly folded his umbrella and dropped his books, did not budge. He waited until the frantic beast was almost upon him, then, swift as lightning, opened the umbrella and spread it in the horse's face.

That checked the runaway. The animal came to a stop and the nobleman sprang from his back, and, catching the bridle, held the horse firmly.

"Let the horse get cool," the boy advised, gently, while the nobleman overwhelmed him with praise.

The Samurai, after making the animal fast, picked up his little rescuer and held him in his arms.

"Some day, my noble little fellow," predicted the Samurai, "you will be the glory of the Land of the Rising Sun."

And this Samurai was the celebrated General Saigo Takamori, commander in chief of the Imperial army against the Shogun in 1867. From this chance encounter Takamori interested himself in young Ariake, and became, indeed, his patron. When, in 1867, the present Emperor, then a boy of fifteen, waged the War of Restoration, Count Ariake Yamagata had reached the grade of second in command.

At the age of seven the subject of this sketch had begun the study of the Chinese and Japanese classics. The learned language and literature of the Chinese are to the Japanese what the study of ancient Greek is in Europe and America. But progressive young man's private tutor soon

became reduced to despair. His pupil rushed through the classics, and then insisted on studying the science of war and the history of Western civilization. In feudal old Japan such ambitions amounted almost to heresy. The old Japanese style of fighting was good enough, and foreigners were naught but "foreign devils."

Then came the visit of Commodore Perry and his squadron to Japan, in 1853, and the eyes of the mighty men of the empire became opened to things for which they had never cared before. Ariake now found plenty of encouragement from the more progressive of his elder friends. Yet Japan, as a whole, remained so conservatively set against the ways of "foreign devils" that, when the War of the Restoration began, the valiant Takamori could find no one so well qualified to act as his second in command as this young count of twenty-five.

But leaving the young general, with this glance ahead at his early greatness, and to return to him in his teens, we will learn how he acquired his ideas of Western civilization. The Dutch were at that time the principal traders in Japan. The eager young student heard of a learned Samurai, Takasugi by name, who was thoroughly versed in Dutch literature and in the Dutch methods of warfare. And Takasugi, on his return from Holland, had spent some years in America. America! That name was a mighty talisman to the young military student, who had been fired by Takamori's anecdotes of Perry and his officers. Takamori had seen the great Westerner, one of whose war ships would have made sport of vanquishing all of Japan's war junks in one engagement!

It was to America, then, that Ariake turned for enlightenment. He realized, from Takamori's accounts, how far the United States was in advance of Holland. But Takasugi, this man learned in the ways of both Western nations, lived in a distant part of the province, and to become his pupil the boy must leave home. His parents did not relish the proposed separation; it was against the traditions of those times. But Ariake again insisted on having his own way, and the proverbial parental complaisance was demanded and secured. They were his parents, to be sure, but they had no right to control his future manhood against his own ambitions.

So the young student journeyed to the abode of Takasugi, saw him and begged instruction. After he had heard all the ambitions contained in that young breast, Takasugi bowed his assent, in the old dignified way, and Ariake became installed in the learned man's house.

Then began years of hard study, during which

Ariake rapidly mastered the military knowledge gained by Western nations in the march of centuries. He studied tactics, and became enthusiastic over the science of explosives. It was fortunate for the student that he learned rapidly, for when he had reached the age of eighteen Takasugi, who had become mixed in political intrigue, was arrested and cast into prison.

The young count had now learned all of modern civilization and warfare that was to be had in Japan. Full of new ideas, he returned to the military service of his provincial prince, Mori, who was at that time an ardent anti-foreigner.

Then came the War of the Restoration, when the Emperor led his armies against those of the Shogun. Yamagata was prominent in several victories for the Imperial arms, but when he heard that one of the Shogun's armies was about to invade the Province of Chiosiu, which had supported the Emperor, feudal loyalty triumphed, and Ariake hastened to serve Prince Mori. He was rewarded by being placed in command of the provincial troops.

No sinecure was this, though. The men under his command were new and untrained levies. He must organize them, and lead these few thousands against one hundred thousand trained soldiers of the Shogun. Yet never once did the young general falter. With but few really competent officers to assist him, he set about the herculean task.

As he worked word came day by day showing how much nearer the hostile army was coming. How could he make a successful defense? Here a happy thought came to him. Japan, though a chivalrous people for more than a thousand

years, had yet never conceived the Western idea that makes horses almost inseparable from military chivalry. He determined to organize the first Japanese cavalry. The result was that famous body of horsemen known as the "Kiheitai." For this the organizer was given the sobriquet of "Kihei Sochioshi," or founder of cavalry. He also made changes in the old tactics and evolutions, and the uniform became more European. Several times daily the men were drilled and reviewed, and, burning with patriotic ardor, they

were speedily put into condition to fight.

Then came the Shogun's immense army, and battle after battle was fought. The Chiosiu troops, even with their meagre amount of training in European ways of fighting, proved vastly superior to the Shogun's braves. In engagement after engagement the Shogunates were soundly thrashed. The campaign was ardent on one side, and stubborn on the other, but the Shogunates were gradually driven to the edge of the province, and then out of it. By this time the big army was so badly demoralized, and the Imperial supporters were so full of new confidence,



COUNT YAMAGATA, FIELD MARSHAL AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

that the Restoration was brought about without farther fighting, and the once mighty Shogun disappeared from Japanese politics.

The present Emperor, secure on his throne at last, was not slow to show his gratitude to those who had bravely supported him. But to Count Ariake Yamagata was given the especial commission of reorganizing a national army and navy on civilized footing. The military was patterned after the French; the navy was established on an English basis. Count Yamagata also advocated

and secured the establishment of military and naval schools for the thorough training of officers. The result of this less than thirty years of modern system, during which innovations were frequent enough to keep abreast of the rapid evolution in warfare, is known to every American, for news of the Japanese campaign against China has been eagerly followed by the magazine and newspaper readers of this country.

In 1877 brave old Takamori, first Minister of War under the Emperor, found himself at odds with the government in his views on the Korean question, and resigned. In the summer of the same year Saigo Takamori rebelled against Imperial authority, and persuaded the best part of the new army to follow him. Things again looked black for the Emperor, but once more Count Ariake Yamagata came to the rescue. Hard as it was to take up arms against his former patron, loyalty triumphed over friendship, and he took the field against the insurrectionists. During the battle of Kumamoto, while he was observing the enemy's position, a shell exploded within a few feet of him. Turning to his staff officers, Count Yamagata coolly remarked: "See how well they are getting along with their guns. They owe that to good training."

In this, as in the previous campaign against the Shogunates, Count Yamagata's men were mostly raw levies, but by his wonderful patience, allied with great energy, he soon had them in good shape. The rebels were eventually dispersed, and peace once more settled over the entire Land of the Rising Sun.

On his return from the field the count was appointed to the Portfolio of War. Now he found himself the hero of Dai Nippon—"Greater Japan." But he bore his honors with customary modesty, and only thought how he could continue to advance the interests of his beloved country. If his name were to be omitted from the political and military history of Japan it would be indeed incomplete. Both in statecraft and in generalship he stands easily in the front rank of his countrymen. His judgment and skill in difficult matters of diplomacy have gained for him the confidence of all classes. His advice, either in matters public or private, is always eagerly sought.

One characteristic that contributed not a little to the count's success was his powerful eloquence. He often appeared before the people, and his impassioned appeals to their loyalty accomplished fully as much as his successful military operations.

In 1889 Count Yamagata was commanded by the Emperor to travel through Europe and Amer-

ica. He was sent to study the constitutions of the most enlightened countries, as the Emperor found his people sufficiently advanced to share with him the management of national affairs. This was the first time that the count had ever been beyond the borders of Japan, but on coming out into the great world he found himself no stranger to its civilization. Everywhere he was received with great enthusiasm, and was treated as an honored guest.

Several weeks of his trip were spent in New York. He greatly admired this city, which he declared was really the greatest commercial centre of the world. At that time he believed in the necessity of a Greater New York, and could not understand why the union of Gotham and its adjacent territory had not been already accomplished.

"The Americans," he observed, "are destined to become the leaders of the world; for industry rules, and the Americans are the greatest inventors of labor-saving machinery in the world."

Filled with the lore of free governments, he returned to Japan. Immediately he began to draw up the programme for the coming reform. So well pleased was the Emperor with the result of his envoy's tour that Count Yamagata was promoted to the post of Prime Minister. In November, 1890, the Japanese people received their long-expected constitution, and the government is now a limited monarchy of the most progressive type.

Let us observe that Japan was the last Asian country to open her ports to trade with foreign powers, and yet is the only Asian nation with a constitutional government. This speaks eloquently for the work of less than thirty years; and in all this Count Yamagata is entitled to a large share of the credit. The Japanese have established themselves as the vanguard of civilization in the Far East, and they will never rest until they have spread the good work to all their neighbors.

The sketch I have already given comprises a career brilliant enough to satisfy the most ambitious man, but more honors were in store for the count. After the late trouble had broken out in Korea he was appointed to the command of the First Japanese Army. The capture of Ping Yang is a matter of so recent history as to be familiar to every reader. All the details of the assault were planned by the count before he left Japan, and all was executed as he directed. He reached Ping Yang, after the battle had commenced, at the head of the column from Seoul. So harmoniously had the generals in command of the other three corps carried out his orders that

there was no hitch. Ping Yang was taken, Chinese eyes were opened, and Japan again rang with the praise of her hero. Unfortunately, soon after the victory, he contracted a severe cold, and was compelled to return to his native land.

In Japan another great honor awaited him. The Emperor, on behalf of a grateful people, created for him the rank of inspector general of all the Japanese armies—the highest rank possible below the Emperor.

Personally the count is an exceedingly democratic man, notwithstanding his descent from the haughty class of the Samurai. He is tall, for a Japanese, slender, and has a striking face, whose only hirsute adornment is a close-cropped mustache. His cheek bones are rather prominent. His complexion is a shade lighter than the Castilian type. His hair he parts and combs fastidiously, but in the matter of dress he is exceedingly plain.

His patience is proverbial throughout Japan.

He has never punished servant or soldier for a first offense. His favorite reply is, "Let him try again."

His humanity, so plainly proven by the splendid treatment of Chinese prisoners at Ping Yang, is also illustrated by an incident that happened during the march of the Seoul column to Korea's ancient capital. He had contracted a severe cold, which weakened him, but he refused to avail himself of any conveyance, and kept in his saddle as an example to other sufferers under his command.

One day his illness had assumed so dangerous an aspect that one of the surgeons sent him a bottle of wine, and urged him to drink it.

"How can I take it," he inquired, "when there is not enough for my poor soldiers to enjoy such a luxury? They do not even get all the food they need."

The bottle of wine went back, unopened, to the medical stores.

IN MY HEART.

By JOHN READE.

In my heart are many chambers through which I wander free;
Some are furnished; some are empty; some are sombre; some are light;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night.

But there's one I never enter—it is closed to even me:
Only once its door was opened, and it shut for evermore;
And though sounds of many voices gather round it like a sea,
It is silent, ever silent, as the shore.

In that chamber, long ago, my love's casket was concealed,
And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one could win;
And my soul foreboded sorrow, should that jewel be revealed,
And I almost hoped that none might enter in.

Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal chamber door,
Till she came at last—my darling one, of all the earth my own;
And she entered—then she vanished with my jewel which she wore;
And the door was closed—and I was left alone.

She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of her eyes
Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed that chamber door,
And the memory of that moment is all I have to prize—
But *that*, at least, is mine for evermore.

Was she conscious, when she took it, that the jewel was my love?
Did she think it but a bauble she might wear or toss aside?
I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it may prove
A blessing, though she scorn it in her pride.



A FAMILY DINNER PARTY.

HOMES IN JAPAN.

BY GEORGE DONALDSON.

ACCORDING to the Bible, the first homes of men were in the western part of Asia, and philology traces the origin of language to about the same region. The modern homes in Persia and the country round about are, doubtless, very much like those in which the Antediluvians, as well as those who repopled the earth after the Deluge, dwelt. And if we follow the course of man's early migrations east or west we find a gradual change in the homes until we come to

the extremities of the Old World in the British and Japanese Islands, where the styles of homes, like the customs of the people, are about as nearly direct opposites as are the directions of the heads of those who build them; for, whereas the English building is generally of stone, and pre-eminently plain and substantial, the Japanese building is mostly of paper, and very light and unsubstantial; and this characteristic runs through all their manufactures, and may likewise be applied, to a certain extent at least, to the Japanese character.

The first part of the Japanese house to be built is the roof. It is then raised upon the rest of the structure. The carpenter saws and planes toward him, instead of from him, as is invariably the case with Europeans. The candlestick is stuck into the candle, instead of placing the candle into the stick. Saucers are always placed over the teacup, never under. Japanese get down upon hands and knees to greet a friend; we rise. Their doors always slide; ours open. On its birthday the



THE LAUNDRY.



THE FAMILY TUB.

child gives presents to its parents and friends. They shave the eyebrows and blacken the teeth; we darken the eyebrows to make them appear heavy, and whiten the teeth.

In the stable the horses are headed out. Locks thrust to left; ours to right. The blacksmith works the bellows with foot, instead of hand.

In playing the game of checkers they put the men on the intersection of the lines, and not in the spaces. We squeeze toys to make them squeak; their gimcracks have to be pulled. They usually sit at their work; we stand.

They carry the babe behind them, instead of before; do their work and take their baths in front of the house; lie with feet to wall; dust before sweeping; even have clocks whose dial turns and hands remain stationary; and when a man is insulted he kills himself, instead of his enemy.

Which is right?

The Japanese live mostly in villages and cities, but although their houses are clustered together they are not surrounded by walls as in most Eastern lands, and there are occasional houses sep-

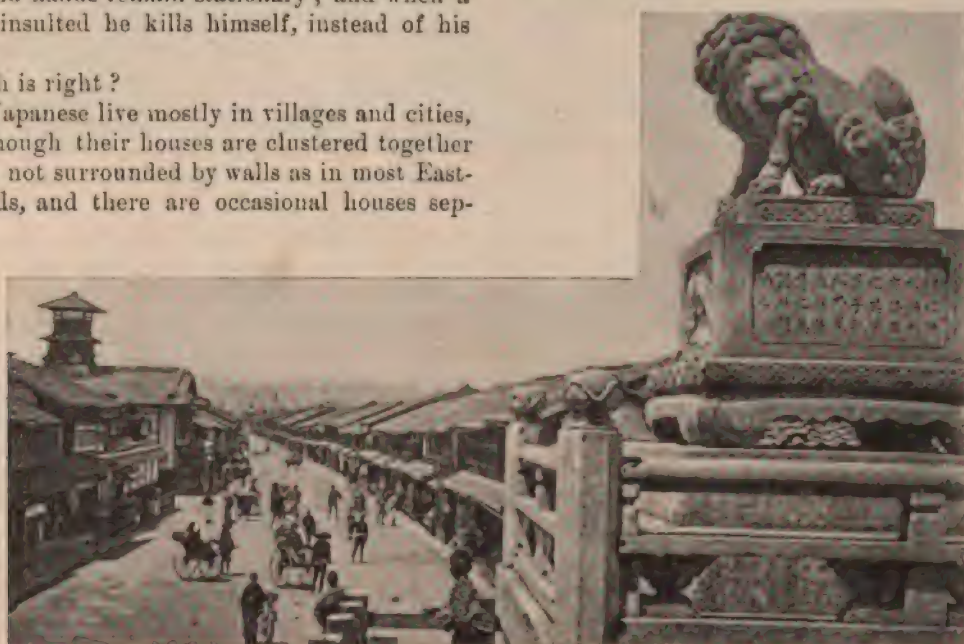
arated from the villages by long distances; yet there is nothing which is a counterpart of the farm homes of America. The Japanese are very poor, and the house of the agriculturist is usually only a hut with a thatched roof made very thick and heavy, and having a ridge of turf which grows luxuriantly on the top. This serves to hold down the roof in high winds, and often one sees heavy stones also laid on the thatch.

There is no chimney for the smoke from the "hibachi," which serves as stove. This consists of a box containing ashes upon which lie some coals, or of a jar or similar arrangement open at one side so as to put wood under the pot, grid-dle or grate which may be placed over it. With these they do their cooking and supply all the heat they have in cold weather.

The homes of the poor, which in Japan constitute the great majority of the population, are dirty and disorderly, as is the case in most lands; but the homes of the educated and better classes are models of neatness and most delightful for warm weather, yet very uncomfortable when it becomes cold.

The house is either on the street, or separated from it by a high fence of bamboo sticks set close to each other, or by a high hedge of evergreens.

You enter the house through a sliding door of bars which admits you to an entry on the ground, where the shoes or clogs are left. You then step through a sliding door upon the house floor, which is usually one or one and a half feet above the ground, and is covered with a sort of rush



STREET SCENE.

matting made very thick and soft, in pieces three feet by six feet. These are always that size, and the dimension of a room is always given as so many mats, twelve, fifteen, thirty, etc.

From this first landing doors open on all sides to the different parts of the house, and one of them leads upstairs, where there is a second story. Usually this is but half a story, or else just one full-height upper chamber.

If we step back into the room directly in the rear of this landing we find ourselves in the main room of the house.

This opens, by sliding doors, upon a porch which extends clear across the rear of the house, and is provided with sliding wooden panels which are closed and fastened at night or in a storm. This is very necessary, as the partitions between the porch and the rooms, as well as those between the different rooms, are light wooden frames, made like window frames, and covered with thin paper which admits the light.

All of these partitions are also sliding panels, so that the rooms may all be thrown together.

In one corner of the main room there is always a recess, with its floor of wood raised a few inches above the rest of the apartment, and in this is placed the ancestral tablet, before which a bouquet of flowers is gracefully arranged.

In the homes of Christians a tablet or chart of Scripture is hung there, and a large vase filled with flowers stands at one side. It is also used as a place to lay books and other articles of use, and is always considered the place of honor for a guest.

The rest of that side of the room, to the same depth as the ancestral corner, is taken up by cupboards with sliding doors, where blankets, hats, umbrellas and other things are stored.

The yard upon which the porch opens is kept very neat and clean, and upon the porch, or just outside, are usually several pairs of straw sandals (soles with a cord to slip over the toes), to be put on when one steps out upon the ground. Here is the place where large gatherings are held, and the trees, in the evening, are hung with paper lanterns.

European lamps and clocks are found in almost every house. Many have also introduced chairs and tables, but they are not commonly used, for the chairs cut the matting unless they have boards nailed across under the legs.

The old Japanese cushion is much better suited to their use, and offers much less objection in the way of encumbrance. A dozen of them may be piled up and put in the cupboard, where as many chairs would nearly fill the room.

The mat seems to be universal as yet, except

in the houses of the nobility who have one or two rooms furnished in Western style in which to receive guests who may not like to leave their shoes at the door and go about in their socks. It is not very convenient, especially for ladies with high-laced or buttoned shoes; and then, too, foreign socks are made so thin that one is liable at almost any time, upon taking off his shoes, to find a hole in his stockings, which is unpleasant in company.

It is also a common experience with strangers while getting off their shoes at the door to put out the hand to recover a lost balance and thrust the fingers through the paper walls, much to the chagrin of the unfortunates.

A common arrangement of the house is to have the entrance in the middle, and the kitchen just to the side, also opening toward the road. The servants or women at work in the kitchen will then be near to attend the door when anyone arrives. If the opening of the sliding street gate does not summon anyone the attention is called by clapping the hands or calling.

A door half opens, and the attendant or the lady of the house appears upon hands and knees to welcome the visitor.

A brief description of some things seen in an afternoon spent at a gathering at the house of a young viscount in Tokio may best illustrate some of the Japanese home customs. We will omit the part relating to our getting to the guest chamber as not being calculated to illustrate good Japanese manners; suffice it to say, we were ushered up by a pretty little maid whose hair was faultlessly arranged in that Japanese style which gives the impression that the head is the largest part of the person, and who wore her "obi" tied in such a bundle on her back as to resemble a portmanteau knapsack. The room was the upper chamber (in this case the third story), and was open on both sides, giving a fine view of the grounds, the lotus pond and flowering shrubs, and of all that part of the city as well, since it was the highest building in the vicinity. Around this room were arranged leather-covered cushions to sit upon.

As soon as we were seated, tea (strong green tea with no sugar or milk such as is always used in Japan) was set before us, and a little later balls—about the size of a baseball—of beans, crushed and sweetened, were passed about in a tray, with a pair of chopsticks with which to remove them from the plate to the left hand, in which they were held while eating.

Whenever a guest arrived he dropped upon his hands and knees at the door, and our host would go and fall upon his hands and knees, just before him or a little to one side, and both would bow their heads to the floor; and then raising

them, the host said, in Japanese: "I have not seen you in a long time." Then down go both heads again; and when they raise them next the guest says the same thing, and then both bow their heads to the floor the third time, and they arise and go to their seats. As they do so, if they had not previously saluted him, the rest of the guests lean forward upon their hands and bow to him.

A little later coffee was passed, and when the hour for dinner arrived square lacquer-ware trays containing five dishes and a pair of hashi (chopsticks) were brought in and set before each guest.

Beans and fish are elements in almost every

was brought in; and then a sheaf of the biwa fruit placed before each one, and tea and coffee again passed, followed by the bean balls.

Still later in the evening, a drink made of coffee with a sort of jelly, and mixed with milk.

Upon another occasion, in calling at a like place, we were ushered into a parlor furnished with chairs, tables and ornaments in Western style, and had set before us, not only the tea, but what corresponds to ice cream with us, and cakes with crushed beans in the centre.

The iced dish was a glass filled with shaved ice sweetened, and flavored with a sort of bean paste,

Milk was formerly never used by the Japanese



A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Japanese dish of food. In this instance on the corners of the tray nearest you were bowls covered with saucers containing boiled rice, with bits of greens and fish and baked eels mixed in layers; the other, a thin, soup-like bouillon with fish flavor, and little bars of a preparation of beans. In the farther corners were saucers—one with a mat of glass rods, and upon it arranged slices of raw fish trimmed with cress; and on the other, pickled rinds of raw cucumber, eggplant and slices of turnip, called "diocoon." In the centre was a small saucer with a sort of sauce made of beans.

For dessert, a large tray of balls of boiled rice wrapped in layers of raw fish, of different colors,

for food. Cattle were only kept as beasts of burden, and sheep and goats not known, so that after a child was weaned he never tasted milk of any kind. Now, however, it is becoming more and more commonly used, but is yet expensive and very rare among the natives. Neither is bread, properly so called, to be found in any form among them, but its place is taken by boiled rice. An idea of what they do eat may be best given by one or two more actual bills of fare with which we were provided at different places.

While dining at the house of a young Japanese friend, one evening, we had the privilege of trying boiled rice with baked eels (very good), fish soup with bean cakes in it, pickled cucumber rinds,



THRESHING RICE.

and "diocoon" of three kinds, served upon little tables eight inches high and one foot square, set before each person. Of course, tea was served before and after, and sweet cakes of bean paste formed the dessert.

This house contained, what is a common article of furniture in Japanese houses, a small chest of drawers, about one and a half feet high, upon which is frequently placed a little mirror before

which the women, sitting upon their feet, dress their hair and arrange their toilets.

The refreshments served at a native church sociable, held at the house of one of the members, consisted of boiled rice in balls, brown fried cakes, white fish cakes, potato cooked in little bars, eggplant boiled whole, a green salad, and



LITTLE MOTHERS.



JAPANESE WOMEN—SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF HAIR AND DRESS.



TIN SHOP.

confectionery of snaps and little balls made of rice flour and colored red, white or brown, and somewhat like popcorn in texture and taste.

These were served in little trays and set upon tables in the yard, or upon the floor of the house, and eaten with hashi, or Japanese chopsticks.

The dishes of food are usually nicely prepared, and, if one is fond of fish flavor and beans, are very good, but the ordinary foreigner finds them rather unpalatable.

However, if we consider that the Japanese are almost invariably plump in flesh, but never over-fat, we must conclude that they are well fed. All classes in general have that appearance, although the poor live mainly on rice, fish and greens.

The homes, when we consider those of the better class of citizens, are also very comfortable for warm weather, and have an appearance of airiness and neatness which makes them very attractive, but in cold weather they are miserable. A charcoal fire in the "hibachi," over which they can warm their faces and hands, is entirely inadequate to keep a house of thin paper walls and loose joints warm in cold winter weather. This fact is admitted by Japanese quite as readily as anyone, and they do not seem anxious to stand up for an arrangement in which they have suffered so much from the cold. But

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the simplicity of the house, its lack of ornamentation and furniture, having simply smooth floors and plain walls, unpainted wood as frames, no knives, forks or spoons, but only a few cups, bowls and plates for dishes, makes the housework very light as compared with the Western home. Good houses are usually kept very neat and clean, and still the housewife can have leisure for her husband and children.

Moreover, we see that there is much more of social home life in Japan than in any other Eastern land. The children are provided with

many toys (everything used about the house is made in miniature for them to play with), and their parents are frequently seen employed in entertaining them. Here, too, the position of woman is far more that of equality with man, and she is educated and intelligent to a degree unusual in the Orient.

On the whole, in fact, the Japanese disposition may fairly be considered the best-natured, most easy-going and joyous we have anywhere seen. But their difference from ordinary humanity is by no means so great as certain prominent writers would have us believe. The Japanese who have spent years in America come back to Japan and tell their fellow citizens that American babies



A JAPANESE BELLE'S PROMENADE.

never cry. They do not cry enough to impress a Japanese as peculiar, and so they do not remember it.

Their reports are just as true as those of American or English writers who make that affirmation in regard to Japanese babies. Carried about as they are on the backs of their mothers and older brothers and sisters, with their large heads rolling from side to side, they do truly present a wonderful endurance. For a quarrel among boys to proceed further than words and voluntary separation is almost unheard of, and self-restraint to the utter concealment of their true feelings, which are always covered with the most formal politeness, is a quality which makes it very difficult to understand a Japanese.

Patriotism is their highest virtue, and honesty and purity are of much less account. In fact, the latter is of so little importance that in a wife it is not always deemed a part of fidelity to her husband. The consequent looseness of the family tie and ruination of the "home" in Japan is a terrible illustration of what American homes would be if the women of America had equal rights in respect to moral, or rather immoral liberties, with the men, for it would require an extensive knowledge of Japanese life to be able to affirm that Japanese women are judged more leniently in that respect than are the so-called

stronger sex in America or Europe. To our shame be it said!

If, however, the testimony of the immortal Cæsar be true, we have only to go back a little over two thousand years to find in the Highlands of Scotland a condition of affairs worse than can be found to-day even in the highlands of Japan. Yet the ordinary traveler in Japan cannot, even with the charitable explanation that the author of "*Japonica*" lived only among the best families of the land and in the house with Japanese maidens who had been as well educated in American schools as the accomplished young ladies of our country, excuse one who has written so enthusiastically and so beautifully of him who gave up all that an Oriental court could give of this world's pleasure, including the fascinating zenana, for the sake of revealing the truth to his fellow men—the ordinary traveler cannot excuse him for putting before his fellow men so extravagant a view of Japanese life for the sake of the little worldly riches and fame to be drawn therefrom, or for any other reason.

To those who may not be able to see Japan with their own eyes it is but fair to say that Sir Edwin Arnold's name is seldom mentioned in Japan without evoking such an expression of contempt upon the face of both Japanese and foreigner as an honest soul always feels under flagrant flattery.

ROMANCE OF A KENTUCKIAN IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY MALEY BAINBRIDGE CRIST.

CHAPTER I.

THE season at St. Augustine was at its height, and the Ponce de Leon thronged with gay pleasure seekers, with a small scattering of their less fortunate fellows, who hoped in the balmy sea air of the quaint little Spanish city to woo back the fickle goddess, health. In the spacious dining salon, where each artistic appointment breathes the rich, sensuous Renaissance spirit, at a table near one of the great oak pillars supporting the dome, sat a man of the herculean form and beauty of countenance found most often among the men of Kentucky. Magnificently proportioned, he carried himself like a god; his regal head was poised upon a full, round throat; his gray eyes, changeable with emotion, smiled from beneath a broad, low brow, smooth and white as a woman's, and about which clustered rich, slightly curling brown hair; while above a pair of beautiful lips curled a golden-brown mustache. This magnificent Adonis of the famous blue-grass region of

Kentucky bore the sensation his appearance always created with the utmost *sang-froid*. While awaiting his supper order, although seemingly absorbed in the allegorical illustrations of the stained-glass windows opposite him, he nevertheless started perceptibly as a tall, beautiful blonde, accompanied by an elderly woman, entered the dining room. Grace Ashmore was a beauty, an heiress, and withal a heartless coquette; although her friends credited her with at last having surrendered her heart (if she possessed that seemingly unnecessary and unfashionable appendage of the nineteenth century) to the young Kentuckian who was far handsomer than any of the many New Yorkers who had followed the beautiful heiress to the Ponce. Moreover, he combined with *esprit* and faultless manners a certain warmth and enthusiasm which characterize the men of Kentucky. It was as if he had absorbed something of the sunshine of his native land; some-

thing of the beauty and massiveness of its splendid fields and rolling meadows. From the minstrel gallery above sweet music floated down the vast, brilliantly lighted dining room; and as Grace Ashmore quitted it she seemed, in her undulating, serpentine grace, a very poem set to the melody of sound. Throwing a light, fleecy wrap about her shoulders, she stepped into the outer court with her chaperon, where she was speedily joined by the handsome Kentuckian, George Allen Van Zant. It was a perfect February night; and the tropical splendor of the court, brilliant with its brightly colored flowers, its electric fountains gleaming like strands of rainbow-colored gems, its vine from which depended myriads of bright-hued blossoms, its graceful palmettos, and over all its oriental splendor and glowing beauty the wafted odor of its wilderness of roses, mingled with the faint perfume of the orange grove beyond, made it a very Eden for lovers, even though encumbered by a chaperon. Strolling through the court, chatting gayly, the trio came suddenly upon a little, crouching figure whose flowing blue-black tresses were picturesquely crowned with a wreath of scarlet pomegranate blossoms, and whose small, daintily poised head was turned sidewise, canary-like, to catch every strain of music with which the orchestra was flooding the Ponce.

"A pretty picture, and well deserving this oriental setting," murmured the chaperon, pointing toward the child.

"That is Petronilla Pedro, a little Spanish flower girl, who is music-mad," replied the Kentuckian.

At the sound of approaching voices the child sprang to her feet, bearing lightly upon her arm a basket of flowers. Recognizing the handsome Kentuckian, who was not only a liberal purchaser of her posies, but who, upon learning of the little maiden's passion for music, had promised her lessons of the cathedral organist, she smilingly approached him and timidly tendered him a beautiful tea rose. Touching the little flower-crowned head caressingly, he offered her a coin; but she folded her tiny brown hands across her breast, and shaking her head, replied:

"It is a gift."

Thanking her kindly, the young man turned toward Grace Ashmore, and would have fastened the rose in the wealth of her golden tresses, but the small Petronilla anticipated his movement, and springing toward him with the ferocity of a young tigress, snatched the rose from his hand, scattered its petals upon the ground, and stamping them under her tiny feet, fled rapidly from the court.

"Whew!" whistled the nonplussed young man. "My little *protégée* seems to have misunderstood my attempted reverence for her gift. I wish I could overtake and console her!"

A peal of merry laughter greeted his remark.

"Nonsense, Colonel Van Zant!" replied the beautiful Grace. "Do you not see that the little vixen is jealous of me?"

"Jealous?" reiterated the young man, incredulously. "Why, she is but a baby!"

"Yes, jealous," laughed the beauty. "A little Spanish woman in embryo; and I promise you, were she grown up, I would not dare to have such a fury cross my pathway. Why, the little monster's eyes gleamed vengeance and destruction."

Meanwhile the "little monster," as the fair New Yorker termed her, was speeding down the street with throbbing heart and tear-wet eyes. On—on she went, never pausing until she reached the sea wall, where she suddenly stopped, and kneeling down, gazed far out seaward; for to the child over that vast expanse of water there seemed ever to linger a sadness in harmony with her own lonely little life.

Suddenly a pair of strong hands lifted the sobbing child to her feet, and a kindly voice exclaimed:

"Heigh-ho, little girl! are you crying because you couldn't sell your posies?" And thrusting twice the price of the flowers into her hand, he was gone.

It was a handsome face that had looked down into that of the little flower girl, but it was not the face of George Van Zant, and the little sobbing creature was in nowise comforted; for this small, music-mad Spanish maiden was desperately and passionately in love with the handsome Kentuckian.

CHAPTER II.

THE following day, and, indeed, for several successive days, did George Van Zant haunt the court of the Ponce, hoping to meet and conciliate the little creature whose feelings he had so unwittingly outraged. It was not, however, until a week subsequent, when strolling alone in the vicinity of the old fort, that he chanced across her.

"Roses! fresh roses!" called the clear, treble child voice, and then, finding herself face to face with her hero, quick waves of color rushed to the little olive face, and the great dark, starlike eyes filled with tears.

"Petronilla! my little girl, what have I done to offend you that you shun me thus?" asked the young man, drawing her toward him.

If you, my reader, could have listened to the silvery music of the man's voice, could have

looked upon the beauty of his face, the magnificence of his form, and could have felt the magnetism of his presence, you would not have wondered at the pair of little brown hands which clasped themselves about his neck, and the little broken voice which sobbed out, "I love you, and you—you love her—the woman to whom you would have given my rose!" and then, withdrawing herself from his embrace, with a quaint touch of dignity, mingled with something of the fierceness which ran riot in her Spanish blood, stamping her little arched foot like a tragedy queen, she exclaimed, "I hate her! I hate her!"

"Listen, Petronilla, you little untamed southern wild bird!" exclaimed the young man, persuasively. "Do you not know that the beautiful woman to whom I would have given your rose is my promised wife? And who knows but that she might learn to love you as I do, and then we——"

"Never, never!" fiercely interrupted the child. "I hate her. I would murder her!" and throwing herself at his feet, in a perfect fury of passion, she wept as though her very heart would break. And as the young man gazed down upon the little agonized form at his feet he felt he



"'I LOVE YOU, AND YOU—YOU LOVE HER.'"

would have given much to have seen one tittle of the sentiment this child felt for him expressed by the cold, beautiful woman who had promised to become his wife. Suddenly, as though she had evolved some revelation from the depths of her

Pleased that the child's fancy should be of comfort to her, he replied :

"Yes, Petronilla, if my promised wife prove false to me I will never marry unless I marry you. And now, as I go away to-morrow, what shall I



"THE SLIGHT, BEAUTIFULLY ROUNDED FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL."

childish anguish, she sprang to her feet, her dark, tear-gemmed eyes sparkling, and seizing both the young man's hands, exclaimed : "Señor, she will never become your wife—never ; something tells me so. Then, when I am quite grown up, you will find me, and I will marry you."

give my little sweetheart by which to remember me most pleasantly ?"

"A ring, señor," replied the child, gravely. "I will wear it until you come for me."

The pretty turquoise ring which the young man bought and placed upon the finger of his

devoted little *protégée* was not his only gift to her. The cathedral organist received a year's tuition, with instructions to teach the "music-mad" little maiden to sing; and when, two years later, the little girl's pure, beautiful soprano rang out through the old cathedral as clear and sweet as a trill from the mocking bird she loved to imitate, so entranced with her voice became a wealthy English woman that she carried the little southern song bird back to her English home, there to give her the advantages of which she must otherwise have been deprived.

CHAPTER III.

THE Opera House at Lexington (fairest city of all the fair ones in the grand old State of Kentucky) was filled to overflowing with an audience eager to hear the new songstress who had taken Europe by storm, and who on coming to New York had sung to crowded and enthusiastic audiences for a week, when she suddenly and capriciously threw up her engagement, declaring that she would make a tour of Kentucky at once or return to Europe; and her long-suffering manager, driven to desperation through the fear of losing her, had been compelled to accept her conditions. The rising curtain revealed to the eager Kentucky audience the slight, beautifully rounded figure of a young girl whose delicate oval face seemed almost childlike, and whose dark velvety eyes glanced over the audience inquiringly, as though seeking some familiar face. Suddenly her eyes rested upon a figure kingly in its magnificence, and crowned with the head and face of an Adonis; rested long and earnestly, as though fain to rest there forever. The entire audience watched the prima donna with intense admiration (with the exception of the one man upon whom she gazed as though fascinated and unable to turn away). Suddenly he looked at her, but in his great luminous eyes there was not the slightest gleam of recognition, or even of interest. He glanced at her coldly and turned away. Every vestige of color faded from the girl's face. She stood before her audience colorless as a bit of sculptured marble. The orchestra had ended its prelude and was waiting for her. It recalled her to herself, and the voice which fell upon the ears of the listening audience thrilled with such rich, passionate pathos, such tender, plaintive appeal, that there were many tear-wet eyes when the curtain fell.

"Quick!" demanded the prima donna of an attendant, while the orchestra played between the acts. "Bring here the opera-house manager until I speak with him."

Her command was no sooner spoken than obeyed.

"At your service!" exclaimed the manager of the opera house, bowing low.

"Tell me quick!" exclaimed the girl, imperiously. "The man in the box to the right—is it George Van Zant?"

"It is Colonel Van Zant, miss," was the reply.

"He is an old-time friend of mine," she returned. "Tell me of him. Is he married?"

"Married? No," answered the man. "He was to have married a beautiful New Yorker, they say; but about ten years ago a spell of illness left him totally and incurably blind, and the girl refused to marry him. Shall I send him your card, miss?"

"No, not for the world!" answered the girl, waving his dismissal; and this time there was a thrill of such unmistakable pleasure in her voice that the man wondered at it, thinking to himself that "foreigners were a queer lot, anyway."

The curtain rose for the second act, and the audience bent forward in pleased surprise at the radiant creature who appeared before them, her cheeks glowing, her great starlike eyes shining with happy excitement; and her voice—could it be the same to which they had listened a few minutes before?—soared in a wonderful burst of glad melody until her listeners asked themselves if the singer were not more than mortal, and wondered, too, what had wrought in the capricious songstress such a change. Surely, childlike although she seemed, she could not have been intimidated, for had she not sung before the crowned heads of Europe? No, they told themselves, she was simply as great an actress as singer, and wooed her hearers to laughter or tears at her will. Sweeter, fuller, clearer soared the beautiful voice, replete with passion and pathos. The audience was breathless with delight, and the soul of the blind man (for whom, all unknown, was poured out this flood of silver melody) revealed in its beauty. The sweet mouth and beautiful, sightless eyes of the blind Adonis smiled, even as they had done in the long ago; and to the song queen, upon whose voice the listening people hung entranced, that smile brought the same rapture that it did ten years before to the little Spanish flower girl whose sunshine it was, and from whose memory it had never been effaced.

CHAPTER IV.

It was one of those perfect days found only in June; and a June day in Central Kentucky is the ideal embodiment of all that is beautiful in nature, a bouquet of her fairest culling, a rhaps-

sody, flower-scented and roseate-hued, set to the melody of singing birds and whispering, zephyr-kissed leaves. Such was the day following the evening of the great prima donna's appearance in Lexington; and when that capricious little Bohemian ordered her driver to stop the carriage a quarter of a mile the other side of Colonel Van Zant's residence and await her return it carried no surprise such as similar conduct upon the part of a well-regulated young lady would have occasioned.

The girl paused and drew a long breath, as if she were fain to drink in something of the beauty and freshness about her. The sun was golden in the clear azure of the heavens, and through the grand old forest trees it shifted a shower of amber gems, which gleamed upon the mossy turf beneath. Leaves stirred lazily in the warm, perfumed air, and birds sang far and near as though in compliment to the sweet singer who listened to them, while about her, on every side, spread fields and meadows in all the broad rolling magnificence which marks the blue-grass region of Kentucky. She proceeded slowly to the grounds surrounding the colonel's home. It was not unlike most Kentucky suburban homes, spacious, old-fashioned, and almost hidden from the roadside view by the gigantic oaks which were a prominent feature of the fine old park in which it stood. Having entered the grounds, she stopped suddenly, for upon a rustic bench, beneath a canopy of trees, his hands folded, his beautiful, sightless eyes gazing out upon the vacancy, sat Colonel Van Zant.

Trembling, she softly approached and stood silently looking at him. Tears rained down her cheeks as she gazed upon the strong man, helpless as a little child. She drew nearer and took his hand. "Mr. George—Colonel Van Zant!" He arose, smiling and surprised. "You do not know me? You did not know you were listening last night to your little 'music-mad' Petronilla Pedro?"

A pleased expression of surprise mantled his face, and he cordially clasped both of the little singer's hands in his own as he seated her beside him.

"Petronilla, my child," he said, "this is a pleasure I never anticipated. Years ago I wrote to St. Augustine, but could not trace your whereabouts."

"Then you had not forgotten me?" exclaimed the girl, eagerly.

"Forgotten you? No, indeed," he replied; "but how should I know that the great prima donna, who has turned half the heads in Europe, was my baby sweetheart of St. Augustine? And

now, my child, tell me all about yourself, what you are doing and where you are going."

"I came to this country, not for laurels or money, but—but—because—I wanted to find you, Mr. George," she answered, simply.

"Ah," he replied, "my little Petronilla imagines herself indebted to me because I first placed her upon the road to success! And how wonderfully she has compensated me, leaving me the debtor after the rare feast of last night!"

Great tears welled up in the velvety-brown eyes, and throwing her arms about his neck in utter childlike abandonment, she sobbed:

"Oh, Mr. George, will you never understand? I came, because—because—I love you, and because I want never to leave you."

"Dear little Petronilla," he answered, "I could never accept such a sacrifice."

Could the blind man have seen the worshipful passion which radiated her glowing face and beamed from the starlike eyes of this child of nature he would not have felt her love to be a sacrifice; but alas! he only felt the deep affliction, the mighty gulf which he could not expect woman's love to ever bridge. Suddenly the little hands unclasped themselves from about his neck, and with a certain touch of dignity the girl exclaimed:

"I deserve rebuke, in that I have disregarded the restrictions society places upon my sex. I have betrayed to you my love, forgetting that yours was given to another long years ago."

"Petronilla!" The hands of the blind man groped aimlessly until they touched the little, trembling arm of the sobbing girl, and drawing her within his embrace, he exclaimed: "Petronilla, for God's sake, my darling, do not misunderstand me! When this terrible affliction came upon me, and I found the woman who had promised to become my wife had deserted me, I longed for you, child though you were, as only a man can long for the one thing in life left for him to love; and as I compared your ardent love for me with that of the woman whom your childish prophecy declared would never become my wife it was as a ray of sunshine beside a miserable, flickering taper. I searched for you, but in vain; and now—now that you are here, in the radiance of your young beauty, and the glory of your magnificent, matchless voice—here, with the world in adoration at your feet—can you not feel with me, my darling Petronilla, the presumption it would be for a helpless blind man to accept the treasure of your love?"

Very slowly she spoke to him now, and with her arms close about his neck once more, and the

glory of her splendid love illuminating her countenance.

"I only know," she said, "that ever since I looked upon your face, ten years ago, I have loved you—nay, worshiped you madly. I only know that I can never love another, having loved you; and that to-day I would gladly exchange the position I occupy for that of the homeless flower girl, if thereby I might be permitted to become your servant."

Very softly and reverently the blind Adonis made reply, as he held the happy girl in his arms:

"Petronilla, my precious wife, in depriving me of my sight God has given me a far more priceless jewel."

Let us draw the leafy canopy beneath which

the happy lovers rested close about them, and intrude no farther upon the sacredness which belongs to perfect love. The speedy marriage of Colonel Van Zant to the great prima donna gave rise to much comment and many theories. Some said the colonel had educated her that he might selfishly appropriate her to himself when her success was at its zenith, while others declared her a designing creature who married Colonel Van Zant for a name. Suffice it to say that in all Kentucky there is not a happier couple than George Van Zant and his beautiful wife, who proudly wears upon her jeweled hand a certain little turquoise ring with which, she says, the colonel presented her, when a baby, as her engagement ring.

VITA NUOVA.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

LONG hath she slept, forgetful of delight:
At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unaging heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo! I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I too have come through wintry terrors—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

HOW TO BECOME A PRIMA DONNA.

By W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

THROUGH an open window of my room comes a volume of music from the chancel of an adjoining church, and as the voices rise in unison to the rhythm of their chant I pause to wonder how far above me into the blue ether that domes the city will the song be heard?

Is there any embryo prima donna in that chorus who, ignoring fame or vanity for her voice, is



EMMA EAMES.

chanting with sacred reverence, that the holy words and passionless music may be all the motive of her place in that choir?

You gentlemen, who amid the incense of your cigarettes measure the attractions of the prima donna in the foyer of the opera house, do you ever imagine that she may be as far from your material jargon about her as the other stars you have seen through a telescope hanging about the sky? And you, madam, who have gazed with envy at the diamonds she is wearing, have you ever gauged the gems of character which have made this prima donna turn music from mere sound to a spiritual magic that thrills your senses?

These are not conventional forms of criticism, I know. Men and women do not try to explain the marvels that are exhibited to them for a comfortable luxury; but so important are these soul tones in the human symphony we call prima donna that I feel it is necessary for the young woman who aspires to become a star in grand opera to find them in the hidden depths of her own nature, for unless she have even more soul than voice she will fail. All that sounds very impractical, you think. The organist of the church choir where you sing, or the singing master who tells you to open your mouth so wide that he makes you laugh, never said anything to you about "soul tones," or "spiritual magic," did he? Perhaps he didn't know anything about it, perhaps he did; but it is not often talked about, this inner source of great musicians, or great artists, or great writers, yet it is understood by them, and they flounder when they try to explain it.

I do not mean to infer that the prima donna is not a material woman, because I have met at least two in my wanderings who were extremely material—to whom the art of singing was a duty, to whom music was a mechanism perfectly rendered, to whom Gounod's "Ave Maria" at a Sunday concert or Gounod's *Marguerite* at the grand opera were business enterprise solely. While these two are eminently successful, I am inclined to think that it is rather by extraordinary, persevering study than spiritual gift that they have attained their success.

Some Spanish poet once compared the caste of women to the caste of flowers, and somehow or other the notion was so true and apt to nature that it has spread.

In telling what I have learned about the subject which heads this article from four of the great singers who have appeared in grand opera this season I am going to borrow the poet's fancy.

There is a different color, an absolutely separate

atmosphere to every flower, that, like the mannerisms, the character, the poise in life of women, is their distinguishing subtlety of beauty. I have already secured a poet's license (so broad, that years ago it scored my poetry to ashes of manuscript), and I am sure the ladies to whom and of whom I write will countenance my authority to find in them the caste of flowers, for bouquets are compliments at the opera.

There are women like violets.

These flowers are soft in color and most delicately shaded, as though some exquisitely modest artist angel had marked upon them the secret beauty of his nature, and hidden the work away from a thoughtless and irreverent world. The atmosphere of his sincerity is about them, for the secret of the violet is like truth—inimitable.

To the caste of the violet belongs Emma Eames-Story, and to all those who would imitate her I would say that they must first be sure that their caste, like hers, is the modest dignity of this persuasive flower caste. I believe Emma Eames has been compared to the lily in the foyers of the theatre, because she is placid and calm; because her notes swell one's fancy to pictures of saints, to sentiments of purity.

Be that as it may; sainthood is a terrible stretch of imagination even for a grand-opera audience, and besides the lily is a very bloodless beauty.

"You ask me to tell you how to become a prima donna. How can I answer when I don't know? How can I teach others what is ordained? Could you tell me how to become a writer?"

The flush of supreme health was in her cheeks. The evening sunlight had left a distant glow in her eyes. The breath of earth that blows the clouds across the sky and scatters the perfume of the violet over the fields was in the room about her.

She had been out for a long walk, and as she unfastened her hat and drew off her cloak the atmosphere of the room became brisk and sweet. Perhaps it was the fresh air she had brought in with her that revived the dreamy gloaming, in the half-light of the apartment. The scent of violets on a spring day will wake the most morbid of dreamers. When she had soothed a parrot, who should have been a peacock for his rapid utterances and vain interference, Mrs. Story plunged into the subject in hand in earnest.

"A prima donna is a combination, a composite of material and spiritual woman. You can't be a prima donna because you are beautiful, or because you can sing, or because you can act, or because any one of these gifts is perfect alone. Women, I think, are essentially the spirits of earth. The things they do in the world are by

inspiration, by intuition—that is all. When I was ten years old I felt I was going to be something."

The recollection makes her restless; it stirs the spiritual magic of her nature and makes her walk up and down the room, gaining new impetus as she walks from a bit of light sky seen from one window, or a black cloud in the east, from another.

"You felt that you would be a great singer?" I suggest, timidly.

"No. I didn't know what I should be. I was not vain, I was not ambitious; I had no special desire for fame. It was my secret. A whisper heard only in my heart."

"What were the words—what did it say?"

She hesitates; she comes straight before me where I am sitting, and her face is desperately earnest.

"Can I tell you, or anyone, what the language of a child's soul is? Even now, can I describe the intuition that prompts me to say what I am saying to you? What is it, this silent language within that drives us on to destinies that are great or small? It is that little bit of God, that divine essence, that the world cannot reach to kill in us. Look at it in all artists; what can destroy their temperament which is the secret of their work? It is the same with a painter, a writer. Their lives may get twisted, through worldly circumstances, but the gift is always there; the power to feel, the spirit that bears them up above the rest, it is always there; it must be there before they are great."

She has walked a dozen times across the room, and not once has she stopped to see herself in a looking glass. It is the modest spirit of the violet, unconscious or careless of its beauty, breathing something of the nature which the artist angel has placed within. It is difficult to ask practical questions when such mystic chords have been sounded in the jarring tumult of a commonplace world.

"Of course good health is most essential for a prima donna. She must have voice and appearance, but even these are dangerous unless she has brains. To sum it all up, prima donnas are not taught, but made. A woman with special gifts is ordained by divine spirit to have them. A prima donna must have all the attributes of character and individuality to perfect what part of God there is in her."

"You judge her from a psychological view?" I said.

"I do everything in life the same way. I never step into a carriage without intuitively knowing how I shall step out."

Mr. Story comes in, with an indulgent, admiring smile.

"My dear, I am talking him to death;" and she rambles on in the same vein, while I think of the young lady who, reading this article, hopes to learn something of the methods by which she may become a prima donna, and wonder whether she will really believe that in Italian opera the caste of the violet can survive the fury of its mimic passion. But it does in the personality of Emma Eames, and as I leave her she kneels on the floor at her writing table—as I have seen children do in front of their slates—to write a note.

There you are; if you want to be a prima donna like Emma Eames you will have to think and feel as she does. You will have to find the breath of violets in your soul; then, if you have her voice, you will be as charming, as true, as great as herself.

Of course Eames is an exception, just as Mary Anderson was an exception in the dramatic world; yet I am inclined to think that the prima donna of the present century is a very different type, and requires a much finer calibre of nature in women than we of the audience usually conceive.

You know the story of *Carmen's* rose. In the first act it lures *José* to love *Carmen*; in the last act it stings his blood, and he stabs her. Sometimes it is a "property" rose, made of paper a gandy pink; sometimes it is an American Beauty, wet with artificial tears, fresh from the prima donna's corsage bouquet. To the caste of the rose belongs *Zélie de Lussan*.

Carmen's flower was a tragic rose; in it was the fever of passion, the robe of death. Not of this rose caste do I designate this American *Carmen*, for she is not at all a theatrical rose. There is nothing tragic, or sentimental, or passionate about her; she is more like the rosebud, waiting for some dawn to change springtime to summer glory. Who can tell what that glory will be?—whether it may not coax the prima donna to desert the opera forever, and leave only the memory of her *Carmen*? You see, prima donnas are all women, very charming women most of them, very lovable women some of them, but—there—no doubt most of you young ladies who are reading this article to learn something about your ambition for grand opera know more about the destiny of hearts than I do. At any rate *Zélie de Lussan* belongs to that caste, which all of you embryo prima donnas do. She is heart-free, if not heart-whole.

She has seen more than most rosebuds, and her career has been more promising, but she is neither

vain nor self-satisfied with what she has done so far, notwithstanding the fact that she has played *Carmen* five hundred times at the Royal Covent Garden Theatre in London, and been told by the

Italy. So says Zélie de Lussan, and she was born in New York, and she knows, and furthermore, what she says is quite true.

"No artiste in grand opera is considered good



LILLIAN NORDICA.

critics of New York that she couldn't play the part as well as Calvé. Ah! that is one of the sorrows of a prima donna in America and of America. The critics will never find that you can sing or act half as well as the real prima donna—from

in America unless she has been to Europe, and even then if she is an American she may be abused."

The dark eyes shoot forth an ominous glitter, the white teeth make the prettiest of smiles dan-

gerous, and there is something tapping away on the carpet with quick, nervous raps, that may be the dainty point of a slipper. I fancy that if little nervously in view of those dark, snapping eyes.

"I think when a girl has studied the rudiments



ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

Carmen had been born in America instead of dreamy Spain she would have done the same thing when *Jose* sang to her of *Michaela*.

"How to become a prima donna?" I asked, a

of vocalization for two years that her teacher ought to be able to tell her whether she will ever be a prima donna or not. Two years' training of the voice should decide the range, quality and en-

duration required of a prima donna in grand opera. If her teacher is wise he may take into consideration the girl's appearance, her health and her dramatic abilities."

"Is that what you did?"

"I never had any experience with teachers, really!" she says, simply.

"You had no teacher?" I ask, with a gasp.

"The best in the world for a young girl—my mother."

"Only your mother?" I ask, realizing how this bit of advice may mislead much worthy but inefficient home talent.

"Only my mother. She was a teacher of singing at a school in New York, and I have never taken a lesson from anyone else."

If all rosebuds had such mothers the problem of a musical education would be solved, and we should have prima donnas springing up everywhere, perhaps at the rate of a dozen a day.

I am almost tempted to give Mme. de Lussan the credit for her daughter's fame, but the precedent would be dangerous in view of many existing mothers who, reading this article, may set to work training their daughters for grand opera, when the latter have no qualifications beyond maternal inspiration.

No, if Zélie de Lussan had been a less promising rosebud she would not be a prima donna today, with the fame of England and America in her wake. She was very proud to tell me that her mother had been her sole instructress, and in that pride I saw all the refinement which the critics here found fault with in *Carmen*, and still another keynote to the independent charm of character which made her beloved among the hard-working Italians of grand opera. I was not surprised when she told me that the character of *Marguerite* was her favorite part, although she had to disguise the thick dark hair that belied her temperament with a yellow wig when she sang the rôle.

"I would advise American girls to study music in America and to learn English opera. They can go to Europe to acquire French and Italian and learn to act later on. I think a good appearance is very necessary. Any woman who has anything to do with the stage is at a disadvantage to get a foothold with a public unless she is good-looking. Then a girl who wants to be a prima donna must be a hard worker and must have her wits about her at all times. There are a great many things to learn for success in Italian opera besides the words and music."

She tells me all this with a smile on her lips, and a certain strength of confidence gained through past trials that indicate the unusual re-

quirements of perseverance and strength of character which the evolution from an American girl to a prima donna demands.

And yet through it all is the faint impression that this Zélie de Lussan, like a rosebud, has garnered the confidence of a worldly woman in outward form only, for there is nothing in all her experience that seems to have left her jaded, or like the full-blown rose, grandly cynical in the brief hours of triumph. It seems to me this is testimony of great encouragement to the young lady who dreams of victories in the presence of vast and distinguished audiences. It should teach her the lesson that bouquets and compliments and the praise of critics become mere incidental moments in the long days of hard work and patient study that lead to the fame of a prima donna.

And yet this thing called "fame" which comes from a thousand throats, with loud "hurrahs" and clapping of hands and pyramids of flowers, is the least attractive of the rewards that await a prima donna. As I write I can see the little toss of the gypsy head, the gracious manner of voice and gesture, with which she tells me of the friends, distinguished friends, she has made since her career commenced in grand opera.

It is not the idle boasting or theatrical vanity of the much-interviewed prima donna, but the frank avowal of honors newly found.

"The Queen and I are great friends!" she says, telling me that she has appeared in the palace before Her Majesty Victoria of England three times; a distinction which no other American woman has ever gained.

It is indeed an honor to have sung to a queen, and Zélie de Lussan has just lived long enough in Europe to appreciate the value of royal favor; and say what you will about the grace of republican dames, there is not one among you, young ladies, who would not enjoy the distinction and favor of conservative royalty.

Evidently this American prima donna has made an impression upon the woman who occupies the throne of England, for she has given her many presents, she has chatted with her at Windsor Castle, and has extended the hand that holds the sceptre in friendship to Zélie de Lussan. All this would not have happened, however, if she had not worked and studied, and faced many, many disappointments in her early career. She is a fortunate rosebud, you will say. Yet all her glory is not complete, and the same good fortune awaits many unknown who will follow her advice wisely.

Unlike the rosebud, most unlike any bud at all, is Mme. Lillian Nordica. About her lingers

all the atmosphere of the matured prima donna who has bloomed in the favor of Europe so long that she feels the "deference due" to her unqualified success. Everything around her indicates the dainty details with which writers of fiction have imbued the prima donna.

There is the faint, penetrating perfume that comes from the reverent quarters where madame attends to her toilet, and where her jewel case is hidden. It must be quite strong, this perfume, for it penetrates through the entire suite, through heavy *portières* to the sitting room. There, too, is the highly polished grand piano, with the inevitable box of bonbons, an interesting selection of flowers from bouquets that have crossed the footlights, portraits of great people in careless profusion, and the little writing desk in one corner in a disorder of notes, cartes de visite, and the usual paraphernalia that suggest the excellent taste with which an experienced prima donna is always prepared for an emergency. This degree of atmospheric artifice I refer to because it is quite real, and because the young lady who hopes to become a prima donna some day may find the information useful in the progress of her operatic career. To pursue the poet's license I have assumed in this sketch, I find it difficult to assign Mme. Nordica to any special flower caste among women. I failed to sound any real soul tone in her nature, perhaps. In fact, she chilled me to the marrow when she informed me that, in self-defense against interviewers, she would have to adopt the habit of Guilbert, the vaudeville singer in Paris, and charge me forty pounds for an interview!

Never before had such an original idea been suggested. I doubt whether in America the notion would benefit the greatest prima donna extant. Fancy going about with two hundred dollars in your pockets for every prima donna that one met!

And yet it was with a distinctly American accent that Mme. Nordica exploded this intelligent bomb in my presence. Unfortunately I had left my purse and my check book at home; I had nothing to offer. Even in Europe I fancy the custom suggested by this American prima donna would not be popular.

Assuredly her flower caste must be of a supremely worldly growth, a highly cultured blossom, that is at once grown only in a hothouse and almost priceless.

Mme. Nordica has certainly reached a height in the annals of the modern prima donna which I fear will never be sustained by any of you young ladies who propose to become operatic stars. My advice to you is, if you wish to put a

price on the head of the American interviewer, place it at least within nominal reach of his income.

Later, Mme. Nordica limited the value of her presence to a gracious chat, in which she said that the foundation of an operatic career for a woman lay in the quality of her voice. Then the powers of sustained effort, and other hardships of the artiste's life, required an exceptionally strong constitution. This latter qualification Mme. Nordica certainly has, for she is still an exceptionally handsome woman. Regarding the opportunities for study, the prima donna advised me to tell young ladies that they should obtain their musical education in this country in preference to Europe. At this juncture, I regret to say, a young gentleman appeared upon the scene; both he and Mme. Nordica spoke in unison.

"Dear me, I am so delighted to see you! Where have you come from? How long have you been in America?"

I am sorry to say, young ladies, that after this Mme. Nordica had nothing more to tell you of how to become a prima donna.

You see, she is already a very distinguished one herself, and the subject, no doubt, was uninteresting to her.

If your ideal of an operatic artiste is Mme. Lillian Nordica, look deep into your own nature and be sure that the qualities of strong will and indomitable nerve are your prime characteristics.

The daisy has always seemed to me the favorite companion of all other flowers. The rose cannot eclipse its chaste beauties; the tall white lily cannot crush its charm with melancholy dignity. The daisy is cheery, sensible, tender in its hardihood, and sweet with the indescribable scent of a sweeping breeze. It is a flower caste to which many genuine democratic American women belong, and among these I should class Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis. She has probably had more admirers among young women than any operatic artiste, because her womanhood, like the daisy, I think, is rounded out—is simple, genuine, and if occasion arises, tender. I can imagine a great many young girls who are struggling on toward the goal of musical success just like her, for she is American through and through. There is not a trace of any other country in her manner or speech except the United States. And yet, O effete East, she comes from Chicago!

Once upon a time she had that restless ambition to become a star in grand opera. So she went to Europe, and learned Italian, and became a prima donna.

"Yes," she says, smiling, with the indescribable light of humor in her eyes, "I am what you

would call an Illinois 'Sucker.' Then I became a prima donna. I sang in grand opera. But, I must confess, I do not believe that there is as much money in Italian opera as there is in what is crudely termed light opera. Then again, I have never feared the petty jealousies and annoyances in English opera companies that are conspicuous in grand opera."

The curtain has just fallen on the last act of one of De Koven's tuneful plays, and while the large audience is filing out with the sound of her voice still ringing in their ears she seems to have forgotten them. The business of the performance is over. They have had their money's worth. So in spite of the mimic crown on her head, and the white satin royal gown she wears, which makes her appear to be a dreadfully imposing personage, she is in reality quite democratic, for she chats away as if her grandeur were an illusion she had overlooked.

"I would advise young girls who want to become prima donnas in Italian opera—don't. Study English opera, learn in

America. There is plenty of room for fine voices at the top of the ladder in light opera even. Italian opera is a delusion; for an American girl it is extremely difficult. I would even go so far as to say that the demands and requirements of what is termed light opera, but which I should prefer to call English opera, are becoming quite as difficult and important as those in grand opera. Another important requirement of the American prima donna is a good appearance. The other day a fine-looking woman came to us to sing. She had

a beautiful voice, an excellent figure and a very pretty face; but alas! she had one glass eye. It was not noticeable until you looked closely at her. Of course, a pair of opera glasses would reveal the defect in a moment. Now, it was really a kindness to tell the girl that she was wasting her time, that she could never be a successful prima donna."

The chorus filed past us while we talked, and the thought came into my mind whether the un-

tutored but aspiring prima donna who reads this article would be shocked if she saw the elegant collection of silk tights. I said something of this to Mrs. Davis.

"Nonsense," she said, deprecatingly. "Why, we are like one family here, and so I have found it with the majority of English opera companies where I have sung. A woman is just as safe, morally, on the stage as she is in society. She is safe anywhere if she has a character; if she is without one, of course she is dangerous to herself and everyone else."

Remember that, young ladies, you who aspire to the glory of an oper-



JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

atic stage—look to your own nature for your salvation.

I have carefully collected sound wisdom from representative types of grand-opera stars.

Choose for yourself the ideal you would reach!

For my part, I think that Mrs. Story summed all the answer to be given to the question of how to become a prima donna when she said: "A prima donna must have all the attributes of character and individuality to perfect what part of God there is in her."



"EXQUISITE AS A LILY, SITTING AS IN A CHAIR OF STATE."

UNTIL DEATH—AND AFTER.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

A POT of palm, whose slender leaves were stirred by the west wind—a sky, blue, touched with salmon tints—a flood of crimson glory in the west—a broad bay window, and two people looking out.

I should have said one of them looking out, the girl. Hartley Chester was looking at her—at the

haughty, classical outlines of the almost perfect face. Did he love her, this queenly girl?

He thought he did, passionately, truly. She on her part had done her best to win him, for he was handsome and talented. She was heartless, and a skilled flirt.

Somebody told her that Hartley was engaged,

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but that only added zest to her desires. If she could win him from that other one so much the greater triumph for her.

At first he had talked to her as a friend about the sweet young girl who loved him. He was honest and manly, then; but his frankness and honesty only added fuel to the flame of an unholy determination to captivate him.

"I'll make this man forget her," she declared, in the solitude of her room. So she sat to him for her picture—he was a professional artist—and deferred to him with pretty humility on all occasions, and placed herself in his way whenever it seemed feasible. She knew how to angle for men—it had been a life study with her—and she played off every grace, used every artifice that her ingenuity suggested, to gain his heart and then break it.

At first he seemed to understand her, and steeled himself against her wiles; but there came a time of danger when he knew only too well that he was yielding to the fascination of her magnetic presence—this siren with the dangerous eyes. And yet he staid.

To-night he was telling her of his love, and she was triumphant. She had won him from that second self, as he had called that other; from the pale Northern beauty who had trusted him so entirely. She knew he had not written to her for weeks; she knew he was what she called madly in love with herself.

"Helen, you do not answer me," he pleaded, as the beautiful Greek profile never changed, the eyes never looked on him. "You must have seen, you must have known, that I loved you."

"Yes, I have seen it," she replied, and ignoring the gaze and manner which plainly said, "You have even led me on; you have never repulsed me; you have looked and acted love." "I have certainly enjoyed your society," she went calmly on. "It has been such a pleasant summer! I am sorry, however, that your feelings have carried you so far. You have been very kind, and I have reciprocated that kindness in my woman's way. But I thought you were engaged!" And she looked round upon him in her placid, faultless way.

"I thank you, Miss Helen, for reminding me of my duty," he said; and in a blaze of wrath added, "You have been fooling me, then!"

"I have enjoyed myself very much," she made reply, smiling sweetly; "but I never thought of loving you."

His face paled slowly. It seemed as if every vestige of color faded from lips, brow and cheeks; but all he said between clinched teeth was, "I feel as if I could kill you!" and turned and left

her standing there as he brushed past one of the summer boarders who had just entered, and must have heard him, for she looked at him aghast.

As Hartley went out of the hall on to the wide veranda the postman handed him a letter. Filled with fury as his mind was at that moment, the lettering of the postmark only added to the anguish of his mind. It was "Osborne," the name of the village where Isobel Dane lived, the girl to whom he had plighted his troth. He put it in his pocket, intending to read it when he came back. At present he could think only of one thing—he had been slighted, insulted, almost mortally hurt. He could not stay in the house. Down the garden path he moved swiftly, past the pale splendor of the summer flowers, to which the now fully risen moon gave a ghostlike pallor; out into the open road, on and on, till he came to the woods, into which he plunged, only keeping the tiny path by instinct. He scarcely thought. All his being was filled with a hot, blind resentment. This woman with the perfect face was a fiend. She deserved to suffer. If only he knew how to inflict upon her such suffering as she would feel!

It was past two o'clock when he returned to the house, in a state of mental distress such as he had never before experienced. As he entered the gate a strange foreboding seized him. It seemed to him that he heard stealthy footsteps. A screech owl away off in the distance gave his dismal cry. Another, still further away, answered it. The shadows were thick and of fantastic shapes. He hurried to the house to escape the chill of almost mortal fear that assailed him. Creeping stealthily up to his room, he lighted the gas, and sat or crouched at the table to think. He had almost forgotten the letter in his pocket, but as he rose to take off his coat it fell to the floor.

Picking it up, he sat down again and scanned the envelope. Somehow his heart misgave him that there was bad news inside. The memory of the fair, slight girl with the face of an angel came before him—the sweet, low tones of her exquisitely modulated voice sounded on the air. How could he so have forgotten honor and his nobler manhood as to forget her image even for a time?

Ah, but the sorceress that had come between them with her dangerous eyes! How she had lured him! He could see it all now.

"I have been a fool!" he groaned. "I have thrown away the pure and honest love of a true heart for that poor miserable girl."

He opened the envelope. It contained only a small square of folded paper, written apparently

in red ink—his own handwriting. He read only these words: "Until death!"

"Yes," he muttered, "it is my vow to her, and she has sent it back to me. She has heard from some prating fool the story of my folly."

Then came before him the picture of a soft summer evening in the past. They sat together, Isobel and he. A basket piled high with flowers, red and gorgeous beauties, stood on the table beside them. She, in picking a rose, ran a thorn into her white finger. The blood dropped and dropped, rich, red, warm, pure.

"How long will you love me?" she asked, seizing a pen that was near. "Write it in that red fluid. It came from my heart."

And he, seizing the pen, had written: "Until death."

"And now let *me* write," she said, and after folding the paper she gave it to him. "You are to keep that," she added. "I will keep yours. Neither of us must open it unless one doubts the other—or— See, my finger has stopped bleeding."

He had thought then, as he looked at her, that never had beauty seemed so heavenly. And yet he had so far forgotten her as to worship at an unworthy shrine. And he had been fooled. He saw it all now. Placing the missive on the table, he took from a pocketbook a similar square of folded paper and opened it.

"Until death—and after," were the words that met his eyes, and underneath she had written: "If returned, death, not doubt."

For a moment it seemed as if his heart stood still.

"Death, not doubt!"

She must be dead then, and had directed that this be sent him in her dying moments. Over his soul rushed the flood tide of memory, bringing with it the tenderness of the old love.

"She has not heard, then, of my perfidy. But dead! Can it be possible? Oh, sweet Isobel, do you hear me entreating for your forgiveness? Oh, my beloved, whom now I feel I have never ceased, and never shall cease, to love, hear me swear that no other woman shall ever come between thee and me!"

The night wore away. Not till nearly day-break did he fling himself upon the bed, exhausted, longing for rest, not sleep. Hollow-eyed and haggard, he presented himself at the breakfast table. He had spent the early morning in packing his valise, that he might start away at once.

"Have you heard the terrible news?" asked his neighbor at breakfast.

He had not noticed the glances askance, the

looks of pity, horror, fear, that were bestowed upon him.

"No—what is it?" he asked, as he prepared to taste his coffee.

"Miss Helen Devero was found dead in her room, this morning, murdered! Were you not out rather late?"

"Murdered! My God! Yes, I was out late."

"It's horrible! horrible!"

"And you suspect——"

"You!" was the stern answer.

Another moment and he was in custody—arrested for the murder of Helen Devero.

"Good God! I am punished," was all he said.

"I give you my word that he was out till after one this morning," some one who stood near him said to the officer.

"And I," said a lady, one of the summer boarders, "heard him say to her, last night, 'I feel as if I could kill you!'"

"Yes, you did. I said it!" exclaimed the suspected man with the calmness of desperation. "But I never saw her again. Whatever I felt at that moment, my hands are clear of murder. But what's the odds? Life is not worth much to me now. I am ready for any fate."

It was proved that Hartley and Miss Devero had quarreled; that he had left the house in high anger, and had not returned till after midnight. All the circumstances pointed to him as the assassin. Miss Devero had a suite of rooms on the ground floor, in the rear of the house. It had often been represented to her as dangerous, but she had great fear of fire, and was of a brave nature, so she laughed at the idea of danger. The window of her room had been forcibly opened, and none of her jewels or money were missing. It had evidently been a deed of revenge, cruel and dastardly, and there was no pity felt for the assassin.

Hartley made his defense as best he could, but it was of no avail; and when, near the end of the first day of the trial, word was brought into court that a dying man and a suicide—a man who had been one of Miss Devero's victims—had confessed that he, and not Hartley, was the murderer, though cheers rose on every side, he hardly seemed to care that he was free.

All his desire now was to return to Osborne, and to that end he traveled night and day till he reached it. As he passed from the main street of the village, and on to the pretty rustic bridge where he had often walked with Isobel, or stood with her counting the ripples in the shining river, he met old Uncle Sam, the factotum of the town, sexton, undertaker and parcels-delivery man.

"Well, uncle," he said, baring his head, "has the funeral taken place yet?"

"What funeral?" the old man asked, with a blank look.

"Miss Isobel Dane's," said Hartley, in a pained, low voice.

"Funeral! Why, man alive, she ain't dead!" was the response.

Hartley staggered and leaned back on the railing of the bridge.

The hat in his hand fell to the ground, and the old sexton picked it up.

"There's been a heap o' sickness," he went on, "and Miss Isobel was took with typhoid; lay by for a matter more than six weeks. Once they thought she'd died for sarten, but she come to, and she's a pretty lively corpse now. Had a mighty near call, though, I kin tell you."

Hartley by this time had recovered his self-possession, but he was so deathly pale, and his hands trembled so, that the old man offered him his arm as far as the hotel.

"No, thanks," said, or rather gasped, Hartley. "I was misinformed, and the shock of finding her alive overcame me. I can get on very well by myself."

Bewildered by this sudden joy, he found his way to the pretty cottage where the Danes lived. It had never looked so peaceful and beautiful as now, standing half in sunshine, half in shadow, under the chestnut trees that bordered the road.

How sweet the flowers were! And the trim little hedges of the small garden, and the thick vines covering walls and casements, seemed to welcome him.

And she, exquisite as a lily, sitting as in a chair of state, all clothed in white, so frail in the beauty of convalescence, so glad to see him! Surely there had never come doubt of him in her mind!

"You did get my letter, then?" she said, after the first happy, lingering kiss—"my letter explaining everything and asking you to come."

He smiled. He had received no letter, but allowed her to think he had—till the time came for explanations, he said to himself.

And the little message—mamma sent it by my instructions. You know they thought me quite gone once. I was so sorry when I had recovered enough to realize what mischief might be done, and to think how you would suffer, you poor boy! So as soon as I could hold a pen I wrote you. Did you suffer?"

"Yes, dear, I did," he answered, softly, dropping on one knee beside her; "but I find you getting well—that repays me for all."

"Did you suffer?" The words echoed through his brain. Great Heaven! what had he not suffered? More than he should ever dare to tell her.

But it was all over, thank God! a nightmare of the past. And ah, the heaven of happiness that awaited him now!

THE RAIN.

BY L. WARDLAW MILES.

THE rain came up at eventide
And kissed the light away,
Soft rain and fresh, like hopes that glide
Athwart the heart, nor stay
To lose their promises—so died
The light in rain to-day.

My heart grew sick with eventide,
When all the world was gray;
For long since all my tears had dried—
But what are words to say
How tears are unto me denied,
And granted to the day!



THE VILLAGE OF LLANGOLLEN, ON THE DEE (NORTH WALES).

THE EISTEDDFOD IN WALES AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE HON. THOMAS L. JAMES.

AN Eisteddfod (pronounced as if it were spelled *aistethrode*) is to the native Welshman what the Saengerfest is to the German: more than any other custom it is representative of his country and arouses his national pride. The literal meaning of the word is a session, or sitting. Various accounts are given of the origin of this festival. Some Welsh scholars claim that it dates back to centuries before the Christian era, and that it grew out of the custom of deciding public questions by what was called "rhaith gwlad" (country's voice). Others say it originated in the fourth century, about which time the laws of Wales were remodeled and codified and the motto "Y Gwir yn Erhyn y Byd" (The Truth against the World) was adopted. Welshmen believe that the festival has been celebrated more or less regularly since the time of King Alfred, when one of the meetings was said to have been presided over by his

tutor, Asser Menevensis, a monk of St. David. According to the ancient laws of Wales there were three kinds of Eisteddfodau: the Royal, which enacted the laws; of Justice, where criminals were tried and where legal questions were decided; and Bardic, according to the privilege and custom of the bards.

Bardism was an institution among all the old nations. The Greeks and Romans had their poets and troubadours, and the Scalds, or "polishers of language," were introduced into Europe by the Scandinavians. The Scalds were highly esteemed by all countries for their abilities as poets and musicians, and exercised a beneficial influence on the bards of other countries. The British bards were originally a constitutional appendage of the Druidical hierarchy, and upon the decline of Druidism became the poetic historians of the country, preserving the genealogies of



ANCIENT PLAN, SHOWING THE POSITION AND ORDER OF THE BARDS AT THE CAERWYS EISTEDDFOD, 1569.

families, singing the praises of military heroes and recording the most remarkable events of their age.

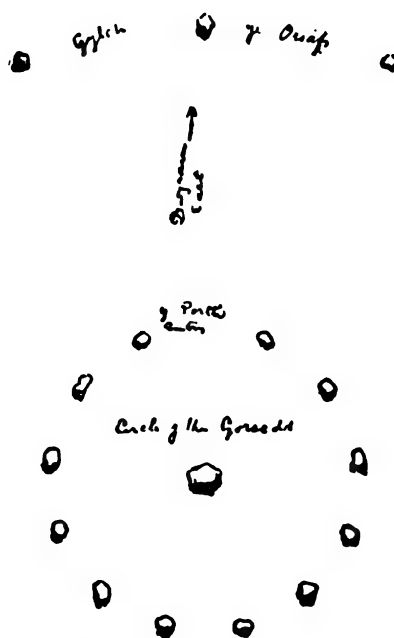
In the very early days it was the custom for the Welsh bards to travel around the country and visit the households of the different Welsh princes. There were so many bards who found it convenient and pleasant to travel about in this way that it was finally found necessary to establish a trial where their merits could be tested and their professional standing determined. This was the origin of the Bardic Eisteddfod, which has been handed down to us with but few changes to this day. At their ancient trials a bard obtained his diploma, so to speak. His standing having been established, he was welcome at any home he might visit. The bards were classified. First, there were the bards of princes and nobles; second, bards for families of the middle rank of life; and third, bards for the lower class. These, again, were subdivided into composers, instructors in the bardic art, and heralds.

A meeting of bards alone was called a Gorsedd, which literally means a high city, thence a tribunal. The way it was managed is somewhat suggestive of our modern court proceedings. The meeting was really a convention of bards. If judgment was passed on any question the subject was submitted to the following convention, which was called Gorsedd Hwl, a Gorsedd of Claim. If that convention decided favorably the question

was then submitted to a third convention, called Gorsedd Cyvallyw, a Gorsedd of Efficiency. If they affirmed the former judgment the measure was received. Before a song or anything else could be admitted to the privileges of the British bards it had to be passed upon in this way.

Originally the Eisteddfod was for the purpose of encouraging bardic lore; but after a time nearly every kind of art and industry received encouragement, and prizes were awarded for proficiency. The first meeting of this kind of which we have an authentic account was held in the sixth century under the auspices of a prince of North Wales named Maelgwn Owynedd, who seems to have been something of a practical joker. He wanted to show the superiority of vocal over instrumental music. It is said he offered a reward to those bards who would swim across the River Conway, on the banks of which the meeting took place. A number of competitors entered into the contest, among them several harpers, who, when they had gone through the performance and landed on the opposite side, found that their harps were so wet they could not play. The instrumental portion of the company being thoroughly soaked in water and unable to perform, the vocalists found no difficulty in winning the prize.

For a long time the festivals were held triennially. A prince would invite a number of the best bards, harpers and minstrels he could find, offer them valuable prizes for their services, and



PRESENT FORM OF THE CIRCLE OF THE GORSEDD.

Glan Rhondda composed Jan 4/55

Wachyd y Rhodan yn awyrlu mi dulas mewn a chanton enwogion o ffrwyd
ynwyl y Rhodan yn awyrlu mi dulas mewn a chanton enwogion o ffrwyd
pleidiol wrth y gwlad tra'n mor yn ffrwyd yn ffrwyd yn ffrwyd
bydded y Rhodan yn awyrlu mi dulas mewn a chanton enwogion o ffrwyd

*O Gwynedd ymryd y paradydd y Bardd
 Pob ddydd ym pob clwyd ym gogledd ydd hys
 yn ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd*

*O'r trwm y ffrwyd yn gogledd ymryd ymryd
 Mae hys ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd
 Nid hys ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd ymryd*

"GLAN RHONDDA," THE ORIGINAL OF "HEN WLAD FY NHADAN," THE WELSH NATIONAL ANTHEM.
 WORDS BY EVAN JAMES, MUSIC BY JAMES JAMES. FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

the festival, in point of display and magnificence, would resemble one of the feasts of King Arthur.

After the conquest of Wales by Edward I. in 1282 the Eisteddfod was held under the direction of commissioners appointed by the King. It was the duty of these commissioners to see that no songs were sung which would arouse the patriotic feelings of the conquered people. The last meeting held under royal commission was in the reign of Elizabeth, at Caerwys, 1569.

The year before this Queen Elizabeth, by a commission, issued what might be termed a certificate of minstrelsy to one Simwnt Vychan, the commission being commanded to reorganize the order of bards in North Wales: "Know all Men by these Presents that there is a Congress of Bards and Musicians to be held in the Town of Caerwys, in the County of Flint, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the tenth Year of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, before Ellis



OWEN GLENDOWER'S ("OWAIN GLYNDWYR'S") HOUSE, DOLGELLY—MEETING PLACE OF THE ANCIENT WELSH PARLIAMENT.

Price, Esquire, Doctor of the Civil Law, and one of her Majesty's Council in the Marches of Wales, and before William Mostyn, Peres Mostyn, Owen Johnap, Hywel Vaughan, John William ap John, John Lewis Owen, Morris Griffith, Sergeant Robert Palesdon, Evan Lloyd and William Glyn, Esquires. And that we, the said commissioners, by virtue of the said commission being Her Majesty's Council, do give and grant to Simwnt Vychan, Bard, the degree of Pencerdd; and do order that Persons receive and hospitably entertain him in all Places fit for him to go and come to receive his Perquisites according to the Princely Statutes in that case made and provided. Given under our Hands, in the Year 1568."

At the bardic assemblage near Denbigh Castle, in the Vale of Clywd, North Wales, held in 1828. Sir E. Mostyn, a descendant of Sir Piers, named in the precept of Elizabeth, was present.

On the occasion of the last Eisteddfod held under royal commission a large number of degrees were conferred. According to the ancient custom, a silver harp was given to the most competent musician, and a silver chair to the chief bard.

Several important meetings were held in Wales during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, after which there was no general festival until the year 1819. This was held at Carmarthen, under distinguished patronage, and lasted three days. Since that time the celebrations have been held regularly every year.

At an Eisteddfod in Wales the public proceedings begin each day at noon. A procession is formed in the central part of the town or village, where a circle of twelve stones has been made, which represent the signs of the zodiac. The stones are more or less imposing in size, and are placed at an equal distance around what is called the logan stone.

From the centre of this circle the master of the ceremonies makes the following proclamation in Welsh and English: "The Truth against the World. In the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, the sun approaching the autumnal equinox, at the hour of noon, on the 4th day of August, after due proclamation, this Gorsedd is opened at Ruthin, with invitation to all who may assemble here, where no weapon is un-

sheathed against them; and judgment will be pronounced upon all works of genius submitted for adjudication, in the face of the sun, the eye of light. The Truth against the World."

A trumpet blast announces that the proceedings are opened. The leading bard, or archbard, standing on the logan stone, then delivers the following prayer:

"Grant, O God, Thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of the just;
And in knowledge of the just, the love of it;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love of God.
God and all goodness."

In an Eisteddfod conducted after the most ancient and orthodox fashion, after this opening prayer by the chief bard, he unsheathes his sword and exclaims, "The Truth against the World." After a short pause he asks, "Is there peace?" The members standing within the circle seize the sword and respond, "Peace," the question and answer being repeated three times. Then the chief bard opens the proceedings with the usual announcement: "In the face of the sun, the eye of light, I declare the Eisteddfod opened."

Southey's description of one of these meetings, as they were conducted in the early days of Welsh history, will occur to the reader:

—"There in the eye
Of light, and in the face of day, the rites
Began. Upon the stone of covenant
The sheathed sword was laid; the master then
Raised up his voice, and cried, 'Let them who seek
The high degree and sacred privilege
Of bardic science and of Cimbric lore
Here to the bards of Britain make their claim!'
Thus having said, the master made the youths
Approach the place of peace, and merit there
The bard's most honorable name. At that
Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light.
The youths advanced; they heard the Cimbric lore,
From earliest days preserved; they struck their harps,
And each in due succession raised the song."

In modern days the vast audience, which at some meetings numbers nearly twenty thousand persons, after the opening ceremony, adjourns to



REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, OF LLANGOLLEN—CHIEF BARD OF THE WORLD'S FAIR EISTEDDFOD.



HON. H. M. EDWARDS, SCRANTON, PA.

the pavilion. The president of the day (there is a new president for each day's proceedings) is escorted to this building, which will accommodate about four thousand persons. Much of the time each day is occupied in the presentation of prizes for literary productions which have been considered by the judges before the meeting takes place. Letters are read, often from persons well known in the literary or scientific world, who name the prize winners in the different literary competitions. Sometimes medals are given, but more often a sum of

money varying from \$5 to \$750.

During the past five or six years prizes in the literary class have been given as follows: "The Comparative Merits of the Remains of Ancient Literature in the Welsh, Irish and Gaelic Divisions of the Celtic Languages," prize, £87; "The Influence of Welsh Traditions upon the Literature of Europe," 63 guineas; "The Industrial Sources of Wales and the Best Means of Developing Them," £50; "The Woolen Manufact.



REV. FRED. EVANS, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

change the tune without notice, a proceeding which would certainly be embarrassing to anyone but a native Welshman accustomed to take part in such contests.

Choral singing is especially enjoyed by the audience. In fact, singing is very popular with Welshmen both here and abroad. Some one once called Wales "a sea of song." In these contests the musicians, both vocal and instrumental, are selected beforehand after they have been heard by the judges in private, and only the competent performers are allowed to appear in public.



HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, NEW YORK.

ures of South Wales," £75. The musical competitions (a very important feature of the festival) are adjudicated on the spot. Sometimes a song will have to be sung by a dozen competitors in succession, and then a second time by two or three of them, in order to give the judges an opportunity to arrive at a correct decision. Singing in Welsh extemporaneously to the music of the harp is one of the most difficult performances, because the player of the harp is at liberty to



REV. T. C. EDWARDS, KINGSTON, PA.

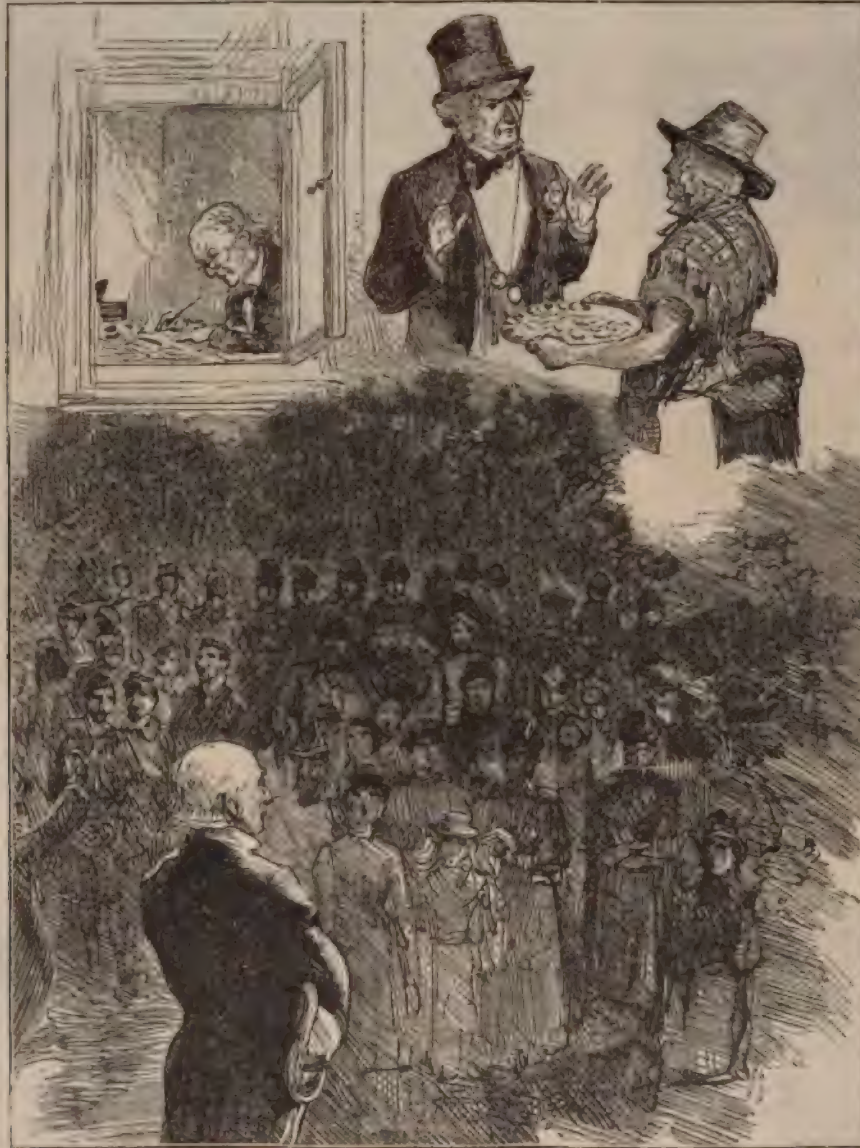


DR. W. G. OWEN, WHITE CASTLE, LA.

Each of the three days of the festival is occupied by the publication of awards, the presentation of prizes, by musical competitions and orations—the latter being given in either the Welsh or English tongue.

The principal honor connected with the festival, and the one most coveted by the contestants,

win this prize. If he does win it he is looked upon as a man of exceptional ability. He is escorted to the platform amidst the cheers of the vast audience and the stirring strains of the band of music. He is then formally declared to be one of the bards of the isle of Britain. This ceremony is quite imposing, and is celebrated on



MR. GLADSTONE IN WALES.

is what is called "chairing the bard." A prize is offered for an ode of 2,500 lines. This must be written in the Welsh language, and according to certain rules of construction which are very difficult to follow. Only a writer who has not only the poetical gift well developed, but a thorough knowledge of the Welsh language, can hope to

the last day of the festival, which is called "Chair Day." Some contestants receive degrees as chief bards of vocal singing; others as primary, secondary or probationary students; and some as bards, students, and teachers of instrumental singing upon the harp. There are four degrees in the poetical and five in the musical faculty.

A genuine Welsh Eisteddfod must be announced by some titled bard one year and a day before the exercises are to take place. The festival may last three or four days. A national meeting lasts four days; there are two sessions daily and a concert in the evening. The festival may be held any time during the year. Welsh newspapers, both abroad and in this country, are continually making announcements of such meetings.

Mme. Patti attended one of these festivals, held at Caerwys. Much to the surprise and pleasure of the managers she told them she would sing a song, an offer which was, of course, gladly accepted. At her request the conductor of the orchestra struck up the Welsh national air, "Land of My Fathers," which, to the astonishment of everybody present, she sang in the Welsh tongue. Her singing of itself was an inspiration; but



WELSH BARDS AT THE TEMPLE, LONDON.

The national meetings in Wales are always attended by a contingent of persons distinguished in the various walks of life. The Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Patti, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Matthew Arnold, Henri Martin, Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Comte de la Villemarqu , the most famous of Breton savants, have been present at the festival during recent years. Two or three years ago

when the multitude heard her render their national anthem in the language of their fathers the enthusiasm was indescribable. The vast audience joined heartily in the refrain; but the voice of the famous prima donna could be heard loud and clear above them all.

The number of competitors at different festivals in Wales two years ago was as follows: For solos—harp, 3; violin, 51; piano, 52; contralto, 26; baritone, 6; soprano and tenor duets, 12;

brass bands, 6; orchestral bands, 2; essays, 3, 7 and 10; translations from Greek to Welsh, 12; grand choral contests, 5, 6 and 8.

The first Eisteddfod held in the United States was in Scranton, Penn., about the year 1852. There has always been a large Welsh population in that State on account of the tin, copper and coal mines in which Welshmen, who are very efficient in these industries, are employed. It is said that there is scarcely a coal mine in this

the eminent journalist, I am indebted for many facts contained in this article)—who is connected with *Y Drych*, the leading Welsh newspaper in the United States, the Utica Eisteddfod has, from the beginning, been the most successful of all those held in the United States, excepting, of course, the great meeting at Chicago during the World's Fair, and perhaps those of Scranton and Wilkes-barre. The Eisteddfod was first held in Utica in 1855, and was organized by the Revs. R. L. Her-

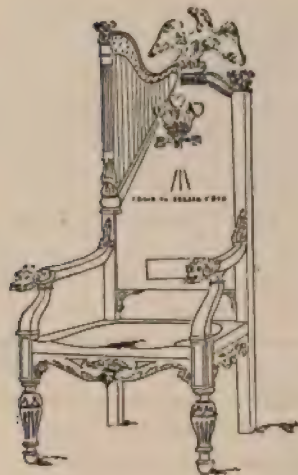


IN THE LAND OF THE EISTEDDFOD—A WELSH WOMAN IN NATIVE COSTUME.

country which has not for its superintendent a native of Wales. Many of the leading iron manufacturers in Pittsburgh are Welshmen, and thousands of the humbler class dig out the "dusky diamonds" from the coal mines. It is quite natural, therefore, that the first Eisteddfod should have been held in Pennsylvania, where it has always been a popular institution.

According to Mr. Benj. F. Lewis—to whom, with Prof. W. W. Davies and George J. Manson,

bert, L. D. Howells, and Messrs. I. O. Pritchard, J. W. Jones, D. C. Davies and Henry Lewis, prominent Welshmen in that section of the State. In those early days the prizes given in the competitions were very small, the highest prize being \$15, and the total amount distributed not being more than \$75. The Eisteddfod of 1858 was particularly successful, from twelve to fifteen hundred persons being present. At the meeting of 1862, which was also largely attended, the late



BARDIC CHAIR OF THE COLUMBIAN INTERNATIONAL
EISTEDDFOD.

ex-Governor Horatio Seymour was one of the orators. A few years later Hon. Ellis H. Roberts took a prominent part in the proceedings, in 1871 delivering a Welsh address which was received with great enthusiasm. The amount given in prizes had increased, one competitor being awarded \$200 for the best history of the "Origin and Dispersion of the Human Race." At an Eisteddfod held in Pittsburgh a few years since the chief prize in choral music was \$1,000, and the second \$300.

The Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D.D., the Rector of the "Church of the Heavenly Rest," New York, one of the foremost of our pulpit orators, is probably the most scholarly Welshman in the United States. He has given a great deal of time and attention to the Eisteddfod; and a gathering of that kind is hardly complete without his presence.

The festivals are held at any time during the year, though generally occurring during the summer and early fall; the national festival is held in the latter part of August. Festivals are annually held in Utica and Hyde Park, N. Y.; Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Pittsburgh, Penn.; Youngstown, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, O.; and various towns in Tennessee, Illinois and Colorado. At these meetings, especially in Pennsylvania, the large choruses are composed of workingmen and their wives, who have learned to sing in Sunday school and church, and who faithfully practice for the meeting months before it begins.

The international meeting held at Chicago in September, 1893, during the World's Fair, was the largest ever held in this country. There were two choirs from Wales; the chief bard came

from that country, and the literary and musical contests were of a very interesting character. One of the latter contests was for a choir of mixed voices—between 250 and 300. The first prize was \$5,000; the second, \$1,000—a gold medal also being given to the successful competitors. There was a contest between a male chorus of 50 or 60 voices, the first prize being \$1,000; the second, \$500; and other prizes of the same value for ladies in a chorus of 40 or 50.

The bardic oak chair used at this famous Eisteddfod was designed by Mr. Isaac Davies, of Chicago. It was made of oak because in the ancient Druidic worship, of which the Eisteddfod is a relic, the Druids were in the habit of worshipping under the oak tree. This tree, which has always been a shelter for man in a storm or has served as a protection from the fierce rays of the burning sun, was looked upon by them as a holy tree. It will be noticed from the illustration of this chair that its design is highly symbolical. The acorns on the front feet signify knowledge; the heads of the red dragon on the arms were emblazoned on the banner of the ancient Britons and suggest terror. On the back is "Y Gwir yn Erhyn y Byd" (The Truth against the World), the motto of the ancient Welsh bards. Above it is the



JOHN THOMAS, OF LONDON, HARPIST TO
THE QUEEN.

"sacred sign" which, according to some authorities, symbolizes the rays of divine light, while according to others it represents three letters of the old bardic alphabet (*Coelbren y Beirdd*) which form the sacred name of God. Above this sign is a crown containing three feathers.

In the early days, when the Welsh claimed they should be governed by one of their own princes, King Edward I., as one of my countrymen quaintly says, "played a Yankee trick on them." He promised to give the Welsh people a prince who would be born among them and not know a word of English. He kept the promise by bestowing the principality on his infant son, Edward, born at Caernarvon Castle. The little prince was presented by his father to the Welsh chieftains as their future sovereign, the King holding up the royal infant and saying, in the Welsh language, "*Ech dyn*," literally in English "This is your man," but signifying "This is your countryman and King." Edward III., his son, was never Prince of Wales; but in 1343 he invested his son, Edward the Black Prince, with the principality, and from that time the title Prince of Wales has been borne by the eldest son of the reigning King. The distinguishing badge of the Prince of Wales was a plume of three white ostrich feathers, encircled by an ancient coronet, and accompanied by the motto "*Ich dien*" (I serve). There are several accounts as to the origin of this device. One tradition is that the Black Prince, having slain John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, in the battle of Cressy, in 1346, took his plume. The motto has been supposed to allude to the fact that the King of Bohemia served, or was stipendiary to, the French King in his wars. Another authority states that the crest is a rebus of Queen Philippa's hereditary title, viz., Countess of *Ostre-vant* (ostrich feather). Another antiquarian traces the feathery device to

a time prior to the division of Wales into principalities. Some claim that the three feathers were given by King Edward I. simply as an emblem of peace between the Welsh and English.

The harp on one side of the chair represents music and the fine arts, while surmounting all is the American eagle, suggesting the Welshman's adopted country.

In Wales, since the early days, each bardic chair has had its motto. At the present time there are four chairs in Wales, viz., the Royal Chair of Ponys, whose motto is "*A laddo a leddir*" (He that slayeth shall be slain); that of Gwent and Glamorgan, whose motto is "*Duw a phob daioni*" (God and all goodness); that of Dyfed, whose motto is "*Calon wrth galon*" (Heart with heart); and that of Gwynedd, or North Wales, whose motto is "*Iesu n'ad gamwaith*" (Jesus forbid injustice).

The benefits of the *Eisteddfod* to the Welshmen in this country and in Wales have been great. These constantly recurring festivals have served to keep alive the spirit of patriotism and love of mother country. Most important of all, they have led Welshmen to cultivate a knowledge of their ancient tongue, and in this way have been a service to scholarship and intellectual progress. Especial praise is due to the Rev. Thomas Price, of Wales, who has been Bard of Lessing, and who attended the festival during the World's Fair. Of late years he has been very active in encouraging the study of books and documents in the Welsh tongue. His efforts in this direction have been recognized by such men as Chevalier Bunsen, Henry Hallam, H. A. Layard, and diplomatic representatives from European capitals who have attended the national festivals in Wales, and some of whom have acted as judges or adjudicators in giving out the prizes in the literary competitions.

HISTORIC ISLANDS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH, UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

FLORIDA was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon, on the 27th of March, 1512. This day being Easter Sunday (the *Pascua Florida*, or Feast of Flowers, of the Roman Catholic Church), the name Florida, it is said, was given to the country by its discoverer. Ponce de Leon hoped to find in the land he had discovered the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. While he was tramping wearily over the great peninsula with his steel-clad men

of arms, chasing myths and encountering terrible hardships, the matter-of-fact Frenchmen were turning to account their discoveries along the Gulf coast and the numerous islands lying adjacent.

When the French fleet under Iberville first cast anchor off Ship Island an expedition was sent to a neighboring island. It was a forbidding and ill-looking place, intersected with lagoons and

swarming with a curious kind of animal which seemed to occupy the medium between the fox and the cat. One of the French officers exclaimed in astonishment, "This is the kingdom of cats!" and the name of Cat Island was given to the new discovery, which it bears to this day.

From thence the French crossed to the mainland, about twelve miles distant, landing on the shores of a small bay. Here they first encountered a tribe of Indians called Biloxi. A town was founded, and Biloxi is to-day the oldest in Mississippi.

Proceeding to the eastward, the Frenchmen next encountered the Pascagoulas, or Bread Eaters, a tribe remarkable for their gentle traits and adaptability to civilization. To the westward Iberville discovered the long, narrow, crescent-shaped island extending in a southerly and westwardly direction from Ship Island to the mouth of the Mississippi. It was on Candlemas Day that the Frenchman first landed and called the sandy expanse *Chandeleur*, in honor of the day. By more modern navigators it has been termed the "Graveyard of the Gulf," owing to the innumerable wrecks along the dangerous line of shoals; and many a thrilling tale of shipwreck and suffering could be recounted in connection with the low-lying sand reefs upon which the United States Government now maintains a national quarantine station.

It was the good fortune of the writer to interview a descendant of the Pascagoulas tribe well versed in the lore of his dusky ancestors, and it was in his light-pulling shallop I was borne across the waters of the Gulf to the mouth of the river named after the now extinct tribe. It was for the purpose of listening to the far-famed mysterious music which has excited the wonder and curiosity of visitors from all parts of the country.

It seems to issue from grottoes or caverns in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water underneath the very keel of the boat, producing an effect not unlike the sighing of an æolian harp.

On the banks of the river, in close proximity to the spot where the music is heard, Indian tradition states that there once existed a tribe different in color and habits from the great mass of Indians. Their ancestors had originally emerged from the sea, where they were born, and were of a light complexion. They were a gentle, inoffensive race, passing their time in festivals and amusements. They had a temple in which they worshiped the figure of a sea god. Every night when the moon was visible they gathered around the carved figure, playing upon instruments, rendering the idol homage.

A short time after the destruction of Mauvilla, or Mobile, in 1539, by De Soto and his followers, there appeared in the midst of the Pascagoulas a white man with a long gray beard, flowing garments and a large cross in his right hand. He drew from his bosom a book, which he kissed reverentially, and began to explain to his listeners what was contained in that sacred volume. The Indians listened, and were rapidly becoming convinced, when the white man's purpose was defeated by an awful catastrophe.

One night, when the moon was at its zenith, there came a rising on the surface of the river. The water appeared to be convulsed with fury, uttering deep groans as it rolled from one bank to the other, culminating in a column of foaming spray. On the crest reclined a female with magnetic eyes, singing with a voice which fascinated the entire tribe.

The white man, followed by the Indians, drew nearer to the bank, while the siren modulated her voice to still more bewitching melody, chanting a mystic song, with the following couplet oft repeated:

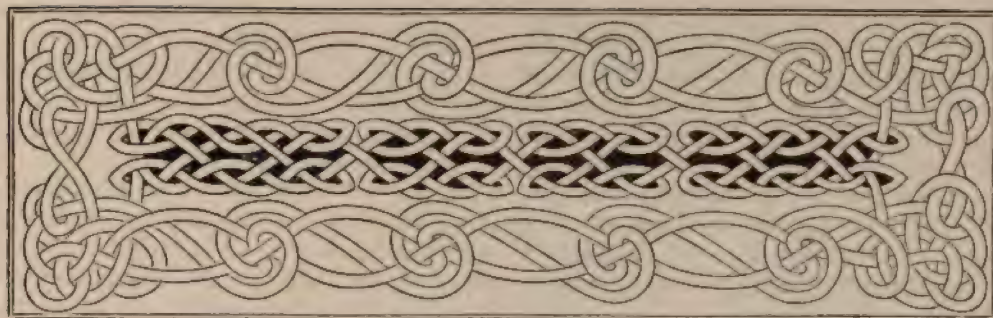
"Come to me, come to me, children of the sea!

Neither bell, hook nor cross shall win ye from your queen."

One of the Indians plunged into the river to rise no more. The remainder followed in rapid succession, and with the disappearance of the last of the tribe a wild laugh of exultation was heard. The waters retired to their former level, leaving no trace of the catastrophe behind.

From that time is heard occasionally the singular music which has excited so much attention. Tradition further relates that the white priest died in an agony of grief, attributing the awful event to his having been in an imperfect state of grace. He is said to have stated on his deathbed that those deluded pagan souls would be redeemed if on a Christmas night at twelve of the clock, when the moon shall happen to be at her meridian, a priest should come alone to the spot in a boat and drop a crucifix into the water. But if this ever be done neither the holy man nor the boat would be seen again. Thousands, myself included, have visited the wild locality, listened to the unearthly sounds, wondered and theorized. But no layman has yet been found bold enough to test the truthfulness of the Indian tradition.

The mysterious notes have been attributed to the action of musical sands, which have attracted much attention from the curious circumstances no less than the beauty of their tinkling notes. Along the seashore these sands are found in occasional patches, of which there are said to



HIGH TIDES.*

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XVI.



THREE weeks later Mrs. Coxheath, attended by her nurse and maid, arrived in Paris, and established herself in a handsome pension near the Champs Elysées, under the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe.

The sea voyage had toned up her frail physique, and besides there was a purpose in her mind which nerved her to extraordinary effort.

"I shall now call you nurse only in private," she said to Paulette. "Here in Paris you will be my companion—my *protégée*. I have friends in the American colony—I shall go into society as much as my health will permit, and you will attend me everywhere. You are by birth and breeding a lady, and I want you to see the Paris world, than which you will find nothing gayer on this whirling planet. I myself am longing for a taste of real life again—I am sure it will put new strength into me. First of all we must go out into the shops and select some suitable things for you to wear."

Paulette, vaguely dismayed, protested a little against this change of position, but Mrs. Coxheath remained firm. She had brought her girl nurse abroad to rest and enjoy life, she said. She must assume full control of her, and play the chaperon for a space. It was her whim, and must be gratified.

A bewildering round of visits to the Paris shops followed. Mrs. Coxheath bore the fatigue amazingly well. She was full of some intensity of purpose that carried her forward with resistless

might. Paulette soon found herself trailing marvelous gowns through Mrs. Coxheath's salon, and in its many mirrors she stared at her own face and figure in astonishment. Mrs. Coxheath, though by nature a miserly woman, now opened wide her purse, and lavished on the girl purple and fine linen, jewels and lace—rare and beautiful things out of number.

"And when you marry, my dear," she said, artfully, "I will furnish your *dot*."

"I shall never marry," replied Paulette, and then bit her lip with vexation, for she knew the inference which Mrs. Coxheath would draw from those words.

"Oh, yes," corrected the elder woman, sweetly, "you will yet find your fate, like other girls! Matrimony is better than hospital nursing. Perhaps you wonder that I, in the midst of my own infelicity, should say this; but mine," with an unpleasant laugh, "is an exceptional case. You are not likely to *buy* a husband, as I did, and make yourself despicable to him forever after."

One day Paulette was sitting in the Louis Seize salon, reading one of Racine's old plays. It was spring weather, and the Champs Elysées glistened with the glory of new green leaves. The great French windows stood wide open. Blossoming plants screened and festooned the balcony outside, and a gay-striped awning cast a welcome shadow against the brilliant sunshine. Mrs. Coxheath was deep in an after-lunch nap, and Paulette, dressed in a cream-colored gown, with a jeweled girdle about her slim waist and jeweled pins holding in place her rich russet hair, occupied the room alone.

Involuntarily her attention wandered from her book of plays to the scene outside the balcony.

In the gate of the courtyard sat the wife of the *concierge*, knitting. The gilded dome of the Russian church glowed like a huge ball of fire. Two dandy officers of chasseurs pranced by, beautiful as the war god, Mars. She heard a convent bell ringing sweetly. Near at hand the Arc de Triomphe confronted her vision, snow-white, majestic, and the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, loveliest of all the city's thoroughfares, with its green density of foliage and air of aristocratic dignity, stretched off and away before her to the Bois de Boulogne.

As Paulette, absorbed in the beauty of the view, leaned forward in her American rocking chair, a strange voice, unmistakably English, drawled at her shoulder:

"Pardon, I do not see Mrs. Coxheath—is she out?"

Paulette arose and confronted a fair young man, faultlessly attired, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole. His flaxen hair was parted in the middle of his low womanish forehead. A blond mustache curled up from the corners of his faintly smiling lips. His air of gentle fatigue was highly impressive. He fixed a pair of china-blue eyes on Paulette, and said, in a bored tone:

"I am Carey Hazen—Mrs. Coxheath's nephew. Perhaps you may have heard her mention me. And you? Why, you must be the Miss Dole whom she calls her *protégée*—her foster daughter?"

"I am Miss Dole," assented Paulette. "Your aunt is sleeping——"

"No! no!" corrected the voice of Mrs. Coxheath herself. And a *portière* was pushed aside, and that lady swept briskly into the salon, with a spot of rouge on either cheek, and hollow eyes feverishly bright. "I am here, very wide awake, *mon ami*. Ah, Carey, you undutiful boy! Do I see you at last! You have been a long time paying your respects to me."

She kissed him on both cheeks. He returned the caress languidly.

"I am just from Nice, Annet Augusta—didn't receive your letter till I reached Paris, you know. You have been ill? Quite too bad. You promised to show me something delightful if I would call."

Mrs. Coxheath motioned gayly toward Paulette.

"And here it is—have I not redeemed my word? Carey, I want you to establish a permanent friendship with Miss Dole."

Carey cast his fatigued length into a chair, and stared at Paulette through his eyeglass.

"Nothing could please me more," he drawled. "But is Miss Dole disposed to be friends with me?"

"I will answer for her," replied Mrs. Coxheath,

quickly. "She would not hurt my feelings by snubbing my nephew and heir. So you have been at Nice—for the Carnival, of course?"

"Yes," assented Carey. "The American belles carried off all the laurels—as they do everywhere, don't you know? Our women are quite the handsomest in the world."

Then he turned his feeble attention again to Paulette. Was this her first visit abroad? What were her impressions of beautiful Paris? Would she drive in the Bois on the morrow, or steam away by boat to St. Cloud? She might find Fontainebleau and the terraces of Versailles not altogether bad.

"I suppose you are able to amble about a little with Miss Dole?" he said to the elder woman.

"I go out constantly," she answered, with sharpness. "I am strong now—quite strong. I mean to make a complete recovery while I am here in Paris. Why, this very morning I was shopping with Paulette in the Rue de la Paix."

"Indeed! You have gone off horribly in your looks," said the frank young man. "You ought to be careful of the pace you undertake, unless you wish to leave that young husband of yours a widower. I suppose he did not cross with you?"

"Certainly not."

"The gulf betwixt husband and wife still yawns, eh? Yours was one of the matches *not* made in heaven, aunt. Well, you led him a terrible life, you know. Really, one cannot blame him. Masculine flesh and blood will not endure everything. What is the beggar doing now?—tugging as usual at his chain?"

"At this particular moment he is probably perched on a clerking stool in his late father's office, toiling and moiling for daily bread," answered Mrs. Coxheath, with cold displeasure. "Oblige me by dropping my husband from the conversation, Carey. This afternoon we are going to see the artificial ice and the skaters at the Palais de Glace, and for to-night I have secured a box for Bernhardt's performance of 'Izyl.' If you do not want me to erase your name from my will, Carey, fail not to show me every attention that is my due while I tarry here in Paris."

"I am your slave, aunt."

"A very insolent, *blasé* slave, Carey. Oh, how my heart beats! That strengthening draught, Miss Dole!—Quick!"

She sank back in her chair—her eyes closed. Paulette arose hastily, and poured something in a glass. Hazen watched her with a shrug.

"So," he said, "the old girl is burning the candle at both ends? Whom the gods design to kill they first make mad. My word for it, she won't last long."

"How affectionately you speak of your aunt!" said Paulette, dryly.

"Oh, well, truth, you know, is always more or less brutal. Why the deuce does she go on like this? If Coxheath hadn't been a man of honor he would have shut her up in a madhouse long ago. While he lived with her she made existence a burden to him——"

"Hush! she is coming to herself," warned Paulette.

Mrs. Coxheath rallied, and with feverish eagerness reached for the strengthening potion.

"Do not be frightened, Carey," she said to her nephew. "I frequently have these attacks; but I shall 'last' in spite of them, dear boy—you will not inherit my possessions yet."

"Oh, there's no hurry about *that*—not the least in the world," answered Carey, airily; "take your time, my dear aunt!" And he arose soon after and departed.

"In the American colony Carey is considered a great catch," said Mrs. Coxheath. "He is a diplomat—attached to the Legation, you know, very clever, and at heart really the dearest fellow in the world."

Paulette did not answer. She was gazing off at the belts of pale spring sky seen through the trees of the Champs Elysées. Mrs. Coxheath went on, sounding the praises of her nephew, but without eliciting one word of response from the girl.

"Good Heaven!" she at last cried, "you are not listening, Miss Dole! You must be thinking of some person far more important to you than poor Carey."

"Very true," answered Paulette, turning on the speaker her great dark, honest eyes. "I am wondering how my dear father is faring to-day. Dr. Hartman told me he would write at an early date—I hope he will not forget that promise."

Mrs. Coxheath, abashed in spite of herself, snatched up an American newspaper from a table near her, and relapsed into silence.

That night they went to the play—Mrs. Coxheath, haggard and wan, tricked out in brocade and jewels—Paulette in maize-colored silk, with a golden arrow fastening the rich tangle of her hair, and a snow-white opera cloak on her beautiful shoulders. The first person to enter Mrs. Coxheath's box was a lean, tall man of military bearing, with hair and mustachios wonderfully curled and dyed, and crow's feet thick about his melancholy eyes. When he smiled his Roman nose came down, like a bended bow, to meet his prominent chin. The coxcomb and the courtier mingled in his air. Mrs. Coxheath greeted him cordially.

"My dear count, how delightful to meet you again!" she said. "Positively you have not changed a whit since we danced together, ages ago, at the ambassador's ball. Let me present you to a young countrywoman of mine—Miss Dole. I know you to be an ardent admirer of American beauty."

M. le Comte kissed Mrs. Coxheath's hand, and bowed low to Paulette.

"Madame, I am charmed! Welcome again to Paris," he said. "Ma foi! I beheld you from another part of the house—I thought, 'There is my ancient friend, the Américaine, with an angel for a companion—I will do myself the delight to pay my devoirs to her at once.'"

Then Carey Hazen sauntered into the box.

"What! Is that old beau here?" he whispered to Paulette. "Whenever my aunt comes to Paris he is sure to turn up, like a jack-in-the-box. And she pretends to admire him! At the first opportunity she will tell you that he belongs to the *noblesse*—that his grandfather was guillotined in the Terror—that he lives in the Faubourg St. Germain, as befits one who comes of ten generations of nobles. All this is true, and something more. M. le Comte can drink more absinthe than any man in Paris—he is also a tidy hand at baccarat. In his youth he is said to have been a deadly duelist; but," dryly, "that was a very long time ago."

"I perceive that you do not like M. le Comte," said Paulette.

"Oh, yes, I do. He is a fossil of the ancient *régime*—an interesting subject for the antiquarian. Last of all, he is widower, looking for a rich wife to patch up the family fortunes. He will not attempt to conceal from you that he regards marriage as a purely commercial transaction, and that his rank will be considered much more than an equivalent for the lady's money."

"How delightful!"

"For the lady? Yes. If you have wealth, Miss Dole, the count will fall at your feet in four and twenty hours."

"I have no wealth," replied Paulette, meeting the young man's eyes with perfect frankness; "and though your aunt has, of late, seen fit to treat me as an equal, I am simply a professional nurse. Therefore I am quite safe from the count's notice."

"I do not feel quite sure about that," muttered Hazen.

A burst of applause drew the attention of all to the stage. During the remainder of the performance the two men remained fixtures in Mrs. Coxheath's box. Hazen stood behind Paulette's chair, held her fan, adjusted her glass, and

amused her by relating anecdotes of the actors, and pointing out the notable people in the house. The count talked to Mrs. Coxheath, but his haggard, *blasé* eyes wandered constantly to Paulette. When the play was done both gentlemen accompanied the ladies to their carriage.

"I really must see you safely to your pension," said Carey; and he sprang into the vehicle, and took a seat beside his aunt. The discomfited count caressed his waxed mustachios at the carriage door.

"And I, madame," he declared, with firmness, as he kissed Mrs. Coxheath's limp hand, "will do myself the joy to call to-morrow and renew the friendship of the past."

Mrs. Coxheath, nearly dead with fatigue, tried to smile as the carriage went on its way.

"He is a delightful man—that count," she murmured to her companions. "I first met him at Mentone, where I chanced to be wintering for my health. I was then but eighteen. Everybody considered me a great heiress, and the count became a suitor for my hand. It was my first offer, and a very flattering one; but the count had just shot a Polish nobleman in a duel, and my people would not listen to the match."

From that night both Hazen and M. le Comte were constant visitors in Mrs. Coxheath's salon. If the ladies rode in the Bois, Hazen was sure to bear them company; and somewhere on the way, M. le Comte, sitting his horse like an officer on parade, never failed to appear at the right moment and fall into place by the carriage side. Paulette found him a bore. His bad English was the only amusing thing about him. For awhile she paid little heed to either of her admirers; but by and by a vague disquiet began to steal upon her. Why did M. le Comte follow Mrs. Coxheath everywhere? What was the magnet that drew Carey Hazen continually to the Louis Seize salon? Mrs. Coxheath was playing her own part well. Mustering all her feeble strength, she donned a mask of rouge, powder and conventional smiles, and hopefully awaited the crisis of affairs. It came one day in this wise: The trio had gone to a picturesque valley adjoining the Park of St. Cloud. The village of Ville d'Avray was near. Mrs. Coxheath, fatigued as usual, remained in the carriage, and sent Hazen and Paulette to gather mushrooms in the wood.

"And pray look for violets," she said; "I am sure the ground must be blue with them; and do not hurry—I will wait for you here."

Hazen and Paulette followed a little path leading through tall fern. The sun shot golden arrows through umbrageous branches. Bees hummed. A cloud of butterflies, like flowers on the

wing, swung away before them in airy flight. From hillsides covered with vines a sweet, wholesome wind fanned their faces lovingly. All around deep silence reigned, broken only by the twitter of birds. They found neither violets nor cryptogamic plants—Hazen did not look for either. He was absorbed in watching his aunt's *protégée*. She wore a tailor-made gown, and a fetching white hat, with blackbirds nestling in it, and she seemed pensive and *distracte*—not in the least inclined to move beyond Mrs. Coxheath's eye.

"Rather a curious girl," mused Hazen, languidly. "I wonder what she is thinking about!"

They reached a deep tangled dell shut in by ancient trees. Paulette stopped short.

"I am going back to the carriage," she said. "There are no mushrooms in the wood, no flowers of any kind."

Hazen's china-blue eyes kindled in an unwonted way.

"One moment!" he pleaded, softly. "All my visits to my aunt have been leading up to this time and place. Don't draw away, Paulette. I hope you have seen how things were going with me—I hope you have understood. My dear girl, I want very much to marry you."

Paulette looked at him in cold astonishment.

"I have seen nothing—understood nothing, Mr. Hazen. Indeed, you have made a prodigious mistake."

"Eh?"

"I cannot for a moment think of marrying you."

He lifted his eyebrows.

"This is very extraordinary! Upon my word, you are the first woman that ever repulsed me!"

"Then you will be consoled," said Paulette, with a wicked smile, "for I have heard you declare that you could not exist without variety."

He looked offended.

"Miss Dole, you are an attractive person, and I swear that I love you deeply. Had you not better think twice before you give me a final answer?"

"My first thought is quite sufficient," answered Paulette; and they turned, and went silently back to the carriage.

* * * * *

When the rejection of her nephew's suit was made known to her a tremendous fury possessed Mrs. Coxheath. But being a wise woman, she smothered her rage and disappointment as best she could, and refrained from direct reproaches. Her manner toward Paulette grew a trifle constrained, and the hectic blazed in her cheek and for awhile made the rouge pot an unnecessary

adjunct of her toilet. But M. le Comte was still upon the vine-hung balcony, and under the gay left to her. The second day after the dismissal awning began to sketch a group of gamins in the of Hazen that titled gentleman called at the street below. Presently she heard a deep sigh.



THE WITCH.—FROM THE PAINTING BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

pension, and was closeted for a space with Mrs. Coxheath. The count stood at her side, with one hand pressed to his heart.

Paullette, happy to escape him, stepped out "I have been speaking with madame, my

friend," he said. "I have asked her a very important question, and she sends me to you for my answer. Mon Dieu! It is the custom of your country, she says. Eh bien! Then I tell you, mademoiselle, that I adore you, and I beg you to accept my heart and hand."

He stood there on the little balcony, lean, withered, old enough to be her grandfather. His attempt at love making filled Paulette with mingled wrath and derision.

"Monsieur," she said, with preternatural gravity, "I am as poor as a church mouse—I have not a centime to bring you, by way of dowry."

"Ah, madame, my friend, will provide the dowry—she has promised," he answered, naïvely.

"Such generosity overwhelms me—I cannot—must not take advantage of it!"

"Ciel! what do you say? I ask you to become a countess."

"Monsieur, I beg permission to decline that very great honor."

"Ma foi! I believe not my ears, mademoiselle!"

"I assure you they are serving you faithfully," said Paulette, with firmness; "and there is nothing more to say upon the subject, monsieur."

He stepped back into the salon, regarding her the while with mournful surprise.

"Mademoiselle, I express my deep regret—farewell."

"A long farewell, monsieur," replied Paulette; and she fell into a chair, hardly able to suppress a burst of hysterical laughter.

"Who comes next?" she thought; and then a brocade tea gown swept crisply over the waxed floor of the salon, and Mrs. Coxheath stood before her.

"What!" she cried, with a flash of her sunken eyes; "you have dismissed the count also?"

"Yes," answered Paulette, with composure.

"I am certain that he was beside himself."

"Because he wished to marry you? You are very hard to please. The majority of girls would feel flattered by such an offer."

"Then, I suppose, I am not like the majority, Mrs. Coxheath. I detest Paris—do we remain much longer here?"

Mrs. Coxheath set her teeth sharply.

"No," she snapped; "to-morrow we will start for London. Perhaps that city may please you better."

"At least it will be a step toward home," said Paulette.

Mrs. Coxheath smiled unpleasantly.

"Simpleton!" she murmured to herself; "you will see home when your fate is irrevocably sealed

—not before. You shall marry, though I move heaven and earth to accomplish it—you shall marry, and if not in Paris, why, then, in London!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE season was in full blast when Mrs. Chester Coxheath and her *protégée* reached the great, dingy, modern Babylon.

In parks and gardens the sward had become living velvet, and the inexpressible buoyancy of an English spring filled the air. Murky skies and dismal fogs had given place to queen's weather; and in the smart world society's functions were "on," and the usual whirl of five-o'clock teas, dinners and dances engrossed the devotees of Fashion. Feasts and festivals abounded, public banquets, state balls and concerts. By night Mayfair and Belgravia were packed with handsome carriages. By day crowds of elegant people filled Bond Street, Piccadilly and the Park.

Mrs. Coxheath had been often abroad, and was well known in fashionable circles. Many fine people came to her hotel to welcome her to London.

Paulette, with her Paris experience fresh in memory, sought to avoid them as much as possible.

"Is it necessary for me to go about with you, Mrs. Coxheath?" she asked.

"Most certainly!" answered Mrs. Coxheath. "You are here for that very purpose. Dr. Hartman has written that your father is improving—why should you not make the most of your opportunities, and see something of this vast metropolis, where one gets so little for one's money? Put on your prettiest hat and coat, my dear, and to-day we will go to the *fête* at Sydenham."

To Sydenham the two went, and in the crowd that filled the grand central nave of the palace they came face to face with a lady of the palest blond type—a creature fragile as porcelain, with a few silver threads in her yellow hair, and deep, sad shadows in her violet eyes. She wore a Redfern gown, and a stylish little bonnet of the latest fashion, and she seemed to have wandered from her party, for when Mrs. Coxheath espied her she was alone, and gazing around, as though in quest of some one.

"My dear Lady Palgrave!"

"My dear Mrs. Coxheath!"

Two delicately gloved hands met in mutual recognition.

"So glad to meet you here!" said Mrs. Coxheath.

Lady Palgrave's blue eyes fell upon Paulette. She started slightly.

"So glad, Mrs. Coxheath, that you have ventured to cross the water once more!" murmured her ladyship. "This young girl is—is—also American?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Coxheath. "Paulette, let me present you to Lady Palgrave. She likes Americans, though," with a smile, "Sir Victor, her husband, does *not*."

Paulette bowed somewhat shyly. Lady Palgrave was gazing at her in a sort of breathless alarm.

"What a wax-doll face!" thought Paulette, "and how scared she looks! Can it be that she finds anything strange in my appearance? Is my hat awry? Am I falling in pieces anywhere? Why *does* she stare at me like that?"

"Paulette!" repeated her ladyship, slowly. "It is long since I heard that odd little name. Mrs. Coxheath, I am glad to meet your countrywoman—perhaps your relative?" tentatively.

"Miss Dole is no relative," replied Mrs. Coxheath. "We are simply companions. May I ask if Sir Victor is in London? And Captain St. George, I must not forget to inquire for *him*. You remember he was always a great favorite of mine."

Lady Palgrave, by a supreme effort, seemed to collect her straying thoughts.

"Yes," she replied, jerking in her breath quickly—titled dame though she was, her manner had not the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. "Both Sir Victor and the captain are in London. St. George was here beside me only a moment ago—I was looking for him as you came up. The crowd, somehow, has separated us."

"Of course he is married by this time?" ventured Mrs. Coxheath.

Lady Palgrave shook her head.

"Engaged, then, to some rich and titled belle?—no other would suit Sir Victor."

"No," said Lady Palgrave; "St. George remains a confirmed bachelor. Ah! I see him at last—he is coming this way—he has found me."

A young man, brown and good-looking, pushed through the crowd to the spot where her ladyship stood. Mrs. Coxheath greeted him with enthusiasm. As she presented him to Paulette Captain St. George opened wide a pair of fine dark eyes, and surveyed the girl with more than ordinary interest.

"Bravo! She has made an excellent impression," thought Mrs. Coxheath.

"I share Lady Palgrave's admiration for Americans, Miss Dole," said St. George, with an auda-

cious smile. "Indeed, I find them the most attractive people on earth."

"How very flattering!" replied Paulette. "Why does not Lady Palgrave's husband like us, too?"

St. George started.

"How do you know that Sir Victor does not like Americans?"

"Mrs. Coxheath told me."

A cloud seemed to fall on the young man's bright dark face.

"I am Sir Victor's nearest relative. I know him well. He has an excellent heart, but, like many other worthy people, some eccentricities. One of these is the antipathy which you mention."

"Is his prejudice bred in the bone?" said Paulette, smiling, "or is it the result of some by-gone injury suffered at the hand of an American?"

"I cannot say. He has never confided the secret to living mortal. Sir Victor is a mysterious man. I hope you may not meet him, Miss Dole, for, ten to one, he will treat you rudely."

"An English baronet *rude*?"

"Oh, yes! Sir Victor can be an unmitigated boor at times. As a family our happiness is not of the ideal sort."

They were moving now through the Greek Court, just behind Mrs. Coxheath and her titled English friend. Paulette made haste to fill up an awkward pause.

"Lady Palgrave has a very sad face," she remarked, "but I have never seen a more lovely one."

"Sad? Yes," answered St. George; "her history looks out of her eyes. I am very fond of her ladyship, and love to hear her praises sounded. God help her!" with a sudden change of tone. "She has had her share of tribulation!"

Paulette had imagined all Englishmen to be a trifle dull. St. George certainly was not. She felt a burning desire to know more about Lady Palgrave and the unamiable Sir Victor; but her companion turned the conversation to Wagner's music. For half an hour the quartet lingered in that great palace of glass and iron, and listened to the Handel organ and the grand orchestra; and then Mrs. Coxheath, who was on the verge of fainting, tore herself reluctantly from her English friends.

"Come and see me at my town house, Mrs. Coxheath," said Lady Palgrave, at parting, "and bring that beautiful child with you."

Then she suddenly put up her face to Paulette. She was very white, and her lips trembled.

"Will you kiss me?" she said.

Paulette, astonished and touched, pressed her

fresh young lips to the cheek of the titled lady. The caress turned Lady Palgrave whiter yet. She clutched St. George's arm.

"Take me away," she gasped. "I stifle in this crowd!"

Mrs. Coxheath went off to her carriage with Paulette.

"Sir Victor Palgrave is a very rich nobleman," she explained, "and he lives on bad terms with his wife. The pair have no children. St. George is some second or third cousin, and heir to the estates. He has served with distinction in Egypt, or South Africa, and is a great favorite everywhere. By the way, you made a strong impression on her ladyship. She is about to give a ball at her London house, and she was good enough to urge me to attend, and bring you with me."

"It is not possible that you will be so imprudent!" said Paulette, aghast.

"I know my duty, and I have still strength to perform it," replied Mrs. Coxheath. "Do not fear for me. We will both go to Lady Palgrave's ball. What do you think of George St. George?"

"He seems a very agreeable person," Paulette answered, in an absent tone.

"All women admire St. George," remarked Mrs. Coxheath, and then prudently dropped the subject.

The next day a handsome carriage, bearing a coat of arms, stopped at Mrs. Coxheath's hotel. Into that lady's private sitting room a visitor was ushered.

Slight, doll-like, faultlessly dressed, her small pale face untouched as yet by time, although she had certainly reached middle life, and with a half-timid air, which added still further to her youthful appearance, Lady Palgrave approached Paulette, took the girl's hand and looked eagerly into her face.

"Miss Dole, will you permit me to carry you away to Grosvenor Square?" she said, sweetly. "I am sure Mrs. Coxheath will consent when I assure her that I will return you safely as soon as lunch is over."

Paulette could hardly believe her own senses. Lady Palgrave had come for *her*—to what did she owe such a mark of favor?

"Delightful for Paulette, I am sure," said Mrs. Coxheath, promptly. "Of course, I will loan her to you, dear Lady Palgrave. How kind of you to take this trouble!"

In a little flutter of wonder and expectation, Paulette made ready. She was only a girl, and her sudden introduction to a lady of quality—a bright and shining light in the London world, filled her naturally with elation. She stepped into Lady Palgrave's brougham like a person in

a delightful dream. It was all so odd and unreal! Her ladyship took a seat beside her, with big blue eyes shining in the strangest way, and lips as colorless as ashes.

"I was all alone to-day," she faltered, "and I felt very sad and lonely. I could think only of you. I like young faces—yours especially, and I—that is—I thought"—she seemed unable to frame for her conduct an excuse that satisfied her—"I thought you might like to know me better."

"I would, indeed!" Paulette answered, gratefully. "You are very, very good."

The brougham went on, and entered a spacious square—one of the finest in London. A miniature park filled the centre. The turf was green, as only English turf can be. Shrubs bloomed everywhere, and the grand old trees were dressed in the verdure of late spring.

Before a huge house of dark-brown brick the carriage stopped. The door was opened by a sleek flunky, gorgeously attired in blue coat and red-plush knee breeches—a genuine Mayfair product, that filled Paulette with awe. The American girl followed her hostess across a magnificent hall into a drawing room, vast, rich and empty. The windows were muffled in superb draperies; an open fire glowed on one side of the apartment. With her own hands Lady Palgrave took off Paulette's outer garments, and gave them to a silent, obsequious servant. Then she drew the girl to the fire—she herself was shivering as if with extreme cold.

"You wonder," she said, "that I, a stranger, should take possession of you in this fashion, Miss Dole? The explanation is simple: I wish to win your confidence—to talk to you without restraint—without the presence of that woman, Mrs. Coxheath."

Paulette knew not what to say, and therefore remained silent.

"Do not regard me as a great lady whose acquaintance you have accidentally made," continued the other, "but as a friend. Already I love you more than you can think or dream. I am a lonely woman—a very sad, unhappy woman!" And she pressed her jeweled hands convulsively together.

"You have no children?" faltered Paulette.

Her ladyship's eyes were dry, and full of a hard lustre.

"I have no children," she answered, shortly. "It is my just punishment—God knows I never deserved a child."

At that moment a butler announced luncheon. In a wainscoted room, hung with portraits, Lady Palgrave and her guest sat down to table, and were served by the butler in the deft and noiseless

fashion peculiar to his kind. Gold and silver plate, Minton and Sèvres, made the board resplendent; the viands were of the choicest, but there was little conversation or appetite. Paulette felt frightened and uncomfortable, and Lady Palgrave, for reasons of her own, could only toy with the dishes set before her. Presently she dispensed with formal waiting—the butler vanished; then she turned to her guest.

"You think me a woman to be envied, do you

There was no violence in her tone—she sighed the words out heavily, as though the leaden weight on her heart would permit no other utterance.

Paulette pushed away the rich black grapes on her plate of pink porcelain, and looked in dismay at the speaker.

"See how I have opened my heart to you!" gasped her ladyship. "You have shaken me to the very core of my being. Such words as these



A BAVARIAN SKETCH.—BY H. FECHNER, JR.

not?" she said, her blue eyes shining with suppressed excitement.

Paulette glanced around the sumptuous room, and answered:

"Yes."

"Then you are all wrong, dear child. It is true that I have money, position, power; but there is no beggar in East London so poor and wretched as I. I hate my own possessions—with all my heart and soul I hate and loathe them!"

never passed my lips before; but I have full confidence that you will not repeat them."

"Oh, I will not—I will not, madam!"

"Now we are alone—quite alone—and I want you to tell me everything about yourself. Omit no detail. I am waiting to hear the story of your life. Speak to me as you would to your—your—mother. Have you a mother?"

"No," replied Paulette; "she died when I was very young."

"And your father?"

"My father lives, but for many months he has been confined in a private retreat."

Lady Palgrave fell back in her carved oak chair.

"Merciful Heaven! You mean that he is mad?"

"Yes, madam. He had suffered long from insomnia. The disease developed into insanity. The doctors hope that he may some time recover."

Lady Palgrave's face was like chalk.

"Oh, tell me about him!" she entreated. "Do not torture me! I must know all—all. Conceal nothing that relates either to your father or yourself."

Then Paulette, touched by the interest which this titled dame manifested in a simple American girl, proceeded to tell the story of her own life, and, so far as she could remember, of Captain Davy's also. Her unfortunate acquaintance with Chester Coxheath was the only omission made in the narrative. She dwelt long and tenderly on her father's goodness, and the happiness which had been hers before his mind gave way. Without shame or shyness she spoke of her hospital experience, and her determination to become a professional nurse, that she might preserve intact the small fortune accumulated by Captain Davy.

"He may need it all," she said; "and when I go back to America I shall take up my work again. Mrs. Coxheath fancies that I am necessary to her comfort, but I think otherwise—she would improve more rapidly with another attendant."

"Is she kind to you—that Mrs. Coxheath?" asked Lady Palgrave.

"Sometimes, madam."

"But you are simply her hired servant—a slave to all her whims."

"I do not mind it—at least, not much. I try to serve her faithfully."

"Oh, you brave child!—you noble, heroic child! In possessing you your father is rich, he is happy, he is fortunate—yes, even with his reason unsettled, he is fortunate!"

She cowered down in her great chair, and burst into sudden wild weeping. It was indeed well that the pompous butler had left the room. Paulette, in lively alarm, sprang up from the table, and knelt at her ladyship's knee.

"Oh, madam," she entreated, "what have I said to distress you? Do not be sorry for me. I am young, strong, hopeful. I can work. Day and night I pray God to restore poor papa—then all will be well. I am adrift on the world now, but

I fear nothing. How good you are, how kind, to cry for my troubles! I do not know what to say to such kindness. I have never met anybody just like you. I thought the English were very cold, distant people——"

There Paulette paused, for Lady Palgrave snatched the girl suddenly in her arms, and covered her face, her hair, her very dress, with kisses.

"Do you pray only for your father?" she said. "Did he never tell you of any other person who needed your prayers, Paulette?"

"But there is no other of my own blood," answered the girl. "I have neither brother nor sister—no kindred in the world but papa. Of course I pray for all who are needy and suffering——"

"Oh, child, I am needy!—I am suffering!" sobbed Lady Palgrave. "Pray for me—love me a little, undeserving as I am——"

Then she stopped abruptly, for a door behind her carved chair had swung back, and on its threshold stood a man, dressed as if for a stroll on the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall"—his frock coat and pale-colored trousers fresh from a Bond Street tailor, his cravat and *Suède* gloves faultless, his *bouttonnière* large and white—in short, Captain George St. George.

At one glance he took in the sobbing woman in the chair—the girl kneeling by her side, with fair face uplifted—and he spoke rapidly, warningly.

"Pardon, Lady Palgrave—Sir Victor has returned from Kent—he is here—in the house."

Her ladyship's arms fell away from the young American. White with terror, she sprang up from the chair, pressing her hand to her heart.

"I am lost!" she said.

"No, no!" St. George rushed forward and raised Paulette to her feet. "In God's name, compose yourself, Lady Palgrave! Sir Victor has keen eyes. He has gone to your boudoir—follow as quickly as possible, and detain him there for a few moments. Leave Miss Dole to me. I will care for her—I will take her back to Mrs. Coxheath. I implore you to be brave and fear nothing."

Lady Palgrave flung her arms around Paulette.

"Go with St. George," she said, as she embraced her; "he is like a son to me. My dear child, good-by, and God keep you till we meet again!"

She vanished through a door. St. George hurried Paulette into the drawing room, where a servant waited with the girl's wraps. Startled, amazed, feeling the urgency of swift departure, Paulette made ready for the street.

"My dear Miss Dole," said St. George, with forced lightness, "you think our manners and

customs passing strange? I deeply regret Sir Victor's unexpected return. It is not Lady Palgrave's habit to turn her guests out of the house in this way, but there are peculiar circumstances in your case."

Paulette looked at him with troubled eyes.

"Will Lady Palgrave be made to suffer for her kindness to me?"

"No, no. Be at ease. I will take care that Sir Victor knows nothing of your visit."

"Doubtless he objects to the presence of an American under his roof?"

St. George seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"I do not pretend to understand Sir Victor—we have little in common. Permit me to hail a cab and take you back to your hotel."

The young man's tact and courtesy relieved the situation of half its awkwardness. A cab was hailed, and the two rattled away from Grosvenor Square.

Determined to distract Paulette's thoughts, St. George dashed recklessly into conversation. Regardless of the fact that the American girl knew next to nothing of such subjects, he talked of Ascot, Henley, the opera at Covent Garden, Lord's cricket matches, Hurlingham, Ranelagh—everything, in fact, but the Palgraves. Further mention of that pair he carefully avoided. Perhaps he thought that Paulette had had enough of them for one day. His ready tongue and nimble wit did not fail him till they reached the hotel and Paulette was safely delivered to Mrs. Coxheath.

"Lady Palgrave delegated me to see Miss Dole back to you," explained St. George, coolly. "Her ladyship, much to her own regret, was unable to come herself."

As soon as he departed Mrs. Coxheath approached Paulette, and scrutinized her deliberately and closely.

"Did Lady Palgrave make much of you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And Sir Victor?"

"I did not see Sir Victor."

"How odd that you should be sent home in a cab with St. George! Something strange must have happened to you at Grosvenor Square."

Paulette had no thought of confiding in Mrs. Coxheath. She simply shook her head. The astute elder woman fell to meditating.

"The girl has a strange look," she said to herself. "Can it be that she already feels St. George's disturbing influence? He is a far more fascinating person than Carey Hazen or the count. Ah, this time—this time I feel confident that I have not planned and labored in vain!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the night of Lady Palgrave's ball, and London lay wrapped in its own familiar garment of fog and rain. Vapor veiled the great city's miles of twinkling lights; the pavements glistened with wet. But fashionable London, crowding the stalls and boxes of the theatres, applauding Italian opera at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and lolling on softly cushioned carriages, cared nothing for the weather. Park Lane was full of vehicles rolling hither and thither in the downpour. In Grosvenor Square all the approaches to Sir Victor Palgrave's brown brick house were blocked with handsome equipages. Every window of the mansion blazed with light. Inside the great ballroom Paulette Dole looked around on the countless tapers, the long mirrors multiplying the splendor of the scene, the stately men and beautiful, bejeweled women, and held her enraptured breath.

"How good of Lady Palgrave to invite me to this ball!" she said to Mrs. Coxheath. "It is something to remember all the rest of my life."

"Her ladyship admires your beauty and bright American ways," answered Mrs. Coxheath. "English women, as a rule, lack vivacity. Then, too, you are my *protégée*, and would naturally be expected to bear me company. I have known Lady Palgrave several years. My father, a famous banker in his day, had an extensive acquaintance abroad; I was introduced into English society in my girlhood. Make the most of your opportunities, and should you encounter Sir Victor do not hint that you are American."

"Why does he dislike our people so much?"

"Impossible to say. Perhaps it is English prejudice. At any rate, he thinks little of us. To me he has always been civil, but distant—frigidly distant. For reasons of my own I am anxious that he should regard you with favor; but that he will never do if he knows your nationality at the start."

"Shall I be likely to meet Sir Victor Palgrave to-night?"

"No. He hates society. Her ladyship entertains up to Goodwood race week, but the baronet usually keeps out of the way of her guests."

"How unpleasant for Lady Palgrave!"

"Yes. She is altogether wretched in her married life. Sir Victor has no son to inherit his title and estates, and husband and wife have drifted wide apart in their tastes and habits. There is some gigantic skeleton in the family closet, though nobody seems to know the exact nature of it."

On this festive night Mrs. Coxheath's lean,

small person was carefully padded and draped in a gown of richest heliotrope velvet. She wore fire opals for jewels, and rare old lace softened the outlines of her fleshless arms and shoulders. In her cheek the hectic burned like a coal. Her eyes were hollow; her temples, deeply sunken. Yet the indomitable will of the woman held her erect—nerved her for the ordeal of this ball, and made her deaf to the warnings of Paulette.

"Indeed, you are going too far, Mrs. Coxheath!" the girl had said again and again; but Mrs. Coxheath laughed sneeringly.

"I am made of the grain of the oak," she boasted; "though only a bundle of bones, I possess the endurance of a dozen ordinary women."

The ball opened brilliantly. In a corner of the great room Mrs. Coxheath looked out with restless, feverish eyes upon the company. Paulette was dancing with St. George. The American girl wore diaphanous white, and a string of pearls, Mrs. Coxheath's gift, encircled her ivory throat. Even in the midst of the titled belles of the London season her beauty made her a conspicuous object. Admiring glances followed her everywhere. St. George seemed hopelessly enthralled. He paid assiduous court to the young American. Dance succeeded dance, yet he never left her side for a moment.

"What an idiot he is making of himself, to be sure!" chuckled Mrs. Coxheath. "He is absolutely blind and deaf to every other woman in the room—he is altogether reckless! Sir Victor had better be up and doing, for, in spite of his prejudices, the next Lady Palgrave is certain to be American."

Presently the hostess of the night, shining in silver brocade and family jewels, came up to Mrs. Coxheath's sofa.

"My dear Lady Palgrave," said Mrs. Coxheath, maliciously, "is it not bad form for St. George to dance so much with a nobody like Miss Dole? He is the heir of the house, and these English dowagers are bursting with rage. The foolish boy shows his preference too openly."

Lady Palgrave looked at the speaker with cold indignation.

"You seem to trouble yourself very little about that young creature, Mrs. Coxheath—evidently you do not understand the duties of a chaperon."

Mrs. Coxheath smiled grimly.

"The majority of American girls require no chaperon—they are quite capable of looking after themselves. Paulette is no exception to the rule. Besides, in your ladyship's ballroom, how can she be otherwise than safe—quite safe? Unexceptionable people only find entrance here."

"Are you fond of Miss Dole? Have you her

welfare at heart?" demanded Lady Palgrave, in an agitated tone.

"Oh, certainly! I quite dote upon Paulette. Night and day I am scheming for her future."

Perhaps Lady Palgrave detected a false ring in the words. She turned silently and walked away, and a few moments later Mrs. Coxheath, full of wicked delight, saw that Paulette was dancing again with St. George.

Brightly blazed the lights in the grand room. Banks of arum lilies and white azaleas perfumed the hot air. The waxed floor shimmered like a sheet of black water; diamonds flashed, splendid tissues shone, "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again."

"Miss Dole," said St. George, with conviction, "this is your first ball."

"How do you know that?" asked Paulette.

"By the keen enjoyment in your face. Look closely, and you will observe that most of the people here wear a *blasé* expression. They are old stagers, worn out with the manifold dissipations of the season."

"In America," said Paulette, soberly, "I was not permitted to enter society, for as soon as I left school a great misfortune overwhelmed my father, and changed the whole current of my life. In Paris Mrs. Coxheath carried me about to lunches and dinners in the American colony, but I saw no dancing. Tell me, is Sir Victor Palgrave present to-night?"

St. George shook his head.

"Catch the baronet in a vortex like this!—he hates balls. My poor child, have you been vexing your soul with the fear of an encounter with Sir Victor?"

"To tell the truth, yes," answered Paulette, nervously; "I have heard so much of his dislike for Americans that I really begin to feel afraid of your kinsman."

"Compose yourself; you will not meet Sir Victor to-night. May I sit out the next dance with you? Here are chairs in this window. When you go back to the States, Miss Dole, I wonder how you will describe our London revel to your dear five hundred friends!"

Paulette dropped into a seat in a recess. She smiled brightly up at the frank young Englishman.

"I have no five hundred friends," she answered. "Indeed, on calm reflection, I find that I possess but *one* who would feel the smallest interest in my first ball. Dear Laurel!" The name dropped involuntarily from her lips. "I have received no news of her for a very long time. I wonder what she is doing to-night! Being a selfish creature, my own affairs have ab-



FÊTE-DAY LICENSE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY RAFFAELE ARMENISE.

sorbed me of late, and I have given small thought to Laurel."

St. George, very red, either from exercise or the heat of the ballroom, gazed down at the speaker with a great deal of honest interest in his eyes.

"Is Laurel a relative?" he asked.

"No—a school friend, beautiful, high-hearted. She has just made an imprudent love match—married a man without money or station."

"Foolish girl!"

Paulette was absently pulling in pieces a Bon Silene rose in her bouquet.

"Do you think so? Her husband has an odd name—Derek Keppel. He is a musician—a violinist."

"Your friend's prospects are not brilliant, then?"

"Is it not possible for a man to acquire fortune by playing the violin?"

"Men of exceptional talent do it—not the common fry. I fear Derek Keppel's wife will live to rue her folly. That sort of marriage went out of fashion long ago. The *fin-de-siècle* woman has turned her back severely upon it. She loves the loaves and fishes of life."

Paulette drew a long breath.

"I hope Laurel will be happy."

"She will *not*," answered St. George, cheerfully; "and I'm not sure that she deserves happiness. Such a girl cannot possess an ounce of worldly wisdom. Look at that woman. Mrs. Coxheath, who takes no particular care of you—over there in the corner, you know. Is she not quite the ghastliest creature that ever appeared in a ballroom—a genuine death's-head? I like her pluck, though—she means to die hard." He unfurled Paulette's fan. "The room is beastly hot," he muttered. "Remain here a moment, Miss Dole, and I will fetch you an ice."

He vanished out of the recess. As Paulette, with the odor of the arum lilies floating around her, and the music throbbing in her ears, sat gazing dreamily down the great ballroom, Lady Palgrave stepped into the recess. She looked a strangely pale and shining creature in the cold splendor of her diamonds and her silver brocade gown.

"I missed you from the dancers, Miss Dole," she began, breathlessly.

"I am resting here, as you see, madam," answered Paulette, her eyes smiling softly upon the intruder. "Oh, I want to thank you for the pleasure you have given me to-night! I love dancing so much—so much!"

"Of course, for you are a child—only a child." The jewels on her ladyship's corsage rose and fell

as though the heart beneath was beating stormily. "I am glad St. George has kept you from growing dull—glad that he has made you happy for a little while. Do you remain long abroad, Miss Dole?"

"I hope not; but I do not know Mrs. Coxheath's plans."

"You are anxious, then, to return to America?"

"I wish to see my father, madam."

Lady Palgrave shuddered.

"Ah, yes! Pardon the stupid question." A passionate pain crept into her voice. "Oh, child! do you know that your position is a very sad and cruel one? You have neither parents nor kindred. Your mother is dead, your father in a madhouse. You are homeless, and without a natural guardian, and you need both—oh, you need both!"

Paulette looked startled, distressed.

"I suppose you are right, madam," she faltered. "I am a forlorn creature, though I had quite forgotten that fact to-night. I think Mrs. Coxheath means to be kind to me—"

"Do not trust that odious woman—she is *not* your friend!" said Lady Palgrave, as she seized Paulette's hands in her own. Her silver gown glittered like hoar frost. From head to foot she was as white and cold as a snow woman; but her eyes burned like blue fire—the anguish and heart-break of years looked out on Paulette from those big, desolate eyes! "Should you, at any crisis of your life, find yourself in need of a refuge, a protector," she continued, briskly, "will you remember *me*, Miss Dole—will you send me word? Confide in no other person—seek help of no other!"

"But you forget, madam, that I have no claim upon you—"

"That does not matter in the least. Promise—promise! It is terrible to see you like this—young, beautiful, unprotected, at the world's mercy! If that Mrs. Coxheath fails you, as she certainly will—if evil of any kind overtakes you, will you turn to me? Your word, dear child—give me your word!"

And Paulette, never dreaming of what that very night was to bring forth, answered, promptly:

"I promise, Lady Palgrave. You are very good. Yes, yes, I will remember."

Then St. George appeared in the recess with the ice. Lady Palgrave looked earnestly into his fine brown face.

"Thank you for taking care of Miss Dole," she said. "I know you are always glad to serve *me*. I leave her to you for the remainder of the evening. Make her as happy as you can. Do not

mind what people say of you—only make her happy!"

Lady Palgrave turned from the young pair, and disappeared among her guests.

"At any cost," said St. George, gayly, "her ladyship's commands must be obeyed!" And from that moment he redoubled his attentions to the young American.

British maids and matrons smiled, sneered, whispered, cast freezing glances upon the pair—all to no purpose. Sir Victor Palgrave's heir was recklessly indifferent to the interpretation put upon his devotion. Mrs. Coxheath, keenly observant of all that was passing, held aloof and interfered not. She had cast Paulette into a great London ballroom—into a crowd of strange people, and there she deliberately abandoned her.

Thanks to St. George, the girl found it a safe and pleasant place. He kept all other admirers sternly at bay, and suffered none to approach her. He led her to the supper room, where golden Sauterne and green Chartreuse flowed for the thirsty, and truffles and *foie gras*, French salads, and mountains of strawberries frozen in thick walls of cream, made glad the hungry dancers. By some happy faculty he had succeeded in placing Paulette entirely at her ease. He paid her no compliments, talked only merry nonsense. There was nothing of the lover in his manner—he was simply kind, brotherly, watchful for her enjoyment.

"As kind as Lady Palgrave herself," thought Paulette, gratefully.

When the time came for departure he forced a passage through the crowd to Mrs. Coxheath's sofa, and reminded that free-and-easy chaperon that she had a charge to keep. Then he adjusted the ladies' cloaks, and escorted them to their carriage. At parting he pressed Paulette's hand and looked mischievously into her lovely eyes.

"Good-by till we meet again," he said. "I feel certain that we *shall* meet again, Miss Dole. Believe me, you and I are destined to know each other better."

The carriage moved away from Sir Victor Palgrave's brown brick house.

For a few moments silence reigned inside the vehicle. Its two occupants had nothing to say to each other; but presently Mrs. Coxheath spoke:

"I hardly expected a man of Captain St. George's stamp to show his preference so quickly, so openly," she said.

Paulette, half asleep, did not comprehend.

"Captain St. George was kind and amusing,"

she answered, in a weary tone, "and he danced exceedingly well. I thought it very good of him to spend all the evening entertaining *me*."

Mrs. Coxheath, wrapped in a fur-lined opera cloak, made an impatient movement.

"You little goose! One would suppose that you knew nothing of the world or the ways of men. The matter is plain enough—St. George has fallen desperately in love with you."

Paulette grew stiff.

"You are altogether wrong, Mrs. Coxheath."

"Nonsense! I have watched him the whole night through. Don't judge St. George by your other lovers—Chester Coxheath, for instance, or even my nephew Carey—men are unlike in such things. He is *épris*, I tell you."

"I should be very sorry to think that," answered Paulette, coldly.

"And why, simpleton?" queried Mrs. Coxheath, her voice hoarse with weakness and excitement. "Listen to me. I did not mean to reveal my plans so soon, but I find that I have not the physical strength to play my part through. In that dreadful ballroom to-night I thought that I must die of sheer exhaustion. Such an ordeal I cannot endure again. I must hurry the affair forward, or perish in the midst of my own efforts. You refused to marry Carey Hazen. You refused the count—very well. Did I urge you unduly in either case?"

"No," answered Paulette, her heart sinking with nameless dread.

"As a husband, St. George is preferable both to Hazen and the count. He will be a baronet at no distant day. Of course, I must dower you handsomely—no Englishman cares to play the rôle of King Cophetua—but that does not frighten me. I love my money, but, as I showed you plainly in Paris, I am ready to spend it without stint to secure your marriage. I want to see you settled abroad—better abroad than in the States, as I hope you have the sense to acknowledge. To-morrow I will go to Lady Palgrave and propose the alliance. She is amazingly fond of you already, and will enter into my plan with pleasure. She will also find means to overcome Sir Victor's dislike to Americans, which is the only obstacle that I can see in the way of your marriage with George St. George."

This summary disposal of her future took for a moment Paulette's breath. Then a burning indignation filled her. By the light of the carriage lamps she gazed steadily into Mrs. Coxheath's pinched, white, cruel face.

(To be continued.)



AN APRIL FOOL.—DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.



"I, LOOKING AT THAT EMPTY BED, SAW UPON IT THE FORM OF A MAN."

NERVES.

BY AN ELECTRICIAN.

SOME of us said that our friend Cecil Wake was the most nervous man they had ever known. And yet his health seemed always good, although the susceptibility of his temperament was such that it appeared as though the wear and tear of existence must soon prove too much for him. He was temperate—very temperate—and yet the amount of twitching that his facial muscles underwent when he was moved and excited made one fear

that the next thing he would do must be to weep. Circumstances that did not affect other men produced an amount of moisture, especially in the corner of his right eye, which soon culminated in an actual teardrop, always hastily brushed away before it fell. The Germans, in whose country he had been for some years of his youth, have a saying of such a man that "he is built near the water." Now, emotion on certain occasions is al-

ways permissible, even to the male sex. When, for instance, a favorite daughter or niece is married the "God bless you!" uttered by the master of the deserted home is apt to be gutturally, and even chokingly—nay, often inarticulately—expressed. Perhaps it has been observed by those who do not go down themselves to the sea in ships, but who like to see a ship launched for the purposes of those who intend to inflict on themselves such discomfort, that when the said ship is launched, men among the crowd of witnesses of the operation blow their noses, and their eyes become watery. Cecil Wake's always became watery on such occasions. The cheering of the men on board of a ship of war, the march past of troops, even the hurrying of firemen to a conflagration, made his vision very misty. Some said that this was to the credit of his heart—others said it was not to the credit of his nerves. Did he ride? Yes, sometimes, and well. The successful termination of a fox hunt and the tragic death of the fox were events which were alleged by gossips to produce much the same effect upon him as the above-mentioned cases of marriage, launching, cheering or fire extinguishing; but then fox hunting takes place when the air is cold, and eyes are apt to be moist from intense sympathy with an east wind. Nothing tangible on the nerve subject could be fairly deduced from such evidence. What are nerves? Nobody knows. Husbands swear that they are rubbish. Wives declare that their whole being consists of nothing else. What is certain is that they sometimes show themselves, or rather their influence shows itself, all of a sudden. A danger is laughed at and defied; but in a moment, although the danger may not be there, the mere imagination that it is present makes us feel uncomfortable. The boldest men are not always quite sure of themselves. One, a general who had faced fire over and over again, laughed at the idea that he could feel anxious when taken down a steep ice toboggan slope. "Me? No—never felt nervous in my life;" and he took his place in front of the person who was to steer him down the ice. But he had hardly seated himself before he felt an irresistible impulse not to go forward, but to hang back. "Stop one moment—are you quite sure you can steer?" was the question in which his nerves unexpectedly betrayed themselves. We truly do not know what is going on within us, and it would not surprise any doctor to be told confidentially by anyone that a discovery had been made that the nerves were giving way. Imagination has a great responsibility in these matters. Men of little imagination are not "given to give way." So, if you have to do anything which is trying, and require

an assistant or companion, don't take a man endowed with imagination. Look rather for a fool than a clever man. At all events, do not attempt anything risky with a man who thinks too much.

All these sapient thoughts arise because of Cecil Wake, who, although an excellent fellow, thought too much. Perhaps it was because of this that he had become better than any barometer for telling a change in weather. Snow always gave him headache—thunder always gave him headache; but he bore these afflictions uncomplainingly. But we knew in summer, from an extra twitch about his mouth, that we should have thundery weather. In winter snow faithfully followed the same signals. We discovered another peculiarity in him, and some of his friends declared that they had found a treasure in him at last, because he had one gift that could be usefully employed for money. He was a marvelous water finder. For this he employed the time-honored instrument, the hazel fork. He held the two ends of the hazel between his thumb and forefinger, the fork turned downward, and whenever he came anywhere near running water the fork end of the hazel rose in the air; and the stick not only did this, but twisted and turned in his hand as though in an agony. It made his arms ache, he said, and he described the sensation as especially unpleasant along the nerves and muscles of the forearms. In an African desert he would have been invaluable; and we often told him that one of the African companies should give him a salary and employ him to find water in dry places. When he walked with us often and often he has told us that water ran somewhere far down under his feet. We believed him or disbelieved him as we liked, for it was only when we knew that a stream was close at hand that we could test him. He had also a sensation when placed near certain metals. Whether all this arose from magnetism or from some electrical affinities we were not wise enough to determine. To electricity I ascribed his sensitiveness; others called it by other names. At all events, there it was, a most palpable fact, showing itself with a power so strong that if, for instance, he grasped our wrists, we became aware of a force running into our being; and it lifted hazel twigs in our hands when he was thus holding us, so that we felt the wood pressing itself against our fingers if we resisted the impulse given to it by him through our bodies.

Why should persons formed exactly alike, as far as the mere presence of blood, bone, sinew and nerves is concerned, be so variously affected? If there be such great forces at work, why do they not pervade all sentient flesh? We ask many

questions, but the true replies are not as yet vouchsafed to us; perhaps they will never be. There will always be creatures whose eyes see and ears hear what is unknown to the many. The presence of influences in the world around us will thrill through those who, endowed with ethereal qualities, feel things which most of us, fashioned with more earthly substance, failed to discern.

Notwithstanding his exquisite susceptibility, Wake was a pleasant companion, and did not take amiss any amusement afforded to his grosser comrades by his peculiarities. He was fond of making excursions on foot through the Swiss highlands: and one companion only was what he asked and generally obtained, for we all liked him, and he was easily pleased. Content with almost anything except constant noise or stormy weather, he would plod along, singing sometimes to himself, and full of interest in all he saw. The only circumstance that made him seem at all unreasonable was in the matter of accommodation at an inn. The hotels were often crowded; but however full they might be, Wake always insisted on having a room to himself. He said he could not sleep with another person snoring in another bed, however remote, in the same room.

This unreasonable apprehension was especially aggravating when I was with him on one of these excursions, for I am an excellent walker and an excellent sleeper, and feel certain that I never snore. People don't who lie on their side and not on their back, and I know that I never lie on my back; and if ever disagreeable, I am only disagreeable when I am awake. But this assertion had no influence with Cecil Wake. We had arrived late and hungry at an inn, and were shown a room where there were two beds, the one with its back to the side of the room where was the window, and the other placed with its head the other way, and near the door. There was a considerable interval between the beds. Wake told the landlord he wanted a room to himself, however small. Excellent as the Swiss hotels are, they cannot contain more rooms than they do contain, and the landlord at once said he could not give another unless he gave his own, and that he could not do, for he had a wife and I don't know how many children sleeping there. So there was no help for it, and the landlord retired. I told Wake that I feared there was no avoiding the inconvenience, and that he must allow me a bed, and that I promised not to snore. But although he at first made no demur, and although I had my bag carried up to the room, he presently began to look so unhappy—so greatly put out and twitchy—that I, to whom it was a

matter of perfect indifference whether I slept in a bed or on a sofa, said that I had made up mind not to plague him by my presence, and that I would go down and sleep on a couch I had observed in the dining room of the hotel, which we had passed as we came in before mounting the stairs. He thanked me effusively, and although I thought him rather selfish I shook his hand and wished him pleasant dreams. He said that he would not act thus were it not that he felt that he himself would be an annoyance to me; for unless he slept well his restlessness would be sufficient to keep us both awake.

"Besides," he added, to my astonishment, "there are very peculiar influences at work here, and especially, as it seems to me, in that part of the room where your bed" (indicating the one near the door) "is placed, and I would much rather that no friend of mine slept there. I cannot tell you what it is, but it is palpable—palpable," he repeated, with a sigh and a shudder, "and I shall certainly take the bed near the window, where I can get fresh air."

I said, "Nonsense, old man; thunder in the air, and on your nerves, as usual. Nice clean bed—what's the matter with it?" But as I said this a draught coming from the door blew out my candle, and made his flicker so that he shaded it with his hand, causing the shadow of the hand to fall on that side of the room where the door and the bed were, and I looked, and while I was speaking the shadow of his fingers above the bed seemed to make them point on the wall at something, and beneath the shadow of them the bed appeared to my fancy to be shining in an odd way. Waves of phosphorescence, like that seen in the sky when it is lit by auroral light, floated over it, and illuminated the white sheets. I hastily lit my candle again at his, and repeating my "good night," went out at the door, an odd chilly sensation passing down my back as I did so. I found the couch in the dining room, lay down on it, put my plaid over my legs, and was soon sound asleep.

During the early hours of morning there must have been a storm which failed to wake me. As it came nearer, however, I became half conscious, and my thoughts taking pleasant shapes, made me in my dream imagine myself at breakfast with Wake, preparatory to a start for a mountain ramble. I saw before me on the clean tablecloth the low glass jar of the inevitable Swiss honey, and my mouth seemed filled with the excellent bread and butter, and I lifted to my lips the cup of *café au lait*; but a sudden jar made me drop the cup, and with a start I awoke. A loud peal of thunder shook the hotel, and I lay on my back

thinking what would happen were the lightning to strike the house. The position of Wake's room immediately over the dining room occurred to me. I ran over in my mind the construction of the place, its verandas, and its many windows under the tall roof which had a great gable. I wondered if there was a lightning conductor, and thought how the chimney was placed, and if the stories of bolts coming down chimneys were true. Pah! what nonsense! Why should I have such ideas? Let me go to sleep again. What did it matter, one thunderstorm or more among the Alps, which were always re-echoing such concerts? Then I looked round me, and I saw the door I had entered by slowly opening, and in another moment Wake's face appeared, then his body followed, clothed in his dressing gown.

"Are you here, D——?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, here I am, quite comfortable," I replied, thinking lazily that he might have suddenly become uneasy about my accommodation. "Here I am, woke by this beastly thunderstorm. I suppose it woke you?"

He came to me without answering, and by a night light I had kept burning I saw that he looked much disturbed.

"Never mind me now," I said; "I am all right. What is it that has disturbed you?"

He was silent a moment, and then said, in quick-whispered tones:

"I want you to come with me."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Up to my room. I wish to see if you see what I see there. Come at once."

I was still feeling very lazy, but felt that he was in earnest, and rolled out of the sofa with a grunt, saying:

"All right, old man; anything to please you." Then, as I followed his retreating figure, I asked, "But what is it?"

"Never mind; come—come," he said; and we re-entered the bedroom.

He had a candle burning beside the bed he had occupied, the one near the window. The other bed, next the door, had evidently remained untouched. There was no sign of any pressure on the pillow, nor was there any disturbance of the blankets and sheets. As I passed to the interior of the room I again felt chilly for a moment. We approached the window, which was seamed with the beating rain. Wake faced round and asked me to look at the bed near the door.

"Can you see anything there?" he asked.

"Why, no—the bed. What do you mean?" I replied.

"Wait," he said, "for the next flash, and then tell me what you see, keeping your eyes on the

bed," he added, excitedly, but in a low and, as it appeared to me, fear-struck voice.

We waited, but not for long, for very soon a fierce light beat in again, as the lightning ran down, illuminating every corner of the room, and showing the white unruffled bed most distinctly.

"Now—and now—there!" Wake exclaimed.

"Well, all is dark, except for your candlelight, which seems weak and yellow enough after that flash," I said, loudly; for the thunder had pealed out as soon as the flash disappeared, and rolled on with its reverberations as though the sound would never cease.

"Look at them! You must see that group around him," Cecil said. "No, you don't. Well, wait till the next flash."

"What is it?" I asked; and feeling a little faint, which I had hardly ever felt before, I sat down on the bed on which he had reposed. He sat down on it also, seating himself more toward its foot, as I had placed myself next the pillows. His body was thus between me and the other bed. He took my hand, then seeing that I rather shrank from this childlike treatment, he put his hand on my arm, and said:

"Hush! Do wait, and see again if you see nothing."

So we watched, the rain making its noise against the window. I whispered:

"Do you see anything that you keep on telling me to watch, and looking so oddly always at the corner?"

"Yes, I see them still, but fainter," he replied.

Then came another blinding flame of blue light, and I—I, looking at that empty bed, saw upon it the form of a man, and around him was gathered a group of figures, half seen, but lighted with the light that had filled the room with the flash, and had gone again—there it was, lingering still on that form in the bed, and lighting up the side of the figures around him. The figure on the bed was that of a dead man, but although the corpse was phosphorescent, under the half-closed lids the eyes gleamed as though their blind orbs were of living fire. The glow coming from him seemed to be the radiance that lighted the sorrowing group that gazed down upon him. As I looked the apparition became fainter and fainter, until the little yellow candle flame was all that lit the room, and the bed again was empty, and the white sheets lay close up to the pillow next the wall as though nothing had ever been there.

I now felt my arm aching where Wake's hand was on it, and I moved it and gently displaced his hand with my disengaged one, and said:

"Wake, I thought I saw a group of men

around a body in that bed, but it must be some odd effect of the lightning playing tricks with reflections from that mirror."

"You think so?" he said, with a sad smile that softened the twitching of the corners of his mouth. "Well, if you stay, you may see it again—I see it now."

"But I don't, and it's all nonsense," I said, desperately, determined not to give in; "but I'll tell you what it is, Cecil, I'll not leave the room. Give us a hand with your own bed. I'll take the cushion and a blanket, and lie near you until morning, and that bed may take care of itself. I agree so far with you that I won't sleep in it."

The storm was moving farther away. There were some fainter flashes, but I saw nothing of our strangely lit companions, and after tossing about on the improvised bed on the floor, and seeing Cecil still half raised on his pillows and gazing still at bed No. 2, I became unconscious of storm, Cecil or phantoms, and slept till the morning light, and the boot's cheerful "Sechs Uhr" and double knock warned us to prepare for our day's work. Cecil rose, and we went together down to the dining room, both very silent, and wondering if anything would be asked by host or waiters about our night's rest.

We breakfasted; the host came and wished us good morning, and gave information about our

route, and spoke of the storm, but of nothing else. Cecil was still excited and nervous.

We left the hotel, and I think it must have been at least a week afterward that in another hotel we came upon a number of an old illustrated newspaper in the reading room. Cecil had it in his hand, and gave it to me, pointing with his finger at a paragraph which read thus:

"We regret to learn that a sad accident took place last Wednesday at —gen, the particulars of which have cast a gloom over the place, and have so affected the amiable host of the —hoff, that he has shut up his house a full fortnight before the usual end of the season, which has always filled full the hospitable and excellent place of entertainment and healthy lodging. Mr. G—, an English gentleman, who was traveling alone, was carried into the hotel during a thunderstorm, struck dead by lightning, which damaged also a little part of the house, close to which he was standing under the shelter of a chestnut tree. The body was placed on a bed, and means were tried to produce sensibility, but without avail. His brother has arrived from England, and the corpse will probably be buried at —gen, his brother thinking that the carriage to England of the gentleman's body is unnecessary, although he has, it is said, a fine estate in that country, and might have expected to have ended his life amid English 'home and comfort,' and to have rested with his ancestors."

I put down the paper.

The place mentioned was that where Cecil Wake had caused me to see what, I still try to think, was an effect of his own imagination!



ON THE PARADE GROUND, MOUNT LORETTO, STATEN ISLAND.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

By KATHLEEN MATHEW.

"EVENIN' papers—*Telegram, Sun, World, Mail, Post!*" cries a ragged, shoeless, coatless and much-begrimed but altogether fascinating little urchin of six or thereabout, as he boards a Broadway downtown car, agile as a prairie dog, and utterly regardless of the sound cuff administered him by the conductor, as with naked, dirty little elbows he makes good a passage where an eel would

think twice before precipitating its slimy person. Then, temptingly flourishing a selected bunch from his cargo of "newses" in the eyes of the occupants, he proceeds to do a big business, and with a dexterity worthy of a great countinghouse he counts out change of dime and nickel from eager, dirty little fingers; but just as one begins to be intensely interested in the bright Arab's

movements and vivacious countenance, with its mingling expressions of cuteness, innocence, cunning, intelligence and *savoir faire*, another car passes, and with a spring which could only be rivaled by an India-rubber dancing master the young news vender swings his agile little person from one platform to the other, where he repeats his cry—"Telegram, Sun, World, Mail, Post!"—in tones which remind one more than all Longfellow's poems, that "Life is real, life is earnest." And very earnest indeed is the importance of disposing of his stock in trade to this curly-headed raggamuffin, for on that fact depend the night's lodging and supper, or perhaps, if it be Saturday night, a visit to the dime theatre or museum, where "Flitters," "Tatters" and all the rest of newsdom's leading spirits are repairing to see some wondrous three-legged cat, or "speaking fish," whose fame has given a great impetus to the mercantile zeal of the ever-zealous newsboy.

The boy just sketched is but one of a type, for the New York newsboy, like the London and Paris gamin of the same calling, is a class apart, and to it belongs a large percentage of the "morally abandoned," by which happy appellation the waifs and strays of the great French capital are known in the realms of jurisprudence. And what more appropriate designation can one apply to the hundreds, nay, thousands, of youngsters tearing each day through the crowded thoroughfares of New York, eking out a Bohemian and half-savage existence by the sale of the "art preservative of art"?

Some of those rugged, bright-eyed lads have homes, wretched homes, at whose fireside poverty is the all-constant guest; but the great majority have none, never had any that they know of; they came from they know not whence, and they

are going they care not whither; like Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal "Topsy," if they think at all about origin, which is altogether improbable, they "s'pose they grewed." But to one and all of these fascinating little Arabs—for fascinating they are at this period of their young, free-thinking lives, whatever horrors to the community they may develop into later on—origin is a matter of supreme and contemptuous indifference, and in this they are faithful scions of this great and noble republic, which knows not pride of birth.

Provided the day's business brings them cents enough to fetch bed and supper, they are reckless and happy as fairy princes, and should it not, they are almost equally so, for these young philosophers seem to have found the wonderful stone, which renders them impervious and altogether superior to the pangs of cold, hunger and thirst. Then the bed can be always supplied by a stretch on a comfortable steam grating, or a nook in a sequestered barrel, where the street Arab sleeps as snugly as ever did Diogenes curled up in his wonderful sun tub. Or again, they seek out sheds, in the vicinity of the docks; but this last resort is rather a forlorn hope, as officers are apt to be around, and, like "little Joe," the poor newsboy is apt to be "moved on." This bad treatment the little dock rat often avoids by a timely plunge into the icy waters, where he swims and dives like a professional plunger; but what is it those youths cannot accomplish in the line of athletics? I often wonder that they are not each and all picked up by some enterprising circus manager, such apt little contortionists do they seem. But as swimming is not always comfortable in winter, even when only clad in the newsboy's scanty raiment, as a rule the docks are looked upon as the least desirable of available bed resorts.

When the day has gone all against him and hunger gnaws at his little vitals, with nothing to appease its unreasonable and untimely demands, the street Arab does not sit down, as less philosophic mortals might feel inclined to, and give way to useless bemoaning at his fate; on the contrary, necessity but spurs him to greater efforts, and he sets out to visit all the fruit and lunch stands at available corners, where he picks up scrapings and parings, until, having perfectly satisfied the cravings of the inner man, he feels he has made a satisfactory, if somewhat desultory, meal.

But the delight *par excellence* of the newsboy, who is a rather improvident youth, consists in an occasional visit to a dime theatre or show. Here the order delight to assemble, and going round



PORTRAIT OF RUDOLPH HEIG, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEWSBOYS' HOME IN NEW YORK CITY. DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A NEWSBOY.



THE TAILOR SHOP.

in groups of four and five, their criticisms and remarks, apt and witty, might often be reproduced to advantage in *Life*, or some other of our amusing periodicals.

The newsboy despises fakes, and has a stringent, if somewhat erroneous, moral code of his own, acquired and fed in those cheap haunts of monstrosities and vulgarity; but there, as on the boards of our better theatres, the double-dyed villain meets with an end as exaggerated and in keeping with his deserts, and beauty and virtue are correspondingly rewarded.

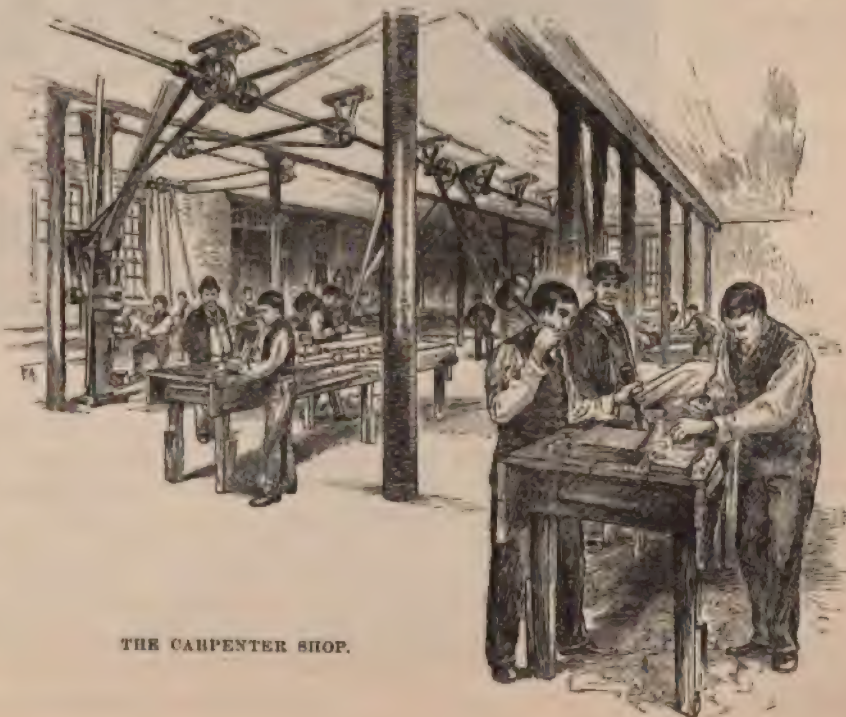
This, with a constant perusal of Jesse James penny-dreadfuls and blood-and-thunder literature, constitutes the average system of self-education followed by our street Arab.

Yet from their ranks have sprung great men. Grover Cleveland once peddled newspapers on our streets, and Mr. Farrelly, now president of the American News Company, made his *début* on the platform of public life as a little news vender.

Andrew H. Burke, since Governor of North Dakota, in a letter ad-

ressed to Mr. L. W. Holste, assistant treasurer of the Children's Aid Society, dated April 29th, 1891, gives a sketch of his very interesting career from the time when, a little chap, the society took him from the Nursery at Randall's Island to the Newsboys' Home in this city, where he lived like the other Arabs until he was sent West to Noblesville. He thus describes the journey: "I vividly recall the incidents of thirty years ago, of which you make mention. The long railway ride on the Erie route; the tearful eyes, the saddened hearts; the arrival at Noblesville on that clear, sunshiny day; the dread I experienced on waiting to be

selected by one of those who had assembled in the Christian Church at that place, and how my heart was gladdened when taken by Mr. D. W. Butler, for his appearance indicated gentleness. All those scenes will live in memory, and until reason is dethroned." He then continues to recount his career; how he mounted from one step on life's ladder to a higher one, until, he adds, "I was unanimously nominated by the Republicans of this State for the position of Governor,



THE CARPENTER SHOP.

and at the general election last November was duly elected to the high honor, and inaugurated, January 7th last, for a period of two years. So the little boy whom you took from the Nursery thirty-three years ago, to send to a home in the West, is now a full-fledged Governor of a sovereign State of this Union."

During the grand parade here on the 12th of October two men stood side by side, one holding the position of Governor, the other that of Lieu-

But before the Bohemian little newsboy, or to make use of the expressive French term, before the "morally abandoned," can hope to achieve greatness, somebody or something must give him a helping hand. And it is sometimes difficult to accomplish that, for the street Arab regards with suspicion the advances of all well-dressed and well-fed humanity; he has heard dreadful tales of reformatories and "institutions" with great high walls and tiny windows, and in his wily



STATUE OF FATHER DRUMGOOLE, BY ROBERT CUSHING.

tenant Governor, of different States. Thirty years ago they had met before, and then under very different circumstances. One was a child of wealth and position; the other, a bright-eyed newsboy; but something in his face made the former remark to his uncle, in whose dining room the newsboy was selling his papers, that he was sure the little chap would make his mark in the world yet. How his words had been verified he was glad and proud to acknowledge the other day.

ignorance he believes that all questioning of too polite or personal a character, if civilly or truthfully answered, must invariably lead to one or the other. Therefore he is wary in his dealings and communications to would-be inquiring friends until such time as he has tried them in the balance of his cautious little mind and not found them wanting. Even then he has but scant information to offer about himself, his name being generally confined to a short and expressive nickname, for sobriquets abound in newsdom, and

they are usually very appropriate and explain their *raison d'être*. One small boy, with a nether garment which once adorned the long limbs of a six-footer, now pared and tucked, to meet emergencies, and whose original color will never be known till "the sea gives up its dead," so covered is it with beauteous multicolored patches, is aptly termed by the brotherhood "Bag o' Rags." Another, with some pretentious and undefined yearnings to be a "swell," which tendency manifests itself in a strong leaning toward cheap cigars, is universally dubbed "Dick the Dude." Another fellow, with a mean propensity for sneaking on to other fellows' beats—"robbin' me cus'mors," as they call it—is called the "Snicker" (short for sneaker); for all those urchins have their regular rounds and patrons, and they consider it the highest of high treason, the one sin which debars from decent society and clubdom among newsboys, to thus poach on each other's preserves. Lying, stealing and cheating are virtually "not in it," for these, in the newsboys' code of honor, are only considered accomplishments which entitle the happy possessor to lead, to be "chef" in his camp. For those ideas, however, one must not, cannot blame them, as these wild city waifs have never known any saving home influence. Since their earliest days they have been adrift and alone on the cruel streets of a great city, fighting the fight for existence against terrible odds, and always amidst the vilest and most corrupting surroundings.

At night many of them occupy low, cheap lodging houses, where the company is made up from the lowest stratum of society, and where the little unfortunates contract all kinds of vices and



THE FATHER SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MOUNT LORETTO ESTABLISHMENT.

bad habits. In the daytime, it is true, they are picturesque and interesting street Arabs, such as one admires on the speaking canvas of Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. W. H. Stanley), but one shudders to think what class of man this great army of the "morally abandoned" must grow to, without some educating and softening influence.

Throughout New York there are scattered some newsboys' lodging houses, and the better amongst those are well patronized by the youngsters. Of these houses the principal is the Bruce Memorial

Lodging House for Boys, situated at the corner of Duane and New Chambers Streets. It is a large, commodious building, which was completed in the year 1874, at a cost, including the purchase price of the lots, of \$216,000.

Here they have an average attendance of 168 boys per night, who, as they come in, have each to report to the superintendent, Mr. R. Heig, at his desk, on the walls around which are hung several placards,



PRESS ROOM, PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

such as: "Boys who swear or chew tobacco cannot sleep here"; "All underclothing washed on Thursdays, free of charge" (but as a rule the boys like to do their own laundry, as the work is not usually dreadfully heavy); "Boys having homes not received here"; "Boys desiring homes in the country may apply to the superintendent." After reporting, each boy registers his name in a large book for the purpose, and he is then handed a key with a number, which opens a corresponding locker. Here, before retiring, the youth carefully deposits his valuables—which are usually nil—his coat and vest, and after carefully locking them up he repairs to one of the dormitories, in each of which 136 beds are arranged in ship fashion, one slung over the other in a double row. Then, divesting himself of his remaining scanty garments, he secretes them carefully under his spring mattress, and turning in, he sleeps the sleep of a fatigued newsboy, often broken with cries of—"Telegram, Sun, World, Mail, Post!"

For the night's lodging in this comfortable home the boy pays six cents, and for each meal furnished him the same small sum. The food is good and well cooked. For breakfast they get

oatmeal, coffee, bread and butter; and for dinner the bill of fare during the week is: Sunday, roast beef; Monday, pork and beans; Tuesday, beef stew; Wednesday, corned beef and cabbage; Thursday, pork and beans; Friday, fish balls; and Saturday, pork and beans. With this they get tea and bread and butter every day. One can see by the bill which is the popular dish, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the kitchen does a roaring trade.

From November till April a night school for boys is taught in the building, from 7:30 until 9 o'clock. This is fairly well attended by such of the boys as are regular lodgers, but the great majority of them are little tramps, who come to-night and may not be seen for weeks again.

Newsboys are passionately attached to their liberty, true sons of the beautiful statue, and anything like restraint is odious to them. Like the rest of the world, they, too, have a great respect for privacy and love of individual right. They would all like to have their own little *pied à terre*; consequently one of the dormitories, which has a certain air of retirement and privacy, the beds being in single rows and cut off from each

other by curtains, is in great demand, and is known as the "dudes' room." Here the nightly rent is ten cents, but it is willingly paid, and the sixteen beds are always occupied, the dudes being principally all permanents.

So great is the demand for those swagger quarters that the superintendent told me they were about to fit up another dormitory on the same plan, to accommodate other would-be dudes.

On the top floor of the building, which is seven stories high, is a large room with sixteen windows, fitted up as a gymnasium, with flying ring, trapeze bars, shoulder and chest machines, dumbbells, rowing machines, roller skates, punching bag, boxing gloves, and all the other *et ceteras* which the small boy loves to contemplate, and to indulge in, too, as one can see by visiting the gymnasium any evening between seven and nine o'clock. Here those born little acrobats perform



AFTER A HOLIDAY DINNER.

fents which won't astonish anyone who has ever made a study of an enthusiastic newsboy boarding cars of an afternoon in any of our crowded thoroughfares. Their dexterity and wonderful agility would make one enter into the feelings which prompted a stolid countryman to remark: "Them 'ere youngsters are possessed or on wires." Let us hope it is only the latter.

Off the gymnasium is a room utilized as a club, and known as the Duane Social and Athletic Club." Here law and order prevail just as they do in the higher ranks of clabdom in our city. The members usually belong to the class of Arabs, by which appellation the more provident of newsboys are known, and it is sometimes difficult for a "gutter snipe" (the younger and weaker scion of the same calling) to arrive at the "open sesame" to the club. He has to get all his votes of entry, and then there is a fee of some few cents per week, which pay the running expenses. Quite recently the club presented the gymnasium with a new pair of boxing gloves, for the John L. Sullivan art is held in high veneration among those scions of the "morally abandoned." At 9 o'clock P.M. all the boys have got, in barrack parlance, to turn in.

At what hour the early newsboy begins his day must ever remain a fact shrouded in mystery. When returning late, or rather early in the "wee sma' hours o' mornin'," from some resort of amusement, one often encounters a band of news Arabs and gutter snipes tearing along to lay in their daily store of literary merchandise, and long ere the day breaks, in the raw, cold winter mornings, one sees them shiveringly tendering their stock at street corners, often with no other body covering than a ragged little shirt, through whose innumerable rents and holes appear blue frozen little shoulders.

At the Bruce Lodging House the last of the boy lodgers has breakfasted and disappeared by 7 A.M., and then the building is given up to an industrial school which occupies it during the day.

What interested me particularly at this home was a peep into the boys' savings bank. To a casual observer it looks at first like an ordinary table, but when, with the aid of a key, the leaf is thrown back one sees hundreds of little divisions, each bearing a number and a slot, and here the thrifty newsboy deposits his scanty savings. Sometimes a very industrious chap succeeds in laying by as much as two or three dollars a month, and on all savings they are allowed an interest of six per cent. When a fellow has thus accumulated a certain little sum he runs off to Baxter Street, or some ready-made, second-hand clothes shop in the vicinity, and proudly replen-



STARTING IN BUSINESS.

ishes a much-betattered wardrobe at the rate of, shoes, 25 cents, etc., etc., till, fully equipped, he feels it would be altogether derogatory to his dignity to occupy any other than the "dudes' room."

But the day of days to visit the Newsboys' Home, to see it in all its glory, is at the time of the Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner, when six or seven hundred boys, who are never otherwise heard of year in or year out, all appear on the scene in their best bibs and tuckers, to pay their respects to the feast of turkey and cranberry sauce gratuitously served on the board. The Christmas fare is every year donated by Mr. W. M. Fliess, and the Thanksgiving turkeys by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and it must amply reward their generosity to see the relish with which hundreds of hungry little mouths do justice to the good things.

Another great institution of this city, which seems to be but little known, considering the immense amount of good accomplished daily within its walls, is the great home and refuge for the utterly destitute, waifs and strays, situated at the junction of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street. This house was started and founded several years ago by a kind, clever and large-hearted man, Father Drumgoole, and like most grand undertakings it had a very poor and humble origin. The home was destined for newsboys, shoeblacks, errand boys and all the great army of homeless and deserted boyhood, who were accommodated with a good bed and an excellent meal for five cents apiece. But all those who presented themselves without the necessary nickel—and their number was legion—were never turned away; as the boys called it, "He hangs 'em up." Perhaps it was the result of too much "hangin' 'em up" thus that funds grew very low, and the good work must have become bankrupt were it not for a brilliant idea which then took possession of the mind of the great founder. He started a paper

called *The Homeless Child*, to be published in March of every year and sold all over the world, translated into all the different languages, the price being twenty-five cents per copy. The suc-

cess has banded its members into a union called "St. Joseph's Union," now educate, house and feed over 2,000 boys, remassed from the ranks of the morally abandoned. Of these, 500 occupy the



THE DELIVERY WAGON.

cess which this paper, telling of the misery and wants of the homeless child, had, was nothing short of marvelous. The quarters which came pouring in, and which continue to pour in more plentifully every year as the "Homeless Child"

splendid fireproof structure on Lafayette Place, about half that number being lodgers who are out all day following their different avocations, selling papers, running errands, etc., returning at night or in the evening to an excellent dinner,

fine play halls, a splendid library, and a bed in a dormitory where cleanliness and ventilation, and everything which can add to the comfort and health of the boys, are strenuously enforced. For all those advantages the boys who are earning pay a small weekly stipend, in order to encourage in them a spirit of independence and self-reliance, but all the others contribute, of course, nothing whatsoever.

The Society of the "Homeless Child" also owns a fine series of structures on Prince's Bay, Staten Island, where 1,600 boys, homeless and altogether destitute, are housed, fed and taught the trades for which they seem to have a calling. Here they have a farm covering a square mile, and on it are built schools of typography, cabinetmaking, tailoring, smithing, machine knitting, turning, and every other trade which a young man can follow. They have also florists, gardeners and farmers, under whom the boys can learn those crafts. This beautiful Staten Island home is called Mount Loretto, and it is certainly a stupendous institution. It is to New York what the great boy farm of Montévrain is to Paris, a great school of industry and trade, a farm for the reclamation and education of street Arabs. A visitor to either the Staten Island or the city home must be surprised at the interior grandeur of the buildings. The Lafayette house, which is ten stories high, is absolutely fireproof; the walls are of brick, and the three stairs are, one of stone and two of corrugated iron; the floors are all tiled in white marble.

The accommodation for the boys in their sleeping, dining and other halls are such as one rarely sees in high-class schools, where the children of the rich receive their education.

Among the lodgers at the city house there are quite a number of newsboys, but these are altogether of the better and more provident class in that calling, for boys here cannot come and go at will, as they do at the other lodging houses. They must be permanent, and that, with other restrictions, does not always suit the liberty-loving spirit of the tattered and grimy but fascinating little personality whom I have been trying to introduce to you in his various characters of street Arab and gutter snipe, and who constitutes that specialty known as the New York Newsboy.



WARMING UP.

EASTER LILIES.

BY C. E. BOLLES.

STAND up, ye lilies spotless white,
In ranks all pure and fair,
While Easter anthems grand and sweet
Are throbbing through the air.

We voice our hopes, our joys, our fears,
In songs of praise to-day,
And on your fragrant breath they float
Toward heaven's shining way.

The prints of nails on Calvary's cross
Are covered o'er with bloom,
An' faith's bright angel sits and sings
Beside the open tomb.

The cradle changes to a throne,
The crown of thorns to gold;
Where blood drops marked the Saviour's path,
The lily buds unfold.

O Life divine! O lilies fair!
O cross of sacrifice!
Types of our earthly bliss and pain,
Our guide to paradise.

O risen Jesus, deign to bless
The gifts of love we bring,
And softly round each bruised heart
Let love's sweet blossoms cling.

MRS. JACKSON'S BOARDERS.

BY LURANA W. SHELDON.

MRS. JACKSON took a sly peep into the dining room of her aristocratic "boarding house," and congratulated herself on the success of her undertaking. She had only been started a month, but, thank fortune, she had been besieged by would-be boarders from the first, and the goodly sum that she had been all these years in saving seemed in a fair way to return her a very handsome interest.

"As if country people wasn't jest as smart as city folks!" she said, proudly, to Ann Maria, her new maid of all work, that evening, in a burst of confidence. "Here I be, a country woman born and bred, a-runnin' a fashionable boardin' house right in New York city; and makin' money hand over fist at that," she added, candidly.

Ann Maria coughed ominously when she heard the last.

"You know the bills hasn't begun to come in yet, mum," she said, meekly. And then she coughed more ominously than ever as she added: "And re'lly, mum, I don't think I can wait on all them fastidjous boarders without an extry dollar for caps an' aprons, mum."

Mrs. Jackson took one more peep into the dining room and smiled good-naturedly.

"You shall have the extry dollar, Ann Maria," she said; "but step smart now, for there's the bell, an' I 'spect nothin' else but what it's a boarder for the 'first-floor extenshun.'"

And sure enough, the room designated was the one Miss Gushing wished. She was a "professional lady," she told Mrs. Jackson, and the happy

old lady, believing that she was nothing short of a lady lawyer or a missionary to Japan, was only too glad to rent her the apartment.

Miss Gushing joined the party in the dining room, and took her seat with only a careless glance at her companions. She was used to all sorts, and had been a "professional lady" so long that nothing mattered much to her, provided there was something to eat on the table, and a plenty of something to wash it down. She was somewhat disappointed in the non-appearance of the "wash," but there was consolation in the thought that Ann Maria looked moderately obliging; and as there was a large white pitcher on the sideboard and a dime left in her beaded purse, she regaled herself with her landlady's viands and the prospect of something better in the near future.

Miss Angel, the meek little typewriter, who sat opposite, seemed a trifle shocked at Miss Gushing's free-and-easy manner, but there was a disposition on her part not to be thought a prude, so after a time she, too, joined in the conversation.

Mr. Checkley, the swell young cashier from a neighboring bank, talked pleasantly, but showed slight nervousness of manner whenever his eyes rested on a newcomer at the foot of the table.

Miss Gushing gave this individual but a passing glance, and devoted herself to the entertainment of Mr. Checkley with a cordiality surprising in a new acquaintance. When Mrs. Jackson went in herself to see about the coffee the two ladies were

apparently vying with each other for his attention, and Mr. Sphinx, a dapper little fellow with a baby face, seemed to be dividing his admiration as equally as possible between the ladies and their diamond earrings.

Mrs. Jackson had noticed the little typewriter's earrings many times; they were beautiful stones, and she did not wonder Mr. Sphinx was dazzled by them. She had some curiosity to know where they came from, for Miss Angel had told her candidly that she was only a poor girl, and working on a "beastly salary."

Mr. Tramper, the silent individual at the end of the table, was the only one at the table who appeared to be quite at ease. He was the last arrival next to Miss Gushing, and now, when Mrs. Jackson saw how ravenously he was eating, her heart was divided against itself, and her mind was busy with the problem whether he was actually in a starving condition, and whether or not she should have asked his board in advance, "seein' as how he brought no baggage."

An hour later the dining room was left to Ann Maria. The boarders had gone to their several rooms, and Mrs. Jackson sat down by herself in an upper room to plan how she should spend her first year's savings.

"For there's money in a boardin' house, if it's only run right an' caters to fastidious people," she whispered, copying from Ann Maria.

Just then the bell rang, and knowing that the maids were busy, she hurried down to the door herself. A queer, wild-eyed woman almost fell into her arms as she opened the door.

"Is she here, the miserable creature?" she shrieked, excitedly. And Mrs. Jackson, casting both arms and eyes upward in some alarm, saw Miss Angel's face, as it peered eagerly over the banisters and down into the hall below.

"It's no wonder she's skeered, too," she muttered to herself, for the wild-eyed woman was now clutching at her arm and reiterating over and over her first remark.

"Is she here, in this house, I say?—the vile, miserable creature who has stolen my husband's love, as well as the bread and butter from my helpless babies! Let me see her at once if she is here, the vixen who robs an honest wife to deck herself with gold and diamonds!"

Mrs. Jackson could not speak as yet, but when she did a vision of Miss Angel's glittering earrings seemed floating ominously before her vision.

"No, no! she is not here," she said, soothingly. "There's no one here but Miss Angel and the 'professional lady,' and neither of them would steal your husband, or—"

"Angel! Miss Angel!" the woman shrieked,

with a new accession of hysterics. "That's the woman I am after—the one that robs an honest wife——"

But just here Ann Maria appeared upon the scene and took her firmly by the shoulder.

"Shut up, and I'll help you find the creeper," she said, shortly; and in another moment she had drawn her forcibly into the parlor and slammed the door behind them.

Like a flash a figure glided down the stairs and passed Mrs. Jackson in the hall.

"I will send for my trunks to-morrow," Miss Angel whispered as she cleared the mat and disappeared through the outer door.

Mrs. Jackson went into the parlor, where Ann Maria was talking earnestly to the woman, and told her that her rival had flown; and, like the spirit of vengeance itself, the wild-eyed woman gave Ann Maria one searing glance and followed after the guilty Angel.

"What on earth has happened?" Mrs. Jackson said, looking at Ann Maria in a bewildered manner.

"You've lost a boarder, that's all!" Ann Maria answered, with businesslike indifference; and then she descended to the kitchen and left her mistress to herself.

The bathroom door flew open as Mrs. Jackson went slowly up the stairs, and Mr. Tramper came out, extraordinarily improved, from a lengthy and refreshing bath.

"I am going for my bag," he said, pleasantly; and after he had gone out Mrs. Jackson found herself wondering with almost motherly solicitude why he had bathed so quickly after dinner.

"It might bring on the cramps and kill him instantly," she argued, as she turned the second flight.

The bell rang again just then, and Ann Maria let in some company for Miss Gushing. Mrs. Jackson watched them over the banisters, and was a little surprised at the noise they made and the strangeness of their outward appearance.

"I expect they've lived with the heathen so long that they ain't got back to civilized clothin'," she said to herself, still thinking that they must be missionaries.

Yet the next disturbance at the door was considerably more serious, and something that even Ann Maria could not quite handle. Two men, both wearing badges, stepped into the pretty hall, and while one guarded the door, another, hardly asking Mrs. Jackson's consent, began a search of the indignant woman's premises.

But Mr. Checkley could not be found, and Mrs. Jackson was positively "beat out," as she expressed it, when she learned that he had gone

finger (through the skylight), without so much as leaving his last week's board out of the funds that he had stolen from the bank.

The reaction came after that, and it took all Ann Maria's reasoning to keep her mistress from a crying spell over what she was beginning to think was going to prove an unfortunate venture.

"There's more to come," Ann Maria said, cheerfully; and as if in answer to her prophetic words Miss Gasking flew into Mrs. Jackson's room and fairly screamed out her misfortune.

while and face the matter with something like calmness.

Naturally Mrs. Jackson went first of all to the source of her boarder's misfortune. The other "missionaries" had gone—it was while saying adieu at the door that the gems had vanished; but she argued that they were only misplaced or hidden by some article that her excited guest had failed to look behind or under. She entered the room with anxiety in her heart, but one glimpse at the "first-floor extension" brought a thren-



"I HAVE BEEN ROBBED!" SHE CRIED, WILDLY.

"I have been robbed!" she cried, wildly. "Only an hour or two in your house, and robbed of all my precious jewels! What shall I do? What shall I do?" And she dropped, apparently half crazed with grief, and tearing her hair, upon the sofa.

"Put it in the papers," Ann Maria whispered, encouragingly, as soon as Mrs. Jackson disappeared; and Miss Gasking, considerably cheered by the suggestion, was able to rise in a little

smothered more sorrow to the orphan woman's heart than could the loss of a wagon load of precious jewels. There were empty bottles lying on the floor, bread crumbs scattered about the chairs, a half-boiled lobster scalded and spattered on the gas, and almost at the first step she narrowly missed a hard-shelled crab that was sliding swiftly across the room in hopes of escaping the coming boiling.

With a cry of horror Mrs. Jackson fell down a

chair and drew her skirts up carefully about her. Her boarder's loss was promptly forgotten, and the first exclamation to which the pious woman gave vent was a full vocabulary of vengeful words against all heathen institutions.

"It's no wonder the missionaries get ate up," she said, sarcastically, "if they raise such rumpuses in the heathen boardin' houses."

Then she went out angrily and slammed the door.

"Them crabs has ate the diamonds," she said, loftily, to Miss Gushing, as she encountered her in the hall; "an' if they hadn't, an' my own reputation was at stake, I wouldn't go in there amongst that debbriss agin for all the diamonds in creation!"

Ann Maria helped Miss Gushing to pack, and saw her off in a cab half an hour later; then, remembering that Mr. Sphinx was the only boarder left, she started upstairs to tell him all about the evening's adventures. She tapped at his door, and then opened it suddenly, and was just in time to see Mr. Sphinx jam a blue-velvet jewel case down into his inside pocket.

"Divvy or I'll squeal," she said, shortly, as she assumed a threatening attitude, with her back against the door. Mr. Sphinx looked up at her and turned suddenly sentimental. Ann Maria

was cross-eyed, and he knew without words that his Nemesis had come.

"We will go together," he said, opening his arms like automatic wings.

Ann Maria fell into them in a perfect spasm of content.

"Let us divide," she said again, as she clutched his pocket with a determined grip.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Jackson ventured through the house on a tour of inspection. Every room was empty as a grave until she came to the first-floor extension. Here she hesitated a moment for fear of meeting one of those unboiled creatures; but the odor of lobster attracted her, and stepping carefully, she crossed the room and turned the gas off under the blackened remnants.

"To think that for nigh on to forty years I have given my offerin' to the church to support them heathen missionaries!" she said, disgustedly, as she closed the door again and turned to mount the stairs.

Coming suddenly to a standstill before the bathroom door, she thought again of Mr. Trumper.

"Thank Heaven, there was one honest one amongst 'em, anyhow!" she said, emphatically; then shaking her head, she added, sadly: "But, poor feller, he's probably dead by now, just for takin' that bath right after dinner."

ECCENTRIC DINNERS.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

MOST men experienced in dining out have attended what might be aptly called "crank dinners," where some hobby came into play or an odd eccentricity was grotesquely indicated. One of the queerest banquets of this character that I ever attended took place a few years ago at a fashionable Regent Street restaurant in London, where an acquaintance engaged a *cabinet particulier* to celebrate what he called the "burial of his bachelorhood." The table was laid with a black satin cloth, the flowers in the epergnes were immortelles, the menu was written in a dead language on mimic tombstones, the name of each guest was inscribed on a cardboard coffin which opened and contained a dark cigar to represent a corpse, and the wine appeared draped in crape and was served by mutes. When the guests arrived they came in two mourning coaches drawn by huge black horses with long tails, such as one sees wending their way to the cemeteries. The host was dressed in deep mourning, with sables around each arm. He was evidently in some re-

spects a morbid man who reveled in his mortuary wit, for when the manager of the restaurant knocked at the door (it was getting late) and desired to know if the obsequies were quite over the giver of the feast was reading the burial service with mock solemnity over an empty claret bottle. He addressed the manager as a "potent, grave and reverend signior," requested one of his guests to play him out to the strains of the "Dead March in Saul," and protested that the dinner could not be completed "until it was half mourning." This comedy or farce, interlude or whatever one may call it, was kept up to the very end by the convives departing as lugubriously and solemnly as they had entered.

The London Thirteen Club, which dines once a year at the Holborn Restaurant, is well known for its eccentric proceedings. The subscription to the club is thirteen shillings, the price of the dinner is thirteen sixpences; it is served in Room 13, on January 13th, at thirteen tables, with thirteen guests at each. Ghostly cartoons line the

walls, one behind the chairman announcing that "life would be endurable but for its superstitions." The saltcellars are tiny plaster-of-Paris coffins, each bearing the quaint epitaph, "To the memory of many senseless superstitions killed by the Thirteen Club." Life-sized skulls decorate the tables, with twinkling fairy lamps therein; skeletons in grotesque attitudes squat on the table among peacock's feathers, which are thought by some people to be unlucky. Every diner has a skeleton for his buttonhole, and most members wear a green tie, and in some cases an opal, which as a gem is said to have an evil reputation. Grace said (it is the quaint stanza, "Some hae meat and canna eat"), the members fall to and demolish the courses as they appear, some having queer names, such as "langue de serpent," "jambon, sauce diable." At the last dinner given by the club the menu cards were designed by Harry Furniss, the ex-cartoonist of *Punch*, who was attended by two cross-eyed waiters. Salt is spilt by each member, who also breaks a small mirror by way of cheerful exercise. Mr. Furniss gave or replied to two toasts of thirteen words each: "Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the royal family." "Enemies of superstition, ignorance and humbug drink success to the London Thirteen Club." (This was proposed with considerable humor in a speech lasting, watch in hand, thirteen minutes.)

Mr. Furniss pointed out that the Home Rule Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on September 13th, and thrown out by the Lords on a Friday. Mr. Pratt, of the *Times*, who replied for the press, said newspapers gave thirteen to the dozen; and Mr. Murray Carson, one of the convives, stated that he had married his wife on the 13th of the month, and she had had two children, one born on the 13th and the other on the 10th of the month; the latter died, and the former is rosy and buoyant, alive and kicking! One of the staff of *Punch* wrote from a sick bed to say that, feeling better, he would set up and drink a glass of '13 port to the health of the club; and the actors occupying Dressing-room 13 and playing in the thirteenth opera at the Savoy Theatre telegraphed hearty greetings, etc.

One of the most interesting dinners presenting odd features I ever attended was a banquet given in a private room at the St. James's Hall Restaurant, London, by members of the Chinese Embassy. It was what may be called a dress, or rather costume, dinner, for the almond-eyed Celestials appeared in gorgeous raiment tremendously embroidered and bedecked in golden, blue and amber tints, their pendent pigtails lustrous and

lubricant with some sort of what *Punch* humorously calls "smearoline." The ambassador took the chair, acting as president of the repast. Before taking his seat, however, he approached each guest, who stood in a line round the table, and without uttering a syllable pushed them tenderly and playfully, and pointed significantly to the unoccupied post at the head of the table. The Confucians observed a rigid demeanor, neither speaking nor moving, and demonstrating by their inflexible attitude their unworthiness to occupy the *place d'honneur*. This bizarre Oriental etiquette over, the ambassador sank calmly into the chair, that was from the first intended for him, and which, no doubt, he would have been greatly surprised had any of his guests occupied. Then no one spoke until the ambassador dropped a remark which was finally taken up and commented on. Then the chief spoke again, and more observations followed, so it may be said that the chairman in a measure supplied appropriate subjects for conversation.

Another curious custom they invariably indulge in at their more formal dinners is that after the fish is eaten—they usually have salmon and whitebait, with occasional stewed eels—they all rise simultaneously and dust their chairs with their napkins. I may mention, *en passant*, that they do not, as Americans are wont to do, eat potatoes, or even cucumbers, with their fish. They take it *pur et simple*, many of them even omitting the ordinary sauces and regulation condiments. One of the courses we had at the dinner I attended was bird's-nest soup. This edible, it seems, comes mainly from the Philippine Islands, and is composed of seaweed, which the swallow, having softened into a jelly, forms into a nest, which is subsequently smeared over with what closely suggests isinglass. In this condition the nests are sent to China, where they are subjected to a cleansing process, and being prepared, are sold at high prices. A jelly made from them is combined with aromatic stimulants and frequently used as a relish, apart from the soup. A standing dish at the ambassador's dinner is a sucking pig. When the young porker arrived he was gravely deposited before the president, who regarded him with an animated expression in his eyes, as though anticipating the pleasure to be derived from his consumption; he nodded and smiled his approval, and the dish was taken to a side table and served *à la Russe*. The Chinese regard the pig in much the same light as did the old romancer Alexandre Dumas, who protested that no worthier beast walked the earth, and none presented so many succulent points when he came to table artistically dressed. The

Chinese say that the delicacy of a roasting pig can only be insured by his being nurtured on mother's milk from his birth to the day he is slaughtered.

The Chinese are fond of truffles, *pâté de foie gras*, *poularde truffée*, nougat, olives, figs, anchovies, fruits dried and preserved in jelly, and most sweet delicacies. For drink they prefer claret, and in the matter of champagne they swear by and are faithful to our old and esteemed friend G. H. Mumm, sec.

The Chinese ambassador is a man of gallantry. A friend of mine, who frequently acts as interpreter for the chief secretary, told me they were on one occasion chatting about women who hen-peck their husbands. "Ah, well," quoth the Celestial, "let us adore woman all the same, for the gods made her; and, after all, they never made anything better." Some one said at the same dinner, "The voice cheers, but does not inebriate," whereupon the ambassador instantly remarked that it depended on whose voice it was. "Many a young man has been intoxicated by the voice of his adored one." He said this in French, and the turn in the epigram is neater than in English or Chinese, the latter language being rich, 'tis said, in apothegmatical sayings.

A bouillabaisse dinner I once partook of at Marseilles struck me as furnishing an eccentric compound. I selected the middle of the day to dine off it, as I had heard wild stories of its richness and potency, and as my interior is not iron-clad I had visions of indigestion and grewsome dreams. "I'll give myself a chance," said I. I remembered Hannah More's quaint saying of there being two evil things in life—sin and bile—and I thought I would dodge the latter at least. The manager of the hotel, M. Paul Neuschwander, enlightened me as to the composition of bouillabaisse, and it is a sublime compound of no less than eight fish, viz., rascasse, baudreuil, St. Pierre, roucan, galinette, langouste, crabe and merlan. The rascasse is the important item, and the baudreuil—which in the water looks like an infant shark, with the same conformation of villainous-looking head—is a good second in imparting a peculiar flavor. I had a good look at them in the market at Marseilles the day after my repast. The langouste is a conspicuous element in the ragout of fish, as bouillabaisse may be not inaptly termed. A small quantity of tomato, a teaspoonful of olive oil, a dash of red pepper, and ditto saffron, are the remaining ingredients. This combination is stewed about fifteen minutes, bouillon being added, and when it is done the juice is drained off on slices of toast, and served in a large silver bowl. The usual accompanying

drink is white wine, which rhymes exceedingly well with the dish. Many people object to the oil, and some shy the red pepper, but the condimental addenda is dexterously achieved.

M. Neuschwander told me that when the author of "Pendennis" staid in Marseilles he ordered a bouillabaisse every day, and usually flanked it with a bottle of Richebourg, at twelve francs the bottle.

I remember he was prone at times to sing the praises of the Bourgogne rouge in exultant verse. Alexandre Dumas, père, Prosper Mérimée, the author of "Carmen," and Charles Monselet have all left on record glowing eulogiums of the excellence of bouillabaisse, and the dish has many staunch adherents to-day. Mr. James Gordon Bennett is one of these, and his yacht, the *Namouna*, is often seen along the Ligurian coast. He makes it convenient to drop anchor at Marseilles, and sending a trusty messenger in hot haste to the Hôtel du Louvre et Paix, bids his convivial friends to a dinner of bouillabaisse, always adding a mem. in his hurried note to mine host not to be too sparing of the red pepper.

The Governor General of Algeria is a bouillabaisse-ist, if I may coin a word, and so is George Augustus Sala, and so was Guy de Maupassant, the novelist, and Adolphe d'Ennery, the famous dramatist who wrote "The Two Orphans," and a hundred other popular plays.

After my bouillabaisse experience I went on to Monte Carlo to attend the carnival, which was just then in full swing. There I met the late Sam Ward, of international repute. We exchanged greetings, and as we strolled through the streets I told him I had tarried at Marseilles to eat bouillabaisse. He raised for an instant the wire mask that he wore to protect his face from the sting of the pink confetti that we were being peppered with by the passing Pierrots and *débardeurs*, and exclaimed: "Good lad! A perfect bouillabaisse is a poem. With a sip of sound wine, nothing approaches it as a piscatorial lunch. A bite, a sip, and the air is full of rainbows and the song of birds!" Sam Ward, it will be remembered, was a *gourmet hors ligne*, a prince of dinner givers, who was well esteemed in Washington, New York, Rome, London and Paris. Lord Rosebery, who is himself a *belle fourchette*, and appreciates a good dinner, insists on it that Ward was the most intelligent and entertaining host he had ever encountered in his travels; and as it was the fashion among Mr. Ward's intimate friends to address him as "Uncle Sam," Rosebery declared that he was the beloved "uncle of the human race."

A curious dinner I once attended was a "Ban-



A BOUILLABAISE AT MONTE CARLO.



Any Londoner in want of *sauces* de cheval could easily be accommodated at some of the greasy, stuffy, cheap little restaurants that are to be found in the strip of Bohemian territory that lies about the district known as Soho. But the sausage of horse does not suit the bulk of Englishmen. We are creatures of prejudice. We love the horse, but we prefer to remain on the outside of him. We will bet on him, pay fabulous prices to possess him if he be fleet of movement and comely of aspect, but we prefer not to enshrine him in our interiors. Henry J. Byron, the dramatist, who wrote the comedy "Our Boys," was one of the guests. He

quet *Hippophagique*" at the London Langham Hotel, at which horseflesh was served up in various forms, such as "filet de cheval rôti aux pommes de terre," "les langues de cheval à la Troyenne" and "collared nag's head." Every dish had a horsey name and flavor.

This novel feast attracted a number of curious people who had heard from French friends that the noble steed was an admirable esculent, but somehow the idea did not "catch on," and was never repeated at the Langham. I observed that many of the *viveurs* called for "ponies" of brandy during the progress of the dinner, even before the *entremets* were reached, which clearly indicated they were distrustful of the effects of the horse filets and the *culotte de cheval braisée* on their delicate stomachs. The foreign guests attacked the various dishes with more confidence, no doubt the result of frequent experiences in their own countries.

was a facile punster, and the moment he took his seat he remarked: "This is a sort of Lord *Mare's* dinner, and we shall soon all have *bits* in our mouths. Let us eat with all our mights, to say nothing of our *manes*!" When the dinner was over I asked the dramatist how he felt, and he replied: "I sha'n't be able to look a gift horse in the mouth for the next ten years. I feel as if I'd swallowed a stable."

A notable dinner I once attended was given in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, at the well-known Pavillon d'Armenonville. It was a floral feast, so to speak. The host, a man of great wealth, had given the landlord of the pavilion a *carte blanche* to lavishly decorate the elegant apartment in which we dined. Trelliswork had been arranged against the walls, and in this were festooned every available species of flower. Roses were gracefully suspended on ribbons from the sides and corners of the ceiling, and then gath-

ered to a point over the centre of the dining table, on which was placed a huge bowl of goldfish surrounded by a halo of pansies. The cloth was strewn with dainty rosebuds arranged in quaint devices. There were flowers everywhere.

As the lady guests arrived it was amusing to hear them burst into panegyric. They thought everything *ravissante*, adorable, enchanting! And what picturesque names they had! I noted them on the back of my menu. There were Louise Follo, Léontine Godin, Delphine de Lizy, Marion de Lorme, Diane de Poitiers, Nini Tontcourt, Suzanne Derval, and a Portuguese siren, who had been a dancer at Lisbon, was addressed as

Rigleboche. Some of those damsels were, or had been, actresses at the minor Parisian theatres, and two of them posed as models for painters. They were on easy terms with each other—all pretty, stylish, vivacious and elegantly dressed.

The men of the party were swells—members of the Jockey Club and scions of aristocratic families sowing their wild oats in the French capital. They had evidently an acquaintance of long standing with their divinities, for they chaffed each other, exchanged jokes, criticised their acquaintances, repeated the latest scandals, and fired off their wit, no matter how *risqué*, with unsparing fluency.



AFTER THE FLOWER BANQUET.

After the soup had disappeared and prior to the serving of the next course the host gave the signal and arose from his seat, as did the other gentlemen at the table, all the ladies remaining seated. Each man moved to the next man's seat at his right. Just prior to the course that followed the host again rose, and each man again moved to the next man's seat at his right. The disposition of the courses was so arranged that at the end of the dinner each gentleman had visited for a short time every lady at the table, and at last returned, in time for the dessert, to his original place.

Another fanciful departure at the conclusion of the dinner was the appearance of a basket of toy masquerade noses. Each man was invited to disguise his countenance with an artificial facial appendage, and the suggestion was promptly adopted. The result, as can be imagined, was grotesque in the extreme, as some of the noses were comically

molded. It was like a scene out of a folie-vaudeville, with the action placed at Asnières during the boating season, when the Parisian clerks and counterjumpers and their best girls indulge in every form of folly and effervescent gayety. When coffee had been served in pink china cups a servant entered with a pink tray, on which reposed a pink enamel box containing pink cigarettes. These were served round to ladies and gentlemen alike, and the innovation, deprived of its boldness in some measure by the eccentric service of the dinner, was welcomed with acclamation by the party. As the guests departed they pelted each other with the flowers. The floor became a soft aromatic bed of fragrant blossoms, which had fallen in the fray, and much fun was evolved from the mimic warfare. No blood was spilt, but a great deal of perfume was liberated in that festive pavilion. This was a dinner never to be forgotten.



THE BATTLE OF PING YANG.

HOW THE NEWS WAS TOLD AT DRAGON VALLEY

By E. A. IRVING.

Ka-Yin-Chu, October 28th, 1894.

DEAR MAGA: Regarded as a unit of the Flowery Middle Kingdom, Uncle Ku is a negligible quantity. Regarded as a type of the "four hundred millions of China," so dear to the war correspondent, he is interesting. Regarded as a well-to-do peasant proprietor in an up-country district of the Canton province, he is a person of local importance. There are twenty homesteads dotted through Dragon Valley that belong to Uncle Ku's clan; of that clan he is the oldest member of the dominant branch; and his household numbers seventy souls, young and old, to whom his will is law. Consequently Uncle Ku is looked up to, and is a great man in his way.

Uncle Ku's domains form a circle, the diameter of which is the long cement drying floor, a playground for the children and the surreptitious-looking black dogs. Behind, the outhouses are bounded by a mud wall that curves across the slope of a hillock, planted with fir and bamboo. In front, a semicircular fish pond completes the circle. And the centre is the granite porch that juts out from the whitewashed front wall of the homestead on to the drying floor, gay with a splendor of moldings and of scrolls in red and black, that proclaim it to be the axis of the universe.

Uncle Ku was sitting peacefully in his porch, glancing from time to time across the rice fields, yellowing in the evening sun, to where the road from the District City crosses the river, smoking his long bamboo pipe, and nodding off to sleep at intervals. But when a horseman, gorgeous in many-colored silks, came bumping and flapping into sight, something like a smile showed round his wrinkled eyes and through his thin white beard. It was the home-coming of his favorite grandson, Ah Man (the Late-Born) from the District City, where, in spite of his thirty years, he was still at school, hoping against hope for his degree.

On hearing the hoof beats, out ran Aunt Ku and a medley of children, dogs, daughters and granddaughters-in-law. Her dirty white locks were straggling over her furrowed cheeks, and she was hot and excited, having been engaged in the pleasant duty of scolding her underlings. But she was truly fond of her grandson, and her harsh deep voice sounded loud above the hubbub of greeting: "Ah Man, I say, hast thou come

back? Why art thou so late? Hast thou eaten or not? *Ee tee!* How fat thou growest! And that new coat, when didst thou buy it?" Then in the same breath, "What dost *thou* loitering here, Ah Khyuk girl? Fetch tobacco, fetch tea—plague seize thy mother!" This last being addressed to Ah Man's wife, a pretty girl with pink cheeks and lips, though stunted and deformed by the cruel work that falls to the lot of women among the Hakka Cantonese.

Ah Man listened in silence, without any expression on his round yellow face. He knelt for a moment before his grandfather, then, taking his pipe and tea, he sat down opposite, disregarding his wife's importunate questioning, "My hairpin, the hairpin thou promised me, hast thou brought it?" or replying only with a warning gesture of the hand, and a contemptuous "Not a word, not a breath!" When, however, she returned with his baby son, a portentously solemn little person, with shaven head and beadlike eyes, he deigned to laugh. The child clutched at a proffered finger, and balanced himself gravely between his father's knees. Uncle Ku looked at the pair with an expression of bland satisfaction. Aunt Ku at the doorway was in a position to hear her grandson's news, and, at the same time, to keep a watchful eye on her underlings; while Ah Khyuk, staggering to and from the well under her buckets of water, glanced shyly at her husband, half glad at his return to break the monotony of her life, yet wondering how his temper might be, and whether any particular beating was in store for her; thinking above all of the long-promised silver hairpin.

"Cityward, is there any news?" asked Uncle Ku.

"Not any news," replied his grandson. Then, after a pause: "Rice is very dear. They are selling it at eighty cash a shin."

"Truly, dear," said Aunt Ku. "But I remember, twenty or thirty years ago, then rice was I know not how dear. Offer one hundred cash and more a shin, even so, men would not sell. A drought, or what d'ye call it? The Rain god did not succeed, so they said. . . . Wui, yuh! a fearful business! Know not how many men starved and died! . . . There was a foreign devil lent a stone of rice to my elder sister's husband's brother, then next year he told him to give it back!"

A false smile went round at the expense of tears and a momentary.

"It is because the foreign devils," the Emperor said, "are not up to the eyes in the water, that we may not have it." Ah Man explained, needless of his grandfather's second question.

"I heard that you was the Nijigun," the Japanese said, "that were sent to fight the old man, and the old man's soldiers were turned to stone or devils."

"The Nijigun Kingdom fought the old man, refusing to pay tribute. The old man's soldiers helped them. There it was, gone," Ah Man returned.

"And now, how is it?" asked Ah Man, who did not understand this spouting of words.

Her grandson relit his pipe, with an air half of embarrassment, half of importance, as related the bearer of bad news.

"Nothing much," he began. "There were men saying that the foreign devils have given us of the Middle Kingdom a beating, or want not. There was a general, surnamed Chung, would not give fire powder for his soldiers to use; wherefore they memorialized the Emperor, and the Emperor cut off his head."

A pause ensued, broken by Aunt Ku.

"Don't believe it—a lie most likely!" she growled, kicking viciously at a mangy cur as he slunk past into the house.

Ah Khyuk had taken advantage of the general preoccupation to put down her buckets.

"Plague rot their mothers! Pray heaven's rain may strike them dead, the foreign devils!" she cried, shrilly, meaning no more than to add her quota to the conversation.

"It is a rich country; it is the place the dollars come from" (the Japanese yens, in circulation through China), Ah Man went on, with some respect in his voice. Then in a lighter tone he added: "One must use strategy, then all will be well. In the city they said there was a plan to buy I know not how many cattle; to their horns bind knives, to their tails tie torches; drive them across the mountains to Nyit-pun Land. Then let them run abroad—gore, burn, kill!"

"As for cattle," Ah Khyuk observed, appositely, "wait three or four days, and Ah Ten's brother's buffalo will calve. For he told me—"

"Will kill thee! will scold thee! my palm

shall slap thy face, thou slapper!" from Aunt Ku and Ah Khyuk shouldered her buckets and started off, muttering.

Uncle Ku leaped himself to sea and delivered his version.

"Truly I have not my Yes or No," he observed, concluding, "as I do know how forty or fifty years ago men and the red-hair devils were coming up against the Middle Kingdom—and then what happened? Afterward the Fap-lan-si?"

From his grandson stirred up results—there, too, did not have come here; they, too, were subdued. "What more would you have?"

The subject was worn threadbare. Ah Man groaned.

"To what indeed?" he replied, getting up. "Be-ah, it is the Emperor's concern. Fight and win, or fight or I lose, it is a Pekin affair. It does not touch us. . . . It is nightfall: I am going to wash my body."

Chinese babies are good beyond the dreams of English motherhood. Ah Man's son and heir had been sitting close-legged between his father's feet, silent and upright; but even he objected to being stepped upon. He howled.

His father picked him up tenderly and kissed him. As he stooped something that looked like a silver skewer slipped from his sleeve. It caught Ah Khyuk's eye, and down went the buckets as she pounced on it, crying:

"The hairpin! It is my hairpin! What happiness! Thou, how good of heart art thou!"

The position was a difficult one for a husband who had a regard for his dignity. Ah Man almost succeeded in blushing.

"No matter; I give it to you," he said, with an air of patronage.

Uncle Ku nodded six or seven times approvingly, and even Aunt Ku looked mollified. The war was forgotten, having served its purpose and whiled away a spare half-hour.

"The rice is cooked; come, eat rice!" called a welcome voice; and all turned to go.

Uncle Ku was the last to move. His eyes wandered to the red hillside, where the setting sun caught the white of the tombstones; and he shook his head as one who struggles with a difficult problem.

"Foreign Devil Fellows!" he softly murmured.



"SHE CARRIED A LIGHT IN ONE HAND, IN THE OTHER A FORMIDABLE SIX-SHOOTER."

THE SILENT STEED.

By HENRY E. HAYDOCK.

"How NOISELESS the bicycle is getting to be, with its pneumatic tire and light frame!" Charles Graham was saying as we lounged about the clubhouse after a short spin down the road. "We can ride now without sound, and slit through the air like spirits."

George Eaton, who had only joined the club recently, seemed suddenly interested.

"I know when that very power of noiseless riding prevented a crime," he said. "I may as well tell the story, as long as I have begun," he went on, as he noticed the expressions of curiosity and

amazement upon our faces; "but you know I am not very good at story telling."

He was saluted with, "That's all right," "Go ahead," and "Let's have it."

"It happened one night about a year ago. With a friend I was to go on a long bicycle tour through several States. He had been away, and instead of coming back to the city, was to meet me in a certain village on the line of our intended trip. The railroad came within ten miles of this village. I was to take the train that left early in the afternoon, so as to be able to ride the ten

miles before dark. On the day I was to start I was unavoidably detained. The late train would not get me there till nearly midnight, and I would still have those ten miles to ride on my wheel.

"I had, however, been over the road before, and knew I could remember it, and would also have moonlight the latter part of the ride. Rather than lose a day I took the late train.

"When at last I arrived at the station the darkness was intense.

"It was merely a platform of boards, being only a milk station, and there was not a person to be seen as I alighted.

"A moment or two more and the train was moving; the clatter it made grew fainter and fainter, and gradually died away; then I could only see the two red lights on the rear cars, growing smaller each second; then they also vanished as the train swept round a curve in the road.

"It was not so dark but that I could make out a deep grove of trees that stood near the platform; they rustled and sighed as the wind passed through them in a most dismal way. I busied myself lighting the lantern on my machine. I noticed that the wick seemed charred and would only burn dimly; still it gave some light. Putting it in as good order as I could, I started. The road was very smooth here and not much traveled, so I felt no hesitancy in putting on a good spurt of speed.

"For a time it ran over a barren moor, then began to rise toward the hills. I had stopped riding fast after entering the woods, for it was so very dark, I was afraid of running off the road.

"Two or three times I had lighted my lantern, but it seemed bound to go out.

"I had ridden about two miles and was climbing a little rise, when, close at hand, I heard the low, dismal wail of an owl.

"I put on an extra spurt of speed to get away from his hooting, and almost ran into something ahead of me. I made out in a moment more it was a buggy going the same way, though it was so dark, I could not see it distinctly, as it seemed only a blacker mass from the surrounding blackness.

"I was about to speak—the ride having been so dismal, I longed to hear the sound of a human voice—when I heard the fragments of a sentence, spoken in a low, hoarse guttural, that sent a chill of fear through me. My wheel was then running so near the rear of the buggy, I could almost touch it. As the bewilderment which for a moment I experienced wore away I bent every energy to hear the low conversation that was being carried on. There were evidently two men in

the buggy, and though I could not catch their conversation except in fragments, I heard enough to know that a crime was to be committed that very night.

"One man had evidently weakened; the other was talking to him in a way that left no doubt but that he would carry through the scheme. Their object was the robbery of a house in which a miserly old man and his daughter lived. They expected to have a hard time finding the money, but would torture him if necessary, and from what I could learn would stop at nothing to gain their end, even if it came to murder.

"I knew the house to which they referred. It was well situated for such a crime, standing on the low ground near the river, far removed from the road, and surrounded by a dense growth of vegetation.

"I had passed a fortnight in the nearest village to this house, and had heard something about it and its inmates. The old man lived there with no one else but his daughter, seeing no one if he could help it, and keeping her very close at home, so that I didn't recall ever seeing her. I remembered hearing also that he was rich, but had paid little attention at the time.

"My thoughts were in a confused jumble as I listened to the men arguing, tried to keep my wheel steady and consider what to do.

"My first thought was to turn back, ride till I came to some farmhouse, get help and overtake the men. Then I remembered the lonely stretch of road over which I had just ridden, with no house on either side. No; the best way was to get to the house they intended to rob before them, and warn its inmates. But how was I to do this? The road, I knew, was narrow and straight all the way, and with no branches.

"While these thoughts were passing through my mind I had fallen back a little, though I still kept up a steady speed and never lost sight of the black mass of the buggy for a moment.

"They evidently had considered their conversation perfectly safe, for they spoke very low, and could have readily heard a carriage approaching from either way. Their speed would have prevented anyone from keeping pace with them on foot. My wheel, however, had placed me directly behind them, with my head almost on a level with theirs, and enabled me to keep up the same speed as the one at which they were driving, and overhear their conversation.

"Now however, I must act, and act quickly.

"Suddenly the horse's hoof strikes a stone and emits a click. I turn my wheel to the side of the road to avoid it. This gives me an idea. I will rush by them under cover of the darkness, trust-

ing to the speed with which I could dart by without sound to avoid detection.

"I would have to take the chances of riding into the ditch, of being thrown, and thus have them discover me; still, by keeping close to the buggy I should have room to pass, and if I could once get by them discovery would be almost impossible.

"They might, however, be able to overtake me, as, a short distance beyond, the road became very stony, rough and hilly, and I should have to walk it, trusting to my speed afterward to make up the lost ground.

"I allowed them to gain upon me so as to have more ground to get a start, turning my wheel well to the left of the road, then bent low over the handle bars and darted forward.

"The black mass of the buggy loomed up for a second, but with a quick turn of the handle bars I was beside it with a rush. For a moment I thought I was lost, for the wheel hit an obstruction of some kind in the road, but rose over it without a sound. I heard one of the men say, in a frightened voice, 'What was that?' The other answered, 'Nothing——' and then I had passed them.

"Regardless of the darkness, I placed my whole strength upon the pedals. The excitement of the position in which I was placed made me forget everything except I must be at the house before those men.

"I kept up this speed for a time, when the road became so stony and with such a steep grade, I had to dismount and push the wheel before me. Here I knew the horse would gain on me if he were trotting a steady gait.

"I half ran, half walked up this hill, expecting each moment to hear the sound of horse's hoofs. I was at last upon the summit, and heard, or thought I heard, the sound of a horse behind me. I had now an open road with a straight down grade, though it was still very dark.

"Again I was speeding through the night. Never on a race track had I cut out such a pace as I did over that open bit of road. I slowed down as I re-entered the woods, though I was still riding at good speed.

"Suddenly the road turned. In the darkness I did not perceive this till too late, and rode directly off the bank.

"Luckily it was not a steep one. It was steep enough, however, to give me that sensation of horror which one feels in suddenly being thrown down a declivity. My first thought was for my wheel. Was it injured? If it was broken, so I could not ride it fast, my efforts up to this time would amount to little.

"It took time, precious time, to get up on the road again, but the wheel seemed to be all right.

"A dim silvery light began to diffuse itself from the hills. The moon was coming up. A few moments more, and I would have light. I rode more cautiously until the light should become more distinct, then once again bent low over the handle bars and put all the speed I could into the wheel.

"The pace at which I was riding exhausted me somewhat. The road was dusty, and I felt as if I should like to have water. The moon was up so high now that it gave a good deal of light. As I swung round a bend I came upon a stream flowing over a pile of stones, the water falling in long, cool rifts. How I wanted to drink from it—to bathe my hands and face in it! I dared not stop, even for a moment. Every moment gained was an advantage. On! on! now through the woods, now between the fields.

"At last I came to the lane that led to the house. Riding up it away, I hid my wheel in the bushes and climbed the fence. Never before had I seen such a mass of underbrush. In my tired condition it seemed almost impassable. I managed to tear my way through, however, and at last stood on the porch.

"I rapped long and loud upon the door. I heard a window being opened, and then the head of the old man appeared.

"'You must let me in at once,' I said. 'Your money—your very life is in danger.'

"'Stand out thar in the moonlight whar I can see yer,' he answered, curtly.

"I did as he told me. The moonlight fell full upon me. Well, boys, I think the suit did the business. He calculated, and rightly, that there were no murderous intentions under the uniform of our club. I heard him tramping downstairs; then the door was opened, I stepped inside, and in a moment more it was fastened again.

"I explained everything in as few words as possible. He turned to the staircase and shouted:

"'Dorothy, bring down the pistol! Hurry!'

"He stamped past me toward the rear room, to see if it was fastened securely. Hardly had he left when a door at the other end of the room opened, and I saw one of the loveliest sights it has been my lot to witness. On the threshold stood a young girl, her slight figure showing through the loose gown she had hurriedly put on. It fell away from the throat, showing it to be of startling fairness. Her figure was so slight as to be almost boyish, but there was a grace and charm about it that made her well-nigh perfect.

"She carried a light in one hand, in the other a

formidable six-shooter, but she held the pistol in such a charming manner as to make it more dangerous to herself than to anyone else. For a moment, and only for a moment, our eyes met, then her father was back in the room.

"Give me the pistol and take away the light," he said. She obeyed him without a word, but when she had extinguished the light I heard her re-enter the room in the darkness.

The moonlight streamed in through one window in such a way as to fall on the door on the inside. It was here we expected the attack to be made.

"Not a word was said; minutes seemed hours, and we had almost given up expecting them, when, breaking in upon the stillness, came a slight crunching sound—very slight, but still, in our excited condition, very loud to us.

"Then a little piece of wood fell to the floor, and there in the moonlight that shone upon the door was a bit of shimmering metal, the end of an anger. This disappeared, and in its place came another piece of steel, thinner, finer, but more dangerous—the end of a saw. They were sawing round the lock.

"The old man seemed too dazed to move. I stepped to his side and took the pistol from his nerveless hand. Something had to be done, and done at once. I advanced to the window, through which I could tell about where the person who was working on the door was crouching.

"I raised the pistol and fired. There was the startling vibration of the report, the crash of broken glass, then silence. In a moment or two we heard whispering.

"Evidently they had not given up the idea of entering the house, and were trying to decide on some new method. They were in a measure secure, for the door was too thick to fire a pistol through with any dangerous result, and the roof of the porch prevented shooting at them from above. They had indeed calculated well.

"There was now one thing left to do. I stepped close to the window and spoke through the broken glass, clearly and decisively.

"There is no use trying to get in. Your plan has been discovered. There are already others here, and you have more than an old man and a girl to deal with."

"No answer; but the whispering had ceased. They must have realized at once my voice was neither that of the old man nor the girl. Evidently they were at a loss what to do. Without giving them time to think I stepped to the other window and fired at about where I thought they would be.

"This last move decided them. They must have seen they had more than they had bargained for, and did not know how many there were in the house, or at what moment they might be surrounded outside. The saw was withdrawn.

"Patiently we waited until I thought I saw in the darkness the figure of a man passing a lighter space toward the underbrush.

"Soon after we heard the sound of a galloping horse.

"We sat up during the rest of the night, but there was no further attempt made to enter the house.

"The next morning they would not let me go; and that girl was so charming, I don't know that I could have gone if I had wanted to. I telegraphed my friend, and spent the rest of my vacation with them.

"They sold out the place that fall.

"Well, the old gentleman could not do enough for me, he was so grateful."

"And the girl?" we all asked, in a chorus.

"Well, you see, the girl made me grateful to her."

"How was that?" we asked.

With a blush mantling his handsome face, and a happy look in his eyes, George answered:

"She married me."

THE WORLD AWHEEL.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

THE bicycle of to-day, despite a mechanical ancestry that stretches back a hundred years, is an invention which practically belongs to and typifies this present end of the century. This claim holds good, not only by reason of the sudden and universal popularity of the wheel with all classes of men, but especially because modern science has gallantly adapted it to the use of the

fair sex. It has been hailed with enthusiasm and joy by the New Woman, who recognizes in it as powerful an adjunct to her own triumphant progress as the horse has been to the conquering warrior races of history.

Compare that marvel of lightness, grace and speed, the up-to-date model Columbia bicycle, with the queer lumbering machine shown in the



FIGURE FROM THE MONUMENT ERECTED AT BAR-LE-DUC (FRANCE), TO THE MEMORY OF THE MICHAUX BROTHERS, INVENTORS OF THE BICYCLE PEDAL.



GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE INSTALLATION OF THE MICHAUX MONUMENT.

accompanying drawing by Mars (see next page). The artist gives us a representation of the primitive *célérifère* with which the Parisians amused themselves in 1795, in the early days of the Directory, after the French Revolution. It had no pedals, and was propelled by pushing, the energetic cyclist alternately running along the ground and springing into the saddle—literally *riding afoot*, as the Irishman expressed it. We doubt if there were female cyclists in those days; though M. Mars certainly shows us one, dressed in an airy adaptation of the costume of the period. This enables us readily to understand why the sport could not have become popular with the *fin de siècle* woman of 1795. But it is not necessary to go back anything like so far as this to trace the interesting evolution represented by the comparison of the *célérifère* with the Columbia of to-day. The invention, such as it was, remained stationary for considerably more than half a century before it engaged, as we shall show, the attention of

the men of enterprising genius whose successive improvements in the course of a single generation brought it to its present state of perfection.

The devotees of the wheel in the distinctively "smart set" of New York city have recently formed themselves into an exclusive and picturesque organization named the Michaux Club. At Bar-le-Duc, in the Department of the Meuse, France, has just been erected a memorial of unique design, the work of the sculptor Housain, in honor of the Michaux, father and son, who were natives of that town, though Paris was the scene of their career and achievements. Pierre Michaux well deserved these honors, and an immortality of recognition from all amateurs of the wheel; for to him, if to any one man, belongs the title of the Father of the Bicycle. He was the initiator of the movement which to-day is world-wide.

Michaux invented the pedal, and applied it to the forward wheel of the old *célérifère*, or *Draisienne*, as it was named after a manufacturer in the first quarter of the century, or *vélodipède*, as it came to be called later by the foppish *Muscadins*, who kept up the tradition of the sport in Paris.

This was in 1861: and during the Second Empire the *vélodipède* established itself quite generally throughout France. The war of 1870 ruined the Michaux, and temporarily arrested the development of their machine in that country. England, however, had taken it up in the meantime, and under its present name of bicycle (with the variations of tricycle and "flying scud") developed its usage upon the excellent roads throughout the United Kingdom. It also began to gain ground in America, where the definite beginning of the bicycle business was marked by the organization of the now celebrated Pope Manufacturing Company, in Boston, in 1877.

It was still from France, however, despite the temporary check caused by the war, that the inventions destined to revolutionize the bicycle came. The bicycle of that epoch, and up to within a very few years past, was the tall, rakish machine with the saddle five feet above the ground, over the large forward wheel, and the diminutive second wheel, for maintaining equilibrium, immediately behind. It was a dangerous machine to ride, and its career was marked with "headers" and other accidents; but it created bicycling, and



THE ORIGINAL BICYCLE (CÉLÉRIFÈRE), PARIS, 1795.



VINCENT'S MECHANICAL HORSE, SHOWING THE EARLIEST APPLICATION OF THE VAUCANSON CHAIN GEARING.

made it popular over Europe and America. It was on a Columbia bicycle of this type that Thomas Stevens made his famous circuit of the globe. Various modifications of this form of machine were attempted, but they all failed to result in any decisive improvement.

At last a French artisan, M. Vincent, the parent of that wondrous "mechanical horse" so dear to the juvenile heart, conceived the idea of adapting the Vaucanson chain gearing, which was the distinctive feature of that toy, to the bicycle. Combining this chain gearing with the Michaux pedal, he secured a motor of extraordinary ease and power. This being attached to the rear wheel, instead of the forward, and the seat set backward to correspond, a perfect "safety" was produced, with wheels of equal and normal size, and vastly increased capabilities of speed. Then a Parisian mechanic named Truffault applied a hollow rubber tire to the wheels, and this has developed into the admirable pneumatic tires used upon all modern bicycles. So the bicycle became the universal mount, practicable for all ages and conditions, and suitable to both sexes alike. The special modification of the wheel with loop frame for ladies' use followed as a matter of course, and is to-day a source of infinite enjoyment, as well as a boon for health and strength, to womankind throughout the civilized world. Many ladies, however, with the advent of the "rational" costume, are riding the same type of wheel used by men.

The up-to-date bicycle, as represented by the admirable Columbia models for 1895, and especially when compared with the old-fashioned machines, through which its evolution

has come, appears to be the acme of perfection in its line. Strong, light and flexible, swifter than the swiftest steed, in design and finish a work of art, it may well stand as a symbol of our time. There is a kind of humorous significance and poetic justice in the fact that the great manufacturing concern which we have named, in course of the constant extension of its works at Hartford, completely absorbed the sewing machine company with which it had associated in its earlier experiments; and the plant which formerly sent out sewing machines to the uttermost parts of the earth is to-day helping to supply an unrivaled quality of wheel. Not, of course, that we mean to say the bicycle is crowding out the sewing machine; but rather that the same nineteenth-century progress which so lightened woman's toil with the needle has advanced a step further in giving her now the means of recreation and rest from that toil.



TEN YEARS AGO.



Prince Waldemar of Denmark. Prince George of Greece. The Czar. Prince Nicholas of Greece. Prince Charles of Denmark.
THE CZAR OF RUSSIA, AND OTHER EUROPEAN ROYALTIES, AS WHEELMEN.



TOURING STATEN ISLAND ON BICYCLES.



BICYCLETTES AT THE FETE DES FLEURS, IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

If it be asked why, with all the inventiveness and enterprise for which our country is noted, the original idea of the bicycle, as well as the improvements which have made its universal success, have come to us from abroad—if this be asked, we say, the answer is easy. It has been simply a matter of good roads. Good roads, which constitute the prime condition for successful cycling, are the rule in Europe, and, comparatively speaking, the exception here. France and England, for example, are traversed in every part by systems of routes, under care of the state, such as are vouchsafed us here only experimentally, as in the case of the crack boulevards of our greater cities and in the splendid development of asphalt pavements in Washington, when the aid of the United States Government made such an improvement possible.

The matter of good roads, then, being of such vital interest to all wheelmen and friends of the cycle, it is natural that they should organize, as they have, for the purpose of urging and aiding reform in the improvement of the public streets and roads. This beneficent movement, the good results of which are already beginning to appear, has one of its most enthusiastic and efficient advocates in Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston.

One of the best-paved cities in the world is Paris. Its femininity is also the most *chic*, and sets the fashions for the sex everywhere. It is appropriate, therefore (as the bicycle had its origin in the gay French capital), that there to-day *la Reine Bicyclette* should rule supreme. From the numerous inspirations which our artistic contemporaries have drawn from this source, we select for reproduction here De Haenen's charming picture of the Fête des Fleurs, or Flower Festival, in the Bois de Boulogne, in May. Here we have the Parisienne awheel in all her glory. Where she leads, of course the gentlemen follow. Celebrated artists, actors, deputies, financiers, noblemen, even royalty itself, have joined the *g* set. The great Palais de l'Industrie, one

of the main structures of the Paris Exposition of 1889, was recently converted into a superb arena for the annual Salon du Cycle; apropos of the opening of which the European edition of the New York *Herald* says: "Ten years ago the bicyclists in the Bois de Boulogne and in the environs of Paris might be counted on one's fingers. There are nowadays, during the *belle saison*, myriads of them, representing every round in the social ladder, from royalty down to the smallest grocer's shopboy. Bicycling has killed boating and canoeing, and diverted the frisky antics of the Grenouillère and Chatou from the Seine to the highroads leading from Paris to St. Germain,

Marly, Rambouillet and Fontainebleau. Almost all the women and young girls take to bicycling with enthusiasm, and their graceful forms, realizing a veritable poetry of motion, glide along the roads like pleasant dreams. For those who have a tendency toward *embonpoint*, cycling with regularity and moderation reduces the figure to sylphlike proportions; and last, but not least, a good bicycle ride of an hour or two is the best possible preparation for the honest enjoyment of a thoroughly good dinner, for this exercise, more perhaps than any other, invariably culminates in a truly glorious appetite. The bicyclists of France are now numbered by several hundreds of thousands, and if we remember that each one



LA REINE BICYCLETTE.

of these takes an active personal interest in the improvements and modifications in bicycle construction, we cannot wonder at the success of this year's Salon du Cycle."

The American equivalent of the Salon du Cycle is the National Cycle Show, so brilliantly inaugurated at the Madison Square Garden, New York city, last January, and which is to be an annual event henceforward. The popular enthusiasm which marked this first great bicycle fair furnished one more demonstration, if more were needed, of the high place the wheel has taken, and taken for permanence, in modern life and progress.

OUR NEW LIEUTENANT.

By CHARLES H. TURNER.

I.

WHEN he applied for a place on the staff of our paper—Masterton liked the humblest employé of the concern to say "our paper"—he did not impress any of us favorably, but, as in duty bound, the managing editor sent him to the chief. Many a crisp jest was coined at the expense of the slouching figure as it passed from view behind the old man's door. We were mostly smart young men, and neither age, poverty nor distress was sacred from the profanation of our levity.

We expected to see the thin, bent figure emerge again from the inner sanctuary and slouch dejectedly down the stairs. Our chief was a capital judge of newspaper stuff. For proof of this one had but to glance at the half-dozen bright young faces ranged along the row of desks in our local and general news department. We sometimes wondered if the old man displayed the same acumen in the selection of his editorial and business forces that he did in the organization of his local staff; but to tell the truth we felt no great anxiety over it. Those were such subordinate branches, such almost unessential departments, in fact, that in our united opinion it did not make much difference who manned them.

Fully an hour passed before the stranger came forth again, and to our amazement the proprietor, Mr. Masterton, accompanied him. We could not remember when so much consideration had been shown a rejected applicant before—for, of course, he had been rejected, we thought. They passed along together to the managing editor's table, and the old man presented the unkempt one to Morehead as Mr. Burton—Henry Burton was his name—and said that he would in future assist him. Masterton looked pale and troubled; that is, more pale and troubled than usual. He never looked well.

For fully five minutes not a scratch of pen nor rustle of paper was heard. Every member of the staff panted with word unfinished, too astonished to proceed. Had the old man appointed our smudge-faced devil to be managing editor it would not have caused greater consternation. Every eye took one quick, comprehensive inventory of the new lieutenant, and then the three retired to the chief's room, where they remained together some ten minutes.

Burton was assigned to help the city editor, and we soon discovered that his was no prentice hand. He wrote rapidly, and when he butchered copy it was with the remorseless vigor of the

practiced brain chopper. Scripps, the police reporter, had just turned in a column or so about the elopement of a rather obscure woman with one of her boarders, and was fondly imagining how it would look in the morning in the glory of scare heads—Scripps was still raw, you see—when Hope, the city editor, turned it over to the new man with the direction to cut it down to a stickful. A stickful, let me say, is about two inches of matter as it stands in the column.

Burton ran his eye rapidly down the pages, dropping in a pause here and there, until he came to the end. He then threw the manuscript aside, and in ten minutes he had written an entirely new story, while poor Scripps's work lay crumpled and dishonored in the wastebasket. We all stared aghast, at loss to account for the authority so soon placed in the hands of an unknown man, and by so critical an employer as old Masterton.

When the last proof was "O. K.'d" Burton took his hat and silently shuffled down the stairs. The rest of us gathered in a group to discuss the calamity that had befallen the office. Of course, this Burton might be a first-class newspaper man, but how could he know the requirements of our clientage? Yes, Masterton had made a mistake. That was the consensus of opinion, from Scripps, whose pay was eight dollars a week, to Fanner, our stage critic, whose salary was thirty.

Did anybody know this Burton? No, not one of us ever heard of him. He looked like a broken-down member of some big metropolitan staff. Was a sot, probably—one of those rum-soaked geniuses who worked three days in three weeks and made everybody believe he had but to let whisky alone in order to thrill—one of those shrewd fellows who knew that his best chance of being thought great if sober was to stay drunk.

But we were all too young to let misfortune bow us down for long. The discussion soon changed from grave to gay, and we even fell to laughing over the personal oddities of the old man's *protégé*, and the manner in which he had destroyed Scripps's stuff. This almost led to an encounter between Scripps and Fanner.

"I wonder why the old man hires such a wreck!" observed Scripps, for the half-dozen time.

"Probably because he gets him for about eight dollars a week," drawled Fanner.

He was not malicious, but so well loved to be

thought caustic that he sometimes displayed miserable taste in his jesting. Fanner never stopped to think that a small salary, like a club foot, is not a proper theme for sportive allusion.

"Maybe so," quickly snapped the peppery little police reporter. "And, on the other hand, he may not be worth eight and get thirty."

This was a shot at Fanner that we all appreciated.

"Possibly—very possibly," yawned the critic, twisting his thin legs together more comfortably. "I should fancy, however, from the way he treats boarding-house scandals, that he might be worth even the thirty to any respectable journal."

Scripps flushed. He could stand badinage pretty well, but Fanner's probe struck an exposed nerve. Besides, Fanner was forever hatcheling him.

"Of course, live stuff about what is going on to-day isn't what people are looking for," he retorted, hotly. "They want a lot of stage rot clipped from papers a dozen years old and scrap-booked for use as occasion comes. The scrap-book is mightier than the brain, I tell you, where the same opinions are given about the same shows year after year."

Well, well! Scripps really was loaded, and his aim was true to the heart. Fanner was often suspected of depending on the scrapbook when an elaborate critique on an old-time star was expected. He gave another half-twist to his intertwined legs, and was on the point of a scathing countercharge, when the door opened and Burton entered again.

The man walked to his table, acting for all the world as if he did not know there was a person in the room. We noticed that he had a paper in his hand, which he spread out on his table and gazed at long and intently. He regarded it for several minutes, and then went out again as silently as he came in.

The paper proved to be a flaming quarter-sheet portraying Mlle. Marie Courdray, "the eminent singer," who would positively appear with the Clay Vaudeville Company at one of the lesser theatres during the coming week.

"Marie Courdray—ever hear of her, Fanner?" was asked.

"Courdray—Courdray? Seems as if I had a faint recollection—"

Fanner always had a "faint recollection" of celebrities whom he knew nothing of. This passed for knowledge. Still, he was pretty well informed; so if he had only a "faint recollection" it was very good proof that Mlle. Courdray was not quite so famous as the poster would make her.

II.

A WEEK passed, and while we did not come to like Burton we came to respect him. He was addicted to the use of some drug, but never in sufficient quantity to interfere seriously with his work. Masterton always spoke kindly to him, and the two were frequently closeted together for hours at a time.

The night the Clay Vaudeville Company opened at the Fifth Street Theatre, Burton was away from his desk, and it was pretty well understood that he attended the show. Fanner also dropped in, and when he came to the office he spoke of Mlle. Courdray in a way that assured her a roast of no small proportions.

Burton permitted him to finish, and then quietly told him that he would attend to the performance himself. I do not think a clash could have been avoided between them if Scripps had not rushed in at that moment in a state of tremendous excitement.

"Great sensation!" he shouted, rushing to the city editor's desk. "It's the biggest thing yet—the Courdray fatally wounded by a member of the Clay Company! He is under arrest."

"The cause?" asked Hope.

"Supposed to have been jealousy, as a man was seen to come from her room between the acts of the play. She was shot by her husband—that is to say, the man who travels with her now in that capacity—after the performance. The bullet passed through her right breast, and there is no likelihood that she will recover."

The city editor directed Scripps to give it all the space needed to make a good story. It fell to me to interview the murderer, and also to learn something about the woman's career.

No one had noticed Burton until now. He sat bent low over his desk, his head resting on the palm of his left hand, and his face was as colorless as death itself. His eyes were shut, and his lips moved as if in prayer. Intuitively we knew that there was some sort of bond between him and the wounded actress.

He rose from his chair, staggered a few steps, then pulled himself together and walked toward the door. Morehead followed him, and asked, with an apology, if he could not be of assistance. He shook his head and continued down the stairs.

It was now about twelve o'clock. The first edition went to press at one, and Morehead wanted to get as complete a story of the affair in it as possible, so while Scripps was preparing the main narrative I hastened to see the prisoner.

The man resolutely refused to talk. He was a swart villain, with shifty eyes and sensual mouth.

Strange, what women see to admire in those bestial creatures! I disliked to return to the office without something to add to the tale, so I hurried from the jail to the hospital where the woman was quartered. Judge of my surprise to find Burton there, sitting by the little iron cot, with the woman's hand clasped in his own. The old man's faded eyes were wet.

"This is my wife," said he, calmly, as I was about to leave the room. "I tell you, since you undoubtedly are aware that there is relationship between us."

It was the wreck of a once handsome woman in

quiet life and left me. My engagement with Mr. Masterton was secured for a purpose which it is not necessary to explain. I called upon her tonight. The rest you know."

"Trite enough, to be sure."

"There are reasons why this matter must be delicately treated," he continued, after a brief pause. He then wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and said, as he handed it to me: "If you will be so good as to give this to Mr. Morehead he will understand all that I cannot explain to you at this time."

"Shall I mention what you have said——"



"JUDGE OF MY SURPRISE TO FIND BURTON THERE, SITTING BY THE LITTLE IRON COT."

a coarse way. She looked ghastly lying there, with traces of red and white paint still smeared over portions of her face. Her eyes were closed, but they were evidently dark, as her hair was black as night, and the lashes that swept her cheeks were long, heavy and black.

"Will she live?" I asked.

"I can only pray that she may not," he answered, wearily.

Burton seemed to divine what was passing in my mind, for he motioned me to a chair, and said:

"It is not a new story. We loved, were married, were happy for a time. She wearied of our

"Mr. Morehead will instruct you," he interrupted.

There being nothing more to say or ask, I hurried to the office—too late, however, for the first edition. That had gone to press, with a long sensational account of the shooting, in the writing of which I was assured Scripps really seemed inspired.

When I handed Burton's written message to Morehead he glanced at it carelessly at first, but in a trice his expression changed.

"The dence!" he exclaimed, staring in a bewildered way around the room.

Collecting himself in an instant, he rushed to

the speaking tube which ran to the pressroom, and asked with feverish impatience if the paper had gone to press yet.

"About two thousand off," came from below.

"Stop the press and send up the eighth page at once!" went back the command. Morehead then took up the composing-room speaking tube and shouted: "Last page coming up—kill story about shooting of an actress and substitute what I send up."

The next edition of our paper went to press with a meagre little twelve-line story, a modest little head over it, in sharp contrast to the gory tale as related by Scripps.

About three o'clock Burton came in, pale and worn, with intelligence that the woman was dead. Morehead and he held a whispered conversation of some minutes, and then the two walked out together.

How we chattered and conjectured then!

"She was Burton's wife, and it is possible that Burton is related to the old man," suggested Sharpless, our humorist.

There was reason in it. At all events, Master-ton had taken a strange fancy to Burton, or a strange interest in him.

"I recall now," said Fanner, thoughtfully, "that a woman named Courdray gained considerable vogue as a singer some fifteen or more years ago. She failed to realize the high expectations of her friends, and finally dropped entirely

from view. I have not heard the name until within the week in a great many years."

"Wouldn't the scrapbook tell something?" asked Scripps, innocently.

Fanner measured him with a long glance, and replied:

"Thanks for the suggestion. I will consult it to-night."

He did consult it, and found just one brief paragraph about Mlle. Marie Courdray. It was dated some fifteen years back, and was an excerpt from a musical journal. With that the identity of the woman seemed to be lost forever. The paragraph was as follows:

"Marie Courdray is the pseudonym under which the once promising singer Laura Masterton makes her *début* on the light opera boards. Miss Masterton is the only daughter of a newspaper publisher, and recently achieved a degree of notoriety by deserting her husband, also a journalist, for an obscure singer. The young woman is said to be beautiful and gifted as well as erratic, three qualities which would seem to assure success in opera comique."

Well, well! Promising singer—variety actress—concert-hall star of small magnitude! Masterton's daughter and Burton's wife—all was explained, even why our paper told two stories of the Courdray shooting. I sometimes fancy that the old man is more cheerful than he was before it all happened. And perhaps he has cause to be. He knows where his daughter is.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COCKFIGHTING.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A VERY spirited picture was to be seen in the window of a print shop on Broadway not long ago. It represented a cockfight a century or so ago in some rich man's library. The old nobleman, his gouty foot swathed in bandages, forgets his pains in joyous excitement as he watches the performance of two thoroughbred birds, accurately trimmed for the fray and facing one another on the rug before him; and he promptly accepts the wager offered by a young blade at his elbow, while other gentlemen sportsmen, in the gorgeous silken dress of our great grandsires' time, stand around his chair intent upon the coming struggle.

The training and matching of fighting birds is a very ancient pastime—probably one of the most ancient by which men have amused themselves, one of the most natural, since they have sim-

ply taken advantage of the pugnacity inherent in many birds to a remarkable degree.

This pugnacity in birds, which seem the very type of gentleness, is one of the surprising things in nature. Almost any bird will defend itself when attacked, but a large number seem to fight for the love of fighting, or at any rate for pride of victory. To some fear seems entirely unknown, and this quality is in an inverse ratio to size. Humming birds pay no attention to your presence when they are feeding, and when captured sit contentedly in your hand, confidently sipping any sweets you offer them. The tiny kinglet gets its name from the royal audacity with which it follows and even settles upon the back of the eagle itself, no matter how high he may soar. I have seen an American kingbird do the same to one of our large hawks; and certain drongo

shrikes, common in India, are called king crows in reference to similar impudence.

But birds differ greatly in respect to courage or cowardice. Every nest hunter knows how variable in behavior are even closely allied species when their home is threatened. Some of the thrushes, for example, will always be dauntless in defense, while others creep away and disappear; the little sharp-shinned hawk will fly in your face again and again, but its big cousin, Cooper's hawk, deserts its eggs and flees ignominiously; and so on.

That birds should sometimes be selfish and quarrelsome need not surprise us, however unwelcome the thought, for they have no other sense of ownership than that which can be sustained either by force or cunning, and know not how to keep a meal except by resenting anything that looks like a desire to share it. In this matter, nevertheless, some birds exhibit more unamiable qualities than do others. Watch a group of English sparrows any day in the street, and observe how when one gets a nice morsel the rest will rush after him, abandoning food of their own to deprive him of his. "So greedy and envious is it," says Dr. Brehm, describing the snake buzzard of South Africa, "that should one of his brethren prove fortunate in the chase a hard-fought battle is sure to ensue, in order to compel the possessor of the coveted morsel ignominiously to resign its prize; and during such encounters the combatants often use their claws with so much effect that, powerless to fly, both fall together to the ground."

The disgraceful way in which our bald eagle despoils the fishhawk, forcing him to drop the fish he has dived after, which the eagle easily catches in midair, and so gets with little trouble, is an unpleasant instance of bird tyranny; and the story may be duplicated among sea birds, where certain powerful ones, like the jaeger gulls, regularly waylay and plunder those weaker and more industrious than themselves.

These acts of defense against enemies, and of graceless freebooting, are to be expected of birds as well as of other brute animals; but it chagrins us a little to find that some of these beautiful creatures seem animated by nothing short of malice in their continual rows with one another, and cherish settled hatred—race wars, family feuds, handed down from generation to generation like those of Lancaster and York, or Huron and Iroquois.

The common bulbul, a small songster familiar in Southern India, is so much the warrior that it is kept captive more for prize fighting than for its song. When two are matched they are ap-

proached to one another perched upon the fingers of their respective owners and held by cords. The moment they are near enough they fly at one another with the utmost vehemence. Their plumage is not brilliant, except that beneath the tail is a patch of bright-red feathers, which are expanded and displayed whenever the bird becomes excited; and it is the tactics of this affray for each to seize these red feathers of his antagonist and tear them out. As no great harm can follow such a loss the fact seems to be that their high color incites the frenzied duelists to an attack upon the opponent's most conspicuous point, regardless of consequences.

In China canaries are taught to fight; and it is probable that if anyone took the trouble to train them—as it is to be hoped no one will do—several of our own small birds might afford similar exhibitions of ferocity. Our purple martins and bluebirds can never agree; and the wrens and bluebirds are forever disputing "teeth and toe nail." Kingbirds and jays are never so happy as when they can persecute some steady-minded crow or purblind owl until he is nearly ready to go and hang himself. Dr. Brehm notes that the European buzzards willingly remain on amicable terms with other birds of prey, except the screech owl, toward which they exhibit an implacable hatred. "But the buzzards themselves have many tormentors, no doubt from the fact that such of their assailants as are light and active find considerable amusement in following and worrying their more ponderous and unwieldy neighbors."

But it is in the breeding season that the combativeness of birds, as of other animals, is most strongly exhibited, and love and war go hand in hand with them in ways often very comical to us. Sometimes this is nothing worse than churlishness in guarding their privacy. More than a single pair of kingfishers is rarely to be seen on the same stream within the distance of a mile or so. How many trees do you know in your neighborhood containing two pairs of kingbirds? or of wood thrushes? or of shrikes? Where is the thicket harboring several catbirds or chats? I remember what amusement the author of "Wake Robin" and I once had in watching a pair of bobolinks. They had chosen for their own a field of rye, and the nest was evidently close to the middle of it, for we knew the female had settled there, and could see that upon a certain spot centred all the cock bird's jealous watchfulness. He spent his time cruising and soaring over that part of the field, going into hysterics of song, choking with helter-skelter melody, utterly careless which way he was heading or how he dodged and dove in the bright June air—a veritable

harlequin of the meadows in dress and behavior. But the instant any bird crossed the fence of this five-acre lot he would bristle up, become comically in earnest and dash at the stranger with the fury of a small knight of Mancha. Toward the ladies of his own race the rage of this ungallant warrior was fiercest. He was evidently a woman hater. Let one even approach the boundary, and he would insult and injure her till she was glad to flee. Yet, when the nestling time is over, and autumn mists begin to cloud the horizon, all these bobolinks collect from each neighborhood, join the bands gathered in other neighborhoods, and slowly march southward in the most friendly and merry fashion.

Some wading birds are notably pugnacious and capable of "putting up a very good fight," as pugilists would express it. One who has faced the javelinlike beak of a captured or wounded crane or large heron knows that such a bird has both the spirit and skill of a practical fencer. The classical myths of the battles between cranes and pygmies show that this was appreciated long, long ago.

There is an East Indian rail, the kora, or crested water cock, the males of which fight furiously in the breeding season or when kept in captivity. Consequently the people of the Deccan and adjacent parts of Hindostan keep them in large numbers for this purpose, paying high prices for champions and wagering briskly on the results of their contests.

Even certain members of the snipe group have hot tempers, and are quick to fight, like true cavaliers, over their ladyloves. The ruff, one of the most widely distributed European shore birds, has an exceedingly irritable disposition, and shows reckless courage. "Their attitude in fighting," writes Mr. Wood, "is not unlike that of the cock, but as they have no spurs they cannot inflict severe wounds, and after a fierce contest neither party will be much the worse. Prolonged and obstinate combats are waged among the ruffs

for the possession of the females, popularly called reeves, and as the birds make a great noise about their affairs, and in their eager combat trample down the grass on the little hills where they love to resort, the fowler knows well where to lay his nets."

The German ornithologist Neumann says that some of these dueling grounds of the ruffs have been resorted to every season for fifty years or more. The pectoral sandpiper of Northern North America, which can dilate its throat and crop with air until it almost doubles its size, has similar contests with ambitious rivals as long as the impulse of propagation lasts.

But the sturdiest fighters of all are found in that class of birds from which we derive our gamecocks, where pugilism seems ingrained into the nature of the whole family, and has long been utilized for their amusement by the sport-loving Orientals. The drumming of our grouse is usually but a prelude to a battle; and the tournaments of the great capercaillies of Northern Europe are notorious among naturalists. These noble birds gather at sunrise at certain accustomed open glades in the forest, called "laking places," and with loud cluckings assemble the hens to view the bravery of their plumage and admire the elegance of their manners, as they pose and pirouette before them.



A KINETOSCOPIC COCKFIGHT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. K. L. DICKSON, AT THE EDISON KINETOGRAPHIC THEATRE.

They become so excited and self-centred on these occasions as to lose all caution, and the sportsmen take full advantage of the fact. When young cocks attempt to "show off" and win a giddy hen or two from the harem the old males drive them away without mercy; but as the youngsters increase in size and strength they often resist this expulsion, and grand battles follow, the combatants springing high in air, striking with the wings and claws, and endeavoring to seize each other with their beaks, when successful holding the beaten one down to the ground until he is well punished, though rarely, if ever, put to death.



COCKFIGHTING IN INDIA.

Substantially the same habits belong to the black-cocks, which, however, never seem to forget themselves so completely.

Several of the East Indian partridges are celebrated for this trait. Thus, of those called gray partridges (genus *Ortygornis*), two sorts are kept among the Mussulmans for fighting purposes, partridge combats being one of their chief amusements. The males are heavily spurred, those most prized having two spurs on each leg, and they never flinch. One method is to place a tame bird near where a wild covey is known to be hidden, and make him utter his call. This invariably summons a champion from the jungle, upon whose appearance a fierce and obstinate battle ensues, to the delight of the spectators.

The two small bush quails called "lowa" and "geerza" are also kept for fighting in Southern India, while in the north the "chukor" is often trained for this purpose, and is known to the Afghans as the "fire eater" on account of its impetuosity, a quality greatly to the taste of that bloodthirsty race.

All the pheasants are armed with spurs, the males of some species having as many as four or five on each leg; and all as a rule are quarrelsome, often killing one another or murdering the females when confined in zoological gardens. The well-known white-crested Kaleege pheasant is particularly pugnacious. "On one occasion," says Jerdon, "I had shot a male which lay fluttering on the ground in its death struggles, when another rushed out of the jungle and attacked it with the greatest fury, though I was standing re-loading the gun close by."

It is from the wild poultry or jungle fowls, still abundant throughout India, that our domesticated fowls are descended; and the "game" breed is nearest of them all to this original wild form. As it has been least modified by civilization in body and plumage, so has its disposition suffered the least change. The pugnacity so highly characteristic of the whole gallinaceous tribe—especially prominent in the jungle fowls, where the wild males often fight so desperately among themselves that death follows a stroke of the terrible spurs—has been preserved and developed in this strain, whereas it has been to a great extent bred out of the other varieties of barnyard poultry.

Records do not go back far enough to tell us when the sport of cockfighting began in Asia, where it undoubtedly originated, it having been practiced in China and India from prehistoric times. It was indulged with great circumstance among the Greeks and Romans of classical times, the full formalities of which may be obtained by reading a learned article in the third volume

of "*Archæologia*." Cicero was never weary of charging the aristocracy of his day with preferring their fowls to statesmanship; and Juvenal points many a sarcasm at the same thing—not as something bad and barbarous in itself, but as a frivolity that stood in the way of important duties.

The Romans carried the love of it westward, and taught its charms to the people they first conquered and then civilized in France; and the Normans repeated the process when they overran Great Britain, and imported French diversions as well as Eastern science into England. But the English, brawny and fierce, breeding great dogs to fight with bears and pull down bulls, arraying themselves in iron for the mimic battles of the tournament and the fierce personal combats of the joust, regarded cockfighting as too trivial an amusement for grown men, and left it to the children, who were thus trained for the bloodier work expected of them when they grew older and more muscular. "Every year," says Fitz Stephen, writing about the year 1175, "on the morning of Shrove-Tuesday, the schoolboys of the city of London bring gamecocks to their masters, and in the fore part of the day, till dinner time, they are permitted to amuse themselves with seeing them fight." Probably the same custom prevailed in other cities and great towns.

Edward III., noticing the pernicious consequences of this state of things, prohibited it in 1336, and thus relegated the sport to an idle and unlawful amusement; but it survived, and Henry VIII., two hundred years later, added a cockpit to the palace at Whitehall, while James I.—he to whose reign we owe the most familiar version of the Bible—was extremely fond of this entertainment, and in his time several cockpits were among the public amusements of London.

Soon after that the sport declined as a respectable pleasure for grown men, and was only indulged in by a privileged few at their own estates, or by the ruffianly element in town; yet it was encouraged among children for a long time further. The schoolroom was often turned into a cockpit, where the master became the director of matches between birds owned by the boys. In Scotland the custom survived until well into the last century, the schoolmasters claiming the runaway cocks as their own perquisites. This peculiarly British system of education throws much light upon history during the last two or three hundred years.

Cockfighting was brought to America with the first conquerors and immigrants, and is yet the foremost sport, perhaps, in Central and South America, where in many places the priest and his

congregation adjourn from the mass to the cocking main as regularly as Sunday comes around. In the southern part of the United States game fowl are still reared for actual use to a considerable extent; and it was not long ago that cockpits were openly patronized in New Orleans, at least, and perhaps are still upheld there by the rougher element. Anything of this sort in the Northern States, where the sport was never truly popular, must now be done very secretly, and is rarely attended by respectable persons. Few of the many gamecocks constantly seen at poultry shows are ever pitted in battle, therefore, or intended to be, but are merely examples of the fancier's art—

peaceful relics of a departed custom, like bulldogs, bloodhounds and mastiffs.

It is probable, however, that this ancient amusement, notwithstanding its inherent cruelty and coarseness, would not so soon have fallen under the ban of a just censure, and been remanded to the holes and corners of ruffianism, had it not been for the wicked modern practice of arming the birds with artificial, razor-sharp steel spurs, which, when they did not kill at a blow, inflicted dreadful wounds and torture. But at its best cockfighting was bad in fact and in effect, and we can spare it from the category of sports along with bear baiting, gander pulling and bullfighting.

INDIAN TRIBESMEN OF THE HIMALAYAS.

By C. T. DREW.

PEOPLE who have lived in India and become familiar with the natives know that there are a thousand interesting little customs, of which the outside world never hears, because they are such everyday happenings that writers upon India have not thought of describing them. Nor can anyone pass many years in that wonderful land under the same conditions that I did without seeing some strange sights and hearing of others.

I was born in India, and lived there until my thirteenth year. Nearly all my time was spent in a country district up among the Himalayan hills. It was a place called Rance Khét, near Naini-Tal, in the northwest. Rance Khét means "the queen's field." I had unusual chances for getting acquainted with the natives and observing their curious habits, because very little escapes the eye of a boy, especially a boy who has nearly all his time to himself. India is the greatest country in the world for servants—one European will often have a dozen of them—and our house was well supplied with native specimens. We had Hindoo, Brahmin and Mohammedan servants; and as their ways seem very odd to Americans or Europeans I will tell you something about them, and add a few stories of my experiences with jugglers and snake charmers who used to visit us from the plains.

East Indians, as most people know, are all separated into what are called "castes," which means that one set of natives considers itself above another, and has manners and customs of its own. Not only in the hills, but all over India, the Brahmins are the highest caste. They believe that water is holy, and if by any chance a stranger should touch one of their water vessels it is emp-

tied immediately, care being taken not to let the water it contained fall on anything else belonging to them. Should the vessel be made of brass it is then thoroughly scrubbed and scoured, but if it happens to be earthenware it is broken into pieces. One day I accidentally touched with my foot a water vessel that had been left to cool outside a hut, and was obliged to pay the owner for it.

The Brahmin eats but one meal a day, and he makes quite a ceremony of it, too. His kitchen is an open-air one, and his stove three bricks placed so as to form three sides of a square—sometimes stones are used for the purpose. Then the ground, to a distance of one or two yards all around the fireplace, is plastered carefully with wet clay, and next the cooking begins. The bill of fare is simple enough—cakes made of flour and water, and which look very like the American flapjack; rice, served in a brass dish, and perhaps a relish of curried herbs. When the meal is ready a short prayer is said, and a small handful of each thing that is going to be eaten is sprinkled all around as an offering to the gods, after which the diner squats upon the ground and begins. The exact quantity of food needed is nicely calculated, so that there are no leavings, and not a drop of water is swallowed until the eating is over.

After dinner the Brahmins sit around in a circle to enjoy a smoke, using a hookah, which they pass from one to the other. This hookah pipe is usually made out of a cocoanut, scooped hollow, and having two holes bored in it, one at the top for the stem which holds the bowl (or "chillum," as it is called), and one at the side for the mouth-piece. But the latter is seldom used, as the

smoker generally puts his hands over the hole and draws the smoke into his mouth in that way. This is their time for chatting and spinning yarns. If anyone not of their own caste were to smoke their pipe they would quickly destroy it.

In the hills there prevails a curious custom, which is, I think, peculiar to those districts. This is a remarkably ingenious method of constructing a makeshift for a pipe. Two holes are bored in the ground, one of them being vertical and the other at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The vertical hole is pierced by the other in the side. By this means a tobacco pipe is built in the ground, as it were, and a chillum of oak leaves is made, in conical shape, placed in the vertical hole and filled with tobacco. That is the bowl, the second hole serving as the pipestem. Each man in turn goes down on his hands and knees and puffs away. Sometimes the plan is adopted of simply using the oak-leaf chillum and making a mouthpiece of one's hands. This may seem simple enough, and yet to do it successfully is quite an art. Of course I do not say so from my own experience, having been too young to attempt to smoke in any fashion, but Europeans whom I have seen trying to imitate the natives by smoking through their hands in this way made but a poor success of it. They usually managed only to burn themselves and to let the smoke escape.

In the evening the Hindoos gather in their huts and build a fire of green fir branches in the centre of the room. Now, should a European venture to put his head inside the door he would be almost blinded and suffocated, so thick and pungent is the cloud of smoke rising from the green sappy firs. To the Hindoos, however, it causes no annoyance whatever. They sit by the fire—which seems to be all smoke, and has not a glimmer of cheerful blaze—as cool and calm and comfortable as any men could be. The fire is intended to keep off mosquitoes and other insects.

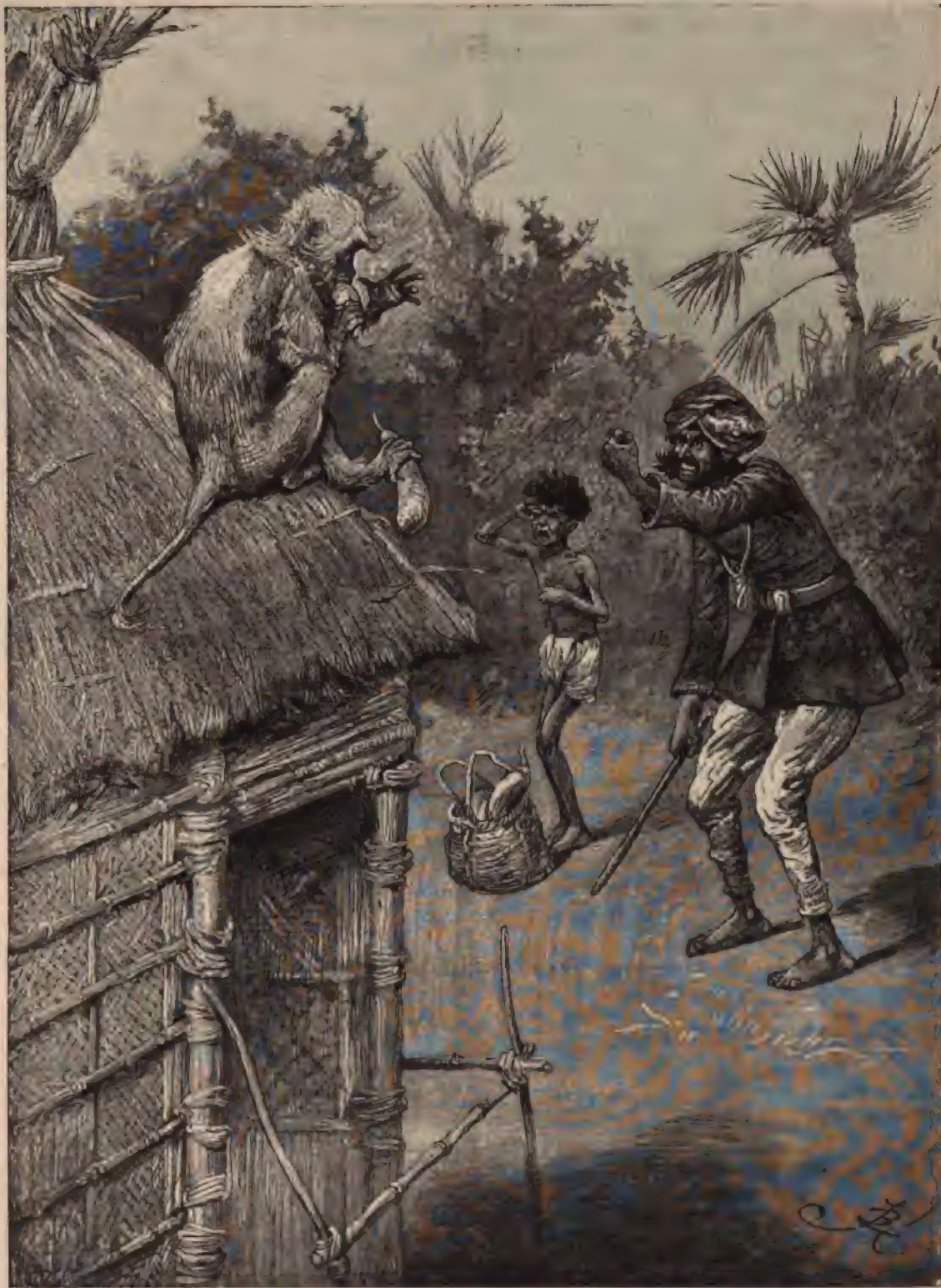
A quarrel between two natives is very amusing to witness. They begin by abusing one another, jabbering away as quick as ever they can, each trying to drown the voice of the other, and to out-talk him if possible. Suddenly their voices cease, and they make a violent rush forward, while their frantic efforts to get one of their slippers off, to use it as a weapon, are very laughable. The slipper, with the East Indians, is a favorite weapon in fights of this kind, a blow from it being looked on as a deadly insult. But the worst offense of all is given when one man spits at another. As a rule a fight does not last very long; after a few blows a truce is seemingly agreed upon, and the fighters go off in search of some club or stick with

which to renew the war. By the time they have each found one their friends arrive on the scene and prevent further trouble.

A Hindoo toilet is quite an interesting operation. The Hindoos always drink from a running stream, but for washing purposes they prefer water from a well. Their idea is that a running stream must be pure and unpolluted, and they usually sink a well close to the bank, so that if the brook or river shall at any time happen to dry up, the well can supply them instead. The natives have very long silky hair, and when they want to comb it they bend the head forward, causing the hair to lie in front. Then they strike the long black tresses sharp blows with a straight piece of stick until the entire mass is hanging down before their faces. I always imagined that this performance must be painful, but even if it is the native does not seem to mind it. The toothbrush is a piece of oak wood about the size of a penholder, and this the native chews for some time before using. For tooth powder he uses a small chunk of charcoal, which he crunches into powder between his teeth. The latter are generally very handsome, being remarkably white and even, but sometimes they are ruined by the chewing of betel nut and chunaam (or lime). Chewing betel nut is about as common in India as the gum habit is with us, but it does a great deal more harm.

The natives of India are well known for their superstition, but this is not very wonderful when we consider the strange things that occur in India. I remember the incident of a snake charmer coming to our house to perform. It happened that we had a servant, a water carrier, who boasted of being a snake charmer himself, and when he heard of the traveling performer's arrival he became very wroth and vowed that he would spoil the game. He accordingly went down to the barn and selected some grains of a certain kind called "oordoo." Armed with these, he sought out the charmer, who was playing a tune, on a lute made out of a gourd, to a pair of large cobra snakes. Muttering some mystic words, our servant threw one of the grains at the lute. No sooner had the grain struck the instrument than the notes of the music cracked and sounded out of tune. He next walked around the charmer once, then took another grain and hit the gourd again, whereupon the music stopped altogether, and although the player continued to blow with all his might not a note could he produce. Then our man muttered some more words and threw another grain.

The charmer now looked as though he was going mad, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and he



THE THIEVING MONKEY.—DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

tried to seize his tormentor; but as soon as he got within a yard or so of the latter he seemed to be stopped by some unseen force and unable to take another step. At last he foamed at the mouth, pulled off his turban and flung it on the ground—an act of great self-degradation among East Indians. He made several unsuccessful attempts to speak, and rolled over and over on the ground, tearing at the earth with his nails. Then only did our servant relent, and stepping up to the charmer, threw a grain at him. Immediately the poor fellow rose to his feet, when our man muttered a few words in Hindoostanee and passed his hand over the charmer's head, who at once picked up his turban and basket of snakes and slunk away. However, if looks could kill, I would not have given much for our servant's life at that moment.

Everyone has heard of Indian jugglers, but only those who have been in India can truly appreciate their wonderful powers. I can tell one or two strange stories about them. They do all their tricks in the open air and on a clear space of ground. Upon one occasion I remember a juggler paid us a visit. At first he did a few simple tricks, such as bringing out of his mouth the end of a string and giving it to his companion, who went on pulling it until there were yards of cord piled upon the ground. But the startling part of this trick was that anyone in the audience could name a color and the endless string at once changed to that hue, keeping it until some one else called out for another color.

The juggler asked for a half-dozen of eggs, which he put in a basket and covered up. Then he asked my uncle—who was then chief magistrate of the Ranee Khét district—and some other gentleman to sign their names on a slip of paper. I may here mention that all the eggs had been previously marked. Taking the signed slip of paper, the juggler tore it into small pieces, which he threw into the basket containing the eggs, and replacing the cover, removed it again within a few seconds. Handing the basket to my uncle, he told him to select an egg and break it. This was done, and inside was found the original slip of paper upon which my uncle and his friends had written their names. In other respects the egg was an ordinary one, containing a yolk and white.

Here is another story I heard upon the most reliable authority: A juggler took a ball of twine; he held the end of the string in his hand and threw the ball into the air. Up, up, it went, until it disappeared altogether. After waiting some time for the ball to descend he told his boy to climb up the string and bring it down. Now, the twine was of light calibre, such as is ordina-

rily used to tie parcels with; and when the boy, obedient to orders, went up, hand over hand, until he, too, was lost to sight, the audience marveled. The boy failing to return, the juggler called on him to descend, and a faint response was heard from far overhead. The juggler became very angry, and at length, holding a dagger between his teeth, he grasped the string and went aloft himself. He had hardly disappeared when a scream was heard from the sky, and several drops of blood fell like rain upon the ground. Next came the boy's body, covered with wounds, followed by the dagger, and finally by the juggler himself. Wearing a look of satisfaction, he took the body and placed it in a basket, which he covered with a white cloth. This done, he went on with some other trick, but before he had finished it the boy, alive and well, suddenly appeared, some distance away. The juggler said nothing, but quietly raised the white cloth from the basket, and lo, it was empty!

This incident is vouched for by several trustworthy spectators, who themselves believe that the only possible explanation of it is that the juggler possessed some extraordinary natural power of personal magnetism, like what is now called "hypnotism," and that he was able to exert such an influence over the minds of his audience that they became the victims of an illusion and imagined they saw something which was really not there. It is a story which leads one to think, at any rate.

From my uncle, the magistrate at Ranee Khét, I heard the following story: He was aboard a coast steamer which had among other passengers a Bengalese juggler. This man was performing some tricks upon deck one day, and astonished the audience by suddenly leaping into the air and remaining there stationary for several moments until the yards of the ship had passed under him. He had absolutely nothing to hold on by, but seemed as though fixed in midair by some mysterious force.

Indian jugglers perform many good tricks with live goats. These goats are extremely clever and can be taught a variety of amusing antics, but it is really wonderful what patience the jugglers must possess in training them to such perfection. It is very funny to watch a large goat walking on his hind legs or balancing himself on one leg, but the following is about the best trick I have ever seen them do: The man takes a short pole, about eight inches long and six inches round at the top, and plants it upright in the ground. Then the goat mounts upon it, and as there is so little room for his four feet, part of each can be seen projecting over the edge. The man next produces an-

other pole just like the first, and the goat balances himself upon his hind legs, to allow room for the second pole to rest on the other. As soon as it is there, and held firmly in place by the juggler, the nimble goat mounts to the top. Then the same thing is repeated, until the addition of several sections of pole have landed the goat away up in the air, where he perches with as much apparent ease and comfort as if he were browsing, with his four feet under him, upon the grass below. To see him descend is quite as amusing as to see him go up. The different sections of the pole are shoved aside in turn, to allow him a foothold, and he climbs down from one point to another until he reaches the last, and leaps to the ground. I have seen the trick performed more times than I can count, but never once did I know of a case where the goat missed his foothold or made even the slightest slip.

This is another goat trick: The juggler brings two pieces of wood sharpened into spikes on the bottom, and four or five inches square on the top. These he drives into the ground some five feet apart, and the goat jumps upon one and leaps to the other, balancing himself with the utmost nicety. When his share in the show is over the clever animal steps forward and bows very politely to the audience before retiring. None of these tricks seemed quite so wonderful to me as they would have looked to others, because I have so often seen the goats in their wild state leaping great distances from narrow ledge to ledge of rock on the side of a precipice, where it seemed impossible to obtain a foothold, and where a single false step would have meant a fatal fall of hundreds of feet below.

Another favorite animal with the jugglers is the monkey, but the tricks they do are not remarkable enough to justify my describing them. Further on, however, I shall give some account of queer experiences I have had with these animals in India.

The average performance of an Indian juggler begins with the colored-string trick to which I have already referred. He next proceeds to take from his mouth all sorts of curious things, such as brass cannons on wheels, knives, scissors and wooden balls. I do not pretend to explain how he does it, but the fact remains that one can plainly see his throat swell when some good-sized article is about to be produced. All these jugglers do the mango trick, which consists of planting a mango seed in a pot of earth right in front of the audience and covering the pot with a cloth. Then the man steps aside to show some small trick, after which he returns to the flower-pot, removes the cloth, and behold, the seed has

already sprouted! The pot is covered up again, and some other small trick is given. It is a second time uncovered, and the sprout is seen to have grown into a small tree bearing flowers. Once more the cloth is replaced, and when it is next removed the tree is laden with ripe fruit.

Taking a round, empty basket, the juggler places it upside down some feet away from him, covering it over with a cloth. In a moment he takes off the cloth, lifts the basket, and immediately a pair of pigeons fly out. Then it is replaced, covered as before, and the pigeons, having been captured, are put in another basket. Returning to the original basket, the juggler lifts the cloth, and the pigeons are discovered, back in their old quarters, while the second basket, in which they were last placed, is found to be empty. This trick is varied in many ways, for he sometimes shows the audience both baskets empty, and when he takes the cloth off there are birds in each.

I have seen a very good trick performed with a hookah, or Indian pipe. Many readers may have seen a hookah, but for the benefit of any who have not I may say that it consists of a vessel, containing water, from which two stems protrude, one to hold the tobacco bowl and the other the mouthpiece. The juggler sat on the ground, about eight yards away from the hookah, and commanded the latter to spurt water. Instantaneously water poured from the stem, and when the order was given to cease spurting the hookah obeyed. At the word of command the water would cease pouring from one stem and commence from the other.

These men excel in the art of keeping a large number of glass balls dancing in the air at one time. I have seen a juggler keep up eight balls together—four with each hand—and the same man kept up five knives at one time, which is considered very smart work. Walking on stilts is an amusement which, among Western peoples, is not considered to be very much of a feat, but what would an American boy think of the Indian juggler's method? He takes a long bamboo pole, twelve or fourteen feet high, and having two foot rests about four feet from the top, similar to those upon ordinary stilts. Seizing the pole, the performer makes a short run forward, and springing aloft with the agility of a cheetah, lands both feet in the foot rests at the top and jumps all over the place on his single stilt! It is always well not to permit him to perform this trick where there are flower beds, for in his leaps he digs great holes wherever he lands.

A piece of bamboo is split, so as to leave a hollow groove on the inside, and then bent into the



AT AN UP-COUNTRY INDIAN RAILWAY STATION.

"Tiger jumping about platform, men will not work; please arrange." (Copy of telegram received at head office of the railway company.)

shape of an ordinary bow. In the groove the juggler places three balls, and then holds the bow at arm's length. Soon the balls mysteriously begin to ascend until all are together at the top of the bow, when two will descend, and the other remain stationary; or perhaps one will ascend to the top, a second rise as far as the centre, and the third stay at the bottom. In fact, the three balls will play any kind of antic, according as the juggler wills it. This trick is really much more curious than any description can make it appear.

I promised to return to the subject of the Indian monkey. He is a sacred animal in the East Indies; hence his presence there is encouraged, and he is allowed to do a great deal of mischief unchecked. In famous Lucknow I remember well a certain grove devoted exclusively to the accommodation of monkeys. It was, and still is, quite fashionable for ladies to drive through this grove in the cool of the evening, bringing with them a liberal supply of grain and other dainties with which to feed the animals, much on the same principle that people here visit the monkey house in the Central Park "Zoo" to distribute peanuts. On one side the grove is a long line of native huts, or houses, where the monkeys roam at will. A good story is told in Lucknow of a quarrel between two natives who lived in these huts. One of them took his revenge in a very simple but effective manner. He got a few handfuls of grain, which he threw on to the roof of his enemy's house, and very soon it was literally swarming with monkeys. The roof was straw thatch, and the mischievous animals, in their endeavors to gather the grain, almost unroofed the house.

Very often the Indian monkey is dangerous and must be handled carefully. We had one of this kind once, and kept him chained up in a shed near the stables. His chain being very long, it was therefore advisable to keep at a safe distance, for the rascal was fond of biting. One morning when I paid him a visit he made desperate efforts to seize me, so I thought I would have a little fun with him in revenge. I brought him a fruit common to those parts, but of which I forget the name. It is about as large as a cabbage, and has a very hard outside shell. The monkey was very much pleased with the gift, but he seemed badly puzzled how to crack it. He banged it on the ground and threw it against the wall, without producing the slightest effect. At last he jumped upon the window sill, about four feet from the ground, and let the fruit drop. As that also failed to break it he again mounted to the sill with it, threw it up in the air and leaned

forward from the window to watch it come down. In its descent, however, the fruit struck him a sharp blow on the head, knocking him clean off his perch. Evidently he thought I had done this, as he went for me at once and gave me all I could do to get out of his way. Nor did he ever afterward forgive me. In pursuit of his revenge he one day tried to bite my pony, and only got for his pains a violent kick in the jaw that completely knocked him out.

Between Rancee Khét and Naini-Tal is a place called the "Monkey's Pass," where an iron suspension bridge spans a river between two mountains. This place is the haunt of a tribe of brown monkeys, and many a passer-by has been seriously injured by their assaults. If a stranger happened to go along that road and to see a small army of monkeys grinning at him from every side his natural impulse would be to throw something at them in order to frighten them off. Woe unto him, however, should he yield to that impulse, for he is literally surrounded by monkeys, who would quickly overwhelm him with a fusillade of stones.

I was once standing upon this bridge and saw a marriage procession coming up the road. Now, a marriage feast in India is a very important affair, accompanied by an unearthly din from long brass horns and tom-toms—as the Indian drum is called. Seeing the usual crowd of monkeys appearing on the hillside, attracted by the noise, I looked out for fun. I had not long to wait, for within a few moments a regular horde of monkeys gathered, and I saw one of the brown scamps throw both arms above his head and seize a low branch of a tree. He next placed both feet against a large rock and shoved it down the steep hillside. Crashing downward came the rock, until it finally rolled out upon the roadway, narrowly missing one of the marriage party. That seemed to be the first gun, the other monkeys following it up with a perfect hail of rocks and stones of all sizes. I have never seen a party of merry-makers scatter so quickly as those Indians did; they made such mad haste to escape that one poor fellow had his leg broken in the rush.

There are many kinds of monkeys in India, and, as I have said, some of them are often a very great nuisance. It is useless to kill them, as their bodies are valueless, and their destruction causes the natives to bear ill feeling. Often they take a notion to wander from place to place, and should they get into a garden work sad havoc. They root up everything in sight, and the only way to get rid of them is to send a number of men armed with sticks to drive them off. There is a tribe of apes in the hill country so like old

men in the face that when you catch a glimpse of them through the branches of the oak trees, where they are picking acorns, you can scarcely believe, at first, that they are other than human. The face is black, set in a fringe of white hair ;

and I well remember the first time I saw one of these fellows he was looking at me from over the top of an oak tree, so that I could only just see his face and head. I ran to call my sister to come and look at the strange old man in the tree.

TAXIDERMY AS AN ART.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

TO STUFF an animal is a trade which anyone with an average amount of mechanical skill can master ; to mount an animal is an art requiring inborn talent. Of the trade of taxidermy I have no desire to write. Doubtless it serves its own ends to the satisfaction of all concerned. The dressing of rugs or stuffing of polar bears or tigers for furriers' show windows is a business which brings employment to many worthy workmen, but it is not one which would repay our attention. On the other hand, I hope to show that the art of taxidermy is well worthy our serious consideration.

It is only within comparatively recent years that taxidermy could rightly claim rank as an art. Its development is in part due to the cumulative agency of transmitted experience, but more especially to the establishment of departments of taxidermy in our large museums. Here, secure of a salary which is in no way affected by the amount of work performed, the artist taxidermist can give full scope to his originality. It was Thoreau who said, "Into a perfect work time does not enter," and to insert the word "taxidermic" before "work" would not lessen the truth of the remark. Patience and an unlimited amount of time are absolutely necessary adjuncts of the higher class of taxidermy. For this reason, even when other things are equal, the commercial taxidermist cannot compete with the museum worker. If the former should devote one-half the time to his subjects that the latter conscientiously gives to his he would soon become bankrupt. His customers, the public, are not educated to a proper appreciation of truly artistic taxidermy, and they are therefore given no more than their money's worth. In other words, they pay a low price for an inferior class of work.

From the nature of the case examples of the skill of the fortunate artists whose ambition to attain perfection is not trammelled by pecuniary restrictions are, as a rule, found only in museums, where they are generally so hidden among hundreds of specimens which were stuffed years

ago that their presence does not command the attention it deserves. It thus happens that the results of this newer taxidermy are classed with all that has heretofore been produced, and the one word "taxidermist" is applied to the whole group of animal stuffers and mounters, from the village barber who "sets up" a pet cat or canary to the expert mounter of a bison. This lack of recognition tends to discourage ambition and is obviously unjust.

Taxidermy practiced in its higher forms is an art, and the taxidermist is deserving of the rank of artist. Art is an indefinite term, but it seems most natural to compare the work of the artist taxidermist with that of the sculptor.

Whether the comparison is a just one is, of course, open to question. An artist friend objects to taxidermy being classed as a fine art chiefly for the reason that its products are too realistic and leave nothing to the imagination. It is needless to say he is an impressionist.

Because an animal wears its own skin, instead of being represented in bronze or marble, is no reason why it should not appeal to our imagination. It is necessary, however, to our admiration of the mounted animal that we should thoroughly appreciate the difficulties which must be overcome in its reproduction. Seen through this medium, the work of the artist taxidermist assumes a new dignity, and at its best should appeal to the imagination as strongly as a group by Barye.

I have in mind a perfectly mounted and posed leopard, the work of Mr. J. Rowley, Jr. It is crouched on a limb, ready for the spring on its expected prey. Its attitude is expressive of intense but controlled ferocity ; the body is pressed close to the limb, the claws grip the bark ; the creature might be likened to a set spring, and from its lowered ears to the curling tip of its tail it appears thoroughly alive.

I never look at this animal without forming an accompanying mental picture of a forest ; of a doe grazing her way unsuspectingly toward this concealed danger. As she passes the fatal spot I see

the spring so vividly suggested by the leopard's position.

Certainly this is imagination.

Again, I recall a certain bison cow, the work of the same artist, in a group in the American Museum of Natural History, which is as perfectly mounted as the leopard I have just mentioned. She is lying down on a bit of prairie. Her appearance is so natural that she seems surrounded by an atmosphere of peaceful contentment, and unconsciously one pictures a broad stretch of rolling plain dotted with reclining members of the herds which, sadly enough, will be preserved to our descendants only as mounted specimens.

But it is not so much my object to discuss the place of taxidermy among the arts as to describe its requirements as an art. The taxidermist may then be judged on his merits, and I am sure he would not ask for fairer treatment.

The equipment of the ideal taxidermist is of two kinds, natural and acquired. The former consists of inborn talent of a kind directly comparable with that which makes the successful artist or sculptor. If the would-be taxidermist is without this gift he had better abandon at once a profession in which he can never rise above mediocrity. He may have unusual mechanical ability, and thus become a master of the technical part of his study; he may have an honest, ardent love for his work, and be enthused by his ambition, but he will always lack the power the absence or presence of which means failure or success.

I have known many taxidermists who seemed admirably fitted to succeed, and whose work, up to the final touch, compared with that of the best. But just there they failed. They lacked the talent which alone enables a taxidermist to give life to his subject. The products of their laboratories were simply mounted effigies.

The taxidermist, like the portrait painter, cannot always succeed. One whose taste far exceeds his ability has told me that after mounting two thousand birds only six of the number were in his opinion above criticism.

There are ten thousand birds on exhibition in the Bird Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, but certainly not more than two hundred of them are perfectly mounted.

It is evident, then, that talent is absolutely essential to taxidermic success; and I may add that even talent will accomplish but little if it be not seconded by a keen love of nature and sympathy with animal life.

Now as to the acquired equipment. In other words, given the talent, what training is necessary to properly develop it?

The groundwork of the study of taxidermy

should consist of a course in general mechanics. The taxidermist is frequently confronted by mechanical problems which he must solve for himself. The construction of manikins, pedestals, cases, etc., comes within his province. With this knowledge as a beginning he gradually acquires experience in measuring animals in the flesh and in removing their skins. The latter task will in time fall to the lot of his assistants, but no thorough taxidermist will consign to another hand the task of taking a series of measurements which are of so much importance in correctly modeling the manikin.

At this point our student must take up anatomy. Not only must he be familiar with the mechanism of the skeleton, but he must also be on speaking terms with the muscles, veins and even tracts or ridges of hair or feathers which govern form.

Osteology is an auxiliary to science rather than an art, but the taxidermist, nevertheless, must be a practical osteologist, familiar with the details which enter into the mounting of skeletons.

The extremes of the demands made upon his skill are well illustrated by our casts of the skeletons of Jumbo and the Great Auk. The former was largely a mechanical problem. Before Jumbo's skeleton was presented to the American Museum of Natural History, where it is now on exhibition, it was taken about the country as a part of Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson's Show. It had, therefore, to be constructed in such a way that its parts were easily detachable for transportation, a circumstance which rendered more than ordinarily complicated the task of properly joining the bones of so large an animal.

The mounting of the great auk skeleton, on the other hand, was a question of delicacy of manipulation, and also of knowledge of comparative anatomy. This species, which, as is well known, became extinct about fifty years ago, was formerly abundant on Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, where great numbers of them were killed for their feathers. In 1887 Mr. F. A. Lucas, the osteologist of the United States National Museum, visited this island and secured quantities of earth containing many bones of the great auks which once lived there.

From this material, representing the remains of many birds, he was enabled to form, on returning, no less than nine perfect skeletons, one of which is here figured. The patience required to properly assort these bones, and the skill necessary to mount them, may be readily imagined.

Our taxidermist must also learn to take casts from the newly skinned animals, to be used later as studies from which to mount them. Facial

expression and characteristic outlines not susceptible of measurement may be preserved in this way.

The color of the eyes and all the parts which are likely to fade must be carefully noted and reproduced for future reference.

It is generally supposed that an animal is mounted as soon as it is skinned. In the case of the larger mammals, however, this is rarely done. The construction of the manikin frequently requires a week or more; again, it frequently happens that several specimens are received at the same time, and some way of preserving their skins until they can be mounted is a necessity.

For this purpose they are placed in a "pickle," the formula for which varies among different taxidermists. Its preparation is a matter of much importance. Some "pickles," or "baths," as they are also called, cause the hair to change color; and skins thus treated are, from a scientific standpoint, worse than valueless. Others do not preserve the epidermis, which, with the hair on it, peels off or "slips."

When the manikin is completed the skin is removed from the bath, and after being dressed is fitted on the model which has been prepared for

it. If all the technical details have been complied with, if the model has been correctly proportioned and the skin properly cured, the mechanical part of the work is a question of linen thread and surgeon's needles. But now the artist asserts himself, and his failure or success decides whether the subject will be a mounted effigy or an animal whose lifelike pose and expression appeals alike to our admiration and imagination.

Thus far our sketch of a taxidermist's training has been confined to laboratory and studio work, but a taxidermist cannot mount an animal, any more than an artist can paint a landscape, unless he has made studies from nature. Field experience is indispensable to the success of the artist taxidermist. Until he has seen the living animal his attempts at mounting it can never rise above copying some plate or figure, and no opportunity is given him for the display of originality. It is of importance, then, that a taxidermist who may be called upon to mount an animal from any part of the world should have access to a well-stocked zoological garden. There he may study, sketch and photograph many of the leading types of animals.

The technical education of most taxidermists ends here, but if they would completely master their profession they should add a knowledge of working in wax.

Taxidermic work generally suffers from the lack of proper accessories. It would be difficult to imagine a more unnatural position for an animal than a walnut stand behind a plate-glass door, but there, nevertheless, the taxidermist is obliged to exhibit the results of his labors. His art does not as yet stand for itself, but only as an auxiliary to science, and his subject stands for a species and not as a work of art.

With the skill of the waxworker at his command, he can frame an animal with its natural surroundings. Leaf, blossom and fruit can be exactly reproduced, and his subject can then be shown to the fullest advantage.

This, it will be observed, involves not alone a close study of the animal, but also of its environment.

This is an outline merely of a taxidermist's equipment; to go



THE GREAT AUK.

into detail would require a volume. But the nature of these studies may be made clearer if they are described in application to the several animals which I have chanced to see mounted.

First, let me speak of the famous chimpanzees, Mr. Crowley and his companion Miss Kitty. The

seum the first duties of the taxidermists were to take a series of careful measurements of the length and girth of the body and limbs, and then to make water-color copies of the color of the eyes and also of the soft parts of the body—soles of the feet, palms of the hands, face, ears, and



TAXIDERMISTS' WORKSHOP AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY.

former was mounted by the late Mr. Jenness Richardson, who at the time of his death was Chief of the Department of Taxidermy in the American Museum of Natural History; the latter, by Mr. John Rowley, Jr., the present occupant of the same position.

When these animals were brought to the mu-

seum the first duties of the taxidermists were to take a series of careful measurements of the length and girth of the body and limbs, and then to make water-color copies of the color of the eyes and also of the soft parts of the body—soles of the feet, palms of the hands, face, ears, and



"CROWLEY," THE CHIMPANZEE, MOUNTED.

made of the bared limbs. If the skeleton is to be preserved the flesh is removed and the bones are given to the osteologist for maceration, etc.; in any event, the limb bones and skull are preserved for use in the construction of the manikin. The position the animal is to assume must now be decided upon.

The taxidermist is here governed by every rule of artistic composition, and if his subject is one of a group the widest range is given to the display of his ability. Photographs, sketches, casts, and if possible living animals of the same species, are studied, and the advice of his *confrères* sought, before the all-important decision is reached. In the case of Mr. Crowley excellent photographs were of much assistance.

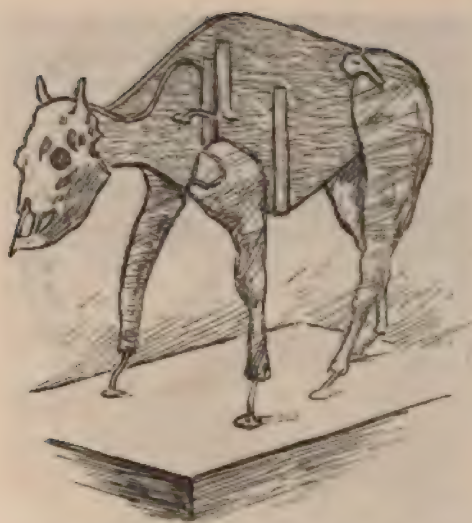
The first steps in making the manikin consist in fitting iron bars to the leg and arm bones. But the bones of so rare an animal as Mr. Crowley were too valuable to be lost by hiding them in his skin, and a special set of wooden bones, including a skull, were carved from the original bones as models. After the iron rods were adjusted the partial skeleton was placed in position upon the limb it was to occupy (Fig. 1, page 504), and the operation of forming the body was begun.

Very large animals, bison, for example, are supplied with ribs of curved staves, upon which the body is modeled in excelsior. The manikin is largely composed of this material, which is bound to the body frame little by little, but the finer anatomical details are made of tow (Fig. 2). Finally the excelsior and tow manikin received a coat of potter's clay, which gives firmness to the lines the taxidermist has sought to bring into relief. This clay-covered manikin (Fig. 3) thus became a model of the skinned monkey.

In the meantime the skin had been taken from the preserving bath, and was being prepared by the assistants. This is an operation requiring much time and patience. The whole skin must be carefully pared and scraped until it becomes as thin as it can be made without destroying the roots of the hair. This renders it exceedingly pliable and less liable to shrink after it has been placed on the manikin.

Fitting the skin to the manikin is much like fitting a dress, with the rather noteworthy difference that mis-

takes must be remedied in the model instead of in its covering. Seams run down the arms and legs and each finger. These are all to be strongly sewed and the seams to be concealed by a skillful application of papier-maché. But the great art in properly mounting a monkey focuses in the face. The absence of hair and the peculiarly human expression of the countenance render this one of the most difficult tasks in taxidermy. Without a death mask as a model from which to work an accurate reproduction would be impossible. The lips and nose are modeled in clay; the ears are fitted over sheet-lead models made from casts of the original cartilage. In the case of both Mr. Crowley and Miss Kitty, the eyes, upon which so much is dependent, were



FRAMEWORK FOR MOUNTING BUFFALO.

made especially from the water-color sketches taken just after death.

The eyes are set in clay, and the eyelids are modeled over this useful material. This operation demands greater skill and delicacy of manipulation than any other one thing in taxidermy. I have known a taxidermist give several days to produce by a proper setting of the eyes the exact expression he desired his subject to assume.

The monkeys were now mounted, and were set aside until they were thoroughly dried. Defects due to shrinking were then remedied, and the animals were colored.

It is a comparatively easy thing to reproduce the flesh tints from studies taken from the recently dead animal, so far as the naked face, palms and soles are concerned; but to color the skin of the hair-covered body is another and far more difficult matter. Immersion in the preserving fluid has bleached the skin to nearly white, which shows plainly and most unnaturally through the scanty, long, black hairs. This white skin must be painted flesh color, and this is accomplished only by painting both hair and body, and then carefully washing the hair—a most tedious undertaking.

It remains now only to “set hair” in the places which require it. Many of the taxidermist’s subjects are zoological-garden specimens which have died in captivity. Restless animals

when confined in cages soon wear the hair off the more prominent parts of their bodies, and the resulting deficiency must be supplied by the taxidermist. Nothing in taxidermy is more tiresome than this task of setting hair. After minute holes have been made in the bare places hairs are taken from an imperfect skin of the same species, if possible; their roots are dipped in glue, and one by one they are put in position—an operation which sometimes takes a week or more.

After this sketch of the mounting of one monkey consider for a moment the enormous amount of work in a piece as extensive as Mr. W. T. Hornaday’s group of Orang-outangs in the tree tops of a Bornean forest, on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History. It contains five animals, and the composition necessary to bring out the relationships of one to another and at the same time preserve the artistic unity of the whole renders this an immensely more difficult undertaking than the mounting of one animal.

From the laboratory side of taxidermy let us turn to the taxidermist’s study of the living animal and its haunts. To

illustrate this phase of the art I will take the Bison group in the American Museum of Natural History. It was designed by the late Mr. Jenness Richardson, and mounted by him with the assistance of Mr. J. Rowley, Jr. When the authorities of the museum decided to form this group the wild bison had practically passed into his-

tory. It was necessary, therefore, to study animals living in captivity, and for this purpose the two taxidermists above mentioned proceeded to



BUFFALO “MANIKIN.”



BUFFALO SPECIMEN COMPLETE.



MISS KITTY'S SKIN.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

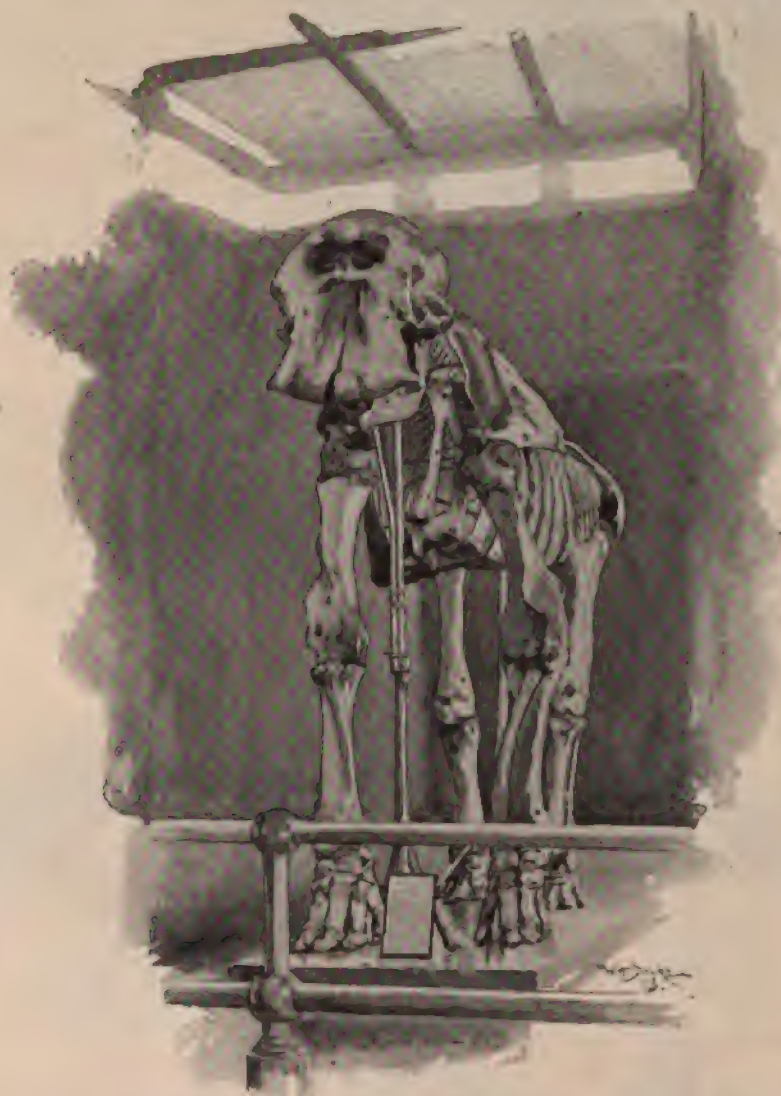


FIG. 3.

SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE MOUNTING OF A CHIMPANZEE.

Garden City, Kansas, where a large herd of bison was confined in a spacious inclosure on their native prairies. Many instantaneous photographs were made of individuals of this herd, showing cows, bulls and calves either running, walking, standing or lying down. Lantern slides were made from the negatives thus obtained, and with the aid of a stereopticon were afterward thrown,

little change since the bison had left it. Indistinct trails told a silent tale of the countless herds of the past. Examples of the vegetation of the region, sprawling cactus, prickly greasebush and pungent sagebrush, with the brown prairie turf, were now secured. The more perishable forms were placed in certain preserving solutions, or plaster impressions were made from them on



SKELETON OF THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT "JUMBO."

much enlarged, upon sheets of paper, where the projected image was sketched in charcoal. In this way an invaluable series of studies for positions were obtained.

The taxidermists then continued their journey westward to the Neutral Strip, between Kansas and Texas. Here they could study a typical bison country, one which had undergone comparatively

the spot. The whole collection was then forwarded to the museum, and later was modeled into a prairie in miniature.

Thus far I have spoken only of mammals. As far as the technical part is concerned birds are far less difficult to mount, but from the artistic standpoint it is doubtful if success is more easily achieved with the latter than with the former.



MOUNTED GROUP OF ORANG-OUTANGS.

Indeed, it depends largely upon the personal inclination of the taxidermist. If he is more strongly attracted by living mammals than by living birds his work is generally influenced by his tastes.

I have not space to go into the details of bird mounting, but I will describe, as one of its most difficult phases, the mounting of the group of

Labrador Ducks in the American Museum of Natural History, from which the accompanying sketch was made.

Fifty years ago this duck was not uncommon in our markets in winter, and could be bought for about fifty cents apiece. To-day they are supposed to be extinct, and a single specimen will sell readily for five hundred dollars. There are about forty-two known specimens in the museums of the world, and of this small number the American Museum is the fortunate possessor of seven.

The peculiar interest attached to this species caused the museum authorities to have five of the specimens mounted in a group with suitable

surroundings. The specimens were simply "study skins," filled with cotton but without wires. In order to mount them, it was necessary to make the skin thoroughly pliable, and to accomplish this the taxidermists, much to the horror of the curators, put the birds in pails of water and left them there to soak. It proved that the skins had not been properly cleaned in



GROUP OF LABRADOR DUCKS.

the first place, and as a result of this treatment they were taken from the water in pieces. These pieces had, therefore, to be mounted on manikins; in other words, the taxidermist, Mr. H. S. Denslow, had almost to make a duck.

The group bears witness to his skill. Of all the many beautiful bird groups in the American Museum it is undoubtedly the best. Their surroundings represent an icebound beach; sparkling, frozen crystals glisten on the drifted seaweed

and stranded shells, and a short distance from the shore the fissured ice gives way to cold blue water. The ducks are resting, walking along the shore, hunting for small crustacea in the seaweed, while a female who has evidently been bathing is now preening her plumage, from which with proverbial ease small drops of water run back to the sea. The birds are so well mounted that at first sight one almost believes they are alive, and their setting aids the illusion.

"THE LITERARY SHOP."

"I AM lying," are the words with which Mr. James L. Ford begins the first chapter of his unique and perfectly delightful *jeu d'esprit*, bearing the general title of "The Literary Shop." But, as a matter of fact, this book contains more truth about modern magazines and magazine editors than anything else that has ever been published, not excepting the magazines themselves. Satire, in order to hit, must have an object, a target of many-sided vulnerability, for its winged shafts. Mr. Ford struck a rich one when he drew a bead on the literary shop and its keepers. It might, indeed, be said that

"He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Not but that the temptation presented itself to many; but what mere vassal of the pen could dare to attack those feudal barons of literature in their fortified strongholds? The valiant Ford, however, is a free lance from the far country of Bohemia, and when he tilts up recklessly against the austere and frowning windmills of Franklin or Union Square it is in a spirit of gayety rather than of vindictiveness. May he escape with better fortune than his knightly predecessor of La Mancha!

The successive chapters of "The Literary Shop" cover the serio-comic history of American letters from the *Ledger* period, through the early and middle Holland ages, down to the present Johnsonian epoch. These are followed by some "Other Tales," the morals and immorals of which are pointed in advance by the expositions in the first part of the book. One of the most thrilling of these tales, which may appositely be quoted in view of the present deplorable turbulency of Labor, is

THE POETS' STRIKE.

The employés of the great Franklin Square Prose and Verse Foundry have been ordered out

on strike. Pearl Street is filled with an excited mob, whom a master poet is haranguing in the following words:

"Proseers, rhymesters and dialectists, the time has come for us to make a stand against the oppression of those who call themselves our masters. The time has come for the men who toil day after day in yonder tall factory to denounce the infamous system by which they are defrauded of the greater part of their wretched pittance. You know, of course, that I am speaking of the ruinous competition of scab or non-union labor. See that cart! Do you know what that cart contains? See those men remove the iron scuttle on the sidewalk, and listen to the roar and rumble as the cart discharges its contents into the cellar beneath the pavement! Is that coal they are putting in with which to feed the tireless engine that furnishes motive power to the factory? No, my friends, that is a load of jokes for the back page of the *Bazar*, collected from the sweating shops about Washington Square and Ninth Street. Do those jokes bear the union label? They do not. Many of them, no doubt, are made by Italians and Chinese, to the shame and degradation of our calling."

The master poet's words are received with a howl of rage that reaches the ears of the men who are closeted in the business office, and brings a pallor to their stern, set faces.

The head of the firm resolves upon resistance to the last, and proposes to rally the non-union or "scab" poets to his aid by hanging out such signs as:

STEADY EMPLOYMENT
FOR
SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS POETS.
TWO RHYMES TO THE QUATRAIN.

"But before Mr. Harper could carry out his resolution a young man, clad in the ordinary working garb of a poet, hurriedly entered the office, and placing himself before the chief, exclaimed: 'Stop, sir, before it is too late!'"

"And who are you, sir?" demanded the amazed publisher.

"I am Henry Rondeau," replied the young man, "and although I am only an humble, laboring poet, I feel that I can be of assistance to you to-day. I have a grateful heart, and cannot forget your kindness to me when I was unfortunate."

"Kindness? I confess I do not remember any—" began Mr. Harper.

"But the poet interrupted him with: 'Last summer, sir, when I got my fingers frostbitten by being permitted to shake hands with Mr. Harry Harper, you not only allowed me half-pay, but gave my poor idiot sister a job in the factory as a reader of manuscript, thus enabling us to keep the wolf from the door until I was able to use a scanning rule again.'

"And a most invaluable assistant she is, too," cried Mr. Alden, warmly; "she selects all the short stories for the magazine, and I doubt if you could find, even in the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*, anyone with such keen perceptions of what the public do not want as Susan Rondeau, the idiot reader of Franklin Square."

"At this moment a hoarse yell arose from the crowd of strikers beneath the window, and was borne to the ears of those who were gathered in the business office.

"What does that noise mean?" demanded the senior partner, an angry flush suffusing his cheek. "Do they think they can frighten me with yells and threats of violence? I will hang out these signs and bid them do their worst!"

"Stop! I implore you, stop!" cried Henry Rondeau, as he threw himself before his chief. "The sight of those signs would madden them, and the counsel of the cooler heads, which has thus far controlled them, would be swept away in a moment. And then—the deluge!"

"But we do not fear even death!" cried the courageous publisher.

"Mr. Harper," continued the young workman, earnestly, "at this very moment the master poet is urging them to desperate measures. He has already in his possession the address and dinner hour of every gentleman in this room, and—"

"Well, even if dynamite is to be used—"

"And," pursued Henry Rondeau, "he has threatened to place the list in the hands of Stephen Massett!"

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed the veteran

publisher, as he sank, pale and trembling, in his easy chair, while his associates wrung their hands in bitter despair. "Can nothing be done to prevent it?"

"Yes," cried the young workingman. "Accept the offer of the Poets' Union to make a new sliding scale. Make a few slight concessions to the men, and they will meet you halfway. Put emery wheels in the dialect shop instead of the old-fashioned crosscut files and sandpaper that now take up so much of the men's time. Let one rhyme to the quatrain be sufficient at the metrical benches, and—it is a little thing, but it counts—buy some tickets for the poets' picnic and summer-night's festival at Snoozer's Grove, which takes place next Monday afternoon and evening."

"Henry Rondeau's advice was taken, and to-day the great trip hammer is at work in the basement of the foundry, and the poets and prose writers are busy at their benches on the upper floors. The master poet is at work among the rest, and sometimes he chuckles as he thinks of the concessions that were wrung from the foundry owners by the great August strike."

Another seasonable bit is the following idyllic

EASTER STORY.

"Alas, Mary!" exclaimed William Sonnet, as he entered his neat but humble tenement apartment a few days before the close of Lent, "I fear that our Pfingst holiday this year will be anything but a merry one. My employers have notified me that if they receive any more complaints of the goods from my department they will give me the sack."

William Sonnet was certainly playing in hard luck, although it would be difficult to find in the whole of Jersey City a more industrious, sober young poet, or a more devoted husband and father. For nine years he had been employed in the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry, the largest literary establishment on the banks of the Hackensack, where by sheer force of sobriety and industry he had risen from the humble position of cash boy at the hexameter counter to that of foreman of the dialect floor, where forty-five hands were kept constantly employed on prose and verse. During these years his relations with his employers, Messrs. Rime & Recson, had been of the pleasantest nature, until about six months previous to the opening of this story, when they began—unjustly, as it seemed to him—to find fault with the goods turned out by his department. There were complaints received at the office every day, they said, of both the dialect stories and verses that bore the Empire brand.

The *Century Magazine* had returned a large

invoice of hand-sewed negro-dialect verses of the "Befoh de Wuh" variety, and a syndicate which supplied the Western market had canceled all its spring orders on the ground that the dialect goods had for some reason or other fallen far below the standard maintained in the other departments of the Empire Foundry. William was utterly unable to account for this change in the quality of the manuscript prepared on his floor, and as he sat with his bowed head resting on his toil-hardened hand, and the sweat and grime of honest labor on his brow, he looked indeed the very picture of dejection.

"William," said his wife, as she placed a caressing hand on his forehead, "you have enemies in the foundry whom you do not suspect. You must know that when you wooed and won me a year ago I had been courted by no less than four different poets who at that time were employed at the Eagle Verse Works in Newark, but have since found positions with Messrs. Rime & Reeson. I will not deny, William, that I toyed with the affections of those poets, but it was because I deemed them as frivolous as myself, and when they went from my presence with angry threats on their lips I laughed in merry glee. But when I saw them standing on street corners, with their heads together in earnest conversation, I grew sick at heart, for I knew it boded us no good. Be warned, William, by my words."

The next day, when the whistle blew at noon, William Sonnet ate his dinner from his tin pail as usual; but then, instead of going out into the street to play baseball with the poets from the adjacent factories, as the Empire Foundry employes generally did, he took a quiet stroll through the whole establishment, under the pretense of looking for an envoy that had been knocked off the end of a ballade.

In the packing department was a large consignment of goods from his floor ready for ship-

ment, and he stopped to examine the burr of a Scotch magazine story to make sure that it had not been rubbed off by carelessness. What was his surprise to find that the dialect, which he himself had gone over with a crosscut file that very morning, was now worn completely smooth by contact with an emery wheel! He replaced the story carefully in the fine sawdust in which it was packed, and then examined the other goods. They had not yet been touched, but it was evident to him that the miscreants fully intended to finish the destructive work which they had only had time to begin. Returning to his

own bench, he passed two or three poets who were talking earnestly together, and by straining his ears he heard one of them whisper: "We'll finish the job to-night. Meet me at ten."

That was enough for William Sonnet. He determined, without delay, what course to pursue.

At half-past nine that evening three mysterious figures draped in black cloaks entered the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry by a side door. William Sonnet was one of the three, and the others were his employers, Messrs. Rime & Reeson. He led them to a place of concealment which commanded a full view of the packing room.

Before long stealthy footsteps were heard, and the four conspirators entered.

"Listen," said the eldest of the quartet, as he threw the light from his dark lantern on the sullen faces of his companions; "you all know why we are here. This night we will complete William Sonnet's ruin, and Easter Monday will find him hunting for work in Paterson and Newark, and hunting in vain. Why is he foreman of the dialect department, while we toil at the bench for a mere crust? Mary Birdseye is now his bride; but when we wooed her we were rejected like our own poems."

"And that, too, although we inclosed no post-



PLASTER BUST OF "MR. CROWLEY."
SEE PAGE 498.

age," retorted the second poet, with bitterness in his tone.

"Now to work," continued the first speaker, as he stooped to examine some goods on the floor. "What have we here? A serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Well, we'll soon fix that;" and in another moment he had injected a quantity of ginger into the story, ruining it completely.

Then the work of destruction went on, while Messrs. Rime & Reeson watched the vandals with horror depicted on their faces. A pair of sweepings from the humorous department, designed for Harper's "Editor's Drawer" and the *Bazar*, was thrown away, and real funny jokes substituted for them. A page article for the Sunday supplement of a New York daily entitled "Millionaires who Have Gold Filling in their Teeth," embellished with cuts of twenty different jaws, was thrown out, and an article on Jerusalem the Golden," ordered by the *Whited Sepulchre*, substituted.

Messrs. Rime & Reeson could control them-

selves no longer. Stacked against the wall like a woodpile were the twelve installments of a *Century* serial by Amelia E. Barr, which had been sawed into the proper lengths that afternoon. Seizing one of these apiece, the three men made a sudden onslaught on the miscreants and beat them into insensibility. Then they bound them securely and delivered them over to the tormentors.

As for honest William Sonnet, he was made foreman of the whole foundry; and his wife, who was a fashion writer, and therefore never fit to be seen, received a present of two beautiful new tailor-made dresses, which fitted her so well that no one recognized her, and she opened a new line of credit at all the stores in the neighborhood.

It was a happy family that sat down to the Easter dinner in William Sonnet's modest home; and to make their joy complete, before their repast was ended an envelope arrived from William's grateful employers containing an appointment for his bedridden mother-in-law as reader for a large publishing house.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

ONE of the new industries in British Borneo, which is likely to prove highly advantageous to that colony, is the cultivation and preparation of Manilla hemp. The plants much resemble bananas, to which they are closely allied, but the stems are not so thick, and the crowns of leaves stand up more stiffly. They take some months to come to maturity, but the root stocks, or "stools," after they have become fully established, will go on producing new stems and leaves, replacing those cut down, for a number of years. The plants are cut down as soon as they reach maturity, and are at once converted into marketable hemp. The mode of procedure is very simple and inexpensive. The cut stems, nine or ten feet long, are torn into slices, which are then drawn beneath a blunt knife, resting on a slab of soft wood. This operation presses out all of the pulpy matter, and leaves in the hand of the operator a long fascicle of clean hempen fibres, which need only to be hung in the sun long enough to dry and bleach. It is then white, dry and clean as silk, which it resembles in its bright, glossy appearance, though the fibres are, of course, much coarser. A single day suffices for this process, so that what was growing in the morning becomes marketable at night. Three grades are known, worth \$8, \$7 and \$6 per picul (about 135 pounds); and as few other places are known where the plant flourishes outside of the Philippine islands, Borneo is likely to make of this hemp a very profitable crop.

The Pacific coast of the United States is not well supplied with small fruits, and has contributed very little of cultivated berries, though some notable additions recently been obtained. The salmonberry has a Californian variety, which is highly esteemed, and grows well elsewhere. Throughout the Coast

Range and large portions of the Sierra a yellowish-red thimbleberry flourishes, but usually bears crops so scanty as to afford little reward to the searcher for it. These are raspberries. In blackberries the Pacific coast has one very variable and important species, *Rubus ursinus*, bearing an oblong, sweetly flavored fruit. This berry, we are told by a recent article by Mr. Howard Shinn, in *Garden and Forest*, still grows in immense patches along river bottoms and ravines up to a considerable height among the foothills. In some places it bears so heavily that people assemble from miles around, when the fruit is ripe, to camp in the fields and gather the berries. Several garden varieties of berries in California, including a white one, have originated from this directly or by crossing. The most remarkable of these is the anginbaugh, which was reclaimed from the sand hills on the peninsula of Alameda by one of the earliest pioneers, and proved an excellent garden bush; but it never was taken up by nurserymen, and is now found only in old gardens. It is, however, the parent, crossed with a raspberry, of the loganberry, which is the favorite and most profitable fruit of this kind now in California gardens, especially in the southern part of the State, and promises to become more and more important among the resources of all the fruit-growing districts.

SCHOOL TEACHER TH. THOMSEN, of Aarhus, Denmark, noticed, one day while he rested on the road leading into a forest, that a number of the common white butterflies were trying to get into a window of a small house lying near by. Upon closer examination he found the window full of flowering plants, one primula in full blossom touching a window pane. The butterflies kept on flying against the pane in order to reach the flowers. He observed that each butterfly tried all the flowers before they gave up the

attempt. It was evident to him that though the sense of sight was strong enough to lead the insects to the flowers it was not strong enough to discover the impenetrable glass; and what was more curious, the sense of smell did not lead them to fly through a broken pane next to that they vainly tried to penetrate.

A TRAVELER among the headwaters of the Amazon tells this story of ant intelligence in a late letter to the *Evening Post*: "The sight that met me when I awoke made me reasonably fancy that I had been sunstruck. Across the floor from a point near my pillows ran a swiftly moving line of kernels of corn. I sprang up to investigate, and found that my hostess had inadvertently left open a bag of grain; and while I had been asleep an army of huge black ants had invaded the place and were carrying off the corn grain by grain. One line passed out laden while another parallel to it returned empty. Sometimes one of the toilers who had attempted to carry a load beyond his strength summoned a companion to his assistance, and the two worked together. The most marvelous show of intelligence lay in this: the bag was upon the *banco* about two feet from the floor; here a detachment of the ants carried the corn from the bag to the edge of the bench, and from there allowed the grains to fall to the floor below, where they were received by the returning line, who were thus saved the labor of the climb and the difficulty of the descent. I called my hostess, who told me that in this way they often carry off a bag of grain in a night. These ants live in the woods in hillocks constructed by themselves of leaves and twigs and earth, and by their constant coming and going they make distinct trails among the trees. I was informed that these hills are supplied with water by underground channels which the ants bore. The insects are a great annoyance to the farmers, and are especially destructive to fruit trees. It is impossible to keep them out of the gardens, as they burrow under the deepest ditches."

"CURING SICK PEARLS" is the headline of an account, now copied from newspaper to newspaper all over the

country, of a process for restoring to their pristine brilliancy certain magnificent pearls amongst the crown jewels of Austria. It is related that these, having been dulled by much wearing, were placed in an iron cage several years ago and sunk eighty feet below the surface of the Adriatic, just outside the walls of the Castle of Miramar—the seat of Maximilian, the ill-fated adventurer in Mexico. The story may so far be true; but it becomes suspicious when it proceeds to relate that by this process they are "slowly regaining their former unrivaled orieney." *Oriency* is a very rare word, meaning brightness of color like the sunrise. When this characterizes a pearl it is due to the infinite number and fineness of raised lines upon its surface, which break up the light and flood the surface with rainbowlike hues. This is due to the structure of the pearl, which is formed between the soft parts and the shell of the pearl oyster, and is simply a form of lime, partaking of the nature and substance of the shell itself, which, indeed, we call mother-of-pearl. Much wearing of pearls, exposure to changing atmosphere and rubbing against the perspiring neck of even a royal princess will certainly destroy the sharpness of the exceedingly delicate ridges of the surface upon which the iridescence depends, and thus make them dull; but would immersion in sea water restore this? By no means. If you could tuck them between the mantle and shell of a living mollusk you might get a new layer of brilliant pearl, but to put them in a cage and sink them in the sea would be to invite destruction. The chemical action of the water would corrode, and perhaps ultimately discolor, their substance. The brilliancy of the interior of shells soon disappears after the death of the mollusk, though the shell may remain in the water, and the action would be the same upon pearls. Moreover, sponges, boring worms or mollusks, crabs and fishes, everything that could find their way into the cage that held the pearls—and some evil agencies could not be kept out, no matter how close the meshes—would tend to injure and destroy the jewels. If the pearls of Austria are "sick," sea bathing is not the cure for them.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

WE have neither sympathy nor patience with those of our contemporaries who affect to regard poetry as an un-mixed evil, and whose critical attitude toward new publications in verse—when they notice them at all—is either one of hostility and protest, or else a kind of contemptuous tolerance. Evidently such is not the spirit of editors in other countries where the *belles lettres* are regarded as a factor or expression of the national culture. Our own contemporaries, who appear to hold so slighting an opinion of the home production, often show marked deference to an English name or imprint, while even Canadian poets enjoy a vogue in certain high quarters which cannot always be accounted for on the ground of superior merit alone. It is a fact, admitted by more than one impartial English critic, that the standard of technique, at least, in contemporary verse, is generally higher with American than with British writers; while no one can reasonably dispute the claim that our field for original poetic inspiration is immeasurably broader than theirs. Therefore FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY holds, as it has always held, that the new volumes of verse put forth each season by American writers and publishers in the various literary centres

deserve a great deal more encouraging recognition than they usually get. Only space would be needed to substantiate this claim on the spot, simply by reviewing, with excerpts, three little volumes taken almost at random from amongst the recent "new publications received." This being impracticable at present, we still wish to present at least a specimen from each of these younger American poets. The following is from the third edition of the *Poems* of Henry Abbey, of Kingston, N. Y.:

MAY IN KINGSTON.

Our old colonial town is new with May:
The loving trees that clasp across the streets
Grow greener sleeved with bursting buds each day.
Still this year's May the last year's May repeats;
Even the old stone houses half renew
Their youth and beauty, as the old trees do.

High over all, like some divine desire
Above our lower thoughts of daily care,
The gray, religious, heaven-touching spire
Adds to the quiet of the springtime air;
And over roofs the birds create a sea,
That has no shore, of their May melody.



LOVE'S OFFERING

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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RHODODENDRON.

THE BUSINESS OF BLOSSOMS.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE wayfaring man who does not persistently shut his eyes must see these United States put on each summer the beatification of a cloud of bloom. Possibly he does not stop to think that the cloud has a golden lining, and back of it a bank account, as a most substantial reason of being.

Such is the fact. The latest figures obtainable—those of the census—are a trifle amazing. Yet the flower men say they must be enlarged by a quarter to give even an approximation to the

present volume of the business. In 1891 there were in the country greenhouses, hothouses and floral establishments whose aggregate value was forty million dollars. They gave work to seventeen thousand men and two thousand women, whose wages footed up for the year something above eight million dollars. These establishments sold eight million dollars' worth of rooted and potted plants, and over twelve million dollars' worth of cut flowers. In conjunction with the seedsmen they sent out three million whole-

sale catalogues and eighteen million retail ones. They spent in postage three-quarters of a million. As to the amount of express business due to them, no accuracy is possible, but it is safe to set it at several millions.

For the express companies are great flower carriers. In the nature of things it must be so. It is the cities which largely consume the winter blossoms, and nearly all the big greenhouses are miles and miles away. Then, too, rooted and potted plants and nursery stock go so largely by express. All the leading dealers advertise their preference for that mode of transportation wherever possible. Though seeds and plants can go by mail, and do go thus to every hamlet in the land, express parcels admit of precautions and perfections impossible in the face of postal regulations.

It is a liberal education in the niceties of packing to watch the putting up of, say, a half-dozen palms for shipment to some town in the far and frozen West. The plants themselves stand from one to three feet high. The first thing is to thrust firmly in the earth beside each root a slender stiff rod, nearly as tall as the plant. Then with bast—soft dry bark or grass—the leaves are gathered and tied lightly but firmly to the rod. Next the palm is swathed, pot and all, in several thicknesses of soft paper, tied on with more bast. Over that come manifold other thicknesses of newspaper—which is found to resist cold or heat better than any other kind. By this the plant looks like a long paper cylinder bulging a little at the pot end and tapering a trifle at the top.

Now the box must be prepared. It is of a size to hold easily but firmly whatever it must contain. There is a carpenter's shop attached to each big establishment, and the head of it knows accurately the space requisite to an order of almost any dimension. He nails everything firm and square, but leaves cracks that serve for ventilation. The next thing is to line the box through and through with a thick, specially prepared paper board, flexible for all its thickness. Inside that come more newspapers—a dozen ply if the thermometer is playing fantastic tricks before high heaven. Then the plants are put in, in double row, pots at each end and tips overlapping each other. If there are crevices between, more newspaper is crammed into them, and still more printed sheets are spread over the whole. Upon top of that comes more of the paper board, which is tucked in snugly, then the top is nailed down tight, and the package is ready to go to Canada or Colorado.

This, of course, for long shipments and winter weather. In summer the precautions are hardly

less, since heat and drying out are only less hurtful than frost to such tender wares. In case of a blossoming plant, such as an orchid, each flower is first wrapped delicately in paraffine paper, then three stout slivers are so set about the root that the whole plant may be gathered into the space between them. There it has a further enveloping of paraffine paper, over which come many layers of tissue paper, and then the newspapers as for other plants. Large and especially fine specimens are set in separate coarse baskets, so as to run no risk of crushing so much as a leaf. You understand such precaution and appreciate it when you hear that the plant is worth from five hundred to a thousand dollars, and that each spray of blossoms, if cut, would fetch readily twenty dollars.

More than any other tradesman, the florist has the whole world for his parish. One leading flower merchant keeps forever afield expeditions numbering from ten to three hundred men, who go about seeking what they may dig up and bring back to adorn civilization—since it is in wild and tropic regions that the flower gatherers find their happy hunting ground. The men who are sent strange countries for to see bring back wonder stories a-plenty. It is usual to have only a few Europeans or Americans in such parties. These employ natives as guides, bearers, hunters, and so on. They are, in fact, Stanleys in miniature—with, let us hope, the Stanley inhumanity left out. Up and down and round about they go; now searching through the valley of the Amazon or the Orinoco; now the cool mountain region of Colombia; anon in the forests of Brazil or Yucatan; or threading the jungly mazes of Hither India or Java, or daring the wrath of South African head hunters or the treachery of the black fellows who make the Australian bush so often a place of skulls.

The South Seas know them well. They have sailed them through and through, climbing the nameless peaks upon uncharted islands to see if perchance there be not something—some rare and precious secret of the blossom world—held fast in their rocky breasts. Antarctic shores are not beyond them. Indeed, there is no untrodden quarter of the globe into which they do not penetrate.

When the research goes on far inland it is a problem as to how the accumulate treasures shall reach the coast. The only beast of burden in many places, particularly in South America, is the bullock. Bullock carts there are in the native villages, but the routes coastward are often impassable for wheels. So the flower gatherers have often to pack their treasure in wooden boxes,

made by native carpenters and innocent of screw or nail. In place of them there is dovetail work that fills one with respect for those who wrought it. It is indeed nearly as fine and well fitted as the cases in which we get pottery from China and Japan. It has need to be good, since the cases are to make a long journey, slung upon the backs of a bullock train.

One such bullock train had three hundred men by way of accompaniment. Figures are thought to be cold and insensate, yet they have sometimes a knack of eloquence beyond words—as when you hear how it is that this game comes to be worth the candle. There is a large element of speculation in it. A single root that your two hands might hide, found and fetched by that particular train, sold later on for five thousand dollars. Of course it was an orchid, and while not more beautiful than all its tribe, absolutely unique. That is to say, no other like it was known to exist, and as the blossom was seedless, it was likely to maintain that distinction. To produce it, nature had cross fertilized one unknown flower with the pollen of another. The result was this hybrid, lacking the power of reproduction, as is very much the case with hybrids natural or artificial.

Everybody has heard of the orchid craze, which for awhile threatened to eclipse the tulip mania of Holland. The world knows how collectors vied with each other in gathering together these flowers of the air; how jealously they watched the market and each other, and gathered like vultures to the feast when death or misfortune sent a great collection to the auction mart. But few know accurately how the aerial blossom lives, is moved and has its being; by consequence it is worth while to show them as well as may be through another person's eyes.

To begin, there are two popular misconceptions that need to be corrected. The first names the orchid as a flower of fabulous cost. That is altogether wrong. While extravagant prices have been paid by fanciers for rare or unique specimens, the rapid multiplication of the plants puts many of the loveliest sorts within reach of a moderate purse. This for the flowers. As plants they are not desirable unless you have greenhouse accommodation for them. The reason for that explains the second popular mistake, which is, that the orchid is a parasite, like mistletoe or dodder. Instead it is a true air plant, subsisting wholly upon what of moisture and matter its root is able, by some alchemy all its own, to draw from the atmosphere. In its native habitat the tropic air is not only full of vapor, but of the exhalations from a teeming earth. These the or-

chid draws to itself, and from them marvelously fashions the blossoms which are so curiously like and unlike other things of this earth.

Draw a long breath before you set out to make the round of orchid houses. They are one and twenty, and will take you, in climate, through many degrees of latitude. Here are the Cattleyas, favorite of society, spelled with a large S, and once upon a time worth much more than their weight in gold. They come from Colombia, in the northerly part of South America. Of course the air about needs to be warm and humid. See them stand a-row, rank upon rank, over the greenhouse benches, or hang thickly from its crystalline roof! The roots fill open wooden cages, inside which there is a trifle of moss. Steam pipes run about, and underneath the side benches there are long tanks full of water, kept at such temperature as insures vaporization. The plants are in root and stem so stiff, so sturdy, so uncouth, you might fancy each an ogre such as graced our childish fairy tales, who was really a fairy prince or princess, disguised by evil enchantment that only a stronger spell could break.

Such a spell has been wrought—whether by life or the sun who shall say? Here is proof of it in the massed bloom which dazzled your charmed sight. Here are the richest purple, the most ravishing pink—mauve, white, purple crimson, golden yellow! Every hue, every line is royal and royally fantastic. No two sorts have quite the same mingling of colors, and though the shape is the same, there is the most wonderful variety in markings. Eying them, you cannot wonder that it is fashion's flower *par excellence*, though the price has declined to a bare half-dollar apiece; nor fail to applaud the choice of it, even when you go down a few steps and find yourself facing sprays of *Odontoglossum* in the cool climate of the Colombian mountain region.

Yet there is a grace, a weird charm, that none can match or deny, in these spotted and flecked and speckled sprays. For the most part they have white or light ground colors, marked vividly with brown and gold, or yellow and crimson, or chocolate and purple. The flowers are star-shaped, with long recurved petals. In stem, in root, in habit of growth, they are unlike as possible to the Cattleyas; yet none having seen them could mistake either for anything but an orchid. So, too, with the *Cypripediums*, which take even warmer and moister weather than the Cattleyas, and run the gamut of color between gold, brown and deep red. They have no trace of kinship with the showier blossoms beyond the hall-mark which Mother Nature has stamped on each of her royal blooms.



AZALEA.



SACCOLABIUM PREMOSUM

There are already more than seven hundred varieties of orchids in cultivation, with new ones coming in at the rate of a hundred the season. Many of them are discarded almost as soon as named, but still enthusiastic growers persevere experimenting, cross fertilizing, saving seed and sowing them, watching and waiting with what patience they may for the day of blossom. Sometimes they set two plants whose union is desired side by side when in blossom, and see what nature will achieve. But they never trust wholly to her efforts. As soon as the selected flower unfolds with delicate sharp scissors the stamens are deftly clipped away. Then, when the pollen is ripe in the other flower, it is gathered on tip of a camel's-hair brush and transferred to the pistil of the first one. If as the blossom dies the ovary at the base swells to a seed capsule the operator knows he has been successful; if it

shrinks and falls with the flower he knows the pollen did not "take," and that his work must be done over again.

There are crimson orchids, and scarlet ones, and blue. The loveliest of the tribe, indeed, is *Vanda cernuea*, which bears a cloud of mist-blue blossoms in long pendulous racemes. Indeed, to do but the half of justice to them would leave room for nothing else. And there is so much else to be told that the work of selection presents truly an embarrassment of riches. For example, here is a palm house two hundred and fifty feet long, and crowded all its length with lacy green spoil gathered from beneath the four winds of heaven.

Here are palm fronds big enough each to shelter you from pelting rain. Mark over there the brown-black columns of the Tree Ferns. Columns of mossy texture they seem, sown through and through with thready yellow roots. They are, indeed, aggregations of root, shaped by the plant in its upward growth. The shaping is still in process. There at the top, underneath the crown of delicately cut fronds, you see



GROUP SHOWING *ANGREECUM SESQUIPEDALE*.



PARTERRE OF ORCHIDS.

where fronds outgrown have fallen, leaving new lengths of trunk. Of course the Tree Ferns come from Australia. Only that land of paradox could have evolved such things as they, or as this other kindred plant, whose spiny stems where they centre make a great green oval, much like a giant cactus.

One associates naturally Africa with palms and palm oil; hence it is a bit astonishing to learn that the Dark Continent furnishes but few of those here gathered. India—both the Indies—South America, Australia and the South Sea islands are the main sources of supply. There are palms by the hundred, yet barely six are grown in big commercial quantities. The reason is patent—there are but six which thrive as house plants. And though the greenhouse contingent is big, and growing constantly bigger, it is not its hundreds, but the dollars of the multitude, which mean fortune to the florist. That astute person found out a long time back that there was more money in great sales at a small profit than in small sales at a great one. Hence his wide and various advertising, his plenitude of catalogues. There is hardly a remote village, a cross-roads hamlet, in the land, certainly not a farmhouse of the better sort, but knows the name, style and title of at least one of the leading houses.

Let the resultant order be ten cents, ten dollars or a hundred, it is filled with precisely the same accurate care, forwarded as promptly, and packed in quite the same fashion. The flower seller is, beyond all other tradesmen, no respecter of persons. Self-interest would make him so, since the bubble reputation has for him a mighty solid commercial value. Besides, every customer may have potentialities untold. If pleased in small things it may easily come about that he shall order great ones. So each of the quarter-million of palms and ferns in this particular establishment, and in all other reputable ones, is accurately labeled beyond the possibility of mistakes.

Smaller houses make out all along the sides of the great stretch of palms. Several of them are given over to a single fern—one that looks like maidenhair, glorified, and cut from some precious semi-translucent green stone. It is in pots of all sizes, some hardly bigger than your thumb. It is greatly in demand, your guide says, for the filling of *jardinières*. You believe him readily, noting the expanse of it. He tells you further that three hundred thousand plants of asparagus fern were sold within a year from the time it was first advertised in quantity, and adds that there is more money by a long sight in selling such green goods at a dollar the pot than there would be in

one of the Tree Ferns which are rated at a thousand dollars.

In another house, tropically warm, more than tropically humid, if you may not have receipt of fern seed and walk invisible you may see how those same impalpable fern seed are turned into living plants, and note as well fronds ripe for the seed harvest. Such fronds, too! Here is the stag-horn fern—a dozen varieties at the least—each more staglike than its fellow. They are rooted in tufts of peat and hung against the wall. The long palmate leaves droop gracefully out from the shieldlike bosses that hide and shelter the root. Upon the under side of these drooping fronds you may note here or there a blotch of brownish green, which is rough to the touch and stands a little above the leaf surface. Those are the spores—true fern seed. When they drop easily at the touch they are ready for planting. Then they are shaken off and strewn lightly over the surface of specially prepared pots. Even in the seed, ferns have a fondness for peaty vegetable mold. After the sowing a clear bell glass is set over the pot, which goes straight to a warm bench, where there is the strength of sunshine without its glare. Very shortly there comes all over the wet blackness beneath the glass a fine mossy green film, that at length develops into the tiniest leaves and stems. Then with a trowel whose point is no bigger than a coffee spoon bits of the green growth are lifted delicately and set an inch apart over the surface of other pots, and kept still under the bell glass. Before long they will have grown big enough to be pricked out separately in inch pots, and take their places upon the benches as full-fledged fern.

Ferns which do not seed are multiplied by division of the roots. To even name all the rare and curious things to be found among them is beyond this paper's scope. For there are such things! Ferns with runners, longer, more tensile, more intrusive than the strawberry; hare's-foot fern, whose hairy creeping root is full of the uncanny suggestion inherent in the real hare's foot. Silver fern, and another sort whose waving plumes seem tufted over with green velvet. All these—how many more!—must pass unnoted. For it is not alone the wilds and still-waste places that are laid under tribute for our flower supply. It must be set down here how France sends us new roses galore; how Holland holds the bulb trade fast in her low lap; how Japan sends us chrysanthemums and lily bulbs; how other lilies, those sacred to Easter, come to us in the bulb and the blossom from Bermuda; how Belgium sends us azaleas and lily of the valley; and how from far Cathay comes the family of Narcissus.

These are but a few salient examples. The "Dutch bulbs" are field crops in the "polders" back of the dikes and windmills. The fields are not big, as we Americans judge size—half to three-quarters of an acre. But they get work and manure enough to quite transform a space ten times bigger. Indeed, the fertilization is so heavy that the bulbs must be a second year's crop. If they came in contact with raw manure they would be scaly and misshapen. By consequence when your Dutchman has drawn some five hundred loads upon his bit of ground he plows, harrows and plants it in potatoes. These he cultivates carefully, keeping down every weed. When the crop is harvested he plows again—or more likely spades up the earth. The next spring he gets his bulbs—usually all of one sort, to save danger of mixing—scarifies them lightly around the edges, and sets them in close rows all over the ground. They spring up, but do not bloom to any great extent. He rejoices—he wants bulbs, not flowers. He stirs the earth, and keeps it clean. Soon each old bulb is the centre of a mass of young ones, which have formed along the cut edges and are taking on the size and substance becoming a merchantable root. By the early autumn they are merchantable, and marketed, many of them in Uncle Sam's domain.

The azaleas which show as masses of snow, or of flame, or as clouds pink with dawn, in the windows and upon the streets, throughout the late winter and early spring, we owe likewise to the thrifty patience of Dutch burghers. Ghent is their centre of cultivation. In the days when freight came over, for the most part, in sailing packets, it was no unusual thing to find them forced into premature bloom by the heat and darkness between decks. Now, with steam freighters, such mischance is rare. The azalea is, though, very nearly the most biddable of blossoms. It can be hurried into flower before the holidays, or held and bound from normal blossoming till Easter is long past.

One cannot wonder that Japanese art is so gorgeous when one has seen a wistaria vine in blossom, a clump of golden-banded lilies, or Mme. Chrysanthe on dress parade. Two years back size was the thing. By disbudding, that is, removing all but a single bud from each root, and feeding the root grossly, the florist showed us blossoms to make a respectable mop ashamed of itself. We have changed all that with a vengeance. Though still Fashion fawns upon the big sorts by way of decoration, for her own personal adorning she demands the pompons, many of which are the size of a ten-cent piece. Of course they grow in thick clusters and are wonderfully

effective. The chrysanthemum color scheme is even richer than that of the orchids. There are green orchids—there is likewise a green chrysanthemum, to say nothing of tans and browns and pinkish fawns, besides clear white, ivory, cream, every possible shade and shape in yellow, clear pink, maroon, royal crimson and purple. A recent novel has emphasized the rarity and possible value of a yellow aster. Yellow chrysanthemums abound, as do blue asters. But if there is a blue chrysanthemum it remains where Japanese tradition has placed it, in the Mikado's garden, jealously preserved from foreign eyes.

French growers send over yearly a great multitude of new roses, and American florists are no whit behind them in enterprise. Notwithstanding, twenty sorts make up the bulk of the fifty odd million cut roses New York town wears yearly, in its buttonhole, upon its dinner tables, at its fasts and feasts, its bridal, its burials, its balls, its coming outs and its christenings. A new rose comes in one of two ways—either as a seedling or a sport from a well-established variety. A sport, you understand, is not a high rolling, but an eccentric branch which is not satisfied to blossom after the shape and in the colors of its pastors and masters, and all its train of steady-going forefathers, but must needs develop along lines of its own, which it has the vanity to regard as a betterment of existing things.

Usually the florist falls in with that opinion. It may be indeed that sports, like reformers, are only recognized as such after they have proved themselves successful. However that may be, some enormously successful roses are sports from others as successful. Witness the Bridesmaid, a pink sport of the ever-delightful Bride, and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, the very newest of the fashionable "celestial" pink roses, which is a sport from Mme. Cuisin. Against them set the seedlings, both of the highest fashion, Mrs. W. C. Whitney and Belle Seabright. Both are formidable candidates for the throne now held by American Beauty, of which all good patriots are bound to believe that its superlative excellence is due very much to the fact that it was first brought to flower in the White House conservatory.

If we have no flower farms for the perfumer, such as make the glory of Nice, Grasse, Florence and some of the Spanish and Algerian towns, we have farms in plenty whose sole crop is flower seed. The late Peter Henderson was the father of the business, as it was by his advice that the pioneer farms were established. They are located mainly in California, many being owned and managed by women. Southern California is, indeed, very nearly an ideal place for such an industry.

STAG-HORN FERN (*PLATYCIRIUM ALICORNE*).

What with its lack of frost, its long season of growth and rainless period of ripening and harvest, it easily leads the rest of the world for seed, such as salvia, philox, antirrhinum, aster—indeed, all the sun-loving tribe. But pansies, like oats, come to their utmost perfection only among the mists and moors and cool airs of Scotland or Canada.

New Mexico boasts a woman florist whose specialty is cacti. Alone and well mounted, she scours plain and mesa and sagebrush slope. Great is her delight in the spiny abnormal growths of the desert. When she finds one worth the trouble she digs it up and carries it home with her, to be sent east or west as demand or occasion serves.

Specialization is, indeed, becoming more and more the dominant floral note. In a single New Jersey village there are fifty-four establishments devoted solely to rose growing. Up the Hudson and about Poughkeepsie the violet prevails as astonishingly. There you find acres upon acres of cool glass houses, full of violet scent and color. Long Island, too, has many violet houses, besides her hundred odd that sell whatever grows and blows.

If you think the hundred

a figure of the pen, or a figment of imagination, go, if fate allows, some summer morning, to the flower market in Union Square. You will find the plaza crowded with country wagons and country folk, and flowers that are fresh as the freshest good greensward. The wagons have come in from near-lying towns all about. Many of the flower sellers are women. Here is a solid German dame placidly knitting as she keeps guard over the blossomy wares her loutish son has duly set out on the flagging at her feet. There a typical Irish woman cuffs a small lad she has caught in the act of stealing a carnation, and ends by giving him the plant outright after one look into the longing childish eyes. Over yonder a prettyish girl, who is evidently an accident, not a commonplace, of the trafficking, prinks and pranks herself in the edge of a tilt-top wagon, staring about the while with wonder-wide eyes. The city is still new to her. Most likely she has not seen it three times before in her life. She looks a little doubtfully at another girl, of near her own age, who comes up unsmiling, clutching a few pennies, and goes away radiant at finding that they will buy a pot



PALMS.



PTERIS TREMULA SMITH & E.

of mignonette. Behind the girl hovers a woman thin and frail-looking, of the pasty-white complexion which comes from long hours indoors. She parts eagerly with a bit of silver in exchange for the reddest geranium in the market, waving disdainfully aside the vender's suggestion of a carnation, as glowing and infinitely sweeter. Poor thing! Her choice is easily explicable. She felt the charm of vigorous, hardy, glowing vitality. Life she herself lacked—naturally she craved that which would bring the most of it into her gray uncolored environment.

So the buying, the selling goes forward to eight o'clock. Then it is up and away with the flower folk. Bargain hunters come out now in number and variety. They have the reward of thrifty patience, and buy roses, carnations, great clumps of pansies, heliotropes, scented geraniums—all the market offers, indeed—for about half the early morning prices. But even they are not the keenest bargainners, the most earnest chafferers, in the business of blossoms. To see them you must go to a flower auction where both buyers and sellers are in the trade.

A mighty entertaining spectacle that same flower auction, which is in essence

a trade device for leveling one man's surplus into the yawning hollows of another man's stock. It is held far downtown, in a room that would be stuffy if it were not breathed through and through with the fragrance of flower and leaf. For it is full to overflowing of growing things. A bare glance tells you they are not meant for the lay market. The full half of them are in flats. A flat, you will understand, is a shallow wooden tray filled with rich earth to the depth of three inches, and



AN AVENUE IN THE PALM HOUSE.

set thick all over with vigorous young plants. Very often it holds pansies just coming into blossom. Then indeed is the flat worth seeing. The pert many-colored flowers nod at you with something of malicious human comprehension, as though they felt called on thus to whistle down the wind their sense of the hurt to their dignity in becoming mere auction merchandise. It is one thing, you see, to be sold in a beribboned pot over a white-and-gold counter on Broadway, and quite another to be cried off for a few paltry pennies at the hands of a stout red-faced man who is not on terms of speaking acquaintance with English grammar.

Young palms even droop a bit in the face of such indignity. But daisies stand stolidly up,

vacant of all expression. What else can one expect from a blossom so little careful as to where and how she blows! Even the fact that the daisy flats fetch less than any others passes harmless over her head. Contrariwise, mignonette and asters sell wonderfully well—better even than the palms, when one considers the time and trouble bestowed on each. The buyers and sellers are not less typical than what they trade in. You see German faces, French, English, even Italian, but very rarely an American. Notwithstanding, there is plenty of American money and muscle devoted to this so profitable trade. But in general the American, like his nation, is the boss. He has sent his foreign hired man hither, to buy what later he will pay for and resell at a profit.

IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the Highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies:

Oh, to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when evening dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

Oh, to dream, oh, to wake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

DORINE'S EPITAPH.

BY ELIZABETH C. WINTER.

DORINE was a poor relation, and was sometimes made to feel it bitterly. But for the most part her cousin Frances was kind to her. She often gave Dorine gowns that had "grown too small" for herself—she was getting stout, but she never by any chance said that she was growing too large for the gowns; and when there were not too many people for dinner Dorine always dined with the rest of the family. She had a stated salary, too—not very large, "but," as Mrs. West said, "quite enough. Since she had board, lodging and

clothes furnished, what *could* she want with money?"

Dorine did not complain. If her lines had not fallen in pleasant places she was wise enough to reflect that they *might* have fallen in much more unpleasant places; so she took "the goods the gods provided," and was thankful. She was such a thankful little thing anyway; it was quite wonderful the amount of joy she managed to get out of life. Even a fine day made her happy, and for a beautiful sunset she was positively grateful.

"Silly little goose!" as Mrs. West often said, with a laugh. "Cousin Dorine, with her enthusiasms, could be happy about just nothing at all." But above everything else Dorine knew that she had one great cause for joy and thankfulness. She was a kind of nursery governess, as well as general housekeeper and maid of all work, and she knew that the two children idolized her.

Mrs. West knew it, too; but she was not a jealous mother. "There wasn't that much good in her," as Dr. Kane used to say; and she was "right glad," to quote her own words, "that the children had taken such a shine to Dorry. It saved her lots of trouble, and made her quite easy days and nights when she had to be away from them."

"Days and nights—*had* to be away from them!" snorted Dr. Kane, when somebody repeated these words in his hearing. "Had to be away, indeed! Had to be having a good time, while her children were growing up she neither knew nor cared how! But lucky for her they were in the hands of a girl who was more than half-angel, while the rest of her was all heart. Oh, well! The children were good children enough; but it was well for them that this world occasionally contained women who had been built on a different plan from that employed in the manufacture of Mrs. Frances West!"

Dr. Kane, assisted by the devoted nursing of Dorine, had brought Nanny and Bertie West through two or three severe illnesses, and it is to be supposed that the doctor knew what he was talking about.

And now a curious thing happened—Mrs. West fell in love with Dr. Kane. Of course by all the laws of likes and dislikes she ought to have hated him—but, science, psychology and common sense to the contrary, she did not. That is just the contrary way in which things happen in real life—and so she fell in love with him.

Dr. Kane had a certain air of authority that is quite fascinating to some women, especially women who are inclined to bully people, and who are always cowards at heart. Mrs. West was still quite young, and notwithstanding a tendency to *embonpoint* had a reputation as a beauty. She had all her life been accustomed to do just as she pleased; her will had been law in her own family, and her husband had been her most obedient slave. When she had first called in the advice of Dr. Kane, on the occasion of her children having the scarlet fever, she had been somewhat piqued by his indifference, and that had attracted her attention to him; then she had been provoked, and had put on a greater appearance of carelessness toward her children than she really

felt; and finally, observing that "no doubt they could get on better without her," she had flounced out of the nursery in a pet, leaving the sick children entirely to their nurse, the doctor and Dorine.

But she was destined to hear more of Dr. Kane when she went abroad than before she left home. He was a very popular man in society; and besides being an excellent physician, he could make a fourth in a rubber of whist, could play an amazing game of chess, sing a tenor song in a voice to charm a nightingale, and play the piano like a professional.

The children recovered from the scarlet fever, and their mother was grateful—for in her ways she loved them. But she could not find the right words to thank Dr. Kane for his care of them; and he made the mistake of thinking her much more heartless than she really was, while she declared to herself that "he was very impertinent in his manner toward her, and she hated him;" and then her heart palpitated and her cheek flushed, next time she met him, in a way that was, to say the least, very aggravating.

A few months after that Nanny and Bertie had the whooping cough. Dr. Kane came every day, and Mrs. West was almost glad of her children's illness. On this occasion she really did offer to wait on them, and showed a due amount of anxiety; but Dr. Kane hardly glanced at her, giving his entire attention to Dorine, and always telling her what to do and how to treat the children in case of any emergency. Mrs. West felt bitterly chagrined, and left the room determined never to call in Dr. Kane again; but she met him every day he called, notwithstanding, and she puzzled herself into many a headache trying to understand why he should treat her with such downright rudeness, and in her own house, too. That he could really disapprove of her or dislike her she could not easily comprehend.

But at length she was forced to the conclusion that Dr. Kane, for some inexplicable reason, actually disliked her. It seemed incredible, but it was true. The knowledge sank into the depths of her soul when she had thoroughly taken in the thought. She fell ill; she pined away and became thin. Her despair was becoming to her. Her pallor and almost girlish slenderness gave her an interest she had never possessed before. Her eyes looked large and wistful; her somewhat loud and imperious manner gave place to a shyness that was almost pathetic. There went a whisper about that dear Mrs. West was grieving to death about Dr. Kane's harsh treatment of her and his cruel misunderstanding of her—she was so sensitive! And somehow this whisper

reached Dr. Kane; and seeing her so changed, and being told that he was the cause of it, there was a sudden reaction in his feelings, and he was actually smitten with a transient but quite real remorse at having so misjudged her.

Truly men are singular beings, and their ways are past finding out—though they are in the habit of saying the same of women!

On the next occasion when Dr. Kane found himself in the company of Mrs. West he was seen in a new character—that of a lady's man; and his devotion to the fair widow was calculated to make her believe that she was the only woman in the world for him. She was transported with happiness. She was so truly in love that all that was best in her nature rose to the surface and basked in the sunshine of her first real passion. Dr. Kane found her charming, and marveled at himself that he could ever have thought otherwise. Her happiness overflowed on all about her. The children had a model mother; and if Dorine had ever felt the bitterness of a poor relation in her cousin's house she was speedily made to forget it. But too soon, alas! she found another and more unendurable bitterness. Dr. Kane was now a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. West; he came frequently to dinner, and as the table was never crowded any more, Dorine and the children were frequently included in the family party; and if Dr. Kane had been as observant of his little friend as of old he must have perceived that she had grown strangely pale and quiet. But he never noticed it. The children romped, and their mother smiled on them; and when they became too noisy Dorine quietly drew them away from the room almost without the knowledge of the two who were often so absorbed in each other as to be unconscious of all else.

This was now the month of January in the year 1890; and the scourge that has since become so familiar had made its appearance so silently, so swiftly, that before the end of the month hundreds were in the clutch of la grippe. Dr. Kane was occupied day and night; the streets were dark with hearses and funeral processions; the very air seemed throbbing with the moans of the dying; and every hour that he could wrench from his sad duties he spent now with the pretty widow who had promised for his sake to put aside her widowhood. A dread presentiment tormented him in the midst of his happiness; and in the overstrained condition of his nerves he seemed to see, each day as he approached her house, the dark angel brooding over it with folded wings.

One day Dr. Kane had been so pressed for time that he had been unable to spare even the customary flying call, as he drove by, at the house

of his *fiancée*; the next morning the telephone rang him up from his brief sleep, at five o'clock in the morning, with the message that he was wanted immediately at Mrs. West's. Dorine met him at the foot of the stairs. Both the children were sick in bed. Their mother had been with them all night, but had been obliged to succumb to an insupportable feeling of lassitude combined with a maddening headache, and now lay in a half-delirious condition. Two of the servants were in bed, and the children's nurse was almost unable to wait upon them. Dorine herself was as white as a lily, and while she spoke she had pressed her trembling little hand against her side more than once. Dr. Kane did not see this, or if he did he took no notice, but hastened first to the children, and then to their mother. As he had feared, he found them all suffering from a malignant form of the "grip"; and before the week was ended everyone in the house, except the cook, a new housemaid and Dorine, were in bed. Two hired nurses were on duty night and day, but neither Cousin Frances nor her children would take a spoonful of medicine from any hand but that of Dorine. This was selfish, perhaps, and although it was to be expected on the part of the children, Dr. Kane would have regarded it only a few months ago as an unreasonable caprice on the part of their mother. He did not so regard it now—it seemed a sweet and feminine appreciation of Dorine's genius for nursing; and he smiled indulgently when that most willing and indefatigable little slave flew hither and thither in obedience to her three patients' clamorous demands. Dr. Kane was in love, and behaved just like other men under these circumstances. It is painful to be obliged to record it, but men of science, philosophers, poets and fools are alike when stricken with that malady, and all behave in much the same incomprehensible manner.

Dorine made no complaint—she never did; and she didn't even feel impatient. The illness was so serious, the possible results were so terrible to contemplate, that she thought of nothing but alleviating suffering, even at the cost of her own life, if necessary.

But she became every day slighter and paler. Even some of her new dresses, which Cousin Frances declared she was to have, would be a world too large for Dorine's fragile form, and would need a great deal of "altering" and "taking in" before they could be made to fit. At last, as the dread cloud which had lowered over the house so darkly began to lift, Dr. Kane looked more closely at his "good little assistant"; and he shook his head gravely, telling her to "take more rest—time and good nursing were all

they needed, and there was help enough at hand—she mustn't get on the sick list herself."

Dorine smiled brightly, and declared she was quite as well as usual; and then, as Dr. Kane turned away, reassured, she looked after him with a wild, longing, hungry look in her eyes that had grown so large and hollow. A faint flush went

cheerfulness never relaxed. If there were moments when an impatient word rose to her lips it perished there, and no one ever heard the sound thereof; if there were moments when her poor little heart contracted and almost ceased to beat, when she saw the gallant doctor bend devotedly over the pretty and now very slender hand of his



"RAISING THE SLIGHT FORM IN HIS ARMS."

all over her face; a slight, bitter sigh half escaped her lips, but she crushed it back; then she grew very white, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

This happened very often, for as Mrs. West and the children grew stronger Dr. Kane's anxiety about them diminished, and he was more observant of other people; but Dorine always declared that she was quite well, and her sweet and patient

betrothed wife, no one ever knew or guessed, and the cry of pain was strangled in her throat and passed for "a slight cough."

One evening, toward the end of March, when the epidemic had spent its fury and the physicians in general were permitting themselves a breathing space, Dr. Kane had allowed himself "an evening off," and was spending it with Mrs.

West. The children had become boisterous, for convalescent children are more difficult to manage than very sick ones; and Dorine had taken them away to the nursery as usual. She told them stories till her stock of fairies, brownies and gnomes was exhausted; and the door being partly open, she could now and then hear the light, joyous laughter of Cousin Frances, for the happy young doctor was very merry that evening, and full of joke and anecdote. Then, if she felt like crying out in irrepressible pain, she would just begin another story to Nanny and Berty, who were becoming sleepy, and didn't notice that her tones were tremulous, and sometimes faltered away into silence.

At last they slept, and Dorine permitted herself to sigh—just once, a long, grateful sigh. A faint sweet smile rested on her lips, her eyes closed, and her head fell back against the little silken cushion that Nanny had lovingly tied on her chair.

Downstairs the playful talk went on, intermingled with merry laughter; and if anyone had been listening very closely, perhaps now and then the fleeting, indescribable *silence* of a kiss—something more telltale than sound. And at last it was time to say "Good-by."

"We will just take a look at the little ones, dear," said Dr. Kane. "There is no need, for they are coming on as well as could be wished; but I like to look at them asleep—they are so like you then."

"Oh, you dear Dick!" exclaimed Mrs. West, looking very sweet and pretty.

So they tiptoed softly into the nursery, and went over first to the children's bed—both were sleeping the delightful sleep of convalescence and healthy fatigue; and then the lovers turned from them to gaze at the little figure in the low chair.

"How tired she must be—dear little Dorry! She has fallen asleep," said Cousin Frances.

Dr. Kane started and grew pale. His experienced eye saw something more than sleep. He took two long steps forward, and raising the slight form in his arms, carried it nearer to the lighted gas, which now fell full on the still face, white and pure as a snowdrift.

Mrs. West uttered a piercing cry.

"Don't, Fanny, dear. For God's sake be quiet! You will wake the children, and they will be terrified."

"Can nothing be done—is it too late?" she asked, with chattering teeth.

"Nothing at all. She has been dead for several hours—a happy death, painless and peaceful. And when all is said, could the longest life on earth do more? 'Dead, at her post!' Dear little Dorine, who among us all may not envy you!"

He stooped and pressed on the smiling mouth the kiss for which Dorine had gladly died.

Mrs. West suddenly felt far away from him—she was afraid she would not always understand him—but she was not jealous because he kissed Dorine.



BY NELLY HART WOODWORTH.

HOWEVER elegant the edition may be, the book of Nature is an old-fashioned volume. It is a colossal structure with no musty leaves, its texts so plainly illustrated that whoever runs may read their meaning. The coloring is exquisitely done, the illuminations are perfect, and the grace, symmetry and harmony so complete in every fragrant page that we yield readily to the seductive fascination as we turn its pages replete with fresh attractions.

A grain of sympathy may move a mountain of adamant, and an atom of interest in this great universal world will attract to itself other atoms and become a vast moving power.

The Koran speaks of Mohammed as standing beneath the lotus tree near the garden of eternal abode, which tree, says the commentator, has a soul in every leaf. This description also applies to the book of Nature, which certainly has a soul in every leaf; every flower of the field teaches its



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, THE CHICKADEE.

lesson, every green leaf tells a marvelous story, every bird of the air helps to echo the angel message. Month by month we turn the leaves of this wonderful volume; year by year we only wonder more at its exhaustlessness. There may be white pages and dark; fair they may be or foul—the story of the year would not be complete if one were missing. Blank leaves there are none, though the winter's snows have drifted deep across the pages.

The fashions all originated in Nature's great school of design; the pattern of the laces was inwrought long ago in the dainty leafwork; fringes and feather trimmings have decorated the clouds for ages; and the grandest architecture is found in the graceful curves, the wondrous arches of the forest solitudes.

Colossus, Sphinx, pyramids, leaning towers—all were modeled first in some one of Nature's workshops. Sparkling pearls from a cup which runneth over glisten where she hides away and wipes her eyes in silence, but when the little brook has left the fountain of tears it finds its voice and goes singing on forever and forever. The cold white monotony of winter invites a homesickness for the time of the singing of birds, and the prolonged silence oftentimes becomes oppressive!

Dear tired Mother Earth, says the poet, has been overtaken with sweet slumber, and we must walk softly through her chambers lest we waken

her from her repose. Did he never think how cramped one's feet will become with walking a long six months on tiptoe, nor how they will ache to assume a natural position with the whole broad foot planted upon terra firma?

The poetry of winter is as stainless, as white and pure as the season itself, but after experiencing months of cheerless visionary looking forward to a retarded spring there is an unconscious irony in most cold-weather sentiment.

If all animate forms of life regarded it from a human standpoint it might be worse! Taken as a whole, winter is unsympathetic, unresponsive, and appealing best to a robust aggressiveness. The finer forms of life sleep; not a blade of grass but folds its tiny arms and dreams, deliciously maybe, but still dreaming.

And though a comatose state has its advantages we pity the poor Earth in her prolonged sleep and long to waken her to life again—we are tender of her, asleep or waking. When she really opens her eyes, looks dreamily about in a half-dazed state, and after a spasmodic attention to personal appearance suddenly springs to life, all our fears are forgotten. We seem to have been blended in her sleep, and come forth with new courage and new ambition.

Thoreau, with his buoyant nature, was at home in winter, and much of his choicest thought has reference to that season.

We are accustomed, he says, to hear this king

described as a rude and boisterous tyrant, but with the gentleness of a lover he adorns the tresses of summer. He speaks of the weeds as decent weeds which widowed Nature wears, and that many of the phenomena of winter are suggestive of an inexpressible tenderness and fragile delicacy.

But what a heart-bound in the words, "O the evening robin at the end of a New England summer's day!" And though the wintry days may be sunny, the air clear and crystalline, and the frostwork exquisite, how often the heart goes out with keenest longing to the time when bluebirds come!

When bluebirds come the air is soft
And sweet as is a baby's breath;
The warm south wind has kissed the snows
And held them in a clasp of death
Till here and there the brown earth shows.
The icy heart of winter fast
Is melting, and the streams, at last
Let loose, their silver chains unbound,
Mingle their voices with the sound
Of bluebirds' music, dreamy, low,
And sweet as notes of long ago.

When bluebirds come the snowy scene
Dissolves as does some golden dream;
Warm airs astir, bright clouds unfold,
And life reflected from their hue
Deepens in beauty manifold,
As fair as is the afterglow
When sunsets tinge the earth with gold.
O azure bird! the finest note
In April's harmony of song
Wells upward from your little throat;
The breezes lose themselves for you
In sunshine mazes; countless flowers
Raise smiling faces to the blue
Of April skies and list to you,
Throwing their perfume round the hours.

The early spring and winter have no boundary line; their voices may be active or passive, but after coquetting together for a time winter is thrust aside and the spring nymph sets about her task with excessive ardor.

In Northern New England this change often comes with the startling celerity of an explosion. It is winter to-day, cold and cruel, full of elemental fury; it is spring to-morrow, balmy, delicious. She binds the heart with threads of gold, and in-



GOLDFINCH PREPARING FOR A BATH.



SEEKING THE LOST RIVER.

voluntarily we doff our hats and bow low in her queenly presence. Nature never ceases to smile; birds and flowers are whispering love until the whole land becomes a land of illusion.

If there *be* such a goddess, spring has true feminine attributes, and it will not not be surprising if the arrogant imperiousness of her greeting be followed by the rarest sweetness and graciousness.

With the first stamp of that tiny foot the light and color of the vernal season flash upon us like a meteor; it startles, captivates, entrances. She

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rings her golden bells; she sounds her silvery horn, and marching, marching, legions of her subjects hear and answer, "We are coming!"

She stamped her foot upon the solid ground,
And sleeping buds went thrilling at the sound,
Lifted their heads, opened their dewy eyes
And looked about in trembling, sweet surprise;
Within the border of the greening wood
The frail Hepatica's fair children stood—
A group of budding beauties, hedged around
With parent leaves, embroidering the ground.
The song birds heard her in their southern home,
Unfurled their wings the while they sang, "We come."

In my notebook of the seasons, under date of September 6th, are these words: The first frost has come. The river draws up its coat collar and begins to dream of mittens, the overcoat a fashionable gray, greatly resembling mist. Hurrying feet have all summer found their way through the meadow grass to the river, have kept it tangled and downtrodden. It is freshest and greenest there, a memory of spring, like the young lives that have haunted it. It is so pretty—that little green path where the children came and went, bordered by withered grasses and wintry prophecies. The pressure of the little bare feet has blessed it, saved it from the common bleakness—redeemed by the touch of a child as many a life has been.

The air is dreamy; the landscape wears that ripe look, the harvest-home look—full fruition. Nature may have had cares and anxieties, but they are gone now; the worry, the hurry is over, and only this sweet tranquillity remains. The valleys are sweet-scented, the meadows billowy with the bending grain, the roadsides starred with wild asters, and the fields aflame with golden-rod. September fogs hang over the river—a mist of tears for the dead summer.

Upon the 1st of October crowds of yellow-rumped warblers were flitting from grove to garden, from garden to grove again.

The tall weeds tilted and swayed as their little bodies bore them down, and divided their rich harvest of seeds between them and the gold-finches. It is only by the splendid garniture of the woods that it becomes real that September is gone.

Up from September's sleepy hollow
Tangling her feet in the golden-rod,
She took the path all the dear months follow,
Up the heights, to the hills of God.

The gorgeous flora of His gardens—the woods—are a glory of gold and scarlet, gilding the very air that surrounds them—an aureole around the head of an October saint.

A golden shower has fallen and a rainbow breaks above the woods, or is an angel with golden wings walking in that celestial highway? The first flakes of snow fell upon the morning of October 11th. They melted almost as soon as they touched the ground, and only heightened the vivid coloring of earth and air and sky.

Upon the 17th the river has gone to sleep, drawn over its face a thin transparent blanket of ice, leaving only a slight open space where it may "peek" out and laugh at the sunshine.

No wonder it smiles, tucked away so cozily, and knowing that in its first blissful nap no one will interrupt with, "Seven o'clock, and time for

breakfast!" What an enviable distinction—that let-alone certainty, waking just a bit now and then, and dozing off again as its own sweet fancy dictates!

A pair of crows came every morning to a little elm on the edge of the stream, and while one searched for food at the roots of the tree the other amused itself by watching its own reflection in the mirroring water. This morning they came as usual, and one pruned itself while the other went on a voyage of discovery regarding the missing river.

"Where in the world can it have gone to?" he seemed to say. "It was only yesterday we were here to drink, and what in the name of common sense has come over it now?—not a drop of water to be found anywhere!"

A fifteen minutes' search failed to reveal the mystery, and the pair left in evident disgust at the changed situation.

An hour later a big, fat robin was on the lawn, a solitary bird that could find no food whatever.

I opened the door cautiously and threw out a handful of crumbs; but robin was alarmed and flew over to my neighbor's, and thence to the churchyard, where it cuddled up against the church steps in a pathetic way, as if asking protection. Then it tried the apple trees, searching in vain around the roots for a morsel of breakfast. He must have been left over by some mischance from the autumn migration, his friends and relatives going on to the green pastures before him.

Before night I found that it was a domesticated bird, which, escaping, had perhaps lost the instinct that prompts to migration. He was here long after, and must have been overtaken by the winter.

In the July previous this same little readbreast was an interesting study as he flew about my neighbor's house, keeping close all the while to the children. He had chosen one from among them, and most tender was the mutual sympathy, the bird sitting upon her shoulder or hand and "talking" confidently in low, subdued measures; insisting with sweet imperiousness upon full attention and proving itself the most vivacious and intelligent of companions.

The dirge for the autumn had scarcely died away ere the advent of the hardier birds proclaimed the winter.

Toll! toll
A dirge for her soul!
Infancy tender,
Dreamy, serene,
Maidenhood golden—robbed of her splendor,
Low is she lying,
But living or dying
She still is a queen.

Toll! toll
 A dirge for her soul!
 Leaves of the forest shall pillow her head,
 Ghosts of the grasses
 Bow as she passes
 Into the gloom
 Surrounding the tomb.
 While the cold winds shall chant endless chants for the
 dead.

Sadly, gladly
 Turn we away from her grave;
 Over its silence bleak winds shall rave,
 Wrapped in the white robes the angels brought down
 With her crystalline crown;
 Many a heart beating high for love's sake
 Shall tremble and quiver,
 Shall pause, and forever,
 Ere she shall awake.

The first really hearty winter song was from a chickadee. There was not a perfunctory note in the measure; it bubbled up from his heart as though he had been leading a dumb, repressed life and this reaction was the natural sequence. It was the middle of December. That morning there were frost flowers of such dainty, delicate and matchless grace upon my window that they quite reconciled me to the accompanying conditions. It was the poetry of winter—I could not chide the frost for thinking aloud and writing its thoughts in music! So far there had been none of those crisp, snapping mornings when they had blossomed in such loveliness while the world was sleeping! It was not long, however, before the sunshine rudely robbed them of their grace, dared to stand on holy ground and touch them with irreverent, tarnishing fingers.

A dozen of the birds were in the maples as I came up the walk, and I stopped and called softly to them. One, more intrepid or more curious than the rest, came nearer and answered my greeting. Then he broke out into song—a song as hearty and joyous as in the springtime, a wistful, thrilling sweetness pervading it that gladdened all my day, the wintry spirit of heaviness frightened away by the mere rustling of that little garment of praise.

His heart was full of poetry if the day was not, and the bare twigs and branches seemed kissed to life again as the caressing cadence echoed and re-echoed through them.

In the latter part of May occurred the most touching and suggestive experience that the birds brought to me during the last year. It was while standing reverently by the grave of Philips Brooks in Mount Auburn Cemetery that a flutter, a twit-ter and a troubled sob of song broke the silence.

A short flight of stone steps lead upward from the carriage drive to the burial place. Low

bushes were growing at either side of the gate that guards the sacred spot, and a chickadee was half hidden within them. She held a worm in her beak, and her anxious, piteous cry revealed the secret that her babies were threatened with danger. While I was watching intently every movement of the bird the sharp eyes of my friend had already solved the pretty mystery. The hollow iron post at the right side of the gate had yielded to time's erosion. There was a tiny aperture, perhaps eight or ten inches from the ground, within which practiced eyes could detect the presence of four young chickadees.

Pausing beside the Master's grave, I heard
 Low, anxious notes like a beseeching prayer,
 And as I listened, lo, a little bird,
 A chickadee, was nesting there.

Had the great heart so recently consigned
 Unto the earth, within Mount Auburn's space,
 Quickened the very iron till it brought
 Forth loveliness and grace?

Surely in all that city of the dead
 There was no fitter place for thee to rest,
 To rear thy little brood so cherished,
 Than near that tender breast!

O little bird! bird of the whole year round,
 Perennial blossom of our northern year,
 God's peace be with thee! ay, the peace he found
 Who slumbered near!

May no rude hand thy confidence betray,
 But still environed by that wondrous love,
 Sing long and low and sweetly all the day,
 His grave above

It was an ideal home, a true safeguard against evil.

Blessed birds that claimed protection within that sheltering presence, appropriating with true instinct the privilege of long friendship! for was not the good bishop in sympathy with all the world? Was anything too small or common to receive his attention, or too great to be outside the influence of his exceeding love? Undefinable beauty and delicacy of expression were in the song of the bird—an unconscious eulogy. Pity and pathos blended there, as if the recent order were reversed and the singer was a self-appointed guardian of the place lest no rude sound awake the sleeper from that sweet and holy dream.

Death's fingers are hid so deftly at the heart of all things living, but surely "the best proof of a heaven to come is its dawning within the heart."

Far over the hollow where the little lake is lovingly nestled warblers were singing until the fresh May air went throbbing with the sweetness. I could detect the notes of the Canada warbler,



SPRINGTIME WARBLE OF THE BLUEBIRD.

the summer warbler, the blue yellow-backed, the staccato note of the redstart, while the dreamy song of the bluebirds fell upon the ear like a fresh benediction.

Red-eyed vireos, with that simply wonderful cheeriness with which they carry the burdens of daily life, repeated the spring message—a reckless jollity, with more force than originality of note. Now it came from the hill yonder where the spreading beech and whispering pine intertwined their broad and long branches in soft and trembling shadows, now it dropped down from the evergreen boughs that rustled softly above the sleeping poet—Lowell.

When the warbling vireo lifted his voice the cadence of the choral strain palpitated with sweet sadness, like some sweet psalm of memory sung by lips that long since refused to sing.

And here there fell above height and over valley a hush over which the flutelike note of the wood thrush brooded.

The tender association of this city of the dead penetrated the song; there were tones in his music never heard before. The tragedy of life was surrounded by glory.

The song trembled in the beginning; it lingered for a clearer thought till suddenly it rose from the surrounding chaos, floated loud and clear above that silent city, in those wonderful tones breathing of love, love, love. It gained by repetition till love was eclipsed by pain, and the air throbbed with that passionless passion which in grandeur of conception is divinest of all bird anthems. The pain of it is that it ever ends.

It was a dream of heaven to mortals lent,
So grand and beautiful, beneficent.

A note from some grand anthem lingering long,
Unearthly melody was in the song.

Retracing the path to the lake, a large bird flew past and alighted in a fascinating tangle of thorn trees upon the opposite hill. Peering within the thorny mazes, the bird was plainly visible—a cuckoo robed in the fairest of all spring garments. "Come softly," were the words, "and see them. His mate is here; they are evidently preparing to nest."

The beautiful creatures were not disconcerted by the presence of strangers, and neither moved until the hand might almost have smoothed their satin coats. They stood side by side, bending their glossy heads as they "whispered" together, though what was spoken I could not interpret intelligently. This much I knew, that she understood his meaning, and her heart sprang out to meet him as joyously and unconsciously as a bird springs upward through the warm May sunshine.

The tender drama enacted was a mere prelim-

inary courtship, a preparatory rehearsal, as it was too early in the season for them to nest. It would not be surprising if, afterward, this same thorn tree held the secret of their home life, for it cannot be possible that people with eyes like theirs could lead the irregular life of profligates, and compel stranger birds to care for their offspring.

The sky was banked with fleecy clouds—a flock of sheep driven slowly across the sky, with one large one leading the rest, like a shepherdess. Where the stars were last night there were hundreds of swallows, wheeling, circling, sweeping, little specks against the blue, their tiny bodies more clearly defined as they came nearer. The deep azure served to bring them out boldly, defining each curve of wing, each poise and circle.

The ivy, that overruns everything within the inclosure, was in its prettiest stage, half grown, the leaves dark and fresh as if direct from the hand of the artist. Unopened buds, pink and perfect as a flower, lay against the granite coping, while delicate sprays hung from the trees and kissed the faces of all who neared them. Here and there the cold beauty of granite or marble was hidden entirely by the waxen luxuriance of the clinging leaves. Song sparrows told of peace, a restful peace that descended long ago, unconscious of the blessed incompetence of understanding what loss, death, separation, really mean.

Chippies, handsome, winsome little fellows, with that lively, inspiring song, helped swell the tune, not specially melodious so far as they were concerned, but replete with the same faith and quite in unity with the surrounding atmosphere. That ignorance of all deceit and untruth, that implicit trust peculiar to childhood and chippies, has glorified them till the song shines across the years with a light borrowed from the eyes of a child.

The highway separates a corner of "fair Auburn" from Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell. "The poet's walk" is still discernible; it is perennially still and lovely beneath the trees; the path still a path, the grasses

have not intruded, nor the underbrush encroached upon it. The elms he loved so well, the beeches of which he sung, the lawn dotted with dandelions, the bird's nest in the branches overhanging the walk, the crackling music of the blackbirds, the plaint of the bluebirds, were unchanged.

It needed but a touch of fancy to people the solitude, to swing the hammock under the trees, to hear the poet's voice.

A little bird sprang upward and left the branch swaying, recalling his exquisite lines:

"As a twig trembles which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went."



IN THE ORCHARD, BLITHELY WAKING,
THROUGH THE BLOSSOM, LOUD AND CLEAR
PIPES THE GOLDFINCH: "DAY IS BREAKING;
WAKEN, PEOPLE! MAY IS HERE!"

The deepest charm lies over the place; the forces of Nature seem more tenderly revealed, more softly and splendidly clad; it fascinates with its wealth of poetic reminiscence.

Migrating with the birds from these historic scenes to a quiet Vermont valley, the season is too far advanced for the whitethroats and white-crowns; the kinglets, too, have passed on before us. The morning is still fresh in my memory when a flock of the latter were in the larches. The little creatures held the very key of heaven; its doors flew open, unlocked by that musical key, and I stood spellbound by the heavenly sweetness of the song the ruby crown was singing. Eaves-dropper that I was, I caught the faintest whispers of that marvelous story. Flitting hither and thither, nearer and nearer he came to that little sentimental echo of a wife, till, standing by her side, his crest erected, the sunshine radiating from that spark of ruby flame, with fluttering, responsive wings he trilled into her ears that measureless song, that answerless question which only lovers may hear and know, that matchless story old as is the world itself, yet sweet and new to-day with the thrilling sweetness it knew at the world's creation. No word escaped; low and soft and sweet, loud and rapturous, it glowed and faded, rose and fell, as the daring heart kept time to the fluttering wing. These were no second-hand emotions!

A purple finch alighted near by, attracted, like myself, by the story the kinglet was telling, and enviously lifted his voice, tumbling over his notes in vain attempt to drown the sweeter cadences. He is a charming singer, this royal-clad chorister; but beside this nymph it is the beating of drums compared to the tremulous measures of an æolian instrument. The very sunshine lingers upon that ruby crown; it flashes and sparkles as he moves about, until the larch is aglow with light, aglow with exceeding love.

They kept coming, these little masculine contestants for my lady's favor; but the first song had won her heart—theirs was a vainless wooing. The breezes softened before the spell; they set the trailing boughs a-swinging; gently they rocked the cradle where love was born anew, where even angels might listen and echo the notes of a birdling. Before the serenade was over wrenlike notes revealed their family secret—that they are cousins to the wrens if not wrens themselves, the tiniest, fairest branch of this lovely family.

Meadow larks sang early in the morning, weeks after the ruby crown's ecstasy; but the song was not complete; there was something lacking. It was only a superficial strain, a surface song. By and by, when it floated over the home, its strength of affection deepened; it quivered with feeling—

a tension of exaltation. The sweetest lark songs I ever heard were in the old fort by the sea, near Fairhaven, Mass. The birds had appropriated the space inside the inclosure, and were walking about with the nonchalance of original proprietors.

The fort had fallen to decay; the grasses climbed to its very roof, adding largely to its picturesqueness. How they sang, those meadow larks, as if they would wake the dead echoes and quicken the dear old place with life eternal!

Was the air clearer and more penetrant than here in the mountains? Or had those leagues of sunshine upon the dancing waves penetrated the singer's heart and infused the song with the rarest richness and fullness?

A willowy thicket borders the brook not many rods away, and leans tenderly over, murmuring fond words of endearment. The brook rolls and rumbles and threatens when the spring fullness pervades it, but sings and warbles, or complains maybe, when some rain has made it discontented and unhappy.

"The little orioles have come again!" shouted the children. "We haven't seen 'em this great while till now they peeked down at us as we lay in the hammock. They ain't a mite afraid of us either. They came 'most down to us, and then ran away when we put out our hands to catch 'em."

"Dudes I call them," said a listener. "Regular little dudes that regard us with a supercilious air and challenge admiration of their red neckties and jaunty manners. Like everybody else they went off on the September excursions. They are as delighted as were the rest of us to get home and relieved of too much exertion in the pleasure line. I'm sure I don't wonder."

The "little orioles," the "dudes" were sure to be in the willows if anywhere in the neighborhood, for the thick foliage held troops of insects and many a bird besides the redstarts. They were all there, prince and princess, lord and lady. The leaves tilted as the restless, gayly appareled guests displaced them.

"Here he is!" cried the children. "See the red on him! And here's another just like him, only yellow where he's red!"

I had just passed a young willow tree, and standing beneath the alders, paused to admire the easy elegance of its long, slender branches, when a redstart lady came, and with eyes intent only upon her work flitted hurriedly from bough to bough until she was close beside me. Realizing all at once that danger was near, she darted in alarm from side to side and called loudly, when her orange-spotted lover came over to see what

was the matter. He took it all in at a glance. I was quite taken down when I heard their conversation. "Afraid of that inferior creature!" he chided. "Why, my love, how can you be so foolish? Just stand back there in the willow, and see *me* make her run;" and darting from tip to tip of the boughs, on the crazy fellow came, clear down to the end of the dead branch that nearly touched my forehead.

His feathers were angrily fluffed over his white breast, and I ran away (to have a better view), and that deluded female believes to this day that it was from fear entirely.

Right here a catbird came from across the river, and flew straight into the redstart circle; away went the birds—they disapproved of such noisy company.

That unmusical note gives no clew that the catbird is one of our finest vocalists and first cousin to the mocking bird. Families have strong general characteristics. If one is a proficient song impersonator the others regard his pronounced success with envy and emulate the accomplishment. None who have heard the catbird at his best but have stood entranced before his skill, the ear captivated by those delicious strains that bear no possible resemblance to this discord.

Is he tired of singing? already weary of the summer? But we shall hear him again when another spring opens his heart and makes room for the sentiment whose very dawning is rapture!

A dozen kingbirds sit upon the highest bough of a tall elm and interrupt their insect scrutiny to stare at this newcomer. He is an interloper, and must be dealt with accordingly, so a pair of the bravest launch out at him and defy him to enter their immediate neighborhood.

Upon the farther bank of the stream stands a dead tree whose bare branches are reflected in the water. It has fruited miraculously, the bird fruit duplicated clearly in the stream below.

A huge log that drifted down with the spring floods lies high and dry upon the sand bar, and a goldfinch rests there preparatory to a bath in the shallow water. He is looking out a place where the depth best suits him, and as I part the alder branches here is a prize—only another deserted homestead. But this Vermont "farm" was abandoned through no barrenness of soil; no stigma of reproach, no difficulty in getting a living attaches to it. The family was a model one undoubtedly, thrifty as is the orthodox New Englander. It would not be surprising if that handsome bather at this fashionable watering place had been reared within its precincts and took his first views of life from this vantage

point! What did this goldfinch family think of the sandpiper babies?—next-door neighbors. Did they lie snugly in their velvet beds while the latter had never a feather or a bit of down between them and the floor of the universe? Did they tremble when they took their first dip in the water, and were their fears assuaged when the bird mother told them so soothingly that there was no danger? What experiences they must have had—those dainty birdlings!—lying upon downy pillows and ministered unto by golden angels! A home full of song that has found its wings and speeds across the stream, or rests in the willows, or takes another dip in those clear, enticing waters!

Now and then a chimney swallow emerges from some neighboring chimney, twin of the dark-hued tribes that have made such startling innovations upon my slumbers.

Later on long lines of barn swallows will be drawn up in line upon the telegraph wires, like soldiers under military discipline. Thousands of them, by actual count, young birds largely, being taught the art of navigation preparatory to setting out upon that long migratory journey. I wonder what these birds of a season think as they imitate the examples of their elders; whether they understand that this is a part of the discipline of life, a bird kindergarten, or if they regard it as a play altogether? Here where the river bank becomes gradually precipitous, as if to emphasize the thought that there is nothing common nor unclean, no spot nor place on this beautiful earth but tender love shall hedge it in, from an upturned root of an old tree a little trailing vine had sprung to life and held the dead root closely wrapped in its embraces. There was something touching in the gentleness of the clasp, as tender as the pressure of the guardian hands that lead us forward unconsciously. It had followed the intricate windings of the rootlets, and beyond the end it swung itself off and waved in rhythmic grace to the tune the soft warm wind was playing. It was a dizzy height for such a *little* vine; but with the earth so far below and God's infinite heaven so far above it swung there just as fearlessly as if it knew what it was to grasp next and could make all its own calculations.

A little humming bird tried to alight there as it swung and found no place for the sole of his foot, though I heard the promise that by and by when it bloomed it would divide its sweetness with the wayfarer.

A phoebe had erected a home altar close beneath the rootlets, and under the shadow of its own vine and fig tree was industriously repeating the magic watchword.

Right in my path a much fairer creature was following, like myself, the track of the vanished woodman. A tiny bit of gleaming metal, an animated "eye" from a peacock's feather, for surely the sylphlike grace of my attendant indigo bird was robed in peacock *green* and knew no hint of azure. What was he doing here, this rich-plumaged citizen of the valley? A rambler merely, out taking an airing. Time hung heavy upon his hands since Mme. Indigo was too busy with domestic cares to admire his beauty! For all that the little home star beamed upon him with allur-

ing ray, and like another directed his steps until they halted beside the little nursery where he had "set creation going." It was in the elm that bends above the miniature lake in the village park, an immense tree that reaches out its arms in welcome to all who enter. "Who enter here leave care behind," the green leaves keep repeating!

Over the noise of the street, above its din and traffic, his plain brown wife has built a nest—a bulky, inartistic structure that is entirely inharmonious with the elegance of her lord and master.



AERIAL SOLDIERS.



ADVENT OF SPRING—THE ROBIN'S CAROL.

But *he* is satisfied; I have heard him say so repeatedly, in a slightly monotonous dialect!

When the first bluish-white egg was laid it was with more than satisfaction that he proclaimed the acquisition to the family treasure and rehearsed the praises of his home-loving spouse, whose education was in accordance with the apostolic teaching that women should be keepers at home, adorning themselves with modest apparel, not with gold or pearls or costly array, but with good works. And when the single white promise

was followed by three of like import he never wearied of repeating the importance of these first chapters in the family history.

Vivacious, enterprising, energetic, his coat of mail resplendent, he never once advised his silent partner, nor complained that she had selected a more elevated site than was common in *his* family. He never said, "This whim of yours, my dear, is quite unusual with the indigoes and scarcely deserving of toleration," but every day of his summery life he made the best of it. No "I

told you so's" were ever heard from him when the winds threatened to defeat her purpose, nor when the incautious fledgelings insisted upon a dangerous lookout and were a cause of constant solicitude in consequence.

"Nature lays her beams in music," but the foundations to this one little building were laid so high that it was a voiceless argument against intrusion. If the bars could only be let down that lead into it—this little home garden where beauty was gathering slowly and life was ripening as the tremulous hue grew daily fairer and fairer!

In some lights, says Dr. Cones, these birds are more green than blue. To Thoreau they were "glowing indigo," but this fairy who walks the heights is *green*, vividly, intensely green; and as he follows the half-obliterated path of the woodman he sings the song of his bluer brethren, and is the same happy impassioned exquisite. My friend, whose eyes are used to *see*, describes him as "undoubtedly green with no suspicion of indigo," which chameleon changes of color invest the bird with increased interest and loveliness.

Last week I met some relative of his (no poor relative) in a collection of similar mounted gems, and the half-light might have been accountable for the emerald shadings.

An albino swallow stood near him, an uncouth creature which had been ostracized from the society of his fellows and wore a dejected air, as though he were walking in the valley of humiliation.

A song sparrow was also being evolved, and had taken long strides toward albinism. In a few more cycles of time he might have become faultlessly white had not his progress been interrupted by the gun of the collector. He seemed to be feeling well over his appearance; quite as happy and joyful as the regulation song sparrow, and not at all ashamed of his clothes nor painful to the sight as was the swallow.

By watching closely the habits of an albino robin through an entire season it was ascertained that its song was precisely the same, and that the flock regarded it with no disfavor on account of its peculiar attire.

The more conservative bluebirds have been known to utterly refuse to associate with one of their number whose robes were white instead of azure. Having no possible sympathy with a dress reformation in bluebird circles, they banished the aspiring individual from the home territory!

It is a well-known fact that now and then a white bird is observed among a flock of black-birds.

Scientists regard the establishment of a new species as certain could a pair of albinos be obtained.

Long years ago an old gentleman told me that after crossing the Western plains in a "prairie schooner" he halted for a few days' rest in "the fort." This was in an immense swamp that bore the name of Chicago. Shortly after he found himself one of the first settlers of Northern Illinois. During his first summer of pioneering for many weeks he saw daily a large white crow coming and going with a flock of sable attendants who were seemingly unaware of the startling departure in color. It often alighted near by, and remained until he came within a few feet of it, where he could not possibly mistake its authenticity, all the while urging its cause (caws) with the customary emphasis.

This unusual tameness was less strange from the fact that albinos are often deficient in the sense of sight.

Two white crows and two black ones flying in company were recently seen in the valley of the Connecticut River.

Instances of atavism are far rarer than the preceding, the Salem Museum having a unique and notable specimen among the domestic fowls.

From the earliest dawn of creation the peacock family have considered trailing robes as a *masculine* prerogative. This ambitious female had previously developed no marked eccentricities, but had diligently improved several seasons, depositing eggs and rearing her young with true racial instinct, when the covetous creature defied all family tradition, openly assumed the right to masculine raiment, and became gradually evolved to the gorgeousness of her lord and master.

Fine feathers are dear to the feminine heart (recklessly *dear* in another sense to the opposite sex, perhaps), but life under those conditions is proverbially uncertain, and my lady was deprived of hers in consequence. Her beautiful robes, however, may still be seen, copied minutely in color and feather from the trailing magnificence of the peacock—a monument showing the rashness, the folly and the utter uselessness of unlawful ambition; urging the lesson of content within one's sphere though it be circumscribed, and speaking more eloquently than the anti-suffragists against inordinate aspiration.

HISTORIC ISLANDS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO.

By CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH, UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

HORN ISLAND, lying next to Dauphin, differs but little in general appearance from either Ship or Dauphin. In 1717 it was given to the distinguished Frenchman Bienville by the King's command, together with the decoration of St. Louis, in recognition of his great services. Here on this island roamed the Natchez warriors, and along the level sand beach games of strength and skill were indulged in.

Concerning the origin of this tribe much speculation exists. Vague and indistinct traditions state that they came from somewhere near the sun, whence they shifted to Mexico. Amid the legendary lore of the tribe was a tradition that the nation had been one to aid Cortez in overturning the Montezuma rule. Soon realizing that the Spaniards were disposed to exercise over them a tyranny worse than the one from which they had escaped, they determined to seek another home, and following the rising sun, came to the beautiful hills in Louisiana, which they selected as their own.

The Island of Petit Bois (Little Wood) follows next in the chain of islands, and was early discovered by the Spaniards, who established a settlement and fort for the purpose of trading with the natives. It shortly passed into the possession of the French, the name being derived from a profusion of scrubby underbrush and stunted trees which at one time covered a large portion of the island. It was never held in much importance by the early settlers, and was never dignified by a very large representation. A few miserable and scattered buildings, occupied by the limited number of negroes connected with the adventurers, comprised all the attempts to utilize the barren waste, so far as the French were concerned.

It rears its sterile and deserted expanse above the surface of the Gulf to-day, silent and forsaken, save by a few Italian fishermen who land occasionally on the beach to secure bait. But un-

der no conditions do the tawny sons of Italy linger amid the shadows cast by the overhanging sand hills after the sun has sunk to rest. They stoutly assert that the island is haunted—that strange and uncanny sounds issue from amid the rugged and receding hillocks, that flashing lights and shadows capable of assuming monstrous forms and shapes have been seen at various times, and that it is no proper place for human beings.

Pelican Island is the last in the line composing the natural breakwater. For years the pelicans have occupied this particular spot as their breeding quarters. It always creates excitement among the feathered tribe upon the approach of a stranger, and the parent birds hover uneasily about, mingling with egrets, cormorants and man-of-war hawks. The island is literally covered by the nests of brown pelicans. The young pelicans keep up a continual screaming and screeching upon the approach of a human being, darting out their long bills, opening their mouths, uttering a cry that resembles "Go—w-a-a-y." It is a comical sight to see them sitting solemnly in their nakedness, their bills elevated vertically, with the wabbling tail of a fish sticking out and pointing skyward.

From thence to Mobile, and eastward to Pensacola, the Gulf coast is rich in legend and tradition; embracing the deeds of cavaliers, the ambitious hopes and intrigues of rival leaders, the loves and jealousies of stately and high-born dames, with endless reminiscences of adventure and combats with the savage denizens of the country. The waters of the Gulf, the hunting field, the lagoon and swamp as well, not omitting the Bay of Mobile on that torrid August morning when Farragut and his fleet swept proudly on to victory and the gallant Craven met his death in the last wild plunge of the ill-fated *Tecumseh*—all are rich in themes worthy of the pen of the most gifted writers.

ALTMAN: A GOLDEN EYRIE.

By MRS. LABAN E. SMITH.

HIGH up on the crest of a mountain in the Rockies there is a little huddle of houses. Not in the least like the picturesque Alpine villages, with their thatched roofs and time-softened tones,

but garish and "beastly prosperous," as Matthew Arnold found Chicago.

Garish, in that a good part of the village is constructed of red building paper; prosperous, be-



GENERAL VIEW OF ALTMAN.

cause every man willing to work earns four dollars a day, working only eight hours.

The location of human habitations depends largely upon what the surroundings may be made to yield. Four years back all the billowy country lying under the eye of Pike's Peak was tenanted mainly by the skulking coyote, the high-sailing eagle. A few cattle pastured in the irregular valley down which Cripple Creek crept, sluggish and discolored with adobe clay. The

only human inhabitants were a few cowboys. Ten years before, in the time of Leadville's excitement over the discovery of Little Pittsburgh, a schemer planned to make a fortune here. He "salted" a hole upon Mount Pisgah—that is to say, sprinkled it with gold dust—and all El Paso County went daft.

The trick, though, was soon found out, and the gold seekers dispersed. Yet in 1892 that same prospector, patiently delving among the rocks, found the wonderful veins of gold that are Altman's reason of being. The veins are slender and winding as a ribbon. Curiously, they are richest where most drawn out. Their richness may be guessed from the fact that a single mine, and that not the largest in the camp, shipped in the month of December, 1894, over thirty-five thousand dollars in gold, of which amount twenty thousand represented the month's clear dividend.

Of course the gold discovery brought the usual stampede. When it was established that the pay streaks encircled Great Bull Hill in the most surprising fashion, men



BUENA VISTA MINE.

began to think it good to live there. The result is a human eyrie clinging to the pinnacle of the mountain and rejoicing in the name of Altman. It is certainly the highest incorporated town in Uncle Sam's domain, and makes a claim of being the highest in the world—though the claim is disputed by a perky village of the Andes. Altman folk, however, are quite sure they are nearer Mars by at least a few hundred yards.

Architecturally the place has not much to boast of; but that is not surprising when you remember that it was built in six weeks. The West-

world, of white peaks and whiter slopes and dusky shadowed dippings; of dells and dark spruce forests and magically extending sky line.

We have three seasons. A bright boy from the East says they are "winter—and July and August." But what more can one expect at an altitude where pansies refuse to grow even under glass—where the boiling point of water will not cook beans or potatoes? There is no spring. If she comes at all, the coy season, it is but to hover a moment on the mountain, counting the odds against her—the sunken coves that seem to hold



PIKE'S PEAK, FROM THE SUMMIT OF BULL HILL.

erner is a person of dispatch. He has not time to waste on bow windows and fancy porticoes. Instead he stacks up hewn spruce logs into one big sweet-smelling room, brings in his wife and babies, and lo! he is at home.

Altman has neither graded streets nor cable cars, but it does have electric light to show off its crudities even at night. The projectors of it thought of nothing beyond housing their workmen. Incidentally they achieved much more, for some of the grandest pictures possible are framed by its narrow windows. We seem to overlook the whole world—a strange, high, windy

storm winds asleep, the vast uplands numb in the grip of frost, the black-browed Peak frowning down upon it all—then go sighing away, halting it maybe for a peep in some sheltered valley that instantly quivers into new green life.

Summer comes tardily, with chills of sudden sleet, and quick, gusty snowfalls. Yet the quaking asp shakes out her brown tassels, the spruce forests and the pines thrill with sap to their new green tips. Then we know the snows are past. A little while, and the sleet softens into rain, wind flowers flutter on the hills, and like a happy dream the good season is with us.

It rains in the mountains as it does nowhere else on earth. The fall is a deluge that sets torrents running everywhere. And nowhere else I am sure does the lightning flare so brilliantly, the thunder bellow so hoarsely and terribly, as in the summer of our highlands. Throughout July and August, until mid-September in fact, there is a riot of green things over this upper world. The leaves shake out in mad gladness inexpressible. One who has not seen the mountain aspen can scarcely imagine its beauty, or upon what lightly quivering stems its leaves dance and whisper through the time of sunshine. Underneath are the wild flowers, so strangely brilliant, so sturdy, so beautiful, I dare not let myself discourse of them if I am to leave space for ugly Altman.

Frost comes in mid-September. Ten days later we are in fairyland. It is a golden world—we have only tones of yellow—pure gold, chrome, ripened corn, buff, golden bronze—all in exquisite gradation, and in contrast more exquisite with the constant winter greenery. Of course it does not last—that is the worst of all fairylands. But we can scarcely mourn for it, since it has taken us on to long bright days, when the far hills are steeped in amethyst; when the sun rides on a sea of sparkling blue; when the new moon comes early above the old Peak to show as a golden horn against the night sky's purple velvet. Then, too, the wild raspberries ripen on the hills, taking from sun and mountain shale a rare wild savor to delight the gods sylvan, if any such there be.

Swiftly—all too swiftly—the bright days pale into the cold of winter. It is long and bitter. The Peak puts on his cloud mantle woven of vapors brought him by winds from the four quarters. But the strong wind comes out of the west. His home is the Pacific, and every tree upon an unsheltered slope bears mute witness to his fury. He seizes the cloud and sifts from it a hail of bitter crystals upon the face of all the mountain land. Woe to man or beast without shelter at such a time! The burro is the only animate thing which can brave one of these snowstorms. He makes for any pretense of shelter, bows his back, throws forward his plentiful bang and goes calmly to sleep as becomes one of his philosophy. He was born to this—nothing better! Why, then, should he quarrel with fate? Most likely he came into being upon just such a day—grassy meadows and sweet waters he knows not—hence his contentment with a meal of tin cans, with a bit of gunny sack by way of dessert.

The region has a human type as characteristic as the burro. It belongs to the genus nomad, and to the species miner. Its tents are pitched

always within hail of the last strike. It contributes generously to Altman's population; a population likewise variegated with saloon keepers—in the vernacular mixologists—"tin horn" gamblers and faded soiled doves. Naturally there is the most utter scorn of convention. In this city in the clouds one can be as wicked or as pious as one pleases without in the least disturbing one's neighbors. Taken in bulk, the men have a sort of swaggering pride in their own grotesqueness both of appearance and of speech. The miner wears invariably a jumper and trousers of blue denim. He carries a dinner pail in one hand, in the other a peculiar sort of candlestick. It has a strong sharp prong by which it may be thrust into a crevice of rock. The same prong makes it a deadly weapon either for attack or defense if by chance need arises.

His dwelling, like himself, has a nomadic tendency. It is built, indeed, with an eye single to later journeyings on wheels. Indeed, a thoroughbred Bull Hill cabin is a hopeless gadabout. In some cases the roving instinct is so developed, cabins are moved from one side of town to another. The correct thing, however, is, while you are about it, to move to another town.

They have big hearts and generous, those same miners. If you doubt it, hear this tale of a benefit ball in our elevated borough. It was got up for a miner who had "gone and got himself blowed up, foolin' with a hung shot," as the managers expressed it. A hung shot, be it understood, is a cartridge which fails to explode after being set in place. It is delicate and deadly work, for which money cannot pay adequately, and usually undertaken as a matter of professional pride as much as of necessity. This particular hung shot came near costing the man who touched it off his sight. His eyes were so fearfully burned that it was necessary to give him three months of treatment in a Chicago hospital.

Every man, woman and child in Altman went to the ball. Babies were, in fact, so much in evidence, a stranger would have inclined to the belief that a number had been specially chartered for the occasion. But he would have been mistaken—all were local productions who divined with infantile sagacity that they had a right and a right to squall under their own vine and fig tree.

Laundry work pays in Altman as in other mining camps. A smart and lucky woman easily makes her six dollars a day. Caste is not unknown among the dames of the suds. Laundry Belle, who owns the shack she occupies on Main Street, holds her head ever so much above Mrs. Dooley, who has nothing but a tent and toils over



BUENA VISTA MINE

miners' flannels—especially since the luckiest prospector in camp led the grand march at the ball with the Belle upon his arm, while Mrs. Dooley and her unsoaped brood gaped undistinguished at one side.

Of course the ball had its aristocratic clique. It was made up of the wives of the shift bosses from the various mines. Mighty fine they were, in Chine silk, white slippers and white gloves. They huddled exclusively in one corner, keeping jealous eyes upon their dancing cards. It was intensely comic to see the frozen stare with which one of them paralyzed a good-natured forgeworker from her husband's mine. He was a stout fellow, who had made a heroic effort to look smart, and had only succeeded in washing off streaks of the smithy grime. He asked for a waltz. What he got was harder than a stone.

The town seamstress was there in the glory of an Eton jacket—the which festive garment has just reached this altitude. "The whole shooting match" has fallen victim to it. The seamstress had black velvet over what the miners call "a b'iled rag," that is to say, a white frock. Mrs. Dooley's was lightish corduroy, and in her judgment smartened noticeably her faded brown cotton alpaca.

The Cousin Jacks turned out to a man. Let me explain that Cousin Jacks are Cornish miners, and very plentiful hereabout. One whose hair was of the true carrot tinge they told us had been a dancing master back in Cornwall. His partner was small and meek-looking—a waiter girl from the Smuggler boarding house. She was terribly embarrassed by finding herself unable to keep up with the pace he set. His was truly a fantastic toe, though it lacked much of being light.

A pretty creature, rosy as rosy-fingered morn, sat alone, a little way from our party. She was distinguished by not wearing the pervading Eton jacket, so we were certain she had come from the other side of the Peak, where fashions are three months behind Altman. She had a sleeping baby, as fat and rosy as herself, cuddled in one arm. With the other hand she beat time disconsolately to the music.

"Do you like to dance?" I asked her, tentatively.

She gave an emphatic nod, saying: "Now don't I! Jest— But I woon't git the chance. My man he don't dance, and he woon't keep the baby! I say it ain't much fun listenin' to music when you know you can't shake yer foot. They're playin' the pokey now. O-oo! Don't I love it!

I'd 'bout as soon be licked as ter come here an' look at the rest an' not git ter dance the pokey."

"You shall dance it," I said, holding out my arms for the sleeper.

In two minutes she was heel-and-toeing alongside a tall Dutchman.

"Look at that fellow," some one said at my elbow. "You know, after the strike last summer, the superintendents had orders, when the mines re-opened, to employ no man who had been conspicuous in the riots. Well, one day this fellow presented himself to a superintendent I know, and demanded a job. 'What claim have you?' my friend asked. The Dutchman struck an attitude of conscious power. 'I ought to be gif de job ef any man vos,' he protested. 'I haf hear der vighting ish to be count, and I vos in efery scrap dey did haf.'"

An odd couple followed the Dutchman and the polka enthusiast. The man was very tall, with an evil face and a disfiguring stoop. It was not strange to hear that he was suspected of many dark deeds, but unaccountable that he had thus far escaped Judge Lynch and rough-and-ready Western justice. His partner was likewise tall, and

had been magnificently handsome. Now there was something ghastly in the livid, sunken, twitching throat left bare and exposed by her low-cut pink bodice.

All the air was heavy with cheap loud odors. The good company had been lavish of perfume and pomade. Then, too, everybody was chewing gum. One could almost believe a gum peddler had stood in the door and found a customer in each of the merry-makers. But what were such trifles beside the solid fact of money enough in the treasurer's hands to insure the disabled man his three months in the care of a specialist?

Since the miner's war of last summer Altman children have a new and favorite game. "Miners and deputies" they call it, and it is needless to add the miners get the best of it. The Western Federation of Labor has things pretty much its own way here. It dictates with impunity when and how a man shall work his own property. Altman is, indeed, the ideal home for such a body. Here they can throw up a fort, garrison it with a handful of miners, and might calmly defy our Uncle Sam's army if it did not bring along with it plenty of Gatling guns.



ON THE MAIN STREET, ALTMAN.



HIGH TIDES.*

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).



YOU are too kind, Mrs. Coxheath," said Paulette, dryly. "I do not wish to be dowered or married. Pray cease exhausting your strength for me—I cannot even feel grateful for your exertions. Captain St. George, I am sure, has never given me a thought, and certainly I care nothing for him."

"What! do you refuse to think of him as a possible husband?"

"Assuredly."

"You will not marry any man that I may choose for you? You will not settle abroad?"

"Positively I will not!"

Mrs. Coxheath flew straightway into a tremendous rage. All the hatred and jealousy which had for weeks and months been burning in her breast burst forth now like a flame made fiercer by long repression. Her face grew distorted, demoniacal.

"Ingrate!" she hissed.

"No, I am not that," corrected Paulette, with dignity; "but I ask you to leave me in peace, Mrs. Coxheath—to give no further thought to my future, since I have already planned it to please myself."

"How—how?" demanded Mrs. Coxheath, in a choking voice.

"I am going back to my hospital work, madam—I shall never leave it again till my father recovers and calls me away."

"And what part does Chester Coxheath play

in your programme?" the elder woman fairly shrieked. "Girl! you cannot deceive me!—you are waiting for my death, that you may marry my husband. You know that my disease is simply held in abeyance—not conquered. Yes, you mean to wait with patience. You will listen to no other suitor, because you still love Coxheath. I am sick and shattered—you are sound and strong—the chances are all in your favor."

"You wrong me, Mrs. Coxheath—your charges are false——"

"Stop! Don't dare to interrupt. You shall hear the truth. I hate you fiercely—I have hated you since the moment that I knew you to be the woman he loved. But it was necessary for me to dissemble—to hide that hatred from you—to feign friendliness—to keep you at my side, out of his reach—beyond the possibility of a meeting which my own eyes could not witness. I brought you abroad to marry you to Carey Hazen. My plans have failed ignominiously. And now shall I continue to bear the torture of your presence—shall I longer endure the sight of you? No, no, no!"

The next that Paulette realized the carriage had come to a sudden halt in the wet, foggy street. Mrs. Coxheath grasped the handle of the door—flung it back wildly.

"We part here—*here!*" she panted. "I will not breathe the same air with you another instant—I will not ride another yard with you, girl! If you show your face to me again, either in London or elsewhere, I will strangle you with these two weak hands! Know that a wronged woman is a power to be feared. I hate you, I say! I will crush you without mercy."

"Mrs. Coxheath, you are mad!" cried Paulette, aghast. "How have I wronged you?"

"By stealing my husband—by refusing to marry and build a lasting barrier betwixt him and yourself! Oh, I cannot look at you! Your youth and beauty drive me wild! If I held in my hand the burning vitriol that disfigures the flesh I would dash it full in your face without the smallest compunction. Leave my carriage instantly—get down into the street!"

"Mrs. Coxheath, I beg you—"

"Quick! quick! or I shall do you deadly harm—I shall murder you! This dagger that holds my hair is long enough to reach your heart." She tore the jeweled trinket from her plaits and coils, and brandished it like a maniac. "Make haste!" she screamed. "If you love your life make haste—I cannot control myself longer."

The coachman on the box sat like a stone. He heard the clamor, but made no attempt to investigate its cause. He was a phlegmatic Briton, and the "pothor" was no business of his.

Mrs. Coxheath flung down the jeweled dagger, and with delirious strength seized Paulette suddenly by the shoulders. Her skeleton hands seemed turning to steel. Instantly she hurled the dumfounded, unresisting girl out of the carriage and into the street.

"Drive on!" she then shrieked to the coachman; and the vehicle rolled promptly away into the fog and darkness.

Paulette Dole, in her shining white ball dress, was left standing alone amid the mud and rain and gloom of the vast wicked London streets—alone in the wee sma' hours of morning, terrified, bewildered, forsaken.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the window of a lonely, secluded house, in that out-of-the-way quarter of London known as St. John's Wood, a girl sat looking sadly out into the gray sunless English morning.

There were shadows under her violet eyes—her charming lips wore a pathetic gravity. Plainly Derek Keppel's wife was not a happy woman. Already she had emerged from "the Paradise of Fools, to few unknown," and entered the land of bleak and bitter reality.

"He has been gone all night," she murmured, with her face to the pane. "All night! What can it mean? Oh, Derek, Derek! there is something wrong, altogether wrong, with you! I feel it—I know it; and the knowledge is breaking my heart."

She had been in London since Whitsuntide—in this lodging house at St. John's Wood, where

Keppel had secured rooms on the first floor, with the usual attendance. The place was comfortable, and there was a little garden attached, in which Laurel could dawdle at pleasure. Keppel's devotion had not waned in the least, yet the girl was profoundly unhappy. On their arrival in London he had said to her:

"I have an uncle at the head of a commercial house here. He has given me a clerkship. For the present I may be absent a great deal from you; but, for my sake, try to endure the loneliness, Laurel. By and by more leisure will be granted me."

And Laurel tried. He was continually absent from her, and when with her he often seemed absorbed and silent. The girl grew homesick, distrustful, uneasy. She felt that her husband's life contained pages which she had never read. Being strong of heart, however, she fought against her trouble, and in Derek's presence kept her serenity so well that he only half suspected her boundless anxiety.

"All night—he has been gone all night!" she murmured now, in absolute terror. "What can be keeping him?"

She burst into wild, helpless weeping. In the midst of it Derek's step sounded suddenly on the stair. He dashed into the little sitting room, haggard, remorseful, alarmed.

"By Jove, Laurel, I knew you would be fretting!" he cried, as he flung his arms around her. "I'm awfully sorry, you know—my uncle was called away, and I had to stay the night out in the city. Don't cry—don't, or you will drive me distracted! It's for your sake, as much as for my own, that I do this sort of thing. By and by better days will surely dawn for us."

"Derek," said Laurel, choking back her tears, for she knew that, like all men, he detested scenes, "have you slept?"

"Not a wink," he answered, gloomily, casting down his tired and disgusted eyes.

"And you have been working till this hour?"

"Like a galley slave."

"Your commercial house seems to absorb you day and night. Being an American, I suppose I do not understand London life;" and she heaved a deep sigh.

"I know it is beastly hard for you, darling," he acknowledged, ruefully, "and I don't like it myself—as God hears me, I don't! But I cannot help it yet, Laurel—will you believe me when I swear that I cannot help it?" He held her to his heart, and kissed her passionately. "Believe and trust me a little while longer, dear," he pleaded.

"I will, Derek," she answered, with an heroic effort. "I will!"

"God bless you for a brave girl! Why, I met our landlady on the stair just now, and she gave me an abominable look. It said plainly that a young husband returning to his lodgings at seven in the morning was a subject for the gravest suspicion. I am sure the old girl thinks me a professional cracksman; and 'pon my soul," with sudden gloom, "I begin to feel like one."

He sank into a chair with an air of extreme fatigue.

"Come what will," he muttered, "I'm not going back to that—that—devilish house to-day. I wish my uncle and all his interests were at the bottom of the Red Sea! When I find you in tears, Laurel, I am ready to do every sort of desperate thing."

"You shall not again find me in tears," answered Laurel, resolutely. And she at once wiped her beautiful eyes and ordered up the breakfast.

He was her husband—she must trust and believe him. However strange his conduct might seem, one supreme consolation was left her—his heart had not changed—he was still her devoted lover.

The substantial English breakfast over, he made no movement to return to the city, but for hours after remained contentedly in their quiet lodgings, talking, reading, playing the airs she loved on his Stradivarius violin. When lunch-time came the young pair sallied out to a chop-house of good repute, and there partook of that meal. Then Derek said:

"As yet, Laurel, you have seen nothing of this great maze of London—I have been disposed to hide you rather than show you about the metropolis, eh? Let us fare to the park, and sit under the trees, and see the great world go by."

They went to the park—that most famous of English pleasure grounds. On the southern side, which fashion and frivolity have pre-empted, from the Oxford Street arch round by Park Lane to Albert Gate, the smart show of the season was in full progress. Crowds of people filled the chairs, and leaned over the rails, and watched the other crowd that rolled past in the carriages.

"Equestrians amble in Rotten Row from eleven to one," said Derek, as he found a seat for Laurel under the trees, "and from four to six the Ladies' Mile is packed with vehicles. Behold this giddy whirl! Would you like to be in the midst of it, darling?"

"No," she gravely answered; "I am quite content as I am, Derek, for you are with me."

"My dear child, would you not be glad to wake some morning and find yourself a titled dame, with money galore—the belle, maybe, of London society?"

Laurel shook her head. She was drawing figures on the ground with the point of her parasol. The little shadows of wind-kissed leaves played softly on her fair face.

"I would rather," she answered, quietly, "wake to find no secrets between you and me, Derek—no unpleasant lack of confidence—no intangible barrier that one feels, but cannot name. Look! Who is that person yonder, beckoning to you?"

Derek started. A carriage had stopped at a little distance from the pair, and a lady leaning from it was motioning to Derek with her gloved hand. She was veiled, and Laurel could not distinguish her features, but her dress seemed exceedingly rich and stylish. Derek sprang to his feet. He was in for a thoroughly bad thing, and he knew it.

"Great Jove!" he muttered; "the wicked find no peace. I must speak with her, I suppose. Wait for me here, Laurel, and hold your sunshade before your face—I do not want anybody to see you."

Laurel adjusted the shade as he desired. She knew her duty as a wife. With ill grace Keppel went forward to the elegant carriage. Laurel watched him as he stood by its side and talked with the veiled occupant.

Who was she? Her whole appearance betokened youth—high breeding. As she bent toward Derek her manner was earnest—even tender. A raging jealousy surged into Laurel's heart. She rebuked herself sternly. Her husband would surely explain. Resolutely she turned her eyes from the two and waited.

After a brief conversation the carriage rolled on. Derek returned to his wife. His face was moody and frowning.

"That person is connected with my commercial uncle," he said, dejectedly. "I wish you and I were in Central Africa, or Nova Zembla, Laurel—anywhere—anywhere out of the world! She—that person—has pressed me into her service for the remainder of the day, and because I am under obligations to her I dare not rebel. So I must hurry you back to St. John's Wood, dear, and leave you again for awhile—confound the luck!"

She was too proud to ask questions, or show him her dark suspicions, her burning jealousy. She returned to the lodging house without a single protest; but alone in the first-floor sitting room, she wept long and bitterly, and wished with all her heart that she had never come to London.

For a week or more matters went on in this dubious fashion at St. John's Wood. Keppel was continually absent from his wife, and the excuses which he offered were always flimsy and hack-

neyed. Laurel ceased to believe in the commercial house and the pressure of business. Her homesickness increased, so did the hollows under her beautiful eyes.

"A little serpent secret rankling keen" had well-nigh made an end of all the girl's peace.

One morning, as Laurel stood at the dressing table, brushing out her golden lengths of hair, her husband came behind her and looked into the mirror.

"Laurel," he cried, in sudden alarm, "you are ill!"

"No," she answered, somewhat coldly; "my health is perfect."

"You are fretting, then—you are losing flesh and color!" He set his teeth; his dark, straight brows contracted. "Or is the confinement and the loneliness of this wretched lodging house killing you? Good God! what a blind idiot I have been! You cannot endure the ordeal longer—I cannot endure it. Better make an end of everything at once!"

Absently he caught up a flask of perfume from the dressing table, toyed with it for an instant, as though in some mental quandary, then flung the pretty thing violently from him.

"Come!" he cried. "My mind is made up. We will have a holiday, dear—we will go down into the country. You must hear the lark sing, and gather some English primroses. Shall we take coach in Piccadilly? No; that means too great a delay, and I am in furious haste. My courage will fail if I do not move quickly. I am like a gamester, staking all that I possess upon one desperate throw."

A strange light was dancing in his eyes. He looked determined—reckless. Laurel did not understand his mood, but she caught eagerly at the suggestion of a holiday with him—a little happiness, in which she might for a time forget her many anxieties.

"Will you not be disciplined at your uncle's commercial house?" she asked, dryly; and Derek answered, "Yes—no—I do not care a fig!" and then added, with a laugh: "Deuce take the commercial house!"

They were as full of joyful anticipation as two children. Derek gave a shilling to the servant who brought up the breakfast, and in high spirits the pair set forth on their journey. An hour's ride by rail, and they were in a valley of Kent—that lovely shire that

—"Both advance

A haughty brow against the coast of France."

and Laurel found herself amid fat meadows, hop gardens, thatched cottages and blossoming hedge-

rows. Through a wood merry with the song of blackbird and chaffinch, over half a dozen picturesque stiles, they sauntered from the little Kentish railway station to the White Hart Inn—an ancient hostel, with small leaded lattices, and walls overgrown with ivy and China roses.

"Like a drawing by Hugh Thomson," said Laurel.

From the window of the White Hart she caught a glimpse of the Thames; and Gravesend, Derek told her, was but a few miles distant. At the inn they were refreshed with English mutton, pudding, and bitter Allsop beer, at which Laurel made a wry face. Then Derek said, cheerfully:

"Now let us go out, Laurel, and view the land;" and Laurel, nothing loath, set forth with him.

Along deep lush lanes they went, through such verdure as the moisture and soft earth of England alone can produce. The sun shone cloudlessly. The warm quiet of early summer brooded over everything. A cuckoo called in the distance. The bold whistle of the blackbird sounded from every hedge. Laurel's heart beat high.

"This is the England of which I have read and dreamed," she said.

Presently they came to an avenue of beech trees, leading to a park stocked with deer and heavily timbered. A turreted gateway of red brick guarded the entrance.

"Shall we go in?" asked Keppel.

"This is Hawkridge Court, one of the show places of the country. Perhaps you would like to look at it?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Laurel, brightly. "Why, you seem quite at home in this lovely place, Derek!—one might think you were treading your native heath."

He looked slightly disconcerted.

"Oh, I have been in England before, you know—in my boyhood—with my commercial uncle—didn't I tell you? In fact, I am English by birth, though I have lived a good deal in the States."

A comely woman, with a child in her arms, appeared in the door of the keeper's lodge. Keppel went forward, spoke a few words to her in a low voice, put a half-crown in her hand, and proceeded up the avenue with his wife. The woman stood in the door and stared after the twain in astonished silence.

As for Laurel, she was looking around her curiously. Great beeches and immemorial oaks darkened the broad driveway; and presently green terraces and acres of gardens burst on her view. Then she saw a great Tudor house of red brick, with ivied gables and octagonal turrets, mull-

ioned windows and twisted chimneys. A sunken wall inclosed a quadrangular lawn, like emerald velvet, and here gorgeous peacocks, spreading their plumage in the sun, greeted the intruders with harsh screams. Following a gravel walk, Derek and his wife came to a great rosary, and glass houses full of peaches, pines and orchids; but they encountered no human being.



THE ECHO.— BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES — FROM THE COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PAINTINGS BROUGHT TO AMERICA BY ASHTON LEVER.

"HawkrIDGE Court looks like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty," said Laurel.

"Oh, the owners are probably in London," answered Derek, carelessly. "All true Britons go that way before or after Whitsuntide, you know."

"But is not some person usually on guard in these show places, to conduct the ignorant stranger about?" asked Laurel.

"We need no guide," answered Derek. "I have been here before;" and he opened a gate in the garden wall, and the two stepped into the park.

Laurel uttered a soft cry of delight. An Eden of bosky dells and hollows lay before her. The silvery trunks of mighty beeches mingled on every side with centary oaks. Through an opening in these trees she could see the tiled roofs of a village, with a quaint church tower rising in the midst. Furry rabbits scuttled away under her feet. Out of the tall bracken red deer looked at her with liquid eyes, and then went on fearlessly feeding.

"Oh, what a paradise we have stumbled upon, Derek!" she cried, breathlessly. "Shall we not be ejected as tramps, trespassers, vagabonds, if we dare to rest here?"

"I think not," answered Derek, smiling. "At any rate, we will chance it, dear. Admire HawkrIDGE Court all you like. I will stretch myself in the fern, and feast my eyes upon something a great deal lovelier—yourself, Laurel."

He flung his lazy length upon the sward, but he was not so much at ease as he feigned to be. In his eyes trouble lurked, like shadows in water.

"Darling," he implored, "try to remember every good thing that you ever knew of me—try to love me now as you never did before."

"And why *now*, Derek?" she asked, in a startled voice.

"Because I shall to-day put your love to a terrible test!"

* * * * *

An hour passed. The sun began to dip westward—all too soon. Derek still lay in the bracken, watching his wife as she flitted hither and thither in search of English daisies, her hat off, her golden head shining like the sunshine. She was caroling softly:

"Sing hey, sing ho for the grassy meadows!
The flowers we love we're sure to find;
For they blossom and blow wherever we go,
When lads are loving and lasses kind."

"Laurel, come to me!" he called, uneasily; and she came, with the inimitable carriage peculiar to her, and stood above him, straight as a dart. Her dull-blue, closely fitting gown brought

out to perfection the creamy whiteness of her skin. Her yellow hair hung like the tendrils of a vine about her temples. Her hands were full of bluebells and wild strawberries, found on a sunny bank.

"It's a wonder the village children left these treasures to you," he said, huskily. "Have you enjoyed this outing, Laurel?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, her eyes radiant. "I am like a child tired with play, Derek."

"Would you like to remain longer at HawkrIDGE Court?"

"I would like to remain here *always*. I have not seen so many flowers since I left the Texan prairies. The great plains about my father's cabin were always a sea of vivid color until the summer drought burned them up."

He caught her blue skirt in a sudden feverish grasp. There she stood, smiling and sweet—Laurel, the lovely, the loving—his wife. And in another hour they might be sundered forever!

"Wait!" he said, in a labored voice. "Let me look at you. You may never be the same to me again—you never will! What a picture you make! Yes, you are happy to-day, but to-morrow you will love me no more."

The bluebells fell from her hands. A premonition of evil drove the smile from her lips.

"Oh, Derek, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I have a confession to make, Laurel, and you must hear it—even though it parts us forever, you must hear it!"

How the birds sang in the beeches! how serene and beautiful the great park lay in the westerling sunlight!

"Derek," she gasped, "I have suspected for a long time that something was wrong with you!"

"I dare say."

"Before we left the States I felt that you had committed some dreadful crime—that you were hiding from the law—that you lived in fear of punishment. Derek, you are a professional burglar, a forger, a ticket-of-leave man—perhaps a murderer."

He stared at her blankly—his hands dropped from her blue gown.

"I am glad you have prepared yourself for unpleasant revelations, Laurel," he said, dryly; "it will help you now to bear the truth. Yes, I am one of the things that you mention. Do you see anything moving yonder?" And he pointed to a road winding through the park.

"I see a trap," she answered, "advancing this way."

"Good. I left word at the White Hart that it should be sent for us at sunset. I feared you might be too weary to walk back to the station."

We have wandered far afield, and you are not English born—a pedestrian from babyhood—like my own countrywomen.”

“Derek,” she cried, sharply, “you have strayed from your subject.”

“Yes, but I will return to it in a moment.” He sprang to his feet and picked up his hat with nervous haste. “How slowly that boy comes on! I will wring his neck for his stupidity! Is he blind that he does not see us? Ah, the dolt! At last he has found his eyes!”

From the shadow of the beeches a handsome trap came into view, driven by a lad, who grinned and pulled his forelock at sight of Derek. By a movement of the hand the young man brought the carriage to a halt.

It was a smart new affair, and the horse attached to it would have challenged admiration anywhere. He was a superb deep bay, with black points, sleek as a seal, groomed to the lustre of satin. He greeted Derek with a friendly whinny. The young fellow took Laurel’s hand and laid it on the bay’s beautiful neck.

“Laurel,” he said, with a ghastly effort at a smile, “have you a good memory?”

She grew rigid in every limb.

“What animal is this?” she gasped.

“Do you not recognize Bluebottle, the Texan horse that you gave one night to a stranger at Hading’s ranch—a stranger, flying for life? These five years he has been the pet and pride of the Hawkridge stables, but to-day I restore him to you, sound in wind and limb.”

She was as white as chalk.

“And who are you?” she demanded.

“Whisky Dick—the fugitive that got off with his life through your generosity—the man who shot your father, Jason Hading, five years ago in a gambling saloon at Fort Lac!”

CHAPTER XX.

“SEND that boy away,” said Laurel, in an imperative voice, “and tell me everything at once.”

Keppel dropped a shilling on the grimy palm of the driver of the trap, and the lad disappeared immediately among the beech trees. Laurel looked at her husband.

“Derek, it is plain that you are a maze of deception—a labyrinth of——”

“Lies. Yes, Laurel; but I will tell you the truth now, and nothing but the truth, so help me God! As a lad I was a wild fellow, fond of adventure. After leaving the university I determined to see America. I went to Texas, and under an assumed name plunged headlong into the lawless life of a plainsman. I soon became the

most reckless daredevil at Fort Lac. I could drink fire water, play poker and use a Derringer with the choicest spirits of the place.

“On the night of your father’s death I quarreled with him over cards. Neither of us was sober. Two or three boon companions espoused my cause; others took Hading’s part. A general *mêlée* followed. The saloon was wrecked. Your father drew a knife on me—I tried to wrench it from him. He pressed me sorely—I pulled out my revolver and shot him through the heart.

“You remember how I, a weary, wounded fugitive, blundered on the ranch, where you, a mere child, was waiting for your father’s return. I had received more than one bullet in the Fort Lac scrimmage. My horse was completely exhausted, and but for your timely aid I must have fallen into the hands of my pitiless pursuers. I never dreamed of the connection betwixt the man I had killed and the girl in the lonely cabin until I was riding away on Bluebottle. Then the truth burst upon me. I recollected that in the wrecked saloon at Fort Lac I had heard some one call the slain man Hading—Jason Hading. Great God! I had killed your father, and you had saved my life!

“All that night I rode as fast as Bluebottle could gallop. And you went with me, Laurel—a pale, reproachful, accusing shade. On the following day, when I reached a place of safety, I was no longer Whisky Dick, the drinking, fighting, devil-may-care cowboy, but a penitent, restored to his better self and weary of illdoing.”

He paused, embarrassed—unwilling, as she saw, to proceed.

“You vowed to tell me the whole truth, Derek.”

“Well, if you insist——”

“I do! My thoughts are traveling faster than your words. It was you who sent Judge Story to bring me North.”

“My poor child, I had robbed you of your father, and the wrong demanded reparation. Yes, I made such haste as I could to take you out of that wretched country. Remorse had fastened on my very vitals. I felt certain that you were left friendless and penniless. I determined henceforth to provide for you.

“I sailed at once for England, and here my lawyers managed the affair very cleverly. Secrecy was the most necessary thing in it. My allowance was large enough to cover my own wants and your education also. You were sent to school. I went to fight the enemy in Egypt and South Africa. At the end of four years I again returned to England, and the lawyers informed me that you had absolutely refused further aid and

become self-supporting. Then I was seized with a burning desire to behold you again. I determined to go to America and look you up. Armed with letters to the rector of St. John's, I started. Fortune favored me—I was led to that little church—I saw and loved you. Miss Bowdoin was good enough to tell the rector of your departure for New York. I immediately followed you. Luckily for me, Mrs. Gascoyne wanted a violinist to instruct her little imps. Being a tolerable musician, I applied for the position and secured it—simply that I might be near *you*, Laurel—that I might woo you in the disguise of Derek Keppel—”

“Derek Keppel is not your real name, then?”

“Yes, with additions.”

“Collectively, it is—what?”

“George Derek Keppel St. George. You must know that the fashion of this country is to give a man an abundance of names.”

“Then you are Mrs. Gascoyne's Captain St. George—the desirable English *parti* who disappeared mysteriously from New York, and could not be found.”

“The English *parti* who came to New York solely to find *you*, Laurel, and who went about that business to the exclusion of other pursuits. Those De Lancys—confound them!—gave me no end of trouble. I was forced to desert you that day at the *matinée*, or meet them face to face; and once you ran with me from street to street, with the De Lancy footman pounding along on our track, sent by his mistress to overtake the man who bore such a striking resemblance to the lost St. George. Why did I not then confess the truth? Because I was the slayer of your father. I feared you might fly from me in horror. My secret drove me to subterfuge—deceit of every sort.”

She looked at him with large, troubled eyes.

“Jason Hading was not my father, Derek—I was an adopted child. You have had your secrets—I have had mine. How can I reproach you for deceit and guile when I have sinned myself in like fashion?”

Then she told him of the Deepford tanner and his story, and the fear and pride which had till this day sealed her lips.

“I, also, am a tissue of falsehoods,” she said, humbly. “I have deceived you shamefully, Derek. Some dark mystery surrounds my birth—I am a nameless creature. This is the hour of confessions, and I tell you plainly I am no fitting

he for the heir of a baronetcy. When you consider the matter you will be very sorry that you married me. As for *your* story, I do not
w one can really blame you for the saloon

brawl, or the shooting of Jason Hading. And besides, you were hardly more than a boy.”

She laid her cheek against Bluebottle's glossy neck and began to cry softly. Instantly Derek's arms were around her.

“Then you forgive that wild, bad fellow, Whisky Dick?” he cried.

“There is nothing to forgive,” she answered.

“I owe you so much—so much, Derek!—years of care—and oh! the bills that were sent to you from Miss Bowdoin's school! First I thought that Jasper Hading paid them, and then I suspected my unknown mother—oh! oh!”

He strained her to his heart.

“I care not what your story may be, Laurel, I adore you! If you think that Hading's tale is going to disturb our happiness you err greatly—I shall love you all the more for it! My darling, do you remember the shot that was fired at me in our New York house? Verily you do! That was your Deepford tanner's work! When I went out into the street that night to investigate I caught a glimpse of the fellow running with might and main. His arrest would have placed me in a queer position, involving odd explanations, so I let him run. I could not alarm you with my discovery, and you never once suspected the truth. I had always been haunted by the thought of the murdered Hading, and I asked myself if Heaven had selected that fellow to be his avenger. Certainly he could not have known that I was his brother's slayer—his passion for you must have led him to attempt my murder.”

She changed color.

“I fear you are right, Derek. How fortunate that we have left Jasper Hading behind us in the States!”

He lifted his high, handsome head as though he had rolled off a heavy burden.

“Yes. In bringing you to this spot to-day, Laurel, I had a distinct purpose in mind.”

“Don't trouble yourself to conceal it from me, Derek.”

“Hawkridge Court is the property of my kinsman, Sir Victor Palgrave. In the stables here Bluebottle has lived since I brought him to England. And now you wonder, maybe, why I was treated at the inn and the keeper's lodge like any stranger? Well, I had taken the precaution to bribe those people in advance. Sir Victor Palgrave, I regret to tell you, knows nothing of my marriage.”

She held her breath.

“And that is why you keep me hidden at St. John's Wood, Derek?—why you are absent from me continually? Poor boy! You are trying to lead two separate lives? And the young person

who called you from her carriage in the park—was that Lady Palgrave?"

"It was Lady Palgrave; but she is no longer young, Laurel, although she often impresses strangers in that way. She will be a good friend to you—we have nothing to fear from *her*; but Sir Victor—well, Sir Victor hates Americans, and worse yet, he is determined to choose a wife for me after his own heart. Of course, the estates are entailed, but he can stop my allowance, and

"It is very good of you to say that," she answered, in alarm; "but he must *not* see me. Keep our secret still, Derek—at least for the present. You have been very reckless, very unwise, and I feel sure that Sir Victor is a hard man, full of the prejudices of his class. It would *your* ruin to tell him that you had married a frontier girl—one," mournfully, "that has no name, no kindred——"

"Stop, Laurel! I will not hear another word.



A BLACK FOREST MAIDEN.

make things very awkward for us if he likes. Since I brought you to London I have been greatly harassed by this thought. We may yet be obliged to go back to Fort Lac and the frontier; though," with enthusiasm, "if Sir Victor could once see you, darling, I feel certain that he would forgive me for marrying without his knowledge or consent."

Womanlike, she thought only of the man she loved, and was ready immediately to immolate herself for his sake.

How do you know that Jasper Hading told you the truth? I, for one, do not believe him! You look as though the blood of all the Howards ran in your veins. Must I, then, shut you up in lodgings, while I dance and dine and dissipate generally with Lady Palgrave and her set?"

"You must—you must! Under the circumstances you can do no better, Derek. I suppose, wistfully, "that Lady Palgrave requires your constant attendance?"

"When I am in London—yes. Shall I tell you

whom I have met in the Grosvenor Square house? Your American friend Paulette Dole. She is in England with Mrs. Coxheath, wife of that fellow who once attempted to run away with her. I found her a delightful little girl, and no end of a beauty. Lady Violet has taken a wonderful liking to her. I did not tell Miss Dole how you once wished to invite her to our home, and I, guilty wretch! declined to receive her, fearing that the presence of a stranger in the house might lead to discoveries."

Wonder and delight shone in Laurel's violet eyes.

"Paulette in London!—darling Paulette! And with Chester Coxheath's wife? I do not like that, Derek. Tell me about her."

And he told her all that he knew, which was not much.

Laurel listened and sighed. Then her thoughts returned to her own affairs. She twined her white hands in Bluebottle's black, abundant mane.

"Dear, dear Bluebottle!" she murmured; "it was you that saved Derek, and by so doing gave to me a guardian and a husband. How happy I am! Yes, in spite of Sir Victor Palgrave, I am inordinately happy to-day."

"Laurel, I have a plan!" said the young husband, suddenly. "Listen!"

"I am all attention."

"You like Hawkridge Court—I will leave you here. Molly Dunn, the lodgekeeper's wife, has a tidy little nest—she will house you comfortably and watch over you like a mother. No one need know of your presence in the place, and you will have the whole range of the court, and be upon your own ground. Molly Dunn is a faithful body—it will be perfectly safe to tell our secret to her. The court is but little more than an hours' journey from London. I will visit you as often as possible. Just now you said that you would like to remain here always—is that true?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Laurel, eagerly. "Leave me in the lodge, by all means. Does Sir Victor Palgrave come to Hawkridge Court?"

"Sometimes; but he is not likely to stop at the lodge. You must take good care to keep out of his way, darling."

"Of course. Why does Sir Victor hate Americans, Derek?"

"Your friend, Miss Dole, has asked the same question. I am not quite sure. But he *does* hate them, and with all his heart! Now I will call back that boy, to take Bluebottle to the stables, and you and I will seek Molly Dunn and the lodge."

He whistled, and the driver of the trap ap-

peared again from among the trees. Leaving Bluebottle to his charge, the young pair retraced their steps through the gate in the wall to the court garden and the keeper's lodge. Here Molly Dunn, comely and kindly, hurried to the door and bobbed them a courtesy.

"Molly, I have a favor to ask of you," said St. George. "Can you make room for a guest in the lodge?" And he drew Laurel into the pretty ivy-covered house, and there an important conversation ensued. The result was all that St. George could desire, for immediately the lodge with everything in it was placed at Laurel's disposal. Molly Dunn swore on the Book that wild horses should not tear her young master's secret from her.

"If anybody sees the leddy, sir," she said, "and asks who she may be, by your leave I'll just answer that it's a kinswoman of Dunn's from Devon—he has kin in Devon. As for Sir Victor, it's to be hoped *he* won't come here at all."

"Nor is he likely to, in the height of the London season—eh, Molly?" said St. George, uneasily; "and by and by he will go off to his moor in Inverness-shire, to shoot grouse."

"The baronet comes and goes when least expected," answered Molly, "and he has a sharp eye for things at the court. But trust the young leddy to me, sir—I'll see that no harm comes to her."

The lodge was clean and comfortable. The twitter of birds filled the ivy; budding roses clambered about the queer little lattices.

Molly Dunn had a strong, motherly face. Her cotton gown was spotlessly neat, and the youngest that clung, like one of Raphael's cherubs, to her skirts shone from frequent applications of soap and water.

By one expressive nod Laurel signified her full approval of the house and its mistress.

"Derek," she said, "I shall be content to remain here until you wish to take me away."

"That will be as soon as I find it safe to speak to Sir Victor about you. Doubtless Lady Violet will intercede for us, but unluckily she has no influence with her husband."

Darkness had fallen when St. George left the keeper's lodge. Laurel walked with him to the gate. Dew glistened on the hedgerows; the air was heavy with the odor of sleeping flowers. They had reached a crisis in their lives, and at the moment of parting both were subdued and silent. In the shadow of the turreted red-brick entrance gate St. George bade his wife good night.

"At Hawkridge Court no harm can come to

you," he said. "You are safe with Molly Dunn, darling. I will write to you daily——"

Laurel's hand closed nervously on her husband's arm. In the highroad outside the gate the figure of a man had caught her attention. He was moving silently, cautiously, turning his head now this way, now that, as though intently observant of the locality.

"Look, Derek," whispered Laurel.

A moon rode overhead, and in its light the man seemed to be of ordinary stature and appearance. Coming on from the direction of the village, he was abreast of the red brick gate before he discovered the two in its shadow.

"Good evening, friend," called Derek, in a disguised voice.

The stroller hesitated, recoiled; then, without answering the salutation, made off like a startled animal.

"Great Jove!" muttered Derek; and he dropped his wife's hand and dashed out into the highroad.

The man had vanished—how or in what direction Derek could not determine, for the moon at that moment plunged into a bank of cloud and left the whole world dark. Hearing Laurel's frightened voice from the drive, St. George paused in the pursuit and went back to her side.

"Who was that person, Derek?" she said, in alarm.

"Don't ask me."

"But I want to know. Why did you run after him?"

"Because I was anxious for a nearer view of his face."

"Whither has he gone?"

"Into hiding behind some hedge, most likely. Let me take you back to the lodge, Laurel. I must charge Molly Dunn to lock and bolt its door."

"Derek!"

He bent his brows grimly.

"Perplexities thicken about us. What can have brought that fellow down upon us here, like a hound on the scent? You did not recognize him? Well, then, I must tell you that your Deepford tanner is in England—in Kent—bent on some new mischief, I'll be bound, and you and I, Laurel, have seen him to-night."

CHAPTER XXI.

PAULETTE DOLE stood on the wet pavement, under the murky night sky, dazed, bewildered. What had happened? She hardly knew. Like one paralyzed she stood, feeling still the fierce clutch of Mrs. Coxheath's skeleton hands, hear-

ing her strident voice in pitiless invective, yet unable to comprehend the disaster which had overtaken her.

Alone in a London street in ball attire, and at an hour approaching morning! Into what portion of the great Babel had she been cast out? Paulette, a stranger and an alien, knew not. She could see only dismal vistas of fog, made darker by the huge shadow of buildings, and marked by blurred processions of street lamps.

A black sky, a black city. Mrs. Coxheath's carriage had long since vanished. A yellow cab rolled by and disappeared also; the driver, muffled to the eyes, did not even glance at Paulette. Whither should she go? London to her was like a trackless desert. She must remain on that reeking pavement till daybreak and let the storm drench her. The miry stones chilled her satin-shod feet—already her hair, her dress, her opera cloak, were wet.

Hark! Footsteps! Through the fog and gloom some living creature was approaching. A policeman, perhaps. No, a painted woman, in cheap, bedraggled finery. She advanced to Paulette with an air of curiosity. Her bold, wicked eyes flashed swiftly over the girl.

"I am in a pitiable plight, lost in London, without purse or friends. Will you direct me to a shelter?" Paulette was about to say, but something in the other's look restrained her. Instinctively she drew away, her grave, innocent face filled with wonder. The woman gave her a challenging stare, then dropped an oath.

"You are not my sort," she muttered, and hurried by and vanished, a creature of darkness and despair.

Paulette, seized with sudden trembling, remained in her place on the pavement.

Some leaden moments passed. Her terror and dismay increased rapidly. The deadly fog soaked her garments, chilled her to the marrow. Presently a gigantic dark object emerged from the sea of vapor before her—another carriage, and it was coming on swiftly—passing close to the spot where Paulette, like a graveyard apparition, stood under the light of the sickly lamps. A man inside the vehicle chanced to glance through the window. He uttered a sharp exclamation. The carriage came to a stand. The man sprang down into the street, and with one stride reached Paulette.

"Good God!" cried Chester Coxheath, in utterable astonishment; "what are you doing in the street at this hour, Miss Dole?—what has happened to you?"

In her stunned and stupefied state Paulette was incapable of counting anything strange, even a

meeting with one who ought to have been at that very moment three thousand miles away.

"I am waiting for the earth to open and swallow me," she answered, in a dull voice. "That is my only possible hope, I think."

He stared at her shining ball dress, her beautiful deathly face.

"Where is my wife?" he demanded, harshly. "Has she left you alone on the London pavement, in the small hours of morning?"

"She did not leave me—she hurled me out of her carriage with her two arms, as we were returning from a ball," answered Paulette, with startling candor. "I suppose she has now gone to her hotel—I do not know," wearily. "I am very cold and wet and tired. I wonder if I ought to stand in this one spot till day dawns!"

"Hardly, I think," said Coxheath. And without another word he lifted her bodily into the carriage, and took a seat beside her.

The vehicle rolled away.

"How like our dear Augusta!" he said, in a hard, dry voice. "You did something to arouse her anger, of course. Perhaps she was trying to marry you here in London, as she tried in Paris?"

"Yes," replied Paulette; and then, in wonder, "Did she tell *you* about it?"

Coxheath smiled grimly.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Coxheath. I do not think she knows that I am in England. I came abroad to transact business for the firm that employs me. Friends in the American colony have filled my ears with Mrs. Coxheath's doings. They declare that she sought to marry you to her precious nephew, Carey Hazen—he is her trump card. Failing in that, she brought forward a French count—a notorious old rake—to reward you for the martyrdom you have suffered in her service."

His voice was bitter, his face gloomy and frowning. His presence stung Paulette into life and feeling again.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked. "Back to Mrs. Coxheath?"

"Heaven forbid! I fancy that you have, at last, had quite enough of dear Augusta."

"I have!" shuddered Paulette. "To see her again would kill me."

"Rest easy. I know her tongue. It is more terrible than dynamite. I shall make no scene at her hotel to-night. But you must be sheltered somewhere, and since my wife is at the bottom of your present predicament I am bound in duty to get you out of it decently. Will you name a place to which you would like to go, or some acquaintance in London who can take care of you till morning?"

Paulette, full of dismay, answered:

"I am an utter stranger in the metropolis. I know no one here save Mrs. Coxheath's friends; and come what may, I will not appeal to *them*."

Coxheath shrugged his shoulders.

"Quite right. All things considered, it is fortunate that I was entertained at a late supper to-night. My host prolonged the conversation beyond reasonable limits, and then insisted upon sending me home in his own carriage. Had I not been so detained——"

"I should probably have remained where you found me until daybreak," shuddered Paulette.

The rage which he was trying to repress made his face dark and his voice sharp as a lash.

"To cast a girl like you into London, alone at this hour, was a piece of cruelty that only Augusta's mind could have conceived. I happen to remember a lodging house not far from Russell Square—a highly respectable place. Will you permit me to take you there? I hope you feel that you can trust yourself to me?"

She bowed, and he understood. In this exigency she regarded him simply as a friend, a countryman. The past was for a time forgotten.

Coxheath gave the proper directions to the driver, then leaned back in his seat and waited. The carriage lamps revealed his face, colorless, hard as flint. He neither spoke to his companion again nor looked at her.

Rain began to lash the windows in long, wavering lines. On went the vehicle, and stopped at last in the vicinity of Russell Square. Coxheath glanced out.

"We have reached the house," he said. "Remain in the carriage, Miss Dole, till I interview the landlady."

Paulette sat in silent suspense while Coxheath mounted the steps of a gray dwelling that nowhere exhibited any sign of life, and proceeded to arouse the inmates. After some delay the door was opened, and a long conversation, in subdued tones, ensued. At its close Coxheath descended the steps and resumed his place at Paulette's side.

"The landlady will not admit you," he said, trying to disguise his fury in a forced laugh.

"That virtuous British matron declines our acquaintance. She has numbered us with the transgressors. It is an unheard-of hour, she says, to receive a lady. I offered explanation, and—my purse. Vain. To prove my respectability, I referred her to every person that I know in London. She scorned them all. She is convinced of my iniquity. No stranger can enter her doors at this impossible time of night. So good-by to your hopes of shelter *there*."



"LAUGHTER."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ST. GEORGE HARE.

Paulette experienced a great sinking of heart. She felt that like efforts made in any other quarter would meet with the same failure. She looked at Coxheath helplessly.

"Suppose," he said, assuming a careless air, "that I induce our coachman to drive us about London till morning? My host of the evening will not mind the detention of his carriage, and his servant has full confidence in my character. This really seems to be the only way out of our difficulties."

Paulette was growing hysterical—a wild desire seized her to scream aloud.

"No, no," she answered; "that would be cruelty to animals—don't think of it."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what *shall* we do?" he demanded, with the irritation of a man who had exhausted his resources.

A sudden memory smote Paulette.

"There is one person in London who has been kind to me," she said—"Lady Palgrave. To-night, in her own ballroom, she asked of me a promise—till this moment I had forgotten it. Yes, surely, *she* will give me shelter."

"Then, by all means, let us go to Lady Palgrave!" said Coxheath. And the next moment the carriage was moving toward Grosvenor Square.

Silence had fallen on Sir Victor's brown brick house. The ball was over; the last guest had departed. In a warm, softly lighted dressing room Lady Violet was just resigning herself to her sleepy waiting woman.

"Quick, Parks!" she commanded. "Take off these jewels—they scorch my flesh. And bring me a *peignoir*—then you may go. I shall not need you longer."

She tugged wildly at her silver brocade gown.

Under her feet the rare orchids of her ballroom bouquet were crushed unheeded into the carpet. Parks had never seen my lady so feverishly impatient.

"It's against all reason that the family jewels can scorch her flesh!" thought Parks. "My lady lives in too much excitement. She'll be obliged to post off to the Tyrol again for rest, as she did last season; and I, that hates outlandish places, will have to go, too."

She brought the *peignoir*; then my lady said:

"Leave me now, Parks—I wish to be alone." And Parks left her.

With wide, burning eyes Lady Violet began to pace the luxurious dressing room. Her long, white gown trailed after her like a shroud.

"I am betwixt Scylla and Charybdis," she murmured. "Shall I take that poor child under my own protection and defy Sir Victor, or leave her

alone and friendless to the mercy of the world? Shall I yield to the fear of my husband, or the cry of my own heart?"

A rap at the door. Parks reappeared.

"There's some one waiting below," she announced; "a young person who was at the ball to-night. She's come back on a pressing errand, and wants speech with your ladyship. She says you'll be sure to admit her when you're told that her name is Sole, or Mole—no, Pole, if it please you, my lady."

"Show the person up, Parks," commanded Lady Violet; and Paulette Dole, wet, limp, miserable, tottered into the dressing room.

Parks vanished. Then Lady Palgrave swept up to her visitor and clasped her in two anxious arms.

"My dear child, what is it?" she said, breathlessly.

"You bade me come to you in time of need," shivered Paulette, "and I am here! I have no other friend; and indeed, indeed, Lady Palgrave, my need is very great."

Up to this moment Violet Palgrave had been a timid, wavering woman, but now a fiery courage entered into her. She snatched off the girl's drenched opera cloak and led her to a chair before the fire.

"You are wet with rain," she said; "you are shaking with cold. That woman has cast you out!"

Paulette nodded. The firelight shone on her ruined ball dress and the pearls that still encircled her white throat. About her temples her wet hair clung in disordered rings. She looked like a flower broken by tempest.

"Yes, Mrs. Coxheath has cast me out," she acknowledged, and then told her story without reservation. "She was hating me fiercely, vindictively, all the time that she treated me with kindness. Her husband brought me to your door, and went away as soon as he found that I was sure of admittance. Oh, do not blame me too much for the affair at Dole Haven, Lady Palgrave—by the misery of the last few hours I feel as though I had expiated the errors of a lifetime!"

Lady Palgrave breathed hard.

"Blame you? No! You are the victim rather than the offender. An unfortunate love affair at your age is most deplorable; but we will not talk of it now. You are young—you will outlive many things. In the ballroom to-night I felt that Mrs. Coxheath was not your friend. Thank God that you remembered to come to me, Paulette!"

"But can you—*dare* you shelter me, madam?"

faltered Paulette, with her mind on the truculent Sir Victor. "The day I lunched with you——"

The blood rushed into Lady Violet's pale face.

"I can—I dare!" she answered. "My husband is not in London to-night, but even were he here, in this very room, it would not matter. I am resolved to protect you."

Suddenly she caught sight of Paulette's satin slippers, all wet and soiled with the mud of the London pavement. Lady Palgrave uttered a cry and fell on her knees on the hearth rug. Before Paulette could offer resistance, or even comprehend what she was about to do, the high-bred woman snatched off the muddy little shoes and the silken hose, and began to kiss and fondle the cold white feet of her guest.

"Oh, Lady Palgrave, I beg you—don't—don't!" implored the girl, in horror and amazement; and then Lady Palgrave looked up into Paulette's face, and through the tears that suffused her eyes a wonderful light shone.

"Paulette," she said, in a voice of unspeakable tenderness, "long years ago I kissed and caressed you like this, as you lay, a laughing baby, in my arms. For a little while these feet were permitted to walk with mine, and then were torn away and forced to go on another road. Now, through the agency of an enemy, they have been brought back to me; and see, with my tears and kisses I welcome their return! My darling, do not stare as though I had gone mad. Does not your own heart tell you the truth? No. Then my lips shall confess it boldly." She placed the bare, beautiful feet on the fur rug, and opened wide her arms to the frightened girl in the chair. "You are mine, Paulette—my very own—bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. I am that mother whom you have been taught to think dead—the woman who was once the wife of David Dole. A strong hand parted us, and I gave you up to your father—I renounced my claim upon you and promised to see you no more. Yet all these years I have loved you in secret—no one could keep me from *that*. And when I met you, grown to womanhood, at Sydenham, I recognized my baby girl—oh, merciful Heaven! Yes, I knew my child!"

For some moments deep silence reigned in the dressing room. Lady Palgrave and her guest were clasped in a close, silent embrace.

"Yes, it is so—it must be so," said Paulette, at last, in an awed, wondering whisper. "You married Sir Victor after you were parted from my father?"

"I married Sir Victor before I ever saw your father's face. He went away. I heard that he was dead. Then I became Captain Dole's wife, and you were born to me. God gave me more than three years of supreme happiness; and then—then—he whom I thought dead came back and claimed me. Legally I belonged to him. There was a terrible scene. He commanded me to leave you with Captain Dole and never, never see you more. I made no resistance—my heart was broken. You cried, I remember, at parting, and your little arms clung around my neck like the tendrils of a vine. For years after, sleeping or waking, I could feel those tiny, tenacious arms. I gave you to the keeping of that brave, generous hero, your father, and went away with the man to whom I belonged."

"Perhaps it was your loss," said Paulette, "that preyed and preyed upon my father's heart until he went mad."

Lady Violet stifled a sob.

"I do not know. I can only tell you that we loved each other. While I was his wife we were supremely happy. If he has suffered, Paulette, so, too, have I."

"And am I English born, madam——"

"Ah, not that word!"

"Well, then, poor dear mamma, did all the things of which you speak happen here in England?"

"No. I had fled to America with Sir Victor when he was a younger son. His relatives opposed our marriage. By birth I was a lady, but I possessed no fortune. The bitterest sorrows of my life, and also its supreme joy, came to me on the other side of the Atlantic."

Paulette hid her face on the neck of her new-found mother.

"I shall not ask again," she murmured, "why Sir Victor Palgrave hates Americans. If he finds the daughter of Captain Dole in this house what will he do?"

"I cannot tell," answered her ladyship, huskily. "It is possible, yes, probable, that he may kill us both."

(To be continued.)

THE PLOT AND THE SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON.

It had come at last. There seemed no sun in the sky, no light in the day, although the heavens had once been bright, and perhaps a little brighter to him than to others; and the day had once been filled with a light that was glorious, and perchance more glorious to him than to his fellow men. But that was the dim past, and it cost him not a thought. He did not gaze upon the pictures of an existence that was gone. He did not envelop himself in a shroud of past memories to protect him from the present. The routine of his life was not irksome to him, and his poverty, which had been growing fiercer and of more consequence, had not oppressed him until to-day.

It seemed almost natural to him that the fame of his works had died. The novels he had written, more than four decades ago, were no longer exciting interest. They had been before the eyes of thousands; their characters had been criticised by the novel-reading world, but they had lacked the soul which is as immortal in some books as it is in man.

But although they had died he had lived comfortably upon their proceeds until lately.

A summer ago he had decided to lay before the world another novel, but this time one with a soul. One that should not only live after him, for he was very old, but through the ages, and perhaps forever.

Why was he sure of its immortality?

Because it would be original; because it would give birth to a new idea; because it would set forth a newborn theory, which he knew would be accepted by the philosophers and learned sages of the coming years.

And this great plot, was it the outcome of his meditations, while he lived after the writing of those other books—those soulless novels?

No, it was instantaneous. As the undefinable travels over the wire, so did the weird plot enter his mind. Then he had lived, neither in the past nor the present, but had dreamed only of the future, where he knew lay his happiness and fame.

What intense satisfaction the completion of his work would bring to him! Already his outline was finished, and three chapters were complete. What pleasure had been his as he created new characters and developed them to suit his fancy! Then the plot, so powerful in interest creation, because of its originality! It was no ancient thought to be clothed with apparent novelty by

the cunning of the author. No, it was newly born.

But from his dreams he suddenly awoke and started with pain, for he saw at last the results of his indolent life. He saw that he had lived only upon his hopes, and had been as a child following a gaudy insect through a dense forest. The child runs happily on, seeing only the pretty fugitive before him. At last he has almost caught it, but suddenly it falls and dies; and the child, looking upon the deceptive wood with its winding paths, knows he is lost.

It was thus with the aged author. He knew he was well-nigh lost. True, he had been aware for months, and even years, that poverty confronted him, but he had not felt its sting until to-day. And now he was attacked; he was matched in battle, not against a lack of luxuries, not against a lack of small necessities, but against the greatest of poverty's retainers—hunger and want of a roof to call his own. To-day the landlord had warned him. To-day the cold truth had been told him. He had asked that respect be shown the gray hair that hung over his bent shoulders, but there was none. He had said that he was composing a book which within a year would yield sufficient to hire many such houses as the one in which he lived. It was of no avail; on the morrow he must leave.

And now the old man sits thinking—crazed with an idea. He sees a chance for temporary self-maintenance in his poor but comfortable lodgings. But he will not accept the chance. He cannot. It will cause him too much pain—a pain so great as to be realized by but few other men, for he must murder the hopes of the fame to be gained by a work that is enlivened with a new thought. He will be unable to create this work with its wondrous plot.

He cannot wait. Hunger already assails him angrily. He wanders in the streets, thinking of the morrow. He has no acquaintances whose aid he can ask, for he has lived a hermit's life. His thoughts have been his only friends.

First the chance stares at him, and then his plot. He wonders which must die. He walks aimlessly until he decides. He will not accept the chance of immediate relief and kill the chance of lasting fame.

Then he returns to sleep for the last time upon the bed where he has seen pleasant visions, and has often lulled himself to sleep building his towers of hope.

Early in the morning he again wanders out upon the streets, and again hunger assails him. He wavers for an instant, then it is over. His plot must die. He will live. He will soon eat the meal of a glutton. To-day he will accept the chance neglected yesterday.

He returns once more to his room, and nervously grasps the manuscripts which have been so dear to him. With trembling hands he tears them. Harriedly he lights a match and ignites

he has entered a door. It is the office of a weekly magazine.

"Will you take this sketch?" he demands, fiercely, as he throws it upon the editor's desk. "Ah, of course! I knew you would. And you will pay me now?"

With feeble thanks for the money he receives he starts out.

"A wonderful thought! It is new! it is new!" calls the editor.



"HURRIEDLY HE LIGHTS A MATCH AND IGNITES THEM."

them. They burn, and his heart does. He watches them, and their flame is brightly reflected in the tears of his eyes.

The fire is out, and he quickly gathers up some blank paper that is scattered near. He writes upon it with the rapidity of his youth. One sheet is filled. He does not stop. Two sheets finished, and a third. That is all. He seizes his hat and rushes wildly through the door, and down the stairs into the crowded street. In a moment

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"Yes, I think so," he mutters; and again he hears the editor calling after him.

"You should have made it longer. You should have used your idea for the plot of a book. You——"

But it is enough. The words deprive him of his reason. The aged thinker can enjoy his thoughts no more.

At the end of a week there is a sketch that appears in a great magazine. It causes a fair

amount of discussion, and extra copies of the paper are sold. That is all. Only literary people understand it well, and they shake their heads, saying wisely that it would have more force were there more of it. They see that it is a skeleton: but little idea have they that because the author could make no more of it, because he was

obliged to leave a skeleton before their gaze, his reason failed, and he was taken in charge by the state.

And probably they do not imagine that shortly the infant thought will have grown, and having grown, will have found its way to the hearts of many narratives.

A LAUREATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARGARET B. WRIGHT.

It was a picture worthy of Hogarth's pencil. But it has come down to us only by means of the goose quill of one of the actors in it.

In 1793 Samuel Whyte, an obscure bookseller of London, published a "poem" entitled "The Theatre." It was very little of a poem save in title, and would never have come to one reader's knowledge a century later but for an interesting note, in a dim appendix.

"Cibber the elder had a daughter who also took to the stage. Her subsequent life was a continued series of misfortune, afflictions and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755 she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read. Her habitation was a thatched hovel situated on the way to Islington in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very far distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleanings of the streets, etc. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped in mud.

"The door was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure with a blue apron, indicating what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender—a perfect model for the copper captain's tattered landlady, that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex in the comedy of 'Rule a Wife.' She, with a torpid voice and hungry smile, bade us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress sitting on a maimed chair under the mantelpiece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. . . . The tone of her voice was not harsh, but humbled and disconsolate, a mingled effort of author-

ity and pleasure. A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows; the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office—they served as *succedaneum* for a writing desk upon which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken teacup, her pen worn to a stump—she had but one! A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which without further ceremony we contrived to sit down, and entered upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an interested listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation. The bookseller offered five! Our authoress did not appear hurt—disappointments had made her callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of author craft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso—that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one-half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to.

"Such," continued Samuel Whyte, "is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate of England and patentee of Drury Lane; she who, born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants buzzing in her train, yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill."

Strange picture! Strange end of Fate's hope and promise! Stranger yet the spectacle of pub-

lishers plodding to miry purlieus to bargain for a manuscript!

Colley Cibber's daughter was at this time between forty and forty-five years of age. During almost a quarter of a century she had led a vagabond life, the details of which would astonish fiction. Much of that time she had worn man's attire, and even more of doublet and hose had entered into her disposition than that originally there. She lived at sword's point with most of her family, even although her attempt to propitiate her wealthy and influential father in her autobiography showed that the medicant blarney for which she was always distinguished stood by her to the last.

For many years this eccentric woman was an abject vagabond. She strolled as an actress most of the time, assuming men's parts chiefly. She was possessed of decent talents, and with the influence of her theatrical family might have won a fair position among the actresses of her day. She preferred to give a loose rein to her impetuous desires and will, and to become a scandal and marvel to all who followed her wild career.

Somewhere she indignantly denies that she ever turned highwayman, although the story of one coach-stopping exploit in which she was hero and the laureate victim was current among her contemporaries.

The novel for which S. Whyte and his partner bargained was but a wretched starveling, spawned from a teacup upon windless bellows. It had neither hero nor heroine, point nor finish. It was stuffed out with the slow, pompous epistles so dear to fiction one hundred and fifty years ago. It dwelt tediously upon puerile details, and airily skipped the most vital episodes of two generations of characters. Poor as it was, however, it was zenith from nadir above her second novel, "The Lovers' Treat." It was entitled "The History of Henry Dumont, Esq., and Miss Charlotte Evelyn. Consisting of (a) Variety of Entertaining Characters and very Interesting Subjects, with some Critical Remarks on Comick Actors. By Mrs. Charke."

"Henry Dumont, Esq.," went into at least three editions. We do not know how large (or small) those editions were, but we may be sure the author had nothing more for her work than the original ten guineas. It was "Printed for H. Slater at the Circulating Library, the Corner of Clare-Court, Drury Lane, and H. Slater, Jun., and S. Whyte, Holborn Bars, 1756."

H. Slater, Jun., was evidently the friend and wary haberdasher of literary wares, in whose company S. Whyte made the miry pilgrimage to "a seat of the muses."

Our heroine had adventured into literature long before S. Whyte found her. While yet the fashionable Cibber's daughter she had written farces and played the chief part in them. During her long vagabondage it does not appear that she put pen to paper. "The Carnival," "Tit for Tat" and the "Art of Management; or, Tragedy Expelled," were of her reputable period, while yet a London actress. In "The Carnival" Mrs. Charke took the part of *Harlequin* at the "New Theatre in the Hay-Market," September 17th, 1735, twenty years before "Henry Dumont, Esq." "The Art of Management," in which she took the part of *Mrs. Tragic*, had less an artistic than a spiteful *raison d'être*. It was written, in the midst of one of her incessant quarrels, to annoy Fleetwood, the manager. Fleetwood bought up and burned the edition. One copy, at least, escaped, and is preserved in the British Museum. The only thing worth reading, save as a literary curiosity, that she ever wrote, came about by accident. It sprang unintentioned from the head of "Henry Dumont, Esq.," and was only an enlargement of the original Preface, into which she had introduced details of personal history. Such "details" were in the taste of the eighteenth quite as much as of the nineteenth century. The publishers and public wanted more of them than a mere preface could give. So she spun out the "Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Charlotte Charke," and published it serially in eight numbers. It is said that she received three-pence a number, or two shillings for the entire "Narrative."

Scarce wonder that she calls it the "Brat of my Brain."

Colley Cibber saw himself outdone in his own characteristics by several of his children. Charlotte spent her life in dissensions, contentions and out-and-out quarrels. The Cibbers all quarreled among themselves, and Colley's literary and theatrical dissensions, contentions and quarrels are a matter of eighteenth-century history. They gave Pope an opportunity and set swarms of inky midges abuzz.

Cibber's youngest daughter came late to her parents. She followed many brothers and sisters. Cibber says in the "Apology," "My muse and my spouse were equally prolific;" and he published a play, sometimes two, a year. Charlotte was born not only to wealth and fashion, but to love and tenderness as well. She received the "genteel" education of her day, but from the very first her tastes were unfeminine. As a toddling child she pinned up her petticoats to resemble breeches. She "handled a needle as a monkey does a kitten." She preferred to steal rides astride upon

donkeys to amble her pony beside a stylish groom, even though her pride was hurt when her father from a window cried: "God demme! An ass upon an ass!"

One of her tutors, in deference to her masculine tastes, taught her, or tried to, geography. This she avows nearly drove her mad. Geography was so much more unfeminine a pursuit than her usual ones that, even so late as her tea-cup-and-bellows period, Mrs. Charke declared it "quite unnecessary for a Female." She made herself a good shot and perambulated the country gun on shoulder. She handled a currycomb like a stableboy. She even affected the speech of these menials, and could scratch her ear with her foot upon a spade with any yokel.

mother eventually made a runaway marriage, and lived at sword's point with her mother, as Charlotte lived with everybody.

It was natural that Colley Cibber's daughter should take to the stage. She was imbued with the theatrical spirit, if not the dramatic, and almost lived among the beings of that scenic world. She was entirely of her century, and all the allusions and comparisons of her autobiography are to the stage characters of her own day, never to the eternal types of the immortal dramatists. Farquhar and Cibber she knew by heart. Shakespeare she scarcely alludes to. Why should she, indeed, at threepence the number?

Her first appearance was April 8th, 1730, as *Mademoiselle*, in "The Provoked Wife." Her sec-



THE STAGE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1763.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY COMIC PRINT ENTITLED "FITZ-GIGGO: A NEW ENGLISH UPROAR."

She married young, being violently enamored of a fiddler, dancing master and actor of Drury Lane, Richard Charke. He was dissipated and licentious. His wife declares him also a place and fortune hunter who hoped to better his fortunes by allying himself with the influential Cibber.

At the end of two years the bickering pair separated. For a time Charke sponged largely upon his wife, who still drew from her father; but in time his excesses made London dangerous for him, and he fled to Jamaica, where he died. The wife kept her infant daughter, to whom she claims to have been always devoted. It is not surprising, however, that this daughter of her

ond, twenty days later, was the same night the matchless Oldfield charmed the town for the last time. She succeeded so far that her father's and Mrs. Oldfield's approbation "was no trifling Addition to my Self-conceit."

Colley Cibber was obviously not assured that his daughter was instinct with genius ready to burst into lambent flame. So he was careful to have her first appearance billed as of "a young gentlewoman who has never appeared upon any stage before."

This cost the *débutante* many a guinea; for she took coach at once to inform all her friends that the "young gentlewoman" was before them. At her second appearance her name was billed in

capitals, and she ran from one end of the town to the other for the sake of seeing it. "Nor do I believe it cost me less in Shoes and Coaches than two or three Guineas." If this is evidence of a more feminine than some of Charlotte's characteristics, it is counterbalanced by her remark that had she then heard herself else than praised "it would have led to a drawn battle." For a time she was fairly successful. Her salary was thirty shillings a week. She understudied such actresses as Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Heron. She played *Lucy* in "George Barnwell"; *Thalia* in Cooke's "Triumph of Love and Honor"; *Sylvia* in "The Recruiting Officer"; also *Andromache*, *Cleopatra*, and *Queen Elizabeth*. She began quite early to play men's parts, and made equally good fops and rakes.

Her career on London boards was about seven years long. During that time she drifted, or rather splashed, between Drury Lane and the Haymarket, Covent Garden, Goodman Fields and Lincoln's Inn. She "decamped" with her brother Theophilus from one theatre to another during his managership, and she "decamped" from him. She gives no reason for all these levantings, but the family habit was to be in hot water everywhere. At one time she collected a scratch company, and managed for herself and her own farces.

A playbill of September 26th, 1735, announces that at "York Buildings, by Desire, will be presented 'The Tragedy of Jane Shore'" (in which Mrs. Charke was *Alicia*). "To which will be added a New Farce (never Acted but once) call'd 'The Art of Management; or, Tragedy Expell'd.' With a New, Occasional Prologue written and spoken by Mrs. Charke. At Common Prices. To begin exactly at Six o'Clock. N.B.—The Company are oblig'd to remove from the Hay-Market Theatre to York Buildings as being too Young a Sett of People to venture at great Expences without first having merited the Favour of the Town to support them in it; but as we are determin'd, to the full Extent of our Power, to endeavour to entertain them, we humbly hope they will accept of our Performances at the Little Theatre above mentioned; and the Favour will be gratefully acknowledged by the whole Company, and par-

ticularly by their obliged Humble Servant, CHARLOTTE CHARKE."

Our heroine was now at variance with her father, and fallen from the grace of London theatres. It is said that one cause was her assumption of the part at the Haymarket of *Foppling Fribble*, a character of Fielding's "Tom Thumb," known to be a satire upon Colley Cibber. At any rate, from this point her decadence is rapid. Her career becomes reckless and fantastic to the last degree. No longer is she the rich man's daughter, but the poverty-stricken adventuress, seedy of habit, shady of companionship. From the scratch company in the "Little Theatre" she plunged into trade. She turned oilwoman and grocer in Long Acre. It was not a dull experience, though a disastrous one. All her acquaint-

ances came to see her play her new part. She came speedily to grief, for she never had more than a gallon of each kind of oil on hand at a time, and "trusted" as had she a thousand. Even her links and flambeaux were stolen by flatterers before her very eyes. In three months she left her grocery, and took a grand puppet show, "which is allowed to be the most elegant that ever was exhibited." These puppets she managed herself, performing comedies with them, and of course speaking all the parts. She had faces carved for her puppets in the likeness of well-known actors—Garriek among others—and dressed them as mag-

nificently as their originals. But the venture failed, as all her ventures did, and then she mysteriously fades from view.

She disappears in a mist. It is rather a fog, and is one of her own contriving. It is a verbal fog, a mystery of intention thrown over a page of her history. All she reveals is that she was "in a genteel Light addressed by a worthy Gentleman and closely persued till I consented to an honorable though very secret Alliance, and bound myself by all the Vows sincerest Friendship could inspire never to confess who he was."

She reappears a second time a widow, or so saying. She is still "Mrs. Charke." None of her contemporaries allude to this mysterious marriage. There is no trace of this less than nebulous husband anywhere. His relict never alludes



COLLEY CIBBER.

to him again. She merely repeats that nothing will ever induce her to reveal his name, and passes on to her next experience.

This time it is imprisonment for debt. The laureate's daughter was now habitually attired as a man. She gives out in her Narrative that this was a necessity following—she does not even hint how—upon her mysterious marriage. One of the bailiffs was elderly and squat, and wore a hat corresponding. Charlotte was twenty-eight, tall and slim. She attributed her arrest to the dainty little hat she wore, which, richly trimmed with gold lace, gave her an air of affluence. She exchanged this natty cocked hat for the aged headgear of the fat bailiff, and escaped in his "smoakey Conveniency (for it stunk insufferable of Tobacco)." She was temporarily relieved from fear of rearrest by contributions from various "ladies," keepers of coffeehouses. Why those "ladies" thus befriended her she does not say. Doubtless it was in answer to the begging letters, of which she sent nearly forty about, by the hand of her "poor little wench" of eight years. In her time Cibber's daughter must have written as many such letters as any person of the Fleet. She was a persistent, indefatigable, audacious and highly successful mendicant, begging right and left, behind and before. Peg Woffington sent her money upon this occasion; so did Garrick, Rich, Lacey-Beard; still she could only creep out by owl light for fear of rearrest. She had now fallen to the stage where she lay hungrily in wait for chances to act in London purlieus with barnstormers whose hero was tipsy or heroine "indisposed." She twisted thus into sometimes four different parts a night, replacing the snoring occupant of some neighboring alley or doorstep. Even thus she dared not use her natural voice, but piped and bassooned to cheat the sponging house. Sometimes after these ridiculous performances she fled in the squalid rags of some hanger-on of the "barn." A "clean shirt" was the prime necessity of this precarious existence. She always carried one under her arm, and sometimes secured an evening's engagement where clean shirts were rare solely because of it!

"Gaping for a crust" and pursued by bailiffs, she fled from London with a variety man known as "Jockey" Adams, from his specialty of a jockey dance to the tune of "Horse to Newmarket." In the town whither the strollers journeyed a local heiress fell violently in love with "Mr. Brown," as village maids are apt to fall in love with stage heroes, and Charlotte bitterly regretted that she was the laureate's daughter instead of a male scion of the plebeian Browns. "Had I been what I represented," she grumbled,

"I might have rid in my own coach in the rear of six horses!"

It does not seem to occur to her to complain that had she not chosen to be the most lawless of Bohemians she might have ridden still in her father's coach. "She "rid" instead "in the rear" of one horse. Kings and queens, lords and commons were tossed up in an undistinguishable bundle, and like Scarron's itinerants were carted, not coached, away.

They carried abundant luggage, of goodly weight. It was mostly rusty swords and tragedy truncheons transfigured from mopsticks. But it imposed upon many a rustic innkeeper, and, says Charlotte, "then we were happy, for we eat."

But one day, tired of traveling by night for fear of meeting creditors, the daughter and granddaughter of the great Cibber of Berkeley Square ran away from the variety man, and reached London with one solitary shilling. Then they walked during five hours to Dartford in a pelting rain, arriving at eight in the evening. Charlotte went immediately upon the stage, but her feet were wet, her voice hoarse, her attitudes weary, and she was dismissed next morning with half a crown.

When next she landed upon her feet it was as "head domestic" to Lord A——, who was then living with a "Fille de Joye, no great Beauty, yet infinitely agreeable, remarkably genteel and fine-shaped, and a sensible Woman, whose Understanding was embellished by a Fund of Good Nature."

Now "Mr. Brown" ("darling name!" cries its bearer) had her own table, "with a Bottle of Wine and any single Dish I chose for myself extra of what came from my Lord's, and a Guinea paid me every Wednesday Morning. I marched every Day through the Streets with Ease and Security, proud to cock my Hat at the Bailiffs."

It was too good to last. So when two supercilious coxcombs and pragmatical blockheads, wanting discourse, arraigned her employer's understanding for entertaining one of an improper sex in a post of that sort, "Mr. Brown" had to go back to her misery.

Her next move was to beg money enough to buy a bit of sausage meat. She made sausages, and with her child peddled them from door to door. But then came a stray dog in her absence and devoured her capital.

She sold sausages, but indignantly denies that she ever sold fish!

It is not easy to chronicle such "Bohemianism." She sings *Mercury's* part at Sadler's Wells, but finds it "more advantageous" to strut in the booths of Bartholomew's Fair at a few shillings a

day. She was forced to hide from the bailiffs again. Then her maternal uncle Shore—who, though an acknowledged madman (was poor Charlotte perhaps not a bit mad also, by maternal inheritance?), ought to have known better—lent her money to establish a public house.

As her chosen acquaintances were, so were her patrons. They took her candlesticks and sauce-pans without by your leave or thank you; they demolished her dishes, diminished her coals, and were forever in hue and cry after an invisible cur who fled with her provisions.

After this failure, without betraying her sex "Mr. Brown" took a waiter's place in the tavern of Potiphar's Widow. There she waited upon German perukemakers and French tailors, in their own tongues. When a "strangeness ensued" and "Mr. Brown" departed, it was to a fleeting moment of better luck.

She came across "one Scudmore, a Sergeant of Dragoons," who had some years before been a player. This Scudmore was again a player since "his Return from Battle." He took the "Recruiting Officer" for his benefit, and engaged Mrs. Charke to play *Sylvia*, and also to write a prologue for him to speak.

"I don't pretend to have Talents in Regard to Poetry in Verse," she adds, "or indeed in Prose, but (as) it speaks the Warmth of my Heart towards the Royal Family, whose illustrious Line may Heaven to latest Posterity extend, I will venture to insert what I wrote, and hope, though I am but an insignificant and humble Subject, every true Briton will let my Zeal plead an Excuse for my Deficiency in attempting so noble and glorious a Theme:

" PROLOGUE.

" From Toils and Dangers of a furious War,
Where Groans and Death successive wound the Air:
Where the fair Ocean, or the crystal Flood,
Are dy'd with purple Streams of flowing Blood,
I am once more, thank Providence, restor'd,
Though narrowly escaped the Bullet and the Sword.
Amid the sharpest Terrors I have stood,
And smil'd at Tumults for my Country's Good.

" But where's the Briton dare at Fate repine?
When our Great William's foremost of the Line!
With steady Courage dauntless he appears,
And owes a Spirit far beyond his Years.
With Wisdom as with Justice he spur'd on
To save this Nation from a Papal Throne.
May Gracious Heaven the youthful Hero give
Long smiling Years of Happiness to live!

" And Britons with united Voices sing
The noblest Praises of their glorious King;
Who to defend his Country and its Rights
Parted from him in whom his Soul delights.
Then with a grateful Joy, Britannia, own
None but Great George should fill the British Throne."

The spectacle of one Scudmore smiling at tumult for his country's good was doubtless thrilling a century and a half ago.

Perhaps Mrs. Sharke angled for a place on the Civil List. "It was well received at the Hay-Market Theatre," she wrote, "and I was handsomely rewarded by the Person whose Benefit it was wrote for."

Doubtless because of this little patch of purple upon her squalor she rises now to a place at the Haymarket and Covent Garden with her brother Theophilus. Then come more squabbles, fomented by great Colley, who rebuked Theophilus for allowing his daughter to appear on the stage in company with Charlotte. Away goes the furious wanderer again to the booths of Bartholomew's Fair.

Thence she flees entirely to the country, doing "the road" (as nobody said then) in booth-storming fashion, and never seeing London again for nine years.

She remained away till a few months before her novel and Narrative were written (in 1755) and her publishers saw her in her hovel. Until that time her story continued to be the unutterably squalid one of an eighteenth-century stroller; a story so much more haggard, ragged and foot-sore than can be in our century of railroads and pauper shelters. It was an unbroken story of barelegged tragedy queens, and kings in yarn stockings with twenty holes in sight; of tipsy *ingénues* staggering into the arms of drunken lovers; of thieving and fleeing managers; and a riot of evil passions to fright the imps of hell. The laureate's daughter consorted with stage-struck tailors, barbers and shoemakers, grooms and jail birds. When the strollers made twenty shillings a night for the house they were temporarily happy. They then usually afforded what they called a "stock supper," and which was finished in a free fight by way of dessert. They walked weary miles, they shivered and broiled in wind and sun. They were rejoiced to play to drunken butchers, "who soon entertained us with the Music of their Nostrils." Sometimes they had "one scene and a curtain," sometimes less. Sometimes they lay in prison, sometimes under the stars; sometimes they had not where to lay their heads. Once Charlotte left her crew, and begged money enough to set herself up as a village pastry cook. She handled kitchen utensils as she did a needle, that is, "as a monkey does a kitten," and scarce knew the ingredients of tarts. No wonder the village soon had enough of her pastry, and believed enough better than a feast!

Then she sold out for a hog, fancying it would

stock her with piglets. She found it aged, and sold it at great loss. "Mr. Brown, Cook from London," was forced to pawn her hat and go bareheaded, and to pawn her waistcoat before finding a bed.

Then in sheer desperation she "sat down and wrote a little Tale," which paved the way to a

escape, and thus it was that she began her novel. She had already made "considerable progress in Mr. Dumont's History" when she took refuge on the Clerkenwell dunghill, with her teacup and bellows, her poor hopes and poorer manuscript. She had no money save as she begged from friends of better days, and she trusted to



CHARLOTTE AS CORDELIA IN NAHUM TATE'S ADDED SCENE OF "KING LEAR" (CORDELIA RESCUED BY EDGAR FROM RUFFIANS).—FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PICTURE BY PETER VAN BLEECK.

small pittance to write, and to correct proof. She was often "impertinently treated" by that other stroller, the "little Insignificant," her daughter's husband. She was worn out with the plague and disappointments of a strolling life, the unappeasable hunger, the quenchless thirst, the eternal nakedness and undying weariness. She searched to

the weekly publication of her "Narrative" for the means of subsistence till the novel was out.

At threepence a number, how brilliant the outlook! She also hoped to open an "Oratorical Academy," and was of faith that a benefit would be given her upon some stage.

"Thank Heaven," she writes, "I have not,

nor ever intend to have, any further Commerce with them (strollers), but will apply myself closely to my Pen; and if I can obtain the Honour and Favour of my Friends' Company, at an Annual Benefit, I will to the Extent of my Power endeavour to entertain them with my own Performance, and provide the best I can to fill up the rest of the Characters."

Almost at the end of her terrible book is repeated her hope of an "Academy" which will be for the "Instruction of those who have any Hopes, from Genius and Figure, of appearing on either the London Stages, or York, Norwich and Bath, all which are reputable; but will never advise or encourage any Person to make themselves *Voluntary Vagabonds*, for such not only the *Law*, but the Opinion of every reasonable Person, deems those itinerant gentry who are daily guilty of the Massacre of dramatic Poetry." Then she adds, with emphasis and tautology, "But of them, no more! but a *lasting and long Farewel!*"

Poor Charlotte never had her "Annual Benefit." Neither had she her "Oratorical Academy." But having dined and supped with disappointment, probably she was not surprised that it became her bedfellow.

Instead of benefit or academy, she straggled into another "novel." "The Lovers' Treat; or, Unnatural Hatred," was put forth in 1758, three years after "H. Dumont" (as she always spoke of her ten-guinea novel), and about a year before her death. The very sight of this other dismal little brat of her brain is enough to give one the blues. One may see in it the poor creature's hopeless, helpless end. No publisher now adventures to her hovel to offer even five guineas. No humorous even though clubfooted Introduction shows her *en rapport* with the world.

"The Lovers' Treat" would shame an eighteenth-century schoolgirl ambitious to "make a story." Whoever could guide a pen could write as good a novel. It shows knowledge neither of men nor manners, feeling nor thought. It might have been written in a nursery, or upon a desolate isle by one born there, and with only Richardson's novels for glimpses at the life of the roaring world. It is difficult to read, in its ragged type upon coarse and grimy paper. It was not even "published," but printed by common tradesmen. Its forty pages are bound up with as many blank leaves for the purpose of swelling the story into a small volume. It was

"Printed and Sold at Bailey's Printing House at the Shop and Crown in Leadenhall Street; where Tradesmen's Bills are Printed neat and reasonable."

Printed "for" and printed "by" tell a woeful tale.

The dying woman wrote it only to barter it with any speculator in printer's ink who would give her a few crusts for it. After roaming the country for years, tattered, dirty, skulking, fleeing, quarreling, starving, begging—a hissing and reproach to the well-paunched laureate in Berkeley Square—the prodigal tried to return to her father's house. But the door was closed; no fine raiment, no fatted calf awaited her; not even a crust was thrown her way.

Fortunately the end was nigh. She lingered still another year, forgotten by all who ever knew her. She received the bounty of the compassionate, but so far as known never applied for parish relief. Nothing came to her at Cibber's death, a year before her own. She died in 1759, less than fifty years of age.

A strange, strange history! For hers were not the passions that make most tragedies of want and disgrace. They were, on the contrary, those that certain of our "picturesque" and "romantic" fictionists and poets pipe and tinkle in fantastic music. Nowhere is it said that she was a wanton. We do not read that she ever "took to drink." No yearnings for flamboyant distinction laid pitfalls in her way. She lusted not for anklets and armlets, for tiaras and earrings, fine linen and rich purple. All these she had and threw aside when she quarreled with her father. She was selfish, willful, hot-tempered like her father, and she sank by an overweening taste for eccentric outbreaks, for pursuits, experiments and adventures that neither society nor the world at large recognizes as reputable, even though hazardous. She had a lust for vagabondage, a lust far less uncommon than men believe, and it bore her down as all inordinate lusts bear soul and body down.

Her fate scarcely excites sympathy. Nobody can weep over her bellows and teacup, her pitcher with a snip out of it, her companion's hungry smile, her own humbled and disconsolate mien. Her misfortunes were of her own making—unless in judging her we adopt wholly the fatalism of heredity.

In that case she is entitled to as much pity as martyrs to far grander passions.

A NIGHT ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY JAMES RICALTON.

WHILE strolling in one of the thoroughfares of quaint old Cairo I chanced to meet a fellow countryman from a semi-Western town. He had set out to make a pedestrian tour of the world as a representative of a local paper. Not being an experienced traveler, he was suffering from a despondency that not unfrequently besets one unaccustomed to foreign scenes, especially when he is surrounded by an unfamiliar race, committing a constant babel of unintelligible language in his ears at every turn. Indeed, a motley, surging human chaos such as one meets in the native streets of Cairo is quite sufficient to bewilder and depress the most experienced traveler.

My new-found friend expressed a desire to accompany me about the Egyptian capital, and I was only too glad to grant him any advantage of my prior acquaintance with places and objects of interest. I soon found him a genial companion, and seeing his desire for novel experiences, I suggested to him during one of our walks a little adventure, the accomplishment of which might furnish him with subject matter for his weekly installment of "copy."

Before disclosing to him, however, the nature of the undertaking I had in mind I endeavored to extract a promise that he would perform it; but I had already aroused in him, very unwittingly, a dawning suspicion that I might be a reckless adventurer with an insatiate love for perilous impossibilities. He finally consented, but his consent was so guarded with precautionary "ifs" that it was about equivalent to a refusal.

"You have not seen the Pyramids yet," I said. "Do you know that only about one person in fifty of all those who visit them make the ascent? Some have not the nerve; some have not the necessary endurance; others lack courage; while quite a large number, lacking some or all of these qualifications, will tell you they have no desire to make the ascent—that it is foolish and stupid and unprofitable. Well, 'sour grapes' are always a prolific crop. One can sympathize with the nervous and physically incapacitated in regard to such an undertaking; but do not heed these sayings—too often the cant of cowards; take my word for it, a love of adventure is a normal element in a healthy human psychology. It only takes different forms in different conditions of life. Men all try to rise in the world, and so I propose shall we. Let us to-day walk to the Gizeh plateau and linger in the vicinity till nightfall. When dark-

ness has sent the Bedouin guardians of the Pyramids to their homes, and with no guides nearer us than those slumbering in the villages of the Nile Valley, let us, unaided and alone, in solemn darkness, blindfolded as it were, scale the greatest of these mighty tumuli and make our bed on the topmost stone of hoary Cheops. I have just returned from a trip to Wady Halfa," I continued, "and among the passengers on the Nile steamer there was no end of talk about a brave American girl—a heroine they were making her—who made the ascent of the great Pyramid all alone; that is, she was accompanied by the usual number of guides, who, however, rendered her no assistance; they went before and behind her, but did not "boost" her from stone to stone as they usually do. Well, all praise to the plucky American girl; but let us go unattended and in midnight darkness, when there will be an interestingly increased amount of breakneck risk about it."

The circumpedestrian had taken on an expression full of misgiving; his countenance betrayed an unmistakable desire to apply a spirit level to my phrenology; but he only said, "Have you ever been up?" "Yes," I replied; "I've made the ascent twice before, and I am confident I can clamber my way up in the night. Now, if faith will remove mountains why will it not climb Pyramids? Just exercise a little faith in my leadership, and to-morrow the boast will be yours that you have done what no man has ever done before; that, moreover, if we succeed in passing the night at the summit ours will be the highest bed ever occupied by man; yet one in regard to the removal of which we will scarcely be able to follow the Biblical injunction."

On the following morning, after an early breakfast, we set out on foot across the Nile Valley along the beautiful acacia-lined Pyramid Road. It was April, and the morning was delightfully cool, the air fragrant with the bloom of clover. Already lines of loping camels laden with produce were on their way to the Cairo market; and that dreadful national orchestra, the zakkiahs, had commenced their round of doleful creaking. We trudged on, discussing the possibilities of being captured by the Bedouins; of being robbed and precipitated from our prospective sleeping place; and whether night watches would guard the Pyramids. Such speculations were beguiling the time and distance, when we discovered, on the edge of the desert, an encampment of Bedouins

that tempted us into a detour of several hours, which we spent among the grazing camels and tent homes of these picturesque nomads.

It was sunset before we reached a hotel at the foot of the Gizeh plateau. We necessarily intimated our intentions to the clerk, and requested the loan of blankets. He was quite willing to accommodate us with any amount of bedding for the chilly elevation, but said we were extremely foolish to attempt so perilous a climb in the night.

We acknowledged our unwisdom, but reminded him, by way of extenuation, that foolish people must usually be classed with the incurables, and we would persist in our design. He smiled wisely and went off to rob some vacant bed of blankets. We cautioned him not to disclose our plans to the natives about the hotel, as they would soon convey such information to the inhabitants of an adjacent village, in which resided the Sheik of the Pyramids, and numerous guides whose revenues might be endangered by allowing an ascent to be made without their services; that the skulking Bedouins, moreover, might hasten to take advantage of such an opportunity for midnight robbery.

When darkness had settled down upon the desert, and Cheops, Chephren and Menkare loomed up as three spectral mountain silhouettes, we left the hotel to make a stealthy reconnaissance of their bases, to ascertain whether the Bedouin guards had retired to their homes and the way was clear for our ambitious climb. For the reader must remember that those who guard these shrines exercise the right to impose a tax of fifty cents on every ascent made, and that that amount to them is more than the value of a Christian dog's life.

We found them deserted. The clamorous, persistent guides, whose garrulous importunities during the day are so well known to every visitor, were gone. Not a sound save the barking of jackals in the far-away desert. The Pyramids, the Sphinx and the ruined tombs were wrapped in the most solemn stillness. The crouching of *débris* under our feet startled us. Our nerves, already disturbed with the immediate prospect of climbing on hands and knees nearly five hundred feet skyward, were still further agitated by a fear of capture and robbery.

Instead of attempting the ascent on the usual south side, we passed around to the less frequented southwest corner. Having reached the base corner stone, we listened long and carefully; but no sound of footstep broke the stillness. I counseled my friend to caution and slowness in our precarious task; to examine every foothold before

trusting it; to avoid entanglement with his loose blanket; that, with his life in his hand, he could afford to take time and exercise caution; and withal to maintain a mastery over his nerves. This bit of precautionary parley was all spoken in a whisper, at the end of which my companion said: "Go on, and I will follow."

The sides of the Pyramid consist of a series of very irregular steps, formed of broken and displaced stones from two to three feet in width and about the same in thickness, often weather-worn and insecure, making the ascent more difficult and treacherous, especially in the darkness of night.

A little after nine o'clock we started, and worked our way upward, stone by stone, seldom more than fifteen feet apart, stopping every few moments to rest and compose ourselves; for although we could but dimly see our increasing altitude we fully felt it, and crouched closely on hands and knees against the stones, often with only a margin of two feet. In the darkness we could not choose our way, but had to grope from stone to stone, stopping to take advantage of every spacious block for rest and mutual encouragement. During the first one or two hundred feet we sometimes looked downward, but only to distinguish a dim, giddy height that recalled the terrible philosophy of falling bodies.

The stones were ragged and sharp, and our knees became chafed and sore. During my previous ascents by daylight the height did not seem half so great. Before we had made half the distance we were already peering upward for the topmost stones. Every thirty or forty feet we rested for a few moments; then we were groping again along the narrow edge to find a more accessible point. Our faces were grimy, our bodies suffused with a cold perspiration, and not till it seemed we had almost reached the star-studded firmament did we touch the topmost course.

I pulled myself upon the last stone with a shudder such as we feel in childhood when shutting the door after us on a dark night. Remaining on my hands and knees, I peered over for the newspaper man; he was only a few yards behind, and I quickly encouraged him with the information that I was on the top. In a few minutes I took his hand and landed him on the crown of old Cheops. He would scarcely quit my hand for very gladness. We seated ourselves on some huge stones to contemplate our strange surroundings. The ascent had occupied nearly two hours, and the feat was half achieved.

Now we were to make our bed well-nigh, it seemed, among the stars, and pass a night on the



THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS — ENGRAVED FROM THE PAINTING BY G. RICHTER,
IN THE MAXIMILIANEUM, MUNICH.

giddy summit of the first of the seven wonders of the world. And how unspeakably solemn and impressive were the surroundings of this strange sleeping place! Seven miles away the lights of Cairo twinkled like lesser stars in the horizon; the turbid, branchless Nile, although invisible, was winding its way to the sea, flooding hundreds of canals, fertilizing a nation and supplying food for five millions of human beings. To the south and west the boundless desert. The dusky form of the Sphinx was below us, and the sombre outlines of the second and third Pyramids darkened the sky in another direction. On every side were the despoiled tombs of the kings of past ages. The dust of the builders of these mighty sepulchres has been drifting in desert sand for three thousand years, but the eternal sepulchres still remain. "All things dread Time, but Time dreads the Pyramids."

Stretching to the north and far away to the south is this vast plateau of the dead. The Nile is Egypt, and its arid, rocky border for a thousand miles is one endless sepulture, embracing, it has been estimated, the dust of no less than seven hundred millions of human beings. From this lofty midnight height the mind vainly attempts a retrospect of four thousand years, and to imagine the busy aspect of the populous valley during the reign of the Pyramid-building kings. Far away across the valley, at the Mokkatam Hills, thousands of slaves were fashioning by unknown methods the huge blocks of limestone; strangely constructed rafts, bearing these great stones, were plying between the ancient quarries and the Pyramid plateau, hurrying by primitive modes of navigation to take advantage of every day of high Nile. Other strange craft were floating down the flooded valley from far-away Syene, bearing massive blocks of matchless syenite for the King's Chamber.

Thus we pondered at midnight on the uppermost stone of the mightiest structure ever built by the hand of man, until the chilly night air compelled us to seek the warmth of our blankets and attempt to sleep under the most novel and unfavorable conditions. Placing one blanket upon the level topstones and stretching ourselves upon it, and drawing the other blanket over us, we attempted to sleep. But the night breeze at that elevation was so cold, our bed so hard and our nervous condition so insomnolent that sleep was next to impossible. We tucked the blankets

in around us as best we could, covered our heads, snuggled closely together, and thus remained for two hours, when my companion suddenly sprang to his feet, uttering some very emphatic words about a snake among the stones, and declaring he would not sleep amongst venomous serpents. He had only heard a twittering noise that proceeded from a crevice in the stones near him. I was familiar with the sound; it was that of a harmless little land lizard.

After a vigorous attempt to bring heat to our bodies by a shivering pirouette we again wrapped ourselves in our blankets for a second attempt, but with little better success. Thus we grimly forced away the hours till only sufficient time remained to make the descent before the approach of dawn, when we might be discovered by an early riser among the natives. Finding sleep impossible, and knowing that the descent would be more difficult and perilous than the ascent, we arose, gathered up our blankets and prepared to descend. Many years ago some enthusiastic American traveler erected a flag pole on the pinnacle of the great Pyramid. Being numb with cold and wishing to bring my blood into better circulation before commencing the descent, and at the same time to honor the motto (*Excelsior*) of my native State, I climbed the weather-beaten staff. At this point we would fain have indulged a whoop, but a fear of arousing the natives and the chilled state of our whooping organs forbade.

Then began our downward climb, at two o'clock in the morning. It was longer, more tedious and more trying than our ascent; upward, it was groping with our hands; downward, it was groping with our feet. From a position on hands and knees we thrust our feet downward; then resting on our stomachs, we allowed our feet to prospect for a foothold on the next stone below; this secured, we cautiously lowered ourselves, dragging our blankets after us. This giddy backward descent continued till after four o'clock in the morning, when we slid from the last stone, chafed, dust-covered and exhausted.

The ruddy east was heralding the dawn, and our little adventure with the Pyramid was achieved. Foolish and purposeless it might seem, but I believe it will never cease to be a pleasurable reminiscence. On the morrow we trudged the long, dusty way back to Cairo, where for weeks thereafter we were pointed out as the "the fellows who slept on the Pyramid."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

BY LIZZIE T. GREEN.

THE clouds still thicken, and the damp wind is blowing,
 The mist spreads its mantle of gray far and wide;
 The river is sobbing as onward it rushes—
 We know it will rain at the turn of the tide.

The fishermen out in their boats on the water
 Sing loud and clear as onward they glide;
 They know the river with its sunshine and shadows—
 And cast in their nets at the turn of the tide.

The river of life seems so rough and so weary.
 The clouds are so dark and the river so wide;
 But we hold our boat firm, with hand ever steady—
 For the sun will shine out at the turn of the tide.

And what does it matter, whatever the weather,
 Nor how our boat tosses from side to side:
 No matter what storm sprite is ruffling the waters—
 There is always a change at the turn of the tide.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

BY MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

In the mystic, changeful web of life
 Love weaves with glittering thread
 A jeweled sparkling cloth of gold,
 With perfumed flowers bespread.

As Love the shuttle lightly throws
 There grow beneath his hand
 Bewildering sprays of passion flowers,
 By southern breezes fanned.

But darkening shadows grim and gray
 Come stealing o'er the loom;
 Love looks in cold Ambition's face,
 And reads therein his doom.

The colors bright, the warm-hued flowers,
 In warp and woof lie dead;
 Regret's and Disappointment's hands
 Now weave an endless thread.

And slowly, steadily and sure
 A sombre, mournful pall
 Is wrought at last by busy Death,
 O'er Life's dimmed web to fall.

WEATHER FOR STATESMEN.

BY EDWARD INGLE.

FROM the headquarters in Washington are sent to all parts of the country, with ever-increasing accuracy, the forecasts of the weather, as well as the records of conditions that have prevailed at the various stations during twenty-four hours. In the reception room at each end of the national

Capitol is displayed the same kind of material for the immediate benefit of four hundred and more representatives, in House and Senate, of all sections of the land. Laymen, who have observed the interest in that feature of meteorology on the part of the lawmakers and visitors, are impressed

by a feeling that it has contributed largely to an appreciation of the value of the general service, and to the removal of popular misconceptions of its methods and purposes. Mr. F. J. Randolph—to whose intelligent study, backed by the readiness of the Secretary of Agriculture and the chief of the weather bureau to improve all practical parts of the service, has been due the steady and prompt enlargement of the work at the Capitol—is in charge on the House side, and Mr. J. H. Jones, careful and painstaking, is on the Senate side. When Mr. Randolph was detailed for the place the outfit at his command was confined to a couple of large maps similar to those used in chambers of commerce and elsewhere in the larger cities of the United States. Both he and his comrade have now a larger assortment of aids to the study of the weather. The basis of operations is a large map with the stations marked by small brass hooks. Upon these are hung pasteboard tags denoting the conditions of the weather. Some tags have printed upon them black figures showing the temperature, and some have red figures for the precipitation. Above them is hung an arrow with a large disk, its color indicating phases of the atmosphere, and the point the direction of the wind. A red disk means clear; a blue and white one, fair; a light blue, cloudy; and a black one, rain; while a black disk crossed by white lines is the sign of snow. With a green cord stretched around the hooks is inclosed the area affected by any prevailing meteorological disturbance of note, the path of the storm being marked by a piece of red tape terminating in a large arrow.

Near the wall maps, one of which is used to show conditions reported at 8 o'clock A. M., and the other to mark the storms, cold and warm waves, or the maximum temperatures of the preceding day, are the files of the daily weather charts, weekly crop bulletins, average temperature charts, maximum and minimum temperature records for a long term of years, and drawings of the tracks of annual storms. Members of Congress pass through the corridor where the maps are hung, from eleven o'clock in the morning until adjournment in the afternoon, and the great number of them do not fail to spend a few moments in front of the map, satisfying themselves by personal observation—for the story is made so plain that all who run may read—or plying Mr. Randolph with questions of more than local importance. When a cold wave is advancing from the northwest, or a warm one for that matter, or when the veering of the arrows toward the southeast creates suspicion that one of the West Indian terrors may be approaching the

coast, great curiosity is manifested about the daily changes in the position of the green cord and the tapeline, and members from a distance anxiously watch the approach of the storm area to their homes. When the temperature is ninety-eight at Washington a member from Minneapolis will take particular delight in reading from the map that his folks are reveling in a temperature of early spring. Others, in noting the record of great heat, like that of last summer in the Dakotas and Nebraska, will go to their seats grieved at the thought that their constituents will be subjected to heavy losses. Perhaps, as was the case last spring, the snow line with a cold wave has advanced much further south than usual, and the members from Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and Georgia eagerly scan the map to learn whether their neighborhoods have been affected. Western Texas has been suffering from a protracted drought, and the indications of a possible rainfall leave the Representatives from that State in a contented frame of mind. One member has large cattle interests. He is a thousand or more miles from home. It is time for killing hogs.

"What is likely to be the weather at Abilene?" he asks.

"It looks as if it might be cool," comes the reply, after a careful inspection of the map.

"Begin killing to-morrow," is the message soon clicking from the telegraph instrument.

"How long will the cold snap last in Michigan?" asks another, who is a lumberman when he is not otherwise engaged.



SELF-REGISTERING INSTRUMENTS.

"Of course there is no absolute certainty, but there is nothing to indicate that it will not last for two or three days. There are two or three feet of snow in your part of the State, and the temperature is twenty-two degrees."

"Begin hauling at once," wires the Congressman to his agents.

These dialogues, though the clerk does not pretend to make forecasts, are but instances of the use which farmers, cattle raisers or lumbermen make of the weather map in directing from a distance the work at their homes, and demonstrate the possibilities similar to the cases mentioned in Secretary Morton's report, of the saving

These are connected by electric wires with the instruments on the roof, and automatically write their several parts of the story of the weather. Record sheets, ruled for degrees, inches, hours and divisions of hours, are placed upon cylinders operated by clockwork, and as the cylinders revolve, pens in response to the electric message from the roof trace the lines of variation across the sheets. The rain- and wind-gauge sheets are for twenty-four hours, and those for the barometer and thermometer for a week.

Familiarity with the instruments and with the object lessons on the maps brings the members of Congress into close touch with the work of the



THE WEATHER MAP.

in Ohio of \$200,000 by the warning of January 24th last, and of a like protection of farm products from frosts in North Carolina.

Ever since the introduction of the service at the Capitol, Congressmen have wished to know how readings of the weather are obtained. This curiosity, far from being idle, but born of a desire to understand something of meteorology, has been gratified by placing in one corner of the reception rooms some of the principal instruments in use. The set occupies one of the window recesses, and is a source of pleasure to many persons. It includes a barograph, a telethermograph, a triple register of the velocity and direction of the wind and the duration of sunshine, and a rain gauge.

weather bureau. When they read in Secretary Morton's report that during the year there were very few disastrous storms of which the people had not been apprised twenty-four hours in advance, of the saving of the steamship *Rappahannock* with her cargo off Cape Henry in January, 1894, and the statement that the bureau's warnings for September and October last kept in port vessels valued at \$36,283,913, they will wait in no surprise to learn whether the warnings in future will have such value that marine insurance policies will have a new proviso by which the insurance will become void in case of loss by a storm of which the bureau had given timely notice.



"HE GLANCED UP AND BEHELD THE PADRE."

A SOLDIER OF MEXICO.

BY PLATO C. EMERY.

"MIGUEL."

"Yes, captain."

"You are a soldier?" half inquiringly.

"Yes, captain, as you yourself can testify."

"It is true, Miguel. Well, the general desires you to report at headquarters."

"Miguel will not fail to be there. What is the time?"

"Three o'clock. But let me warn you, the mission is very dangerous."

"I am a soldier, captain."

"Good, Miguel. He could find no better in all Mexico, and I doubt not you will satisfy him."

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And so it came about that Miguel stood before the general commanding, at exactly three o'clock in the afternoon of a dry September day, at the Alcazar.

"Your name?"

"Miguel."

"Rank?"

"Private, Company C."

"Private!" contemptuously.

"And a soldier, general!"—his eyes flashed with an inborn fire.

"Well, Miguel," said the general, "you shall go to the President."

"The President?" in astonishment.

"Yes," laughing. "Did you suppose I wanted you?"

"The captain said so."

"The captain was right so far; but it is the President, after me. Pangelo, to the President."

Accompanying his guide, Miguel soon stood in the presence of the President of Mexico. The guide having withdrawn, the President beckoned Miguel to come nearer the window at which he was standing.

"As a soldier of Mexico, you are prepared to undertake a secret and dangerous mission?"

"Anything the President shall choose."

"Good. I believe you are capable. Do you know the road from here to Tezcuco?"

"Every inch, your excellency."

"Ah! Then you know the hacienda of Señor Gonzales?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"You know, also, that Gonzales has joined the insurgents?"

"I heard it yesterday."

"It shall be your duty, then, to enter the home of this traitor and bring to me a document in possession of a young woman who is now at his house. When taken from my cabinet it was folded thus, the government seal at the top, my signature at the bottom, and contained directions for the disposition of a young lady in the event of my death. Do not fail to get it, or leave the memory of a true soldier to mark the failure."

"I understand perfectly, your excellency. It is the paper—or my body."

"You are quick at conclusions. It is only necessary to add that this young woman is of fairer complexion than most of our people, with golden hair and eyes black as midnight. She is about as tall as yourself; speaks quickly, almost fiercely, when excited; at other times she is very quiet, and has the soft manner of a nun. You will need to be on your guard, lest she seduce you into falling in love with her."

"There is no fear of it, your excellency. The thought of Inez would save me from that."

"Ah! you have a sweetheart?"

"The dearest in all Mexico, your excellency."

"She will not interfere with your going?"

"I have not seen her for five days, nor shall I see her until after I return."

"I begin to believe you will succeed. You will need money," added the President.

"Not even a peseta, your excellency," said Miguel, drawing back. "I shall secure the document by wit and strength alone."

"Well said, Miguel. Now go, for every moment is precious."

Miguel saluted and retired. Once out of the palace, he sighed with relief.

"If they would but increase my pay to seven pesos, so that I could marry Inez, I would not envy even the President himself."

An hour later a peon crossed the Paseo and struck into the open country toward Tezcuco; a bright clean "zarape" covered his shoulders; a broad red sash fringed with silk wound around his waist and hung nearly to the ground, while his other garments were a shirt, a pair of white trousers and a broad sombrero. In this strange but picturesque garb it would have been difficult to recognize Miguel. Nevertheless it was he, and as he looked back toward the city the sun was slowly sinking behind the bright red-and-blue dome of the Church of San Francisco. In front the twilight was already deepening, so he pushed on quickly, keeping a sharp lookout ahead; for the road to Tezcuco was notorious for its bandits, who seemed to dwell nowhere, but to rise directly out of the ground and at the slightest sign of resistance stick a knife or two into their victim, then strip him of everything except the covering nature provided.

Miguel was by no means a coward, yet he breathed easier when he beheld a bright light shining through the small windows of an adobe hut.

"The padre is still awake. I will seek shelter and rest."

The rude door was quickly opened in response to his slight knock. A bare room, devoid of furniture save for two benches, a table, a case on the wall filled with old and well-worn books, and a finely carved ivory crucifix on the opposite side—that was all, except the padre himself, a youngish man with keen gray eyes, and a sad smile hovering on his thin, bloodless lips.

"May I rest here to-night, holy father?"

"With all my heart will I share my hut with Miguel."

A sly glance leaped from the priest's eyes.

"You know me?"

"Easily," replied the priest. "Faces change, but voices never—and, then, peons do not seek shelter; they lie in the open, satisfied if the blue sky of heaven is above and the stars light them to bed. Ceremony is scant here, Miguel, as you should know. There are two benches; you shall take one, and I the other. Then you shall tell me why you look like a peon, and why you are here at this hour."

Miguel laughed uneasily. There might be no harm in telling the padre, and—yet—bah! he would tell him.

"I am commissioned by the President to secure

from a certain woman an important document, and—why, padre! I have just thought of it; this woman is like my Inez—golden hair, fair complexion, and eyes like midnight stars. I——”

“Inez?” interrupted the priest, fixing his piercing eyes upon Miguel, and drawing his lips tightly, whispering to himself, “I am sure it was Nina I saw!” Then, aloud: “You speak of Inez. She is your wife?”

“No, padre,” blushing; “she is my sweetheart, whom I shall marry some day.”

“Light complexion, golden hair and bright eyes, you said?”

“Yes, padre; that is Inez. Ah! how sweet she is I cannot tell, and when she speaks!—it is like the soft wooing of a gentle summer breeze.”

The priest abruptly quitted his seat, and began to arrange some books within the case on the wall.

“It is so like Nina!” he muttered to himself. Then to Miguel: “This woman you seek is like your Inez?”

“Why, yes, padre; though I did not think of it before.”

The priest turned again to his books.

“I am sure it was Nina I saw two days ago; yet—can it be there are three women in Mexico so unlike the rest that the picture of one is that of the other?” After a pause: “Where shall you find this woman?”

The priest asked the question nonchalantly, as if it mattered little whether he learned.

“That I cannot tell, even to you, padre.”

“Oh, well, it does not matter; I merely asked out of a priest’s curiosity.”

His tone implied a dismissal of the subject, which Miguel willingly permitted.

Soon the latter stretched out on the rude bench, and directly fell asleep. Not so the padre. The moment his visitor’s eyes were closed he put away all restraint, and began pacing up and down the bare floor of his cell-like room. Soon the small room became unbearable. He slipped out into the little garden, and again took up his ceaseless motion, back and forth, up and down, as if that was the only palliative for his disturbed soul.

Daybreak found him still pacing—still disturbed; the night had not worn away his trouble.

Miguel awoke, and came out.

“Ah, Miguel! you are astir early.”

“And yet the padre is before me.”

“A host’s privilege, Miguel,” replied the priest, smilingly. “But come, let us breakfast.”

Miguel protested. He was already indebted to the padre, but the priest insisted until he consented to remain.

It was a frugal meal, even for a soldier; but

Miguel thoroughly enjoyed it, and after repeatedly thanking the priest started again on his journey. Before he had gone far the padre came cautiously from his hut and followed.

“I must see her,” he said to himself. “It is folly—madness; but I cannot rest until my eyes once more behold my lost Nina—for it must be Nina—there cannot be another.”

So he kept after Miguel, stopping when he stopped, until at last they came within the hacienda of Señor Gonzales.

From a low window just beneath the eaves of the tiled roof Miguel saw a bright light, toward which he crept, somewhat eagerly at first, but slower and more cautiously when he mounted the roof of a small shed leaning directly under.

Reaching the opening, he saw the figure of a woman sitting at a low writing table, one hand resting on the edge, the other thrown halfway across, her head bent to one side, as if thinking.

After watching her several minutes, Miguel moved stealthily forward through the window and into the room. From his position he saw unfolded on the table the exact document he was to carry back to the President. Under her hand was another paper, which he made out to be a partial copy of the original. Stepping closer, he prepared to spring upon her and stop any outcry she might make, when he saw her head drop forward, and he knew she was sleeping.

Quickly did he possess himself of the paper, placing it inside of his shirt; then, emboldened by the ease with which he had obtained it, he took hold of the copy, and slowly drew it away. The movement awakened the woman, who sprang up and seized him around the neck, continuing to shriek until Miguel caught her under the arms and pushed her away. As her hold on him loosened she fell violently forward, striking her head against the sharp corner of the heavy table and cutting a deep wound, from which the blood spurted upon his bare foot. It was not this, however, which caused him to cry out and kneel upon the floor, heedless of the alarm she had given, or the time and place.

“Inez! my Inez! Speak to me! speak to me—I am Miguel! O Mother in Heaven! what have I done? Speak, my love, to Miguel, who loves only you, but who did not know you.”

In his frenzy he tore away the black lace mantilla which partly covered her face, and tried to put life into her dumb lips and sightless, staring eyes by kissing them again and again. Hearing footsteps, he glanced up and beheld the padre, who had entered by the same way as himself.

“Ah, padre, see! I came after the woman who was like my Inez, and behold, it is she! It is

my Inez whom I have killed! O God, is there not mercy in heaven? Speak, Inez, speak to me once more!"

No answer came; but the padre, bending over and shading his eyes from the light, grew white as the rough-plastered walls around him.

"His Inez?" to himself. "She, my lost Nina, the lover of that dolt! No, it cannot be; he is dreaming—her blood has turned his mind."

Like a cat he sprang upon Miguel, clutching his shoulders with his thin, bony hands.

"Look again, Miguel, and as you value your soul's safety tell me, who is she?"

It was with a surprised tone that Miguel answered:

"Who could she be, padre, except my Inez?"

"Ay," muttered the priest, "who could she be but my lost Nina, now doubly lost? Hark you, Miguel," he said, aloud; "one moment more and Señor Gonzales will be here with his men. Listen! They are coming—now they beat at the door! Quick! save yourself. I will stay here and keep them from pursuing."

"Why should I go, padre?" asked Miguel, bitterly. "I have no longer hope in life, since Inez is gone."

Suddenly out of the chaos of his mind a thought came to Miguel. He leaped up.

"I will go, padre; her death shall be avenged. But you—why stay? They will kill you!"

"Do not mind me—they will respect my cloth. Go now, before it is too late, and both perish."

"It shall be so," hoarsely whispered Miguel. "Thy blessing, padre."

A moment later Miguel was on the ground, his face turned toward the "City of the Sun," his heart steeled to a purpose of which he but dimly saw the result.

He had scarcely cleared the roof when the door was torn from its hinges, and seven savage-looking Mexican half-breeds burst in, to find the padre kneeling beside the still form of their compatriot, and lifting aloft a small crucifix.

"¡Holja, señor!" cried the leader, gruffly. "Who are you?"

No answer from the padre. The leader stepped aside, a malicious smile on his brutal lips.

"Ready!"

Six carbines were pointed at the priest's heart; yet he still knelt, unmoved.

"Firo!"

Six reports rang out simultaneously. The priest, still clasping that emblem of hope, the crucifix, fell beside the body of his lost Nina, who had been found, but lost again.

Far out on the roadway Miguel heard the report, and half divining its dreadful import,

pushed on still more swiftly, while a gleam of almost savage hatred shone from his bright black eyes.

"It is now two lives instead of one he shall pay for!"

Without stopping, without food or drink, he pressed on until in the distance he saw the red-and-blue tiled roof of the Church of San Francisco glistening in the morning sunlight.

Then he became calmer, and after changing his dress presented himself at the palace, where, in response to the single word "Mexi," he was admitted directly into the presence of the President.

"Miguel!" somewhat contemptuously, at the same time elevating his eyebrows. "You do not care to risk your precious life for your President?"

"It is done," said Miguel, shortly, stepping forward and placing in his hand a packet.

"What!" exclaimed the President, now ashamed of his hasty words. "You have performed the task already?"

"See," was the simple response.

The President unfolded the papers, growing pale as he noted the partly finished copy.

"You are deserving——" He stopped short as, glancing up, he beheld Miguel stealthily approaching with a drawn dagger in his hand.

"I ask nothing but the life of the one who sent me to kill my Inez!"

"Your Inez?" in astonishment.

"Ay," muttered Miguel. "It was she from whom I took the papers—it was she whom I killed in doing so; and it was through me the good Padre Geromo was shot by Señor Gonzales's followers."

He drew nearer the President, who seemed staggered and unable to realize his danger.

"Stop, Miguel!" he suddenly commanded. "You say Geromo was shot. How came he there?"

"I sought shelter at his hut," replied Miguel, doggedly.

"Humph! And told him of your mission?"

"Some," admitted Miguel.

"Did he see the woman from whom you took these papers?"

"After she was dead, yes."

"What did he do—how did he act?" eagerly.

"Why," replied Miguel, forgetting his purpose and becoming interested in the President's questioning, "he besought me on my soul to say who she was."

"And you said?"

"My Inez, surely."

"What did he do then?"

"Spoke something to himself I could not hear, then bade me escape."

The President reached into a drawer of the table at his side, and drew out a small, polished shell with the portrait of a beautiful Mexican señorita painted upon it.

"Is this the one you killed?"

"My Inez!" eagerly. "Where did you get it?"

"Listen, Miguel," commanded the President, sternly. "Instead of revenging yourself upon me, I should have you shot for killing my daughter."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Miguel, dumfounded, staring helplessly at the President.

"Yes," continued the latter, "my daughter—though none knew it except myself until she secured this paper. You need not grieve over her, nor seek revenge on her account, as she belonged no more to you than she did to Geromo, who thought he had won her heart, only to be betrayed by her sudden disappearance—when she,

no doubt, came to you under the name of Inez. Geromo, heartbroken, sought relief in the church, only to find the more he tried to forget, the more he could not.

"Her object in seeking you was, no doubt, a part of some plan to learn all she could concerning the army, which once obtained, she was ready to join hands with the insurgents in hope of securing, through my death, a dictator for Mexico whom she could control. I learned of her whereabouts only two days ago, and to regain these papers sought your aid to do so quickly.

"Such, Miguel, is the story of your Inez, Geromo's Nina, and my daughter. Do you now seek revenge for the death of this adventuress?"

"Miguel came to your excellency a soldier, and is once more a soldier."

"And to-morrow shall be captain of the palace guard," responded the President, warmly, as Miguel saluted and withdrew.



LOOKING 'ROUND.

ON A WESTERN PROSPECTING RANCH.

By W. P. ROWE.

PROBABLY nine out of every ten persons living east of the Great Father of Waters are familiar with the word "prospector," as used and applied in the Western sense, but at the same time have a very limited and vague idea of his arduous and generally ill-repaid vocation; neither do they conceive nor realize the powerful aid he is to the development and settlement of a new country.

The cowboy and buckayro, their habits, customs and life, have been widely written of both by our own writers and foreign travelers. The miners

have also received no inconsiderable mention from the same sources; and who of us have not passed many hours of our youth reading of and listening to the stirring tales of peril and the thrilling adventures of the trappers of the Great West? But trapping as a means of livelihood will soon be, like buffalo hunting, a thing of the past.

Although some of the older and more experienced trappers still continue to make a meagre living by their craft, it has become too precarious and profitless to enlist many recruits, and yearly

the gaps in the veteran ranks increase, as one by one they take the last long trail, too often hastened by the wildest debaucheries, indulged in all the more deeply after their enforced abstinence in the mountains, of frequently several months' duration.

And the cattle ranges are being more or less rapidly closed in on by the steady encroachments of the settlers, so that the adventurous and hardy cowboy will soon have to adopt some other calling.

And thus the West changes.

But the prospectors are probably more numerous to-day than ever, and are precisely the same adventurous and self-reliant men as they were in the days of the lumbering overland stagecoaches.

These men are a type to themselves, and socially they stand alone.

At the trading posts and settlements which they visit to obtain provisions, etc., they are deemed reticent and unsocial, and unlike the cowpunchers and miners take no part in the saloon or dance-hall festivities, and when in the mountains prefer being alone, and are rarely found in company with their fellows.

The prospector, when making preparations to "start out," must necessarily provide himself with at least three well-broken cayuses, one for saddle purposes and two as "pack animals," although the patient and hardy burro is frequently substituted for the latter, especially in the more southern of the Western Territories.

One of the first questions asked by the prospector when purchasing his "outfit" animals is, "Are they broke to camp?" as it is of the most vital importance that the animals should recognize the fact that wherever the packs are unloaded and the saddle removed that is to be their home, for the time at least.

An animal that will feed close to camp and not wander is at least thrice the value of one addicted to roaming; indeed, the actual preservation of life frequently depends on this, particularly in a country where there is danger from roving bands

of Indians, who even in comparatively peaceful times seem to look upon the prospector and his possessions as their legitimate prey, knowing that in case of robbery, or even murder, the chances of detection and arrest are small, and in the more isolated districts almost impossible.

Of course where grass is plentiful the horses can be picketed, but should feed be scarce this method would naturally mean starvation for them, so that another plan is frequently adopted, particularly in stormy, rainy weather. This is called "ringing." It is done by tying the halter of one horse to the tail of the other, and so on, the three animals forming a sort of triangle, and a more numerous outfit making a ring, with heads and tails connected, thus compelling the horses to feed in circles, thereby making loco-

motion in any direct line impossible; and should they then get to some distance from the camp the crossings and recrossings of their tracks make a very plain trail, that can be easily followed even on the hardest ground.

Flour, tea or coffee, sugar, salt, beans, bacon and baking powders, with frying pan, coffee-pot, tin cup, tin plate, knife and spoon, are recognized as one "pack," while the pick, long-handled shovel, gold pan, iron mortar and pestle (the latter fre-

quently doing service as a picket pin), and the blankets, constitute the other.

Thus equipped, with Winchester slung on saddle horn and heavy hunting knife in belt, the prospector is ready to go wherever inclination leads, or where an "excitement" or a "discovery" is reported.

Arriving at the scene of his intended operations, his first care is to find a secluded camping place, where water and wood are handy and feed for his stock plentiful.

Then commences prospecting proper, through the ravines and gulches looking for "float," viz., small pieces of ledge matter, broken off and washed down from the mother ledge, pushing his way sometimes on hands and knees, cying carefully every particle that bears any resemblance to



RANCHMAN'S CUISINE.

quartz, and so on, until every foot of the gulch is gone over and thoroughly investigated; and if successful the float is subjected to a rigid scrutiny through the magnifying glass, in the hopes of finding "colors," as the small specks of gold are called, or deposited in sack or pockets, and the locality where found marked, so that it can be readily found again.

On reaching camp the mortar and pestle are produced, and the pieces of float are thoroughly pounded; the fine dust is then turned into the gold pan, taken to the creek and carefully washed; then, if colors are found in sufficient quantity to indicate "pay rock," next morning the prospector repairs to the scene of his "find" and commences the search for the ledge itself.

This frequently takes weeks, and even months, of most laborious work, and sometimes the ledge is never found; particularly is this the case in places where volcanic eruptions have incrustated the natural formation with lava, as is frequently found in the mining districts of Southern Idaho. Should the vein or ledge be found it is staked, to show the boundaries and the amount of land claimed by the discoverer.

Each person is allowed fifteen hundred linear feet in length by six hundred in width. After staking the claim it must be named, and to comply with the requirements of law, and prevent its being jumped, the following notice is written and tacked securely to the centre stake:

"Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, citizen of the United States, over the age of twenty-one years, conforming to the laws thereof, and to the local rules, regulations and customs of miners of this district, have this — day of — located and do claim — feet on this lead, lode or vein, bearing mineral in place by — feet in width, being — feet on each side of centre thereof, together with all dips, spurs and angles, and all other veins or lodes, the top or apex of which lies within said boundaries.

"This location is named the — Lode, or mine, and is situated in — Mining District, Territory or State of —, and is bounded and described as follows, viz.: Commencing at this notice and running thence — feet in a — direction, and — feet in a — direction therefrom."

This notice must be filed and recorded at the Recorder's office, which being accomplished and the required fee of two hundred dollars paid, the prospector is entitled to the property for one year; after that period one hundred dollars' worth of development work must be done yearly until the fifth year, when, upon showing by competent witnesses that the assessment work has faithfully been accomplished, the owner receives an absolute deed from the government; although if the claim promises to be valuable it is generally sold to some mining agent or middleman for a few hundred dollars, while the chances are that he will turn it

over to a capitalist or syndicate, and realize thousands before the original owner has even done one season's assessment.

In the fall of '87 I made the acquaintance of "Old Ten," probably an abbreviation of "Tennessee."

Old Ten, who has seen the snows of seventy-three winters, and looks as if he might see seventy more, has prospected since early in the fifties, and knows every range from the Rio Grande to the Yukon. He also took part and was wounded in the Mexican War, on account of which he draws a pension; but, as his "pard" styled it, "he er a tough one yet in er tussle."

The "pard" in question, a long, stoop-shouldered Missourian, tells a rather laughable story on Old Ten, although, by the way, it was strenuously denied by the latter; however, on being rigorously cross-examined, he admitted that "hit mout be a leetle like wot Missouri tells."

It appears that, meat being scarce in camp, Ten shouldered his rifle and started out for a hunt. After proceeding some miles from camp he shot a fine blacktail buck. After dressing the animal and hanging it carefully to the lower limb of a pine he took the liver and a few ribs and headed for camp.

Crossing a rather deep and narrow gully, fringed with a heavy and tangled mass of willows and quaking-aspen bushes, he came almost face to face with a large she bear and cub of the "bald-face" species. These animals are very ferocious, especially when accompanied by their young, and Old Ten fully realized it.

Cautiously backing, as far away as the thicket would permit, he quietly dropped his venison ribs, intending to loosen the cartridge in his belt so that he could reload more rapidly, when, to his unutterable horror, he found that he had left belt and ammunition lying by the carcass of the deer he had killed.

Luckily his rifle was loaded, so that he had one shot; but his nerves being considerably shaken by the unexpected rencontre, he did not have his usual confidence in his marksmanship; and to complicate matters still more the bear was moving her head from side to side with a quick, jerky motion, and at the same time emitting threatening growls, evidently preparing to charge the intruder who thus presumed to invade her sylvan retreat.

Taking everything into consideration, Old Ten came to the conclusion that a short prayer for help would be in order, and, quoting Missouri, "He prayed like blazes fer ther Lord ter put er notion inter thet ole bar's head ter turn and run fer hit."

But the bear seeming still bent on mischief, Old Ten supplemented his prayer with the following: "Wal, Lord, ef yer ain't a-goin' to show no favor to me, please ter not show a danged bit to ther ole bar, and you'll see ther gol-durndest fight that ever yer see'd in yer life!" which effu-

sion so comforted him that he pulled the trigger, and had the great satisfaction of putting a bullet through her brain. He also succeeded in capturing the cub and taking it alive to camp, to show to Missouri, who was "orful foud er dorgs, and little children, and ther like."

THE OLD TRAPPER'S STORY.

By SARGENT ROBIE.

HE was an old man, and years of rough life amid Montana's hills and plains had left many lines and furrows on his sun- and wind-darkened face. His long, gray hair and straggling beard grew like unto nature's bearded moss on a tree, free and tangling. Tall and straight and toughened by exposure, he sat that night upon a barkless log beside our fire, and told in slow and thoughtful speech a story.

"Ye ask me, stranger, if I was round these parts when the buffalo were plenty. Well, I reckon I were. I have seen the time when this er bottom where ye camp were black with 'em.

"Do ye see that hill off yonder, 'cross the creek? If you look between them two old cottonwoods where that streak of moonlight sorter lights up the grass and old dead wood ye'll see the hill I mean. If ye'll take the trouble to cross the ford and part the weeds and berry bushes that grow along the north slope of that hill ye'll find, I reckon, half buried in the sod, and maybe out of sight, the bones of nigh on to two hundred buffalo, and a-moldering along with 'em the bones of my old horse. What killed him? I'll tell ye if ye'll put a little more wood on your fire. The nights be getting cold now, and besides I sorter like to watch the flames curl through the logs when I be telling of things what happened when I was young and the country free and wild. I don't know, but I sorter think I see them days again in the spreading flame. It's nigh on to fifty years ago that what I am going to tell ye happened. The cottonwood leaves were dropping yellow, just as they be now, for it were fall, and some things in nature are about the same one year as another; but the country has changed so much, that when I get to thinking of them days, and look 'round and see the valley a-settled up and the wire fences a-winding across the hills, I get mighty lonesome, and likely enough wish I'd wake up on my old blankets and find it a dream, and see once more the buffalo a-feeding on the hillside, and the beaver a-working at their dams. But they'er gone, and all that's left of 'em are

their old dams er covered up with grass and dirt, and a few bones a-bleaching white out on the prairie.

"I was a-trapping and a-hunting that fall, and had my camp up this creek about five miles, just where the valley schoolhouse is now. I come by there the other day, and I see the boys and girls a-playing tag around a half-dead cottonwood. In them days it was young and strong, and many is the time I sat beneath its branches and skinned the beaver I caught the night afore. I couldn't help a-stopping, and I sat and watched 'em play, but my thoughts kept getting further from the laughter and the noise. I see once more the sunlight a-creeping down the mountain side, and hear the rustle of the deer, amid the underbrush, a-working down to water; I see the buffalo a-standing on the hilltop, and on the still morning air, from far down the creek, I seem to hear the faint boom of an Injun tomtom a-sounding out the life of some Injun brave.

"It all came back so natural like, that when Simpson's darter, what's a-teaching of the school, rang a little bell afore the door, I sorter didn't know just where I was at first, and felt, I reckon, like a fellow I see down to the Falls; one of them theatre fellows, Rip something he called himself. He went to sleep in the mountains and slept for years. But I was going to tell you about them bones. I had been in camp along about a month, a-getting two or three beaver every night, and now and then a marten. There was plenty of deer along the river bottom, and the creek was filled with trout, but I sorter hankered for buffalo steak. So one morning, after tending to my traps and straightening up camp a bit, I caught up one of my pack horses, and saddled a pinto cayuse I got from the Crows a year or so back. It was a little cool, and the frost was a-shining on the brown grass as I crossed the creek and rode on to the ridge. I see a few scattered buffalo away off south, but I erlowed that on the big bench where they are making that ditch now—Lord, who'd thought they'd ever farmed this

country! Well, as I was saying, on the big bench I reckoned I'd find a band of 'em, and could take my pick. I was a-riding along, a-starting up jack rabbits and setting the prairie dogs to yeping, sorter thinking of nothing in particular but just jogging on. I reckon I'd come about four miles, for I'd struck the big draw (Hay Cooly they call it now) that sort of divides the bench, and I see about a mile down the draw a band of a hundred buffalo or so. There were no wind to speak of. What there was was a-blowing easy like from the east, so I had no trouble er working up to 'em. I rode back on the ridge, and when I reckoned I was about opposite 'em I got off my

cow jumped when the calf rolled over at her feet, smelt of it kind of easy like, and getting a scent of the blood, began to bellow, and in about a minute the whole herd was a-bellowing and a-pawing up the dirt over the red stains on the grass.

"I never could quite get the idea of it, but blood always set them critters wild. Yet when I rode down they stopped their antics, and with heads hung low swung clumsily over the ridge out of sight, and left me with the calf. I had cut the hump off and were a-working at the tongue, when I heard a rumbling noise, and rose off my knees to listen. The wind had shifted and



TREED BY A BUFFALO.

horse and crept up till I could look into the draw. There they were, not fifty yards off, a-chewing of their ends and a-cropping of the grass. Right on the edge of the bunch, and a little nearer to me than any of the rest, was an old cow and her calf—about a year old I reckon the calf was. She was licking the frost off its back with her rough tongue. As I lay and watched the little buffalo stretch its neck and turn its back a bit nearer the old cow I sort a-hated to part 'em; and then I got to thinking of the steak a-roasting on the coals, and drew a bead and dropped it dead. They didn't seem to mind the sound of the gun much—just sorter stopped their chewing and raised their heads to listen. Only the old

was a-blowing across the mountains from the west, and a-getting stronger every minute, and kinder hindered me from locating of the sound. I listened a bit, still could hear nothing but the wind er rustling of the grass, so picked up my knife and finished taking out the tongue.

"Old Pinto and my pack horse had gone to grazing, and were a-nipping of the grass along the hillside, with the rawhides I had twisted round their jaws a-dragging on the ground. I could catch 'em anywhere, so let 'em feed.

"In turning to cut the quarters off, being pretty close to the ground, I heard the sound agin. Laying down my ear alongside of the calf, I heard it plain; a sort of rumbling, thump-

ing noise, and it sort of come to me sudden like, 'Them's buffalo running, but where?'

"Rising, I picked up my knife and started for old Pinto. I was in the bottom of the draw, a long bench to the south and a big flat to the north. On the ridge of the bench to the south I could see for miles, and erlowed I ride up there and take a look round. My horses had worked down to a little spring about a hundred yards away, and when I started for 'em were a-drinking.

"I heard the sound now above the wind, and started on a run. I got about halfway, when I see them horses raise their heads and turn their pricked-up ears to the south, and I lengthened out my steps, a-thinking hard at every jump; for I could hear that thumping sound a-getting louder, and it sorter seemed to me it was coming my way. I was about ten feet from my horse and a-getting over the ground a little quicker than I ever did afore, when over the south ridge they come, a mad, bellowing mass of hides and hoofs. That ten feet, I reckon, I jumped, and then there was a moment when I didn't seem to know just what happened. I knew I caught the horse and went into the saddle with the jaw rope still a-dragging. I knew I tried to turn him, and reached for the rope; then came a rush and roar and a sorter stopping of my breath; a kind of blind feeling come on me, and when I see it all and felt myself forced on, bound on all sides by a mad herd of stampeded buffalo, I was as helpless as a beaver in a trap, and felt like one, I reckon. At the time I didn't seem to notice much; it wa'n't but a mighty short time that we, old Pinto and me, was a-pushed and shoved across the prairie; but along toward morning of the next day, when, stiff and sore, I lay on my old blankets and thought of that er ride, I remembered things that happened.

"I remembered that the buffalo were a-tramping on the dragging rope, and jerking of Pinto's jaw, and I reached over and cut the rope. I remembered that the dust was thick behind, but out ahead the sunlight shone bright on the dry brown grass, and I see a jack rabbit with ears straight back a-jumping for its life and leaving at every jump that wild herd, and I sorter thought I'd like to be that jack.

"I see the cottonwoods down in the valley, and the water shining through the trees, and then I knew that just ahead we would plunge over rocks and stones to the bottom, one hundred feet below. I sorter set back in my saddle and shivered like, for I reckon, with the fall and them crazy beasts behind, my end was mighty sure; and then it come. But just before the bottom

of the world seemed to have sorter caved a bit, and I went down with kickin', pawing buffalos all around me, I see for just a second a string of squaws a-winding up the valley, and like a flash the thought came to me: 'This's Injun work, and back behind they'er riding.' Old Pinto struck straight up on all four feet. I felt his broken knees give under him, and then I see a thousand stars a-twisting and a-turning before my eyes, and things grew black; and then I reckon I didn't know much for awhile. The next I remember was a-hearing yells, as if from a long way off, and feeling a quivering, shivering mass all around me. I tried to move, and struck my head agin a rock above me, and then I wondered what had happened and where I was. It was hot and stifling, and I tried to move agin, and touched the warm, soft hides around me; and then I remembered, and wondered how it happened that I lived. Queer muffled sounds I heard—the heavy breathing of dying beasts, and all around, above the sound of their struggles, I heard the squaws a-jabbering faint like, and now and then the thud of their stone hammers agin a skull. How did it happen I weren't killed, ye ask? Well, it was mighty strange. A big rock saved my life. It stands yet, yonder on the hillside, only there's bushes and weeds around it what weren't there then. I reckon that when we struck I was thrown over alongside and sorter under the rock, and the buffalo piled around me and covered it up. The weight of the animals on the top held those around me still, and slowly smothered out the life they had left in 'em. Somehow I got a jab from hoof or horn. I reckon it was a horn, for my coat and shirt were ripped along the side, and across my ribs I carry yet the scar. I didn't have much air, and it was mighty hard to breathe, but a little came in from somewhere or I'd died. I found when I got out that I fell near the edge like, and I reckon the air came in from along the side. After a bit, when I see that I was livin', I began to wonder how I was going to get out, and I began to get nervous like, a-thinking that, after all I had gone through, I stood a mighty good show of slowly dying, tortured beneath a pile of dead and trampled buffalo.

"The Injuns were still a-working on the outside, a-taking what they wanted from the pile; but I sorter didn't want to let them know I was there, for you see the Blackfeet were not over and above friendly in them days, and I got to thinking that, seeing I had just been where the divide of life was mighty narrer, and was still in sight of the other slope, I would give those Injuns no chance to send me over and across; so I laid there, hop-

ing that in pulling those carcasses down they would make an opening before night would come, and after they had gone I would crawl out. And that's just what they did.

"All day I laid there, and was about done for with the bad air and lying cramped beneath that rock, with that hairy mass all around me, when I see all of a sudden along the rock a streak of light, and could hear the squaws a-working up above. I knew then, if luck stood with me, I'd see the light of day once more. Finally the jabbering and the sound of the Injuns working sorter stopped, and only once in awhile I would hear a voice; then after a bit all was still.

"I waited for awhile, and hearing nothing, started for the opening above. I came mighty near giving it up once or twice, for you see I had to squeeze myself between the carcasses, and it was killing work for one so stiff and sore as I was. I had my knife, and slashed and cut and slowly crawled, till at last I reached the opening, and standing on the neck of an old cow and leaning agin the back of another, I looked on the earth again and breathed pure air.

"I was young then, and thought I'd lived long

enough to know what air and light were; but I didn't know till I rested sore and weary on that strange heap on yonder hillside. I see the stars a-shining, and the pale light left by the sun above the mountains, and the trees a-following the winding creek through the valley. Them things I had seen afore, but somehow as I looked and felt the night wind a-blowing on my face I had a feeling that to live was good, and things looked different than they did the night afore.

"Slowly I crawled over the pile, and down to the ground, strewn with what the Injuns had left. Far down the valley I see their camp fires burning, and heard the dogs a-barking in answer to the coyotes what afore morning would be feasting on the pile. Then I took one look at that black heap and, shivering, started slowly, painfully for my camp, five miles away."

The old man stopped and slowly rose, and as I turned the fire log, sending the flame shadows over his rough-clad form, he looked out across the creek to where the moonlight shone, clear and bright, upon the hill. Silently he stood for a long time, then slowly turned and walked out into the night, still thinking of the past.

ON THE PLAINS.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

"THE Indians are coming!"

This shrill cry, together with a violent tugging at the arm, awakened me from a deep slumber on the floor of a dugout, into which I had stumbled the evening before, after a weary forty-mile ride along the South Platte River, in Colorado.

"The Indians are coming," repeated the settler's wife, "and my old man and me are going to Ogalalla, acrost the Nebraska line. You'd better get your pony and come along."

I arose in the darkness and stepped outside to look after my pony, which I had lariatied near some other horses in a draw the night before. Outdoors the moon was shining brightly.

My host, in the draw, was hurriedly harnessing his horses to a farm wagon, into which he had piled many of his farming implements, as well as some household treasures which his wife was bringing out. Dawn was in the east.

"I'm sure I don't know where the Injuns be a-coming from," explained the settler while he greased a creaking axle, "for there ain't none around here, and never was since the time they killed the gold hunters on the California trail over yonder in '49.

"But the old Mexican—him who lives on the claim six miles down—he just druv by here, and he told me that the cowboys from Miller's Ranch brought the news that the Sioux are breakin' out of their reservation, and that the Ogalallas be jining them.

"So all the folks around here are going to Ogalalla, where we can send the women and chill'un east if there's going to be any fighting. You'd better come along," he added, reassuringly. "It's only fourteen miles, so I guess the Injuns won't ketch us before daylight."

I promised to rejoin them later, put spurs to my pony and galloped southward toward the approaching trouble with my heart already in my mouth.

At that time I was employed by a railroad land company as a "writer," whose task it was to describe the scenery and general lay of the land of various previously designated spots in Eastern Colorado and Wyoming, with a view toward inducing Eastern settlers and capitalists to build future towns thereon. Owing to the Kansas land boom, however, which frustrated so many ambitions, these towns, as well as the carefully

planned railroad along which they were to grow up like mushrooms over night, were never built.

Thus I had gained some experience of the life on the plains, and knew how to accommodate

expect no other bed and pillow than my blanket and saddle.

But I had never yet encountered a wild Indian, let alone meeting him on the war path, though



A COWBOY.

myself alike to the "hustlers" and to the "rustlers," whose long-smoldering hostility toward each other was then already on the point of breaking out. I had also learnt, if needs must be, to demand no other company than my pinto, and to

the many thrilling stories that had been told me in the dugouts of grizzled settlers or around the camp fires of the ranchmen had whetted my curiosity to keen edge.

Now, at last, my chance had come.

ntly I galloped on, while the gray dawn
i from the blue outlines of the high
far in the east over the entire sky till
istant uplands turned white under the
g glare of the sun.

esently, far to the right, I could see
horsemens galloping toward Ogalalla.
n I drew near I saw that they were cow-
s, and hailed them.

hen I asked them about the approaching
ians they broke out into loud guffaws.

Well, I guess you've been fooled like all
se farmers," said the oldest of the lot.
Why, bless your soul, the nearest Indians
over at Hole-in-the-Ground, a hundred
miles away; and as for the ghost dancers,
they're way off in Indian Territory. They
can't hurt us, though they're bad enough.
You'd better come along, though, to Ogalalla,
for we're going to have races there, and
prizes, and the best riders from the two rivers
are going to make a bid for those prizes.
We've all clipped in, so we're all going to
try."

Thus ended my first and last Indian war.

I was glad enough, though, to accept the
invitation to the coming tournament of cow-
boys, for I knew that rare sport would be
forthcoming.

When we reached the end of the high
tablelands that hem in the wide sandy bed of
the south fork of the Platte a strange sight
met our eyes. Far off, over five miles away,
between the river and the railroad, lay the
twenty odd houses that constituted the town
of Ogalalla, then, as now, the end of the
great south trail, whence cattle could be
shipped to Chicago and the East. The valley
and the inclosing bluffs were covered by a
vast herd of seemingly countless cattle, while
here and there groups of cowboys could be
discerned dashing about among the steers.

From all the trails the farmers of the sur-
rounding country were descending into the
valley, with their household furniture packed
high on the red-wheeled farm wagons. All
were fleeing the same imaginary foe.

We were joined by other cowboys from the
same ranch, and all together we rode down
into the town, which found itself suddenly
overrun by the inhabitants of three counties.

To my astonishment, the utmost good
humor prevailed, though most of the settlers,
like myself, had been aroused in the middle
of the night by this stampede, which, unlike
other stampedes, started at several points at
once, only to end at a given place.



HOPING IN A STEER.

The cowboys, of course, enjoyed the hoax hugely, and made the most out of it for their coming tournament of horsemanship.

Most of the settlers good-naturedly determined to stay over to take advantage of this glorious opportunity for swapping horses and stock. Thus we all camped amid the cattle over night, and an ample number of spectators for the morrow was assured.

During the night some thirty Indians from Hole-in-the-Ground put in their appearance, and showed themselves eager to take part in the promised contests.

Next morning at breakfast Black Pup, one of those Indians, strayed into our outfit and was asked to breakfast. One of my companions knew him well. He told me that he had the reputation of being one of the greediest red men in his reservation. Like most Indians, I was told, he was able to go for several days without food or drink; but at other times, when there was plenty in store, he seemed determined to make the most of it. To test him, one of the boys offered him some coffee in a tin pail. Black Pup accepted with alacrity. He clutched the pail tightly with two fingers on the inside. Our impromptu cook quickly poured the coffee, thinking that Black Pup would have enough when the hot liquid should reach his fingers. Black Pup, however, gave no signs of having enough, but still held the pail outstretched as a demand for more. The cook thereupon poured the boiling coffee in, so that it slowly covered the two fingers of the Indian, who in no way betrayed the sharp pain this must have caused him. Thus the pail was filled. Black Pup drew out his fingers and licked them slowly, saying, "Black Pup enough now."

By noon the judges for the contests had been chosen. High Bear, the chief of the Indian party, was one of them. He took his place at the end of the proposed race track, where he and his horse remained like a carven image for the rest of the day. The prizes were placed behind the judges. The best of these prizes was a well-built broncho and a highly ornamental saddle, which, together with two other saddles, were to be given to the most skillful riders of unbroken bronchos. A cartridge belt, two six-shooters and several pouches of tobacco were among the other prizes.

The first contest was the mounting and riding of unbroken ponies and habitual buckers. These last, as any person who has witnessed a Wild West show must know, need the greatest daring to ride. Two or three of the bucking bronchos which were brought out on that occasion were the most vicious I remember ever to have seen. Before riding they were usually thrown by pass-

ing a lariat rope from the halter under one of the front knees, and thus jerking the horse off its balance. The rider then mounted the prostrate animal; the rope was released so that the horse could scramble up and go bucking over the plain. One of the Indians, however, put an end to this primitive method by vaulting on one of the worst buckers with a mere rope bridle and without saddle. He kept his seat by the help of a rope which was tied loosely around the horse's belly in such a manner that the rider's knees were held in place. The prize we thought was already won; but a lithe Mexican stepped from the crowd and asked that the prize saddle be put on the most vicious of all the ponies. This pony had already rolled over one cowboy so that he had to be carried from the spot, and had with its teeth torn a large hole in the leather legging and flesh of one of the bystanders. Some demurrer was made to the Mexican's presumptuous demand, but the shouts of the multitude soon caused the judges to let him have his way. The pony was lassoed, thrown and saddled while the Mexican stood at its head. By a quick motion the Mexican cut the rope with his knife, and the horse jumped to its feet with catlike quickness. Swift as a flash the Mexican vaulted into the saddle. The broncho bucked as though possessed by the devil.

At the first jump, when the frenzied horse struck the ground with all fours at once, the Mexican deftly and gracefully alighted, keeping one foot in the stirrup. As the horse rose he mounted again, and thus he continued touching toe to the ground every time in measure with the horse's feet, nonchalantly swinging his leg over the cantle whenever the horse rose. Thus they went over the prairie—the horse bucking and jumping in quick, jerky leaps, while foam flecked its sides; the man mounting and dismounting, with frequent salutes to the ladies when he found himself in the saddle.

Even the Indians joined in the general roar of applause; and no dissenting voice was raised when the Mexican, with the same coolness that he had shown during the whole performance, rode off on the coveted saddle, the horse still bucking under him.

Next in order came the picking up of a hat or other object from the ground while the horses were going at full speed. Here, too, the Indians acquitted themselves specially well, using nothing but a rope around the horse's belly, under which they could slip their toe when they flung themselves head downward from the saddle, while the cowboys, on the other hand, did this trick by sticking their large spurs into the saddle flap as they

keeled over, which thus effectually prevented them from slipping or falling. One rider even thrust his spur in so far that he could not extricate the rowel when he pulled himself back with the hat in his hand. His plight occasioned much merriment, and another cowboy finally had to ride up and extricate him.

The prize winner in this contest was a cowpuncher who picked up a gold dollar on one side, and then threw himself over in time to pick up a pipe on the other side, which lay but a few rods beyond. His prize was the pony, which he at once traded off for a bag of cartridges and a winter's store of tobacco.

The final feature, of course, was a general race, in which all the Indians participated. In all two hundred riders, drawn out in an irregular line, scurried across the plain when the signal shot was fired. Almost all the wagers of the day were laid on this race, and the feeling between the men of different ranches on the one hand and the Indians and white men on the other ran high. One of the Indians, who rode a superb broncho of Mexican extraction, came in as a close second. His disappointment, in which all the Indians participated, led to a final additional race between the three men who had reached the goal first. Almost all the bets were renewed, while the Indians, with the gambler's characteristic recklessness, doubled and trebled their wagers, or more simply risked all they had. Happily for them

the Indian rider was the winner. High Bear slowly rode forward and pointed silently to the prize. Without moving a muscle of his face he then turned his horse's head and rode off with his fellow judges, who still had some mooted points to discuss. Blowing Wind, the Indian who had won the prize, took his good luck no less stolidly.

Not so the cowboys. Scarcely had the racers cleared the goal when sympathizers of the vanquished rode or ran into the erstwhile track and surrounded their comrades. A violent discussion, plentifully interspersed with good Elizabethan oaths, immediately ensued, and before ten minutes had elapsed two of the cowboys squared for a fight. This, of course, delighted the crowd, which quickly formed a ring, and encouraged the fighters with shouts and taunts. The victor in this last feature of the tournament afterward joined our circle, and surprised me somewhat by quoting Shelley. Since that time, I have learned, he has returned to England, and is now sitting in the House of Lords.

After the settlers had returned to their claims some ugly feeling arose between the ranchmen, and a free fight followed.

Two cowboys were killed, and the only saloon of the town was looted and wrecked.

I left Ogalalla on the same night. The exodus, I surmise, must have been general; for when a sheriff's posse arrived, three days later, they found none to apprehend and none to examine.



TIGHTENING THE CINCH.



"I DO NOT OBJECT TO PLEASING YOU, MY FATHER."

DORRIEN AS A DIPLOMAT.

BY ALICE S. WOLF.

BECAUSE of the dazzling brilliancy of the nimbus which surrounds Dorrien those who meet him nowadays for the first time find it impossible to penetrate to the real man, but as the generality of people prefer to have their thinking done for them, they are content to accept without proof the universal opinion of Dorrien.

Dorrien was always an original. I pride myself upon having discovered that in our first intimacy, which began long before the world and the Academy had set upon him the august stamp of their approval. I would not, perhaps, have attached myself to him had he been only a daring thinker—for this is characterized by danger—but he was, in addition, as occasion demanded, an adroit diplomat.

Dorrien had not gone through the world with his eyes closed, but, like all wise men, he never professed to see all that he saw. He had drunk of the lethiferous stream of life, but he had not been destroyed, and though he believed in little, as he was a philosopher he did not become embittered. He had long ago learned to accept

calmly the fact that all the world did not think as he did, and he did not exhaust himself in the vain effort to convert it to his own ideas; yet, as Dorrien has none of that detestable self-depreciation, I am not certain he was not convinced his own way was the best.

He was indulgent to the faults of mankind to a degree, was Dorrien; and because he never judged his fellows by the high standard he maintained for himself there were to be found those capricious enough to take exception to his rare leniency.

I fear that I picture Dorrien a saint. Believe me, he was not. I have lived with him many years, and have always found him delightfully companionable, which, you will allow, a saint would not be.

There was nothing of the extremist about him, yet there was one point upon which his ideas were not as finely balanced as on all others. To my mind he had an exaggerated idea of the duty parents owe their children, and after the death of Mme. Dorrien he devoted himself to the little

Sidonie with an ardor which threatened the progress of his work. That he never did neglect his studies was due, he gravely assured me, to his desire that the little one should have cause to be proud of him. There always remains a little of the child in every great man.

When Sidonie was twenty or thereabout I confessed to myself that Dorrien had, possibly, as much reason to be proud of her as she of him. His method, or want of method, had succeeded—she was a magnificent creature. She was a womanly woman, with a liberality not often encountered in her sex, and she was possessed of an exquisite fund of humor. Dorrien had carefully encouraged her originality, and the best proof of it was demonstrated by the fact that it was not colored by his stronger individuality.

"I never read the books which belong to papa," Sidonie once explained to me. "They are annotated and marked with such fine judgment, one doubts whether she would have discovered the points for herself, and I like to gather my own roses—I do not like to have the path pointed out which I am to tread. If it is, I perversely wish to choose another. Then, again, if I thought from the very first as does papa we should bore each other to the point of distraction, and he would be deprived of the pleasure of converting me."

There existed between them a deep love, but they did not make idols of each other, and the one was not blind to the other's failings. Dorrien guarded Sidonie with jealous eyes, for he had no wish to be robbed of his ewe lamb.

It was on the evening of Sidonie's birthday, soon after their return from a voyage which had extended far into the second year, that Dorrien admitted it was time Sidonie should be settled in life. We were at Dorrien's country place, which he whimsically called his *Château en Espagne*, persisting that it had really been built long before the first stone had been laid. We were seated on the terrace, where the coffee had been served, lazily enjoying our cigars, and through the

open window there came to us the strains of Sidonie's songs.

"I admit that twenty-two is the ideal age at which a woman should marry. While she has still her first freshness, she is old enough to know her own mind and realize the responsibilities she assumes; but in another year or two she demands more of a man than he can give. Yet, candidly, I mistrust myself," Dorrien commenced, toying



"SHE STEPPED INTO THE ROOM THROUGH THE WINDOW."

with his spoon. "I need a woman's help, for, after all, it is only a woman who can understand a woman."

"Nonsense," I disputed. "You have watched Sidonie grow from babyhood to womanhood, and if you do not know her and her wants who should? Men are given to speaking of women, as of Browning, as mysteries, only to be studied with a key, whereas they are simple creatures. They have never a reason or a motive for anything they do."

"Exactly," agreed Dorrien. "They are creatures of impulse—it is that which makes them so charmingly incomprehensible. A man fosters a delusion, albeit a very agreeable delusion, when he imagines he understands women—even one particular woman."

"At any rate there will be no difficulty in marrying Sidonie brilliantly. There are a dozen men, desirable in every particular, who would be only too happy to lease their hearts to her unconditionally. Her faults——"

"Her faults!" echoed Dorrien. "My dear friend, do you not know that if a woman is charming she succeeds in making us believe her faults to be her most lovable qualities? But the dozen men of whom you prate—I cannot think of three to whom I would willingly confide Sidonie."

At that moment Sidonie stepped through a long window and joined us.

When it came time to separate that night Dorrien breathed a faint sigh as he remarked:

"This is our last evening alone for some two or three weeks. You have not forgotten, my child, that to-morrow we receive Roger de Grammont and Gaston Saint-Réault?"

"I have an uncomfortable memory for unpleasant things," Sidonie rejoined.

"I am afraid you will not long designate them as such," Dorrien deplored; "they are two remarkably fine fellows. I confess to a preference for Grammont. It is true he is less brilliant, less handsome than Saint-Réault, but he will wear better. One day the amaranth flowers will bloom on his brow. Saint-Réault has been spoilt by the women. He rules them with a rod of iron, and all women like to be bullied. You remember Jeanne d'Annery, that promising young singer?" he went on, turning to me. "They say it was because Saint-Réault remained indifferent to her that she committed sui——" He broke off at sight of the look of interest which dawned in Sidonie's eyes. "Ah, well," he added, in an undertone, as Sidonie moved away to take her candle, "we can be young but once, and as—— Well, some one has said, 'You and I preach virtue

now because we can no longer set bad examples.' I am not sure that, had I my life to live over again, I would not be a devil of a fellow like this same Saint-Réault."

There was a suspicion of swagger in his walk; there was the refrain of a song—I wonder where Dorrien heard that song—on his lips, as he walked to the staircase with Sidonie. It does not take much to make a man forget he is no longer young. I am not sure Sidonie did not hear his remarks.

To be amusing, even at the expense of one's friends, that is all one's acquaintances demand. All a man's virtues count for naught if he is not amusing. I am conscious I was never a success with women. I could never remember the gossip of the clubs and salons, and when all is said, personalities are always most interesting, particularly when they are flavored with a spice of malice. Even had I remembered the scandal I heard I doubt if I should have helped to circulate it. I have ever refused to discuss my friends' frailties, hoping for equal kindness from them.

Yet I could indistinctly recall the small excitement which had been caused, some sixteen or eighteen months before, by the death of Jeanne d'Annery. And she had left the scenes of her triumphs because this Saint-Réault would not notice her! I marveled at his coldness, for she had been beautiful as a dream and rarely gifted. Although it seemed well-nigh impossible, he must have been better employed. Fortunate man!

Had I not been forewarned I might have thought Grammont the handsomer of the two; his eyes were magnificent, outrageously so for a man. But I own I was prejudiced in Saint-Réault's favor, and after the first few moments—perhaps it was the glamour shed by Dorrien's reports of him—I recognized the indisputable charm he had for women. As soon as I remarked his commanding height and his air of strength I wished him back in Paris. I was haunted by a foolish little jest of Sidonie. She had been describing to me what she would demand in the man she favored with her hand.

"As for looks," she had said, "he may be ugly to an extreme, for in a man extreme ugliness is fascinating, although in a woman the lack of beauty is a crime. Still, I shall demand that he have excellent teeth and nails, and he must be tall—I must be impressed with his strength. I think I should, perhaps, need to feel it once or twice a week, to be kept in order."

Since I experienced Saint-Réault's charm it was impossible that Sidonie could escape unscathed.

It required no clairvoyance to see how the af-

fair would end. They both succumbed to Sidonie's spell at once. I would have had small respect for them had it been otherwise; a man who could look unmoved upon Sidonie would be unworthy of the name. But from the very first I saw that Grammont's case was hopeless. His eyes pleaded for him in vain; his wit failed to soften her heart, and his delicate attentions and compliments, which were so daintily turned that they charmed by their very elusiveness, did not seem to advance his suit. How could it have been otherwise?

Naturally Sidonie was fascinated by the idea that she might possibly subdue the man who had hitherto graciously permitted himself to be loved, but who had not loved. Women care to steal only that which is carefully guarded from them.

Sidonie was too much a woman of the world to show a preference for Saint-Réault; but her evenness of mien toward Grammont and her capriciousness toward Saint-Réault showed the state of her heart.

Dorrien remained impervious to my insinuations; he even insisted that if Sidonie cared for either it was for Grammont, and he became angry when I endeavored to prove him in the wrong. I was indignant at his replies, for I dislike to see a man stubbornly maintain he is right when he is plainly wrong, and resolved not to interfere again. After all, it was his affair, not mine.

But I found it impossible to adhere to my determination when, a few days later, I came upon Sidonie and Saint-Réault in the conservatory. It is true Mme. Theuriet, Dorrien's sister, was also there, but she had wandered away from them. They started apart guiltily when they saw me. I decided to speak to Dorrien that evening: I might incur his wrath, but I would not be disloyal to my friend.

Dorrien and I went to the library after luncheon that day, and I had just summoned up courage to speak when a servant brought me a letter. The envelope was addressed in Sidonie's hand. Without excuse I tore it open. Dorrien, who had recognized the writing, watched me eagerly. I read the note through at a glance, then fell back in my chair. It was impossible to conceal my dismay, and since Dorrien had to know his daughter's ingratitude it made no difference how soon or in what manner he learnt it.

She wrote that, knowing Dorrien's objections to Saint-Réault, she was going to his sister, and that after the marriage she would return for her father's forgiveness, which he would assuredly grant when he realized there was nothing to be gained by withholding it.

I restrained the words which trembled on my lips: I would not tell him that he had only himself to blame—friendship, I thought, could do no more.

Dorrien laid the note on the table and laughed. I believed he had lost his reason.

"Do not act so," I remonstrated, placing my hand on his shoulder. "Of course, you would have preferred Grammont; but Saint-Réault is undoubtedly in love with her, and he will reform."

Dorrien continued to laugh. Finally he began:

"Do you not yet know it was Saint-Réault, all along, whom I wished for my son? He never knew Jeanne d'Annery—she loved Grammont. In a word, I simply made Saint-Réault out a Don Juan that he might be invested with interest for Sidonie. The women think virtue its own reward, but that vice must be rewarded. I must now go to claim Sidonie from the Marquise de Blancville. I am astonished that Gaston permitted her to leave my house, but I can afford to overlook that since I am to have the son-in-law of my heart. I suppose it will be a blow to Sidonie when she discovers that I have no objection to her marriage. I wonder what she will say when she finds out the truth?"

"Only that she knew it all along," answered Sidonie, as she stepped into the room through the window. "You are not as clever as you thought yourself, for you showed me your cards that first evening, and still I did not fall in love with M. de Grammont. I forgive you the trick, because I laughed at you quite as much as you did at me. I do not object to pleasing you, my father," she concluded, laying her cheek against Dorrien's, "when at the same time I can please myself."

Dorrien turned to me, and I saw that his eyes were moist.

"Did I not say it was impossible to comprehend a woman?" he appealed, shrugging his shoulders. "Who would have thought she would wish to please me in her choice of a husband?"



WINTER VIEW OF PUBLIC SQUARE, TEHERAN.

SHRINES OF THE SHIAHS.

BY THE REV. J. BASSETT.

MOHAMMED, the Prophet of Arabia, lived in a time when religious devotion was most fervently expressed in Christendom by building churches, and consecrating them by the deposit within their walls of the relics of anchorites and Christian warriors. His followers were not slow to follow the example of the Christians. Religious zeal and worldly pride conspired to make use of those structures as ornaments of cities and for the purpose of worship. Mohammedan kings and rich

men reared splendid mosques to rival the churches. They had their saints, over whose graves they erected costly towers and domes; and they appointed an elaborate service, in the observance of which the worshiper should call to his aid the miraculous influences springing from the bones and ashes of the departed.

Islam has appropriated to its own use the shrines of Jews and Christians; but it is not for lack of saints in its own calendar. The Sunees have a long line of Khalafahs whose tombs are the ornament and most holy places of many cities. But the Sunees have less incentives to build such places than their rivals, the Shiah. The reason why it is so lies in the first cause of the great schism of the Mohammedans.

Immediately after Mohammed's death a quarrel arose among his most intimate friends and officers as to who should succeed him as the spiritual and secular ruler of the faithful. The controversy centred in the question of the principle of succession—whether it should be inheritance or election. Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, contended for the right of inheritance, and claimed the Khalafate on the ground that his wife, Fatimah, was the only living child of the Prophet; that her two sons, Hassan and Hosein, were the only legal representatives of her father; that he himself was their natural guardian and possessed the right of a spiritual primogeniture, having been the first living convert to Islam. On the



MOSQUE OF CHIMRASSE.

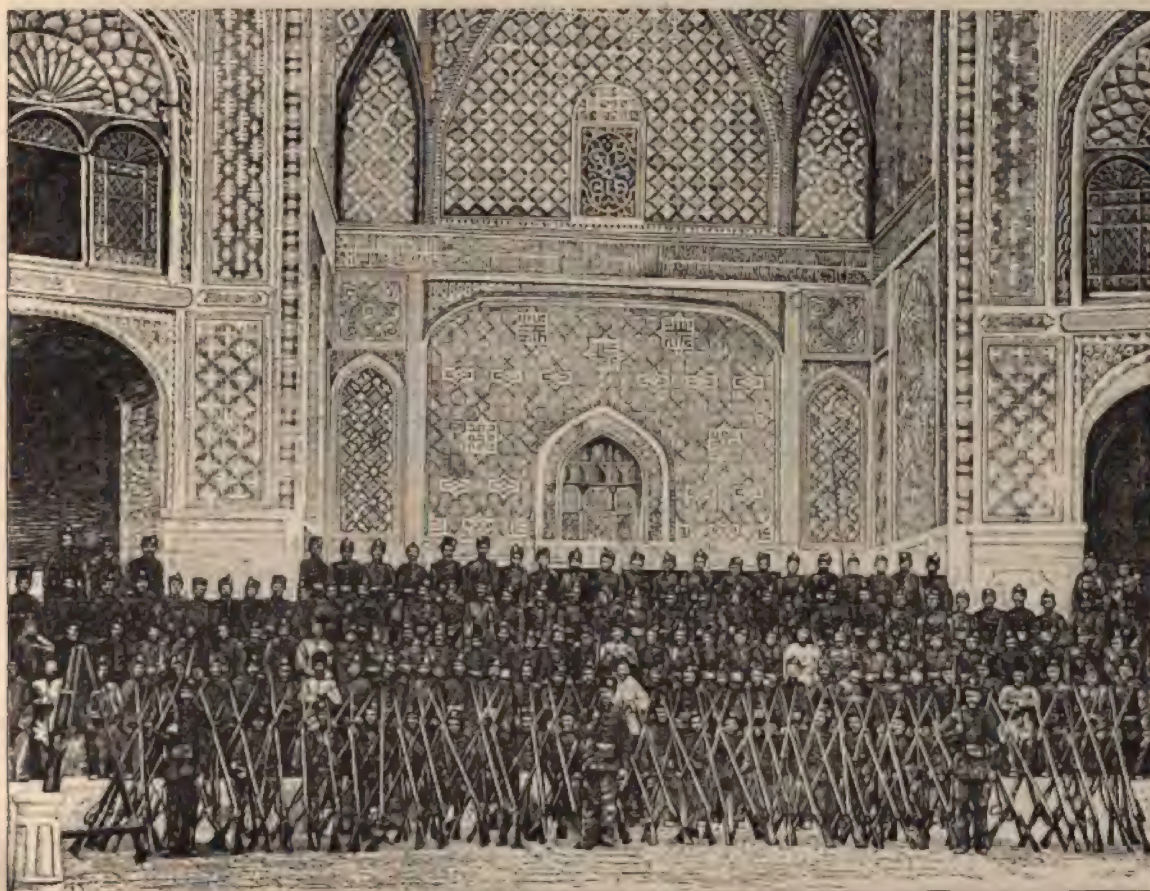
contrary, Abu Bekr, Othman and Omar argued for the rights of age, and that the congregation should elect the successor. When the controversy grew hot Omar rushed to the mosque, and proposing the name of Abu Bekr, the election was carried by acclamation. There was a controversy also as to whether the criterion of government, the recognized code of laws, should be the Koran only, or the traditions and Koran. Ali and his adherents argued for the former, and Abu Bekr and his friends for the latter. For this reason the Aliites were called Shiahs—a word which means “a true follower,” as we would say “a literalist”—and the other faction took the name Sunees, or adherents of the traditions. The latter faction prevailed, and not until the death of the three first Sunees Khalafahs and the lapse of twenty-two years did Ali receive the election; but no sooner did he take the throne than his right was disputed by the governor of Damascus and Syria.

The assassination of Ali in a mosque at Kufah, after a brief reign, left Moaveah master of the Moslem forces. He strengthened his title by ob-

taining the resignation of Hassan, the elder son of Ali, and later by instigating his death by poison. He paved the way to absolute power by entrapping Hosein in a plot for the succession, and by causing the massacre of the seventy souls that accompanied him on the way to Kufah. Hosein fell on the field of Karballah, pierced with a shower of darts; his head was sent to the tyrant of Damascus, and his body trampled by the horses of his conquerors where he fell.

The only son of Hosein who survived the battle or massacre of Karballah was honored by Shiahs as the true successor of the Prophet. The claim was set up for the children of Hassan; and so the right of succession has been found in many lines of the posterity of Hassan and Hosein, giving rise to many divisions of the Shiah sect—some writers say twelve, and others say seventy. Foremost among these divisions have been the Fatimites and Ismaelites of Egypt, the Assassins of Persia, the Mahdes of the Soudan, and the Asna Ashora, or the Twelve, the ruling sect of Persia, and most potent branch of the Shiahs.

According to the doctrine of the Twelve, the



GUARD OF THE ROYAL HAREM, TEHERAN.

succession of Hosein is traced to the twelfth generation from and including Ali. The heads of these families are called "Imams" in a special sense, meaning, not the head of a single congregation, as the word commonly signifies, but the head or ruler of the whole host of Mohammedans. While the word "Imam" has been used to denote the spiritual and true secular ruler of the Shiah, the word "Khalafah" has been commonly used to designate the ruler of the Sunnees.

The twelfth Imam is believed to have mysteriously disappeared while yet a child, while fleeing from Sunnee messengers of the Khalafah who sought to take his life. It is believed that he is living, but concealed. He is the Mahde, and many who have assumed that name have done so under the pretext of possessing his prerogatives.

The children of an Imam are called "Imam Zadas" by Persians—that is, born of an Imam—and are revered as saints of peculiar sanctity.

All the descendants of Fatimah are called *Sayeds*. They are distinguished in dress by the green turban. Their genealogy is kept with great care, and they enjoy many immunities and privileges. They are now a great multitude of people, and the tombs of the most holy ones are distinguished objects crowning the hilltops or nestling in the valleys. The number of these structures, humble and imposing, is too great to permit any detailed description of all in this paper. I shall give some account of the most notable tombs only, and shall confine this article to the shrines of the Imams and Imam Zadas.

The Mohammedan shrines of Mecca, of Medina, of Egypt and Syria have attracted the special attention of travelers because these, especially the mosques of Egypt and Syria, are on the routes most frequented by Europeans. The two first named are conspicuous by virtue of their relation to the early history of Mohammed. The shrines of the Shiah have been remote from the great lines of traffic and travel. The proximity of the Sunnee capital to Western nations and the prominence of the Turkish influence have combined to perpetuate their obscurity. But the Shiah places of pilgrimage are quite equal to, if they do not surpass in extent and interest, those of any other Mohammedan sect; and it is probable that Karballah and Mashhad are second only to Mecca in the number of pilgrims resorting to them.

The interior of a mosque is forbidden ground to all persons who are not Mohammedans. The restriction is loose or absolute according to the sanctity of the person to whom the shrine is consecrated. I once entered a shrine in the country, but was reminded by some of the worshipers that

it was no place for me—the statement being repeated until I thought it prudent to retire, although invited to enter by a Mussulman. The tomb was an humble structure of brickwork. The *zerah*, or canopy of the grave, was about seven feet long, two feet wide and four feet high, made of enameled and lacquered tiles, and stood in the centre of a square room beneath a dome. The entire structure was unguarded and open. There are many like buildings in the villages and the suburbs of the large cities. The older ones are usually towers, fifteen or twenty feet high to the top of the dome. The body of the building is of kiln-burned brick, and the entire exterior of dome and tower is covered with variegated and enameled tiles. Many legends are connected with the name of the person over whose dust this memorial has been erected; but the simple-minded peasants accept the most fabulous stories of miraculous cures and deliverances wrought by the amulets which have been sanctified by contact with the tomb.

It is thought to be a meritorious act to rebuild or repair the sepulchres of the Imams and Imam Zadas. In most cases these structures show that great care has been taken with them—far more than could reasonably be expected of an impoverished peasantry.

A Christian, a Jew or other non-Mohammedan, who should enter any one of the great shrines would do so at the peril of his life. It is seldom the case, therefore, that a traveler attempts to gain admission to any one of them. Fraser and Vambéry tell us that they were pilgrims to the shrine at Mashhad, but only in disguise, and under such restraints that we must think they paid very dearly for small gains. One or two foreigners have gone into the mosque at Koom, and some have accomplished, under disguise, similar exploits in other places. One foreigner, so a native Persian told me who was in the shrine at the time, entered the sacred structure at Koom, but was detected. A Persian said to him, "You are a Frangee"—a name for all Europeans. The traveler instantly pulled out his purse and said, "Take this and let me go!" and succeeded in running out of the gate, thus escaping the crowd which followed him, for the movements of the two men had attracted attention. I asked how the European was known, and the reply was, "By the cut and dress of two locks of hair."

No doubt a person so disposed could find a way of seeing the shrines that would be fairly safe; but since it is known that to do so is contrary to the law, and a profanation, most travelers will be quite reluctant to make the attempt. Any European known to be a Mohammedan and Shiah

would be admitted without question. The writer has known several Frangees who have for years passed for Mussulmans, and who have had no difficulty in visiting the mosques; but they have not made any sketches, nor left any descriptions of what they saw. I have seen the shrine of Imam Reza at Mashhad, of Fatimah at Koom, and of Shah Abd al Azeem near Teheran. My knowledge of the other shrines mentioned in this article is derived from Persians who have been pilgrims, and from Persian books, especially the account of the Shah's pilgrimage to Karballah and the shrines, composed by order of his majesty and under his supervision.

The photographs which accompany this article were obtained by me in Teheran, from the photographer of the Shah, who took the pictures for his majesty's use while with him on the pilgrimage. These and the subjects they represent are not to be found in any work in English of which I have knowledge, but they have been reproduced in a rude way by the process of lithography in the Shah's book referred to above. The photographs, though imperfect as samples of the photographic art, derive value from the associations I have mentioned. The illustration showing the shrine of Reza is a copy of an illustrated drawing of the tomb made by a Persian artist living in the city of Khorassan. It was made at my suggestion, for my own personal use, when I was in that city. The picture was verified by several Persians, both in Teheran and Mashhad, who had visited the place. The artist was greatly honored by the superintendent of the shrine for his excellent work, and a pension was appointed him by the government. For some time he drove a profitable business in making pictures of the tomb. He made several copies to my order for persons who desired me to obtain them. Two copies are objects of interest in private residences of London. The original was taken possession of by the mutavalle bashe (superintendent) of the shrine, but the best picture was sent to me by the artist in fulfillment of his contract. It is now, I suppose, the property of the president of the First National Bank of Chicago, or was in 1887. The artist has long since gone to the eternal world, persecuted to the last, I am told, by his less successful rivals.

As a matter of interest, not of boasting, it may be said here that the writer of this article was the first American to see the shrine of Imam Reza and the burial place of Haroun al Raschid.

The Shiabs call all their Imams "martyrs," for it is a matter of history that all met with violent deaths, caused by rival Khalafahs of the Sunee sect. The burial place of a martyr is called by

them, and by all Mohammedans, "Mashhad." This fact will account for the frequent occurrence of the name in Persia, Turkey and Arabia.

While there is a great diversity in the extent, form, decoration and general appointments of the Shiah shrines, the following features are common to all: The tomb proper—that is, the room in which the body is interred—is called the "harem," and is uniformly a high tower, surmounted with a dome, the dome forming the vaulted ceiling of the harem. The exterior of the dome and minarets adjacent are covered either with gold-enameled tiles or with the old lacquered and beautiful Persian tiles.

A striking feature of all these shrines is the countless number of graves either adjacent to the mosque and tower or on the outside of the city walls. This great company of the dead is made up of the bodies brought by pilgrims for interment in the sacred soil; for heaven is believed to be a certain reward of such interment.

In nearly all the domes there is at least one aperture, or window, commonly used as a place from which different articles may be suspended to receive consecration and miraculous power by their proximity to the shrine.

The friezes, called "katebas," around the tops of the towers and minarets bear inscriptions in Kufic letters which are part of the enamel casting of the tiles. The interior walls are faced with old tiles of the iridescent and kashe variety, set in many designs. Friezes of the same kind of tiling, but in long slabs, form borders above the panels and wainscoting. There are also panels of illuminations similar to the illuminations of Oriental books, but of a most brilliant hue. Floors of the harems are made of marble or alabaster tiles, and covered with the finest Persian carpets. Doors are made of costly wood; over this is fixed a plate of solid gold or silver; the plate is set with precious stones and draped with curtains of cashmere or velvet, wrought with gold and silver thread, and friezes of pearls or diamonds, rubies and other stones.

The grave is covered with a sarcophagus of marble or precious metal. This again is concealed in part by a series of two or three zerahs. The zerah is best described as a latticed arbor or canopy. These are changed in the course of time, but the most costly are the interior zerahs, the outer ones being usually of iron or steel, to give protection to the inner work. The interior may be seen through the latticework. Above the canopies are lamps of silver or crystal glass, and over all, stretching from wall to wall, is a fine network of wire designed to protect the zerah from anything falling from the vaulted roof. The

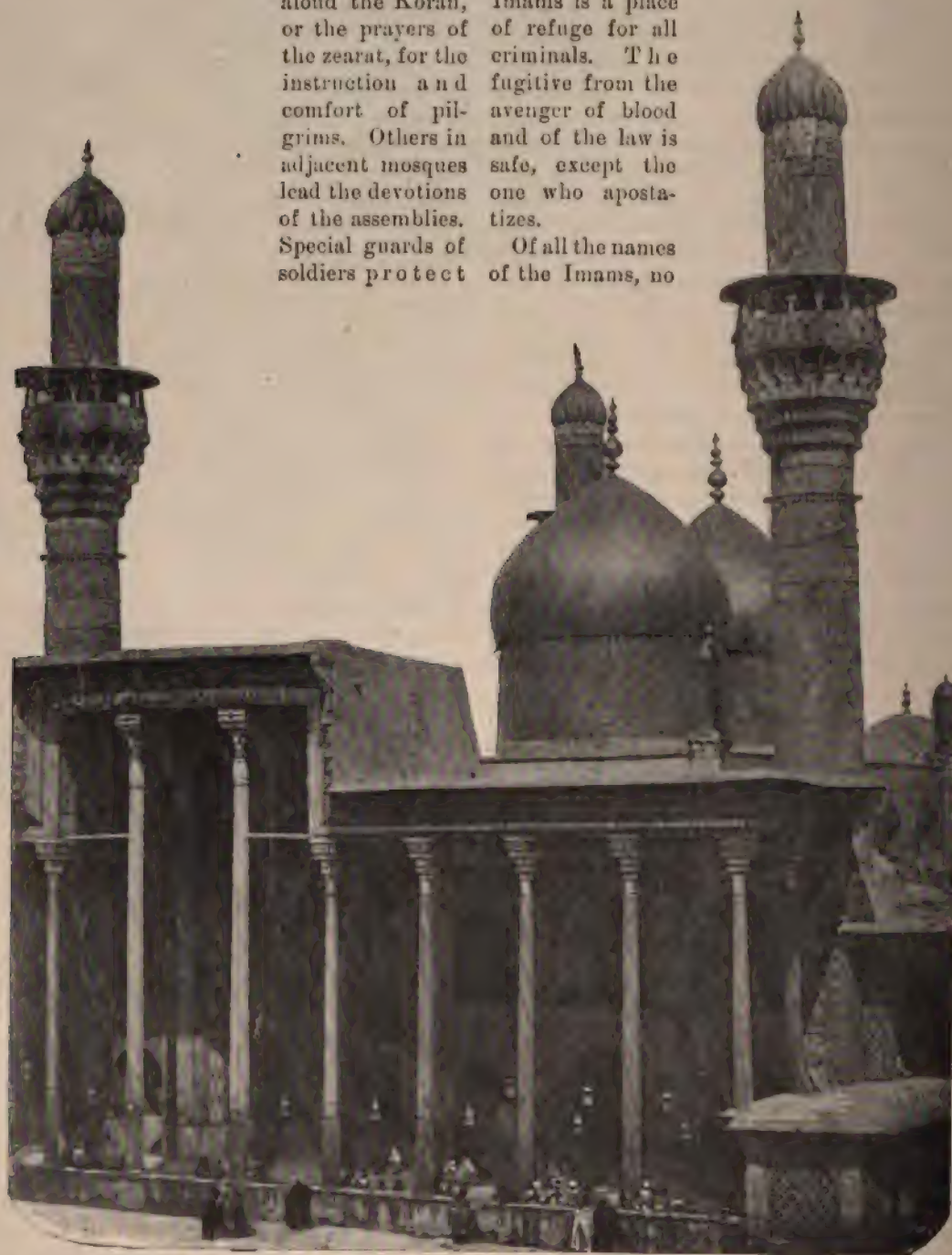
entire vault of the dome is set with small bits of mirror glass, in many angles and designs, or with beautiful tiles and mosaic. When formed of crystal or mirror glass the whole vault sparkles in the light as if set with diamonds.

Noble lords and princes are the superintendents of these temples. White- and green-turbaned mollahs minister in course night and day, read-

ing or reciting aloud the Koran, or the prayers of the zearat, for the instruction and comfort of pilgrims. Others in adjacent mosques lead the devotions of the assemblies. Special guards of soldiers protect

the gateways, passages and courts; porters, janitors, stewards, cooks and waiters in large numbers find employment in keeping the temple and feeding the thousands of pilgrims. Attached to the shrine are kitchens, baths, schools, hospitals and libraries. Truly may it be said that the service of the saints and of Allah is made a vast, complicated and costly undertaking. Each of the shrines of the Imams is a place of refuge for all criminals. The fugitive from the avenger of blood and of the law is safe, except the one who apostatizes.

Of all the names of the Imams, no



DOMES OF THE TOMB OF THE TWO KAZIMS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SHAH'S PHOTOGRAPHER.



KAZVIN.

other one is used so frequently as that of Ali. His is the only name of man associated with that of God and Mohammed in the Shiah confession and azon, or call to prayer: "There is no God but God, Mohammed is the Prophet of God, and Ali is His Regent." The dervishes repeat his name by night and by day, the people utter his name as a prayer. His

rights and claims form the foundation of the Shiah system. Yet there is hardly any other tomb of the Twelve so neglected as his. Several causes conspire to make it so. It is the farthest south of any except those of Medina in Arabia. It is in a region where the traveler is exposed to intense heat, and where a Shiah encounters the



RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES IN THE STREETS OF TEHERAN, DURING THE MOHURRUM.

hate of the Sunee. It is surpassed also, in the tragic and pathetic associations, by the tomb of Hosein at Karballah, which is about forty-five miles northward of Mashhad Ali, and so much nearer the metropolis of Mesopotamia.

Yet it must not be thought that the shrine of Ali is a mean structure, or that it is not honored. The great schools of the Shiah are here and at Karballah. To have studied at these two schools is the greatest honor that a Shiah student can know. The pilgrim to Karballah is honored with the title "Karballaye," and he who visits the shrine of Ali, or any other tomb of an Imam, is called "Mashhaddee," a title quite as much esteemed as that of D. D. or LL. D. is esteemed in Christian lands.

The village noted as the burial place of the first Imam is known by the name Najaf Ashraf, that is, Najaf of the Shereefs, or Najaf the Noble. It is near the northern shore of the lake of the same name, and is one hundred miles southward of Bagdad. It is the last shrine visited in the great Shiah Haj, or pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina.

The appearance of this sacred village changes much with the prosperity of the adjacent regions. Some travelers describe the place as a large village, and surrounded with groves; but later visitors speak of it as a desert place, with no attractions except the Mosque of Ali. The population is composed of Arabs and Persians. Many of the latter are of India. The former are Sunees, the latter Shiahs; and the controversies between them are frequent and sharp, so that, as a precaution, the government has stationed troops both here and at Karballah.

Many stories have been circulated concerning the burial place of Ali. Some persons claim that he was buried in the mosque of Kufah where he was assassinated, and by night. Others contend that his sons bore the body to Medina and interred it by the side of the Prophet. Some write that the body of the deceased Imam was placed on a camel to be carried to Medina, but that the camel ran away, and the body was buried where the camel stopped, and that the place is unknown. Some Shiahs say the body is in the sky, but others that the camel was directed of the Lord to Najaf, and the interment made there. The current belief is that Najaf was the true place of the burial. It is not at all probable that so conspicuous a person as the fourth Khalafah could have been killed and buried without the place being well known. Shiahs have in all past centuries regarded Najaf as the sacred spot; and pilgrimages were early made to the grave, and some humble structures must have been erected there

at an early period, for we read of their repair by the Bugah rulers of Fars.

The shrine of Ali is an elegant sample of the Shiah mausoleums. The dome of the harem is covered with gold plating, and the façades of the courts are of the beautiful tilework. The minaret exhibits very clearly the Kufic characters, and the masonry is curious and quaint. The great extent of inscription on the friezes and façades is no small part of the labor of the work. Nearly all the inscription of the exterior is made up of passages from the Koran.

Hassan, the second Imam, having resigned the Imamate, retired to Medina, but the fears and jealousy of the Khalafah of Damascus pursued him to his place of retirement. At the instigation of Yezed, his wife caused his death by poison. His body was interred near Fatimah's tomb, in the mausoleum known by the name of Abbas Ibn Abd ul Talib. In the same structure were buried the remains of the fourth Imam, Ali Zain al Abadeen, or "the Ornament of the Worshipers"; also the body of the fifth Imam, Mohammed Boghir, and the sixth, Jafir es Sadik. To Shiah pilgrims to Medina these tombs impart special sanctity to the place. If doubts have been raised as to the real place of burial of some of these persons, these doubts are not justified by the accepted records of the Asna Ashora. Medina is to all Mohammedans a Westminster Abbey—the burial place of their kings and great men. The mausoleum of Abbas Ibn Abd ul Talib is remarkable for the tombs of representatives of the Shiah saints which it contains.

The city of Karballah owes its importance to the tomb of the third Imam, Hosein. It is delightfully situated among extensive gardens of date trees in a plain which was a desert when the Imam was slain here. The plain now owes its fertility to one of the canals which bear the waters of the Euphrates. It is about sixty miles southwest of Bagdad. Tielemann, who visited the place in 1872, but did not venture to enter the shrine, says that the first view of Karballah is scarcely inferior to that of Kazvin. Here, too, were extensive groves of palm trees, gilded cupolas and minarets, and the surrounding scenery was most picturesque.

The grave of Hosein was very early in the Mohammedan period the resort of pilgrims who lamented the sad fate of the sons of Ali. The first notable band of pilgrims was that led by Sulamon, who with some five thousand followers, who styled themselves avengers and penitents in sorrow for having deserted Ali and Hosein, and swearing to revenge the death of Ali's sons, marched to the burial place of Hosein, and com-

passing and marching around the tomb with lamentations and religious ceremonies, fired their own zeal and courage to meet the army of the Khalafah of Damascus, by whom they were cut to pieces.

Thousands of dead bodies rest in the vicinity of the mosque and in the cemeteries that encompass the city. The earth of the battlefield has been dug up and molded into little cakes of the size of a silver dollar. These are used as amulets, and in time of prayer, when the Mohammedan touches the earth with his forehead, the Shiah touches this sacred piece of earth instead, having carefully placed it in position before beginning his prostrations.

The great buildings now standing at Karballah were begun by Hassan and completed by Mosa Ashraf in the reign of the Shah Thamas, the last of the Sufee kings. His murderer, Nadir Shah, gilded the cupola over the mosque.

The traveler sees only the exterior of the dome, which is covered with tiles of gold; beneath the dome a wide frieze of Kufic letters is placed. A wide extent of the village and groves of date trees is seen. The roof in front of the mosque is nearly covered with pigeons, which are held to be sacred, and consecrated to the service of the saint. Pigeon towers are very common in Persia and Oriental countries. To call them sacred is a frequent expedient to protect them. Since every pilgrim to this shrine gives a fee to the mosque, the revenues are large, both from this source and from the sale of talismans.

The city owes its importance to the presence of the shrine, which has made Karballah the most famous place in the Mohammedan world to all Shiahs. The rites of Mohurram observed throughout the Shiah sects tend to increase the glory of the temple and to perpetuate the memory of the saint buried there. The tragic and pathetic scenes of the battle of Karballah are repeated yearly in the religious theatricals of the month of Mohurram.

The tombs of the seventh Imam, Mosa al Kazim, and of his grandson, the ninth Imam, called Mohammed Takke, known by the Arabic dual of their titles, Kazimain, are in one inclosure, three or four miles distant from the city of Bagdad. A splendid structure has been erected with double towers and domes, one for each Imam. The building is a large one, occupying the centre of a large village. The two domes are the most striking features. They are covered with one continuous surface of gold. The illustration shows the two domes and gold-tiled surfaces and three splendid minarets, and the open porch of the inner court. Each minaret has two katebas of Kufic letters,

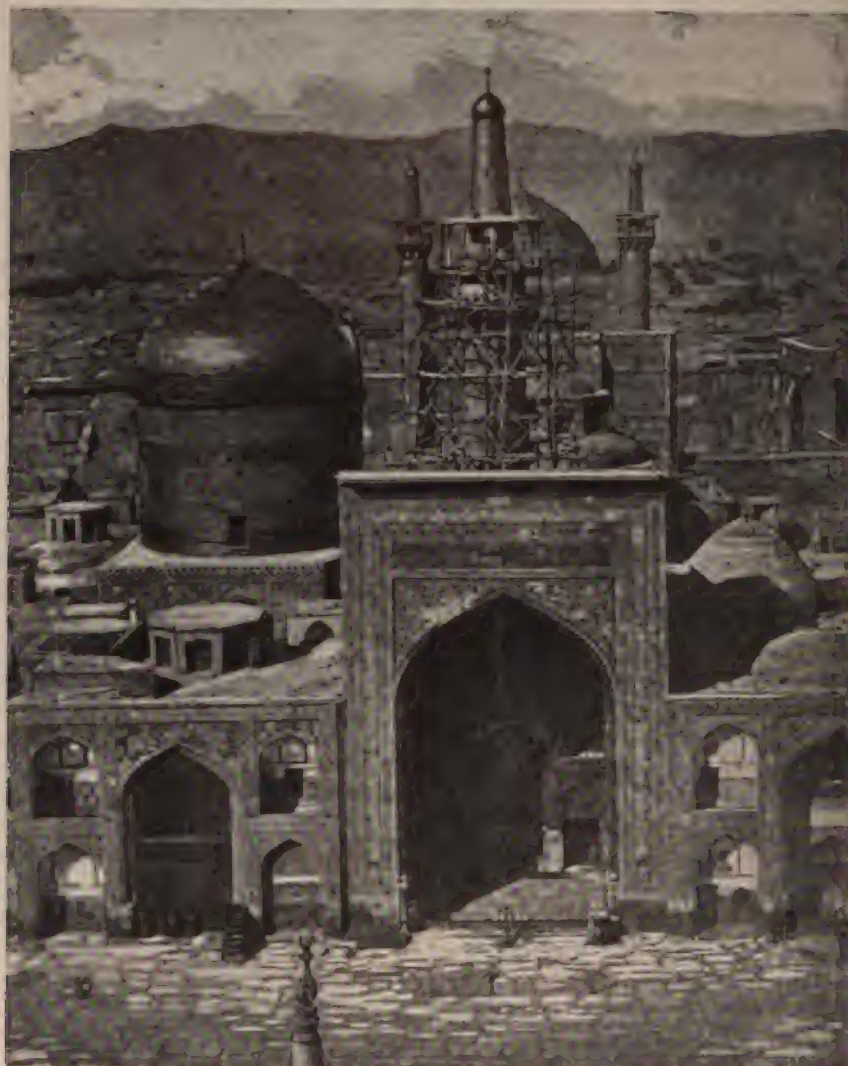
one near the top, and the second midway of each minaret. The intermediate surface is covered with gold tiles. The pillars are covered with pieces of mirror glass set in plaster. The walls of the porch are faced with the variegated and gold tiles. Tielemann (1872), who saw the exterior but did not attempt to enter, confirms the statements. He says: "At a bend in the road there suddenly disclosed itself to our gaze an enchanting sight; the finest of mosques lay there before us, quite fairylike. The walls and cupola of the mosque were entirely inlaid with sparkling fleeces of many colors, whilst at each corner of the building rose up a graceful minaret. The sparkling richness of coloring, far from blinding or disturbing the eye, is in pleasant harmony with the sunny nature of the clime."

The son of Mosa al Kazim, called Reza, the eighth Imam, during the Khalafate of Mahmoon, the son of Haroun al Raschid, was sent to the government of Tus, in the Province of Khorassan. The jealousy or fears of the Khalafah having been aroused, he determined to take the life of Reza. Ordering the Imam to depart to Bagdad, he dispatched a messenger after him, who overtook Reza at the village of Sanabad, sixteen miles south of the old capital. Here the order of the Khalafah was made known to Reza, and he calmly submitted to his fate, taking the poison which the messenger was commanded to give. His body was buried in the tower which then covered the body of Haroun al Raschid. In the course of time the city of Tus was depopulated by wars and loss of trade, and a new capital sprang up around the tomb of Reza at Sanabad, which bears the two names of Khorassan as the capital of the province of that name, and Mashhad as denoting the burial place of the martyred Imam. The attractions of the shrine for pilgrims were the main cause of the fall of Tus, the population having been drawn to the shrine. This is commonly known by the name of Imam Reza, and is by far the most sacred and honored place in the Kingdom of Persia, and by way of pre-eminence called "Mashhad the Holy." The place is near the eastern border of Persia, about six hundred miles east of Teheran.

The buildings immediately connected with the shrine stand in the centre of the city, and are approached by a wide avenue. The outer court is called the "bast," or place of refuge. The interior court is known as the great "sahn"; on either side of it rise lofty minarets. On the north side is an awan (or corridor) leading to the tower. The sides and vaulted ceiling of this corridor are covered with gold tiling of the value of thirty-four dollars each. This was made by Nadir

Shah. The gold tiling in the awan of Azid al Mulk, a new sahn, is estimated at the value of about six dollars per tile. The dome of the harem and the two minarets by the side of it are covered with gold tiles from the top to the roof of the main structure. The harem is ten zarhs, or thirty-four feet, square. From the floor to the top of the vaulted roof is seventy-seven feet. The

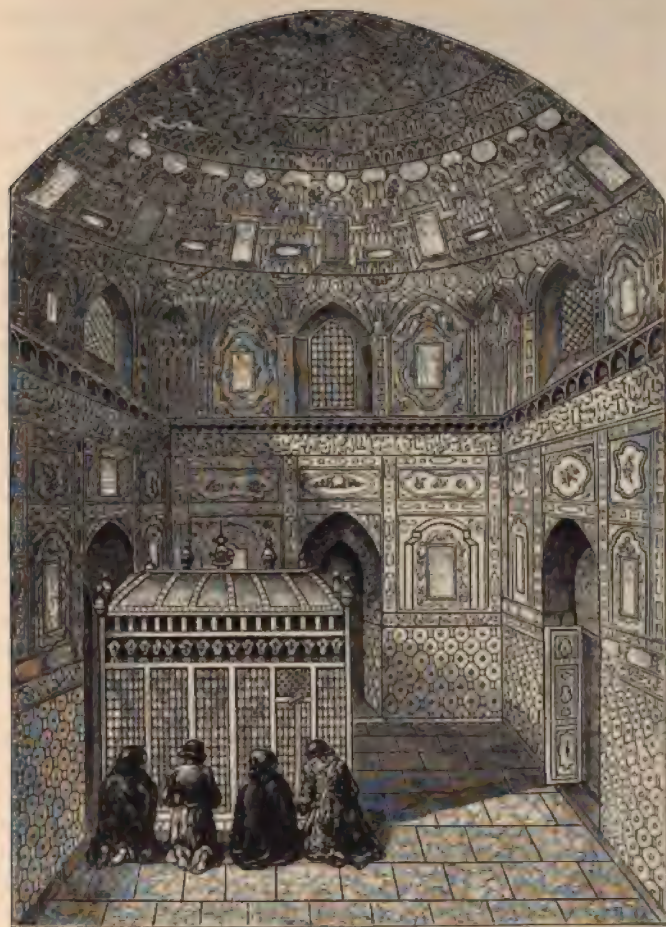
vault the dome is covered with mirror glass cut in small bits, and set in varied patterns. The sarcophagus, said to be of marble, is covered by three zerahs, or canopies. The one just about the sarcophagus is of silver, the next of iron, and the outermost of steel set on a base of solid silver. The gate of the canopy has a padlock of solid gold. There are three doors to the harem. One



EXTERIOR OF IMAM REZA, MASHHAD.

floor is of marble tiles, and covered with the finest of Persian carpets. The lowest part of the interior walls has a wainscoting of kashe, or enameled tiles. The walls above are set with panels of the finest tiling and mirror glass. Above the panels is a frieze of iridescent tiles with Kufic and Arabic letters raised in the casting of the tiling. There are also bands of brilliant tints beneath the frieze. From the topmost frieze to the top of the

is covered with a continuous plate of gold, and the plate is set with precious stones; another door is covered with a cashmere shawl, or curtain, having its fringes of pearls. The gold door is the gift of the shrine's late treasurer. The revenues of the shrine vary year by year. There are three hundred soldiers for guards; there are schools, hospitals and libraries. Six hundred pounds of rice are cooked daily for the pilgrims



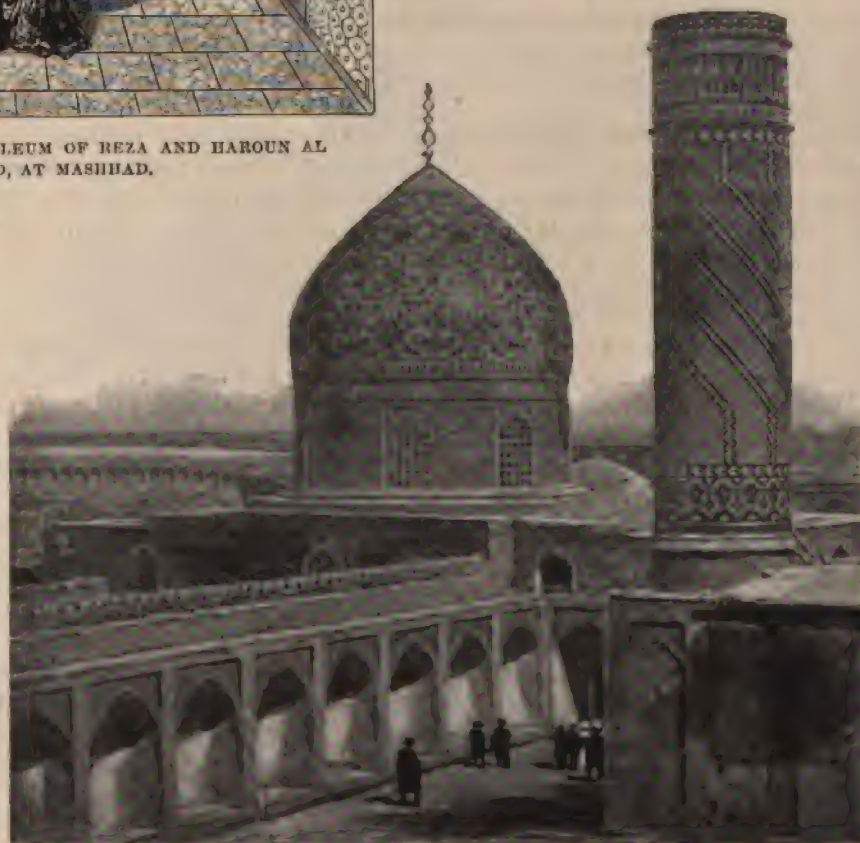
INTERIOR OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF REZA AND HAROUN AL
RASCHID, AT MASHHAD.

and attendants. Miracles are wrought daily or hourly, as may be known by the blowing of trumpets when such occur. Within the inclosure are the tombs of kings and queens, and the entire circuit of the land without the walls of the city, and in a wide belt, is filled with graves. The thousands of tombs within and without the walls make it a great city of the dead.

The minarets and domes of the shrine as they shimmer in the sunlight are conspicuous and fairylike

objects, as seen from the distant mountains and as the traveler looks down on the city spread before him in the broad valley below. The minaret near the harem was being repaired when the Shah visited the shrine, and the photograph was taken which furnishes the illustration of the exterior. The scaffolding for the workmen disfigures the beautiful minaret, all of which, from the top to the lowest point of the scaffolding, is covered with tiles of gold.

Ali Takke, the tenth Imam, and Hassan Askare, the eleventh, commonly named the Askarain, are honored together. Their bodies rest under one great dome. A magnificent minaret of a peculiar form rises nearly to the top of the dome. The towerlike minaret is ascended by a flight of winding stairs within the tower, and leads to a platform, or landing, near the top, from which the azan is cried. A wide band of Kufic letters encircles the minaret near the top. A wide frieze of Kufic letters is placed just beneath the dome.



MOSQUE OF ALI, AT NAJAF ASHRAF.



SUFEE DERVISH.

The exterior of the great dome is covered with tiles of gold plate. A window or opening is shown in the illustration to be in the dome. A rod is placed by the side of the window, upon which flowers can be hung, or other articles.

Of all the cities of Persia, Koom has the second place in honor in the estimation of the Asna Ashura, for therein lie the remains of the sainted lady, Fatimah Masuma—Fatimah the Pure and Perfect. She was the sister of Imam Reza. The fact that she was an Imam Zada would itself sanctify the soil, but the sacredness of the tomb is enhanced by the surpassing loveliness and consecration of Masuma. Her devotion to her brother is depicted by Persian writers and preachers in glowing terms and pathetic rhapsodies. It was his sickness, say they, which led her to undertake the long journey to Tus—a journey which was interrupted by her sickness and death at Koom. Others say that she, with her father's family, sought a refuge here from the envy and malice of Mutavakiel, the Khalafah of Bagdad, a story which we are inclined to believe when we remember the propensity of the Khalafahs for taking off the progeny of Ali.

The city of Koom shows from a distance over the plain its marked character. Domes rise on domes, and minaret after minaret, as spires on spires in a city of churches. The environs are extended cemeteries wherein lie thousands of dead bodies to be buried in the soil sanctified by the proximity of the body of this saint. That such trust should be reposed in her seems to be no matter of surprise when we read of her virtues and the inscriptions on the arches of the doors, or hear the prayers intoned wherein the departed is

extolled to the skies; and it is said that "whoever shall devoutly visit Fatimah of Koom shall have paradise for his portion."

Chardin visited the place in 1692, and is the only traveler of Europe who has given any drawings or lengthy description of the shrine. He saw it as it was in the reigns of the Sufee Shahs, the first Shiah dynasty to rule the whole kingdom, and to whom Persians owe the founding and structure of many of their best buildings. Some additions and embellishments have been made, but the essentials of the Mosque of Fatimah are the same now as when Chardin saw it.

The structure and plan of the shrine are sometimes copied in building smaller and private tombs, as the plan of a palace or other house is copied. An officer of the Persian Government once took me to the tomb of his father, assuring me that it was built on the plan of the temple at Koom. Judging from all the descriptions given I see no reason to doubt the truthfulness of his statement.

The exterior of the shrine at Koom presents a confused mass of walls and roofs. Out of the central part rises a lofty dome, surmounted by a slender bowl-shaped rod, upon the top of which rests an inverted crescent, the rod being twenty feet high and gilded. The dome was at first covered with the variegated tiles, but in place of these Fath Ali Shah put copper. The widow of Mohammed Shah caused the dome to be covered with gold plating. A college and hospital are part of the establishment. As the other shrines are, so this one is a place of refuge for violators of the law. Persons who murder find safety here until the price of blood can be commuted.

The shrine proper presents in its exterior plan an oblong and walled court, but the parallelogram is divided into four squares. The first has the appearance of a garden of flowers, walks and trees. It has twenty cells or chambers on each side, each cell being nine feet square. The cells are for the accommodation of students and attendants. The second court is inferior in beauty to the first; but the third is fully equal to it, and has two stories of apartments on each side and a tree in each corner. The fourth court is entered by a flight of twelve marble steps, and a beautiful portal crowns the flight of steps. The threshold is of translucent alabaster. On three sides of this court are chambers and porticoes for the use of mollahs and students. Fronting the marble steps and portal, and on the opposite side of the square, is the main structure or harem, composed of three chapels, having an even front. The central entrance or corridor is eighteen feet deep. The door is of white marble. The vault of the cor-

ridor is faced with beautiful variegated tiles. The gate or door itself is twelve feet high, six feet wide and of solid and white alabaster. Within this corridor are inner doors plated with silver and bordered with red gilt.

The harem is an octagonal room or tower, having its ceiling formed as in the other shrines by the vault of the dome. The base of the walls is formed of lacquered tiles and iridescent tiles, having designs of flowers. On the walls are facings and panels of tiles, glowing with illuminations in gold and crimson tints. A *zarah* of kashe covers the tomb. It is eight feet long, five wide and six high. This is inclosed by a silver grating ten feet high. On the inside of this hang curtains of velvet to conceal the sarcophagus. The floor or pavement of the harem is covered with a fine Persian carpet. Lamps are suspended above the height of the *zarah*. The *zearat*, or religious ceremony, consists in first kissing the bottom of the grate and the gate itself three times, at the beginning and at the close of a prayer.

On either hand of the tomb of Fatimah are the

graves of Shah Abbas II. and Shah Sufee I. in separate chapels. Sulamon and Sultan Hosein, of the Sufee dynasty, are buried within the mosque, and Fath Ali Shah with two of his sons, and Mohammed Shah, in separate mausoleums, without the shrine.

Nearness to the capital of the Sufee kings made Koom an important shrine above some other tombs. The same cause has operated to magnify the importance of the place with the Kajar Shahs, since it is only about ninety miles south of their capital. Shah Abd al Azeem, the burial place of Hamza, son of the seventh Imam, and later of Abul Kazim Abd al Azcem, is about six miles distant from the present capital of Persia, and has a beautiful mosque. It receives increasing attention from the Kajar Shahs and nobles of Teheran. The burnished dome presents a pleasing and attractive object, and is visible for many miles over the plain of Rhea. But the place has a local celebrity only, and the pilgrims are chiefly citizens of Teheran, who find recreation as well as religious service in weekly visits to the shrine on the Mohammedan Sabbaths.



ISFAHAN DERVISH.

SHE AND I.

BY LILIAN CLAXTON.

She and I together, when the year was young,
In the bright May weather, when the robins sung;
At our feet the violets, chestnut flowers above.
In the sweet old garden, breathing vows of love.

She and I together, saying love is vain,
Meeting but to sever in the summer rain;
Parting, with no star gleam for the lonely years,
I, to doubt and heartache; she, to pain and tears.

Then no more together; treading separate ways,
Through sad autumn weather, and the darkening days;
Bidding pride rise victor, struggling to forget.
Finding springtime fancies hold the heartstrings yet.

She and I together, meeting just by chance,
Wondering doubting whether, at the Christmas dance—
At the "good-will" season—we might pause and say
Just one word of greeting, for old Christmas Day.

She and I together once again in spring,
In the sunny weather, where the wild birds sing—
She and I together, finding love is true,
Making up our quarrel as the children do!

THE JUDGE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY HARRY A. ARMSTRONG.

THREE attorneys and a judge sat about a grate in a Chicago clubhouse recently. They were discussing the hanging of George H. Painter. It was claimed that Painter had been convicted on circumstantial evidence. The judge hooked his elbow over the back of a chair and settled down to talk. The attorneys waited.

"Circumstantial evidence is the most convincing, and at the same time the most dangerous," he began. "Since going on the bench I have never, in my own court, seen the death penalty inflicted."

"Is it from a set principle, or has experience taught you that a great wrong may be done?"

The interrogator occupied a seat on the other side of the grate. The judge lighted a cigar.

"Yes, to both questions," answered the jurist. "A case I once had opened my eyes to the great wrong that can be, and is, done every day to innocent persons."

"I was young then, just entering upon a comfortable practice. One evening the papers burst out with sensational accounts of a murder that had a well-known society man for the victim and his wife for the accused. She was locked up in the police station during the night, and the next day the coroner's jury held her for the murder. For some reason the widow sent for me, though I had never seen her, and was but slightly acquainted with her husband during his life. I went to see her in the jail early the next morning. She met me coolly, and told me how much money she had in her own right, where her securities

were, and gave me power of attorney to act for her in the transaction of all legal business. After arranging these details we began discussing the case. She said, first of all, that she was innocent. My insinuations that she had best tell me everything she knew were met with frankness and without anger. She was innocent, and that was all there was to it.

"According to her story she sent the servant out of the house on a half-holiday, it being Thursday, and a few minutes later went up to her room, where her husband had been sleeping off a drunken debauch since daylight. She found him on the couch with his throat cut from ear to ear. She was too surprised to cry out or to make any noise. By his throat, on the leather pillow, was a razor lying in a pool of blood. She picked up the weapon, and as she did so her sleeve was stained and drops fell from the blade upon the dress she wore. The servant, for some reason, came back and started up to her chamber. She was compelled to pass by the door to her master's apartments. This door was ajar, and she saw her mistress standing there with the razor in her hand. The girl screamed at the top of her voice, and ran out into the street, crying murder at every step. The police were soon there. They got the girl's story, and hurried the woman off to the police station in a patrol wagon.

"That was the widow's version. To further the theory of suicide she told me that her husband had come home that morning intoxicated. She had upbraided him and he became abusive.

They quarreled. She believed that he was sorry when he awoke, and cut his throat in a fit of remorse or despondency.

"Detectives were at once employed on the case. I went to the Morgue and examined the

blood on his left hand and but little on his right, with no evidences of a struggle. He must have been struck in his sleep. I went to the house, and found it was so arranged that the couch could be approached only from the left side. I exam-



"SHE SAW HER MISTRESS STANDING THERE WITH THE RAZOR IN HER HAND."

wound on the dead man. It certainly was ghastly. How a man could so draw a knife across his own throat as to sever veins, arteries and cords I could not conceive. I discovered that the cut began on the right of the neck, and the hairs were drawn into the neck from that side. There was no

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ined the room closely. Not a thing was reported missing, and the robber theory could not be brought out. I was convinced that the man had been murdered, and was in a fair way of thinking that my client had not told me the truth. When I called again at the jail I frankly told her

what I thought, and that it would be fatal for her to hold back a single thing. She had told me all. I had to believe her. Those clear, sad eyes were enough to turn the heads of judge and jury. They turned mine. I felt like fighting every man who hinted that she was guilty. I turned over all my other business to my partner and threw my whole life into this one case.

"The trial came on. The jury was selected. Every day the room was jammed with society folk who came out of curiosity—for I never heard a word of pity from all that unfeeling throng. The opening speeches were begun.

"The prosecuting attorneys had also discovered that the wound had been made from right to left across the throat, and brought out that point in the most forceful way. They showed that there was no blood on the left hand, and argued that the thrust must have been made with that hand if the act had been committed by the man himself. The quarrel which the servant had overheard that morning was reviewed. The girl swore that her master and mistress had used high words, and that she had heard the defendant threaten the dead man. The language she had used was: 'You will be sorry for this before night. You have lived too long. It would be a good thing if you died—if you fell in the midst of your drunken debauch while you were covered with a drunken oblivion.' The girl told her story firmly, and could not be shaken on cross-examination. Practically the case was theirs, for they had proved a motive. It was brought out that the mistress had sent the girl away for her half-holiday, and had no reason to believe that anyone else was in the house except her sleeping husband. Then the girl came back accidentally and caught her mistress red-handed. Not a detail was omitted.

"I put the defendant on the stand, and she passed the ordeal of examination, direct and cross, without budging an inch from her theory of suicide. She told her story in a way that should have carried conviction, for who could look into those deep brown eyes and then doubt? It was my trump card.

"When the closing arguments came the prosecution damned the acts that should have been her strongest defense by calling attention to the nonchalance of the defendant as she gazed upon the blackened razor and the bedaubed dress which were exhibited in court. If innocent, she could not look unmoved upon the evidences of her husband's awful death. Guilty, she could steel her heart and command the muscles of her face as she had done on the day of the tragedy, and as calmly face the 'reeking relics' of her crime. Into my

efforts to offset the appeal for the death sentence I threw every energy, every iota of eloquence and logic I possessed. The jury retired, and the beginning of the end was on.

"When those twelve men marched back we sat alone with the judge and counsel, for it was late at night. The verdict was slowly read by the clerk. A scream escaped my client. She grasped my arm in a convulsion of despair, and cast a glance full of touching reproach upon the jurymen. The jury was polled, and an appeal taken. The upper courts held with the lower, and my client was brought back to the courtroom to hear her sentence. The hour was late, and few knew what was going on. The woman stood up, and stood alone. Before the judge reached the end of the short talk the law requires his voice was trembling, used as he was to such scenes. The last word was a husky groan. Unflinchingly she who had cringed before the verdict bowed her head to the announcement of the penalty.

"If I had worked hard before, I now redoubled my efforts. I did not sleep nights, and when I did sleep I dreamed of the case. I ran down every clew I could find. The servant went away shortly after the trial. I traced her to a small town in Iowa, where I learned that she was married. I played detective until I saw her husband, and in him recognized a crook whom I had once sent to the penitentiary on a charge of attempted murder. In a moment of jealousy he had crept into the house of his rival and had tried to cut his throat while he slept. I had my case. Similarity was strong. In a month I had learned that the couple had been married long before the tragedy in the suburb. I threw off my mask one day and surprised them at their midday meal. The woman was white with fear when she saw me, and the husband, a weak-kneed coward, pleaded for mercy. I told him we had evidence to hang him, but if he should confess we would let him off with a prison sentence. He went with me before a notary and witness and told of the crime. He had seen the man he murdered kiss the servant girl. His jealousy was aroused to madness. That night he slipped into the room occupied by the master. The intended victim did not come home until morning. Then there was the quarrel. When all was still and he had heard his wife go out on her half-holiday the murderer came out and found the razor. He committed the crime, and fled from the house the back way.

"Well, this young man went with me and told his story to the Governor, who, be it understood, had refused to extend executive clemency even to a woman. The Governor wrote out a reprieve, and had my prisoner taken charge of by the author-

ities. This was a week before the date fixed for the execution.

"With my own hands I delivered the welcome documents.

"Do you know it takes a stronger person to withstand a shock of joy than of grief? Did you ever stand before a person doomed to die—who with unfaltering steps had climbed the clumsy stairs to the scaffold—suddenly confronted with a reprieve? Then you saw him crushed with his good fortune. When my client understood the

purport of the papers with the official seal she grasped the bars of her cell. Then she staggered over toward me and threw her arms around my neck. I kissed her in my very gladness. She fainted in my embrace."

When the judge reached his climax he was sitting on the edge of his chair. He relighted his cigar and slipped back into his seat.

"And the widow?" queried the attorney who had asked for details.

"I married her."

THE WINDS.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

The winds are up! The winds are out!

What is the use for men to strive?

See how they beat the waves about,

And toss the ships as though alive!

Here stood a city in their path,

Where oft they stopped to rest and play;

Last night they came in stress and wrath,

And not a soul was left to pray.

Who guides their coursers fleet and free?

Who knows the ways by which they come?

And when they charge o'er land and sea,

Who turns them backward to their home?

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. W. J. BOK.

How many young folks ever wonder and desire to know what stories there are connected with the flowers we love? We realize how much pleasure they give us, with their beauty and perfume, but we seldom think they have a romance that has been sung and written, and that many a legend regarding them has come to us from the far-away past.

I am sure some of these old stories, "centuries old," will interest you as they do me, and I will tell you a few about the rose, England's national flower. Do you wonder so many people of the United States also wanted this beautiful, fragrant flower as their emblem?

Has it not a right to hold its head very high with pride when it has been chosen by two great nations as their chief flower? Then think how far back it can trace its ancestry. King Solomon, in one of his songs, speaks of the rose of Sharon, and the ancient Greeks gave to it the title of "queen of flowers."

You may have heard this expression, "sub rosa" (under the rose). It means that what is said is in strict confidence, and must not be told. Cupid, the god of Love, gave Harpocrates, the god of Silence, a rose to bribe him not to tell of some naughty act which he, Cupid, had done. The rose from this became the emblem of silence, and it was the custom in some countries to suspend a rose over the table in the dining room to remind the guests that silence should be observed respecting all that might be said during the meal.

There is also a custom in one of the valleys of Switzerland that if a man has been unjustly imprisoned for a crime and he is proven guiltless a young and beautiful girl presents to him on the day he is liberated a white rose, called the "rose of innocence."

There is a pretty fable told about the nightingale, the queen of song, and the rose, the queen of flowers. All the birds appeared before

King Solomon and charged the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the plaintive strains which he sang through the night. The wise king brought the nightingale to trial, but let him go without punishment because the bird said, "My love for the rose is so great, I cannot help sing-

love Hamuel—for that was his name—so he said she should suffer for it.

In those days people believed in witches, and Hamuel told everyone that Zillah was a witch, and she was condemned to be burnt to death. The executioners tied her to a stake fastened in



THE "MRS. W. C. WHITNEY" ROSE.

ing to her my sweetest, saddest songs all the night long."

One could write many of these fables and legends, but I will tell you only one more now.

Long, long ago in the city of Bethlehem there lived a Jewish maiden named Zillah, who was loved by a cruel, wicked man. Zillah did not

the centre of a pile of fagots, which was then set on fire; but God turned aside the flames, and the maiden stood unharmed under a rose tree full of white and red roses. The stake had burst forth into bud and blossom of these lovely flowers, and they were the first seen on earth since paradise was lost.



THE MAY QUEEN ENTHRONED.

A MODERN MAY DAY.

By M. E. LEICESTER ADDIS.

Get up, get up! For shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her faire
Fresh quilted colours through the aire;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not drest.
Nay, not so much as out of bed:
When all the birds have matteyns seyde
And sung their thankfull hymnes; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May."

MAY was the second month in the old Alban calendar, the third in that of Romulus, and fifth in that of Numa Pompilius. In the first mentioned it had only twenty-two days; thirty-one were given it by Romulus; thirty by Numa; and then Julius Caesar restored the other day.

Several of the ancient writers assert that May and June derived their names from *Majores*, or *Maiiores*, and *Juniores*, the two departments of the Roman Senate.

Philologists argue that the Latin word *maius*, also *magius*, from the root *mag*, corresponds to the Sanskrit word *mah*, "to grow," and therefore May is the growing or springing month.

Still another derivation is given. Maia of

mythology was the mother of Mercury, or the daughter of Atlas, the supporter of the world, and of Pleione, a sea nymph.

The Anglo-Saxons called it Trimilki, because "in that moneth they began to milke their kine three times a day."

The origin of this feast, like that of so many others, is lost in obscurity; but certain it is that from the earliest period we have traditionary records of it. The Aryans kept the great spring feast, and Virgil also tells of the Roman youths going out into the fields, in the calends of May, with songs and dances, bearing garlands of flowers in honor of Flora.

All primitive peoples have observed this feast—Celts, Teutons and Slavs—and the Lithuanians still keep up the octave, May 1st to 8th, dance the "Farry" (Flora) dance and dress the trees with ribbons, dancing and singing around them to the strains of their bagpipes. In Cornwall in England this Farry dance is still kept up. After parading about all night to the music, or rather noise, of horns, they begin at daybreak "to thread the needle" in each house—dancing in at the front door and out at the back—reversing the order in the next house, and so on. Food—bread, meat, cheese and beer—is set out on a table in every house, and the dancer, as he passes, snatches

mouthful but says not a word. His acceptance of the proffered hospitality is sufficient courtesy of thanks, and great, indeed, would be the insult offered to all Cornishmen by the man who does not silently offer and the guest who does not silently accept the food; symbolic relic of the sacrifices offered at Flora's feast; the opening one in honor of the sun's splendor and full power.

And this brings us to another relic of Celtic custom in Britain, still kept up in Scotland, in connection with May Day.

All along the Grampian range of hills and over the moorlands the shepherds burn at this season the gorse and old heather to allow the young grass to sprout up for their flocks.

Little do they reck, as they talk of their Bel-tane or Beltein fires, that for a practical use do they perpetuate in the nineteenth century the old fires of Baal, god of the Sun, whose sacred seat was Ben Ledi (Hill of God), on whose summit

the Beltein and Halloween fires were first kindled directly from the sun's rays.

Remembering this, the great bard's lines have a new force, "Ben Ledi saw the cross of fire," etc. Fire and water went hand in hand in these ancient Druidic days, and so Scotland has many May wells specially blessed on May morning. To get up *before sunrise* and drink from the water of these wells was a sure preventive of liver and kidney diseases, and perfect is the faith of country folk. These wells are generally natural springs on the side of some rocky hill or mountain spur, so that the task of reaching them was no mean test of faith.

As I write I recall so vividly the party of village worthies, led by the good-natured carpenter, the village factotum for broken windows, tables, wheels and fences; the delight of our childhood; who was never too busy to answer our questions and whose workshop was our kindergarten and manual training school in one—its treasures of putty, nails, blocks and curly shavings always at our command. He was rarely sober (this in its Scotch sense)—though we were innocent of the same—and never sick, and when the allotted threescore and ten had passed over his head he still led the van up to drink at the May well. But one year brought great fatigue, and on the following he was obliged to turn back. Then his faith failed him, and at Christmas the neighbors carried him up the church hill to his long sleep. But wafted on the breezes of May morn comes back to us the memory of the sturdy follower of a fast-expiring faith in the efficacy of

nature, the best physician of all. We might not join the village train, but we could rise before the sun to wash our faces in May dew, and so preserve them from sunburn, freckles and wrinkles. What a scramble to get our clothes on in time! recalling Herrick's charming lines:

— "Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire.

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.

Come and receive them, while the lighte
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night.
Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying—
Few beads are best when once we goe
a-Maying."

May Day is thus pre-eminently a feast of nature, and this accounts for the great hold it re-



MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.

tains over the masses of England. Our modern enthusiasm for all athletic sports is hereditary, for from earliest days the men of Merrie England were ardent sportsmen and lovers of outdoor exercise; and May Day is not a church festival as Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide are; although in the church calendar it appears as the festival of St. Philip and St. James the Less. Nor need we wonder at this love. The hardships and privations of winter are now over, and poverty, if poverty still, is not so grinding or omniscient.

As I wish to write of a modern May Day in England space prevents my entering into detailed history of the feast, as everyone knows of the Maypole and games of mediæval England, joined in by kings and courtiers, stately churchmen and merry schoolboys, neither rank nor age being a hindrance.

Strange, then, that this feast, which used to be a national one most honored in its observance, is now kept outwardly only in certain districts and localities. Stranger still, it is not to the peaceful and pastoral counties of the Midlands and South, not to historic Warwickshire nor idyllic Surrey, not even to Sherwood Forest, the home of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, that we turn to find May Day kept with enthusiasm, but to busy, overworked Lancashire, populous with millions of grimy workers in mills and coal and iron pits.

And again, we find that it is not to the middle classes, who have leisure at their command, but to the hard-working, wage-earning men and women, that the approach of May Day brings such joy. Poor indeed is the one who cannot get a new coat or dress or bonnet for May Day, and their liberality extends to the decoration of their live stock with flowers and ribbons on May morning.

For several weeks ahead the Morris dance, relic of the Moorish dance of the Middle Ages, has been practiced, and on May Eve their anxiety as to the state of the barometer and prospects of the weather, if expressed in uncouth dialect, is none the less heartfelt; for a wet May morning means no finery worn, and the great Manchester procession, which everyone attends, will be a failure.

Of all the busy working cities of England, smoky, grimy, smutty Manchester is perhaps the one where we would least expect the sentimental side of any question to be studied. Yet Manchester, alone of all England, keeps up a May Day procession, makes it a universal holiday, decorates her streets, spends her money on flowers and bunting, and turns out *en fête* to see the procession. She leads the van, too, in the study and excellent performance of classical music; and in her art galleries we find the finest works of our

famous modern painters—all proving the Radical's assertion that culture is not necessarily the exclusive possession of the classes.

But if the "hands" do the active rejoicing the masters prove their appreciative sympathy by paying the wages for the day or by contributing toward the expenses of the decorations, thus creating a bond of good feeling.

The city has been early astir. In every home the breakfast is hurried over, and the streets are already thronged by a bright-faced crowd, everyone eager to obtain and keep a good place.

The procession is formed in front of the magnificent and hospitable Townhall, of which the citizens are so justly proud, and foremost is a lorrie piled high with bales of cotton, gayly decorated, the driver dressed as a negro Father Christmas; for King Cotton is as potent a monarch in Manchester as in our Southern States. The thousands of horses employed in hauling the cotton to the mills, the horses of the numerous delivery wagons, the huckster's team and costermonger's donkey, all are eager and ready to start. Their harness is polished to reflection; their manes and tails are tied up with ribbon; wreaths and chains of flowers are attached to their harness; even the ornamental if not æsthetic crochet antimacassar is called into use to hide some weak spot or sore on the back. Thus variety is ever pleasing.

For underlying the pleasure there is a utilitarian principle. The procession has become a great advertisement day, and the shopkeepers vie with each other in the taste, ingenuity and attractiveness of their decorated wagons. One long flat car is laid with turf in which are set wickets or tennis net, whilst boys and girls in striped flannel costumes play the games, deftly catching balls and calling attention to some noted clothing store. Society ladies and gentlemen are sipping afternoon tea within a brilliantly striped marquee, whilst on the turf without are placed lounge chairs, and under the shade of a tree is swung an inviting hammock. A gorgeous Chinaman with orthodox pigtail weighs out tea, whilst around him brother Celestials sip the beverage in egg-shell cups in a teahouse. The wonderful charm of some patent medicine next attracts attention, the shouts and cheers of the on-lookers being expressive of their admiration.

Every trade and craft is represented, and the grocer calls to his aid types of the various nations of the world from whom he gets his wares.

But from the throats of all comes one continuous British hurrah, as fifty or a hundred magnificent Clydesdale horses, pacing two and two, toss their manes and clank their glittering steel



THATCH-ROOFED COTTAGE, WORSLEY.

chains, as they drag some huge boiler or set of pulley wheels along the streets; for the love and admiration of machinery is deep-seated in every man's heart. This represents power, and in the

gay procession forms a pleasing rest to the eye satiated with gorgeous variety.

But if these horses and machines represent the dignity and wealth of the citizens, we must not



THE MAIN STREET, KNUTSFORD VILLAGE.

overlook the humble costermonger's donkey—gay with his chains of yellow and red paper roses, his mistress's best "tidy" on his back, and his master, in his delight and excitement, tossing his apples and potatoes into the crowd, heedless of future reckoning! Is it not May Day?—the day of the year when John Bull for once forgets his stolidity!

amid the greenest of fields. There, at Knutsford and Worsley, they see the revels of the May queen, who, with her maidens and attendants, dance around the Maypole, plait the ribbons, twist the garlands of hawthorn or May blossom, and sing the old English May songs with wonderful perfection of correct detail.



THE MAY QUEEN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

But everything comes to an end, and now it is a scramble, for everyone suddenly discovers he is hungry, and the hotels, restaurants and pastry cooks drive a roaring trade.

In the afternoon the crowds pour out of the city into charming rural Cheshire, where quaint rose-covered cottages with pointed and black-beamed gables, thatched roofs and latticed windows stand

For weeks before the children have been drilled by the Lady Egerton of Tatton, the vicar, his wife, and other interested friends; and the queen is chosen, not on account of her beauty, but for her goodness and general popularity. Seated on her throne, she summons her attendants and presides over the remaining sports.

It is the day of the year to which all look for-

ward; the one day in which obedience and subjection are banished and happy rustic childhood rules and reigns supreme—the grandfather, the parents and the powers that be relegated to the background. Remembering or trying to appreciate this, let us read Tennyson's exquisite lyric of the "May Queen" again and again, which, had he written nothing else, will keep his memory green in the cottage homes of England.

This "good-girl" queen of the nineteenth century carries us back perforce to the Merrie England of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and recalls for us the woes and sorrows of the fair Alice Fitzwalter, whose tragic death so touched the hearts of the people that her goodness and beauty have ever since been perpetuated in the installation of the May queen. Nor need we dismiss the sad story of her fate lightly, for the first May queen of the thirteenth century appeals to our hearts with irresistible force. The tyranny of the profligate John had aroused the ire of nobles and barons; but his driving Alice Fitzwalter in her despair to take poison, or, as some assert, his planning to have her poisoned, so roused the national indignation that when the barons met at Runnymede, on the Thames, for the annual Eymote of May, they compelled the King to sign the Magna Charta, the keynote of liberty to all English-speaking peoples. So from this time dates the origin of the May queen. It was a perpetual satire and reminder to the kings of England that their power was not absolute, but limited, and those who were unworthy resented the recurrence of May Day and its games.

At Oxford the old custom still prevails of singing a Latin hymn to the Holy Trinity on the top of the tower of Magdalen College on May morning. The dons, choristers and a goodly following of interested spectators climb the ancient stone stairs, and are amply rewarded by the extensive view of richly wooded country, one of the fair sights of England. Beneath are the gray-lichened roofs and narrow winding streets of this most classic of cities.

In London the chimney sweeps and costermongers also keep holiday. The story of the chimney sweep's attachment to May is a romantic one. A little boy of the noble house of Montague was stolen by a gypsy and sold to a chimney sweep. His master made him climb up into the narrow chimney flues of the old London houses, and one night he became so choked with the soot when cleaning the chimneys of the Montagues' residence that he fainted. The servants washed him, and their mistress went to the kitchen to see the boy. She at once recognized

him as her son from a mark on his neck, and her joy was unbounded.

As his master had been very kind to him she rewarded him handsomely, and on May Day—also her son's birthday—made a great feast to the chimney sweeps as long as she lived.

John Ruskin, the noblest of living Englishmen, has done more than anyone to restore to its real significance the crowning of the May queen, and at Whiteland's College every year pays the expenses of the festival.

Here the girls, dressed in white, emblem of purity, elect from their number a queen, chosen not for beauty, style or mental ability, but the one who, above all others, teachers and companions alike decide as fit to wear the crown of goodness.

She receives with her crown of flowers a gold filigree cross and chain of exquisite workmanship, and a complete set of the master's works bound in the richest morocco.

It was for many years Ruskin's fête day, but he is now unable to be present, and his delegate is always some woman notable for her good works and kind heart. Last year the Baroness Burdett-Coutts spoke to the girls, and presented the prizes given, by Mr. Ruskin and open to the competition of all.

Much of the finest poetry of old England is gathered around May Day. Scarcely a poet but describes the beauties of the season, and Chaucer alludes to it again and again. He even considers it the season which is to last forever in heaven:

"Through me men gon into the blisful place
Of hertes hele and dedly, woundes cure;
Through me men gon into the welle of grace
There grene and lusty May shall ever endure."

Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton all sing its praises, and in his description of its customs and games Herrick has bequeathed to us most valuable information.

Here in America, with our charming climate, clear skies and numerous shrubs and trees, gay with blossoms, we might make a perfect May Day scene. We have adopted Halloween as our own; why not its companion and sister feast—the two non-ecclesiastic festivals of the year? Here and there throughout the States one hears of its revival, and at some other time I may write of a May Day in Florida, where beneath the stately live oaks, heavy with gray-bearded trails of Spanish moss, the white and colored children of Tallahassee acted to admiring crowds the games and plays of an old English May Day.

How fittingly could Arbor Day and May Day



AN ALLEGORICAL MAY QUEEN.

St. Reyher



THE DANCING PLATFORM AT AN ENGLISH MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

be celebrated in conjunction! Can any plea be urged too strongly for the observance of this feast of nature by our children? We have no lack of enterprise, and the May Day of the future may yet become a universal holiday.

If we lead in the van in all that is new we must not forget that to the past we owe much that is stable and good, for

“Not harsh and rugged are the ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.”



ENTRANCE TO FATTON HALL, LORD EGERTON'S SEAT.



GENERAL VIEW OF FORT MARION, LOOKING SEAWARD ACROSS MATANZAS RIVER TO ANASTASIA ISLAND.

SAN MARCO.

BY CHARLES H. COE.

THE ancient city of St. Augustine, Fla., celebrated in song and story, offers from its rich store of attractions none to compare in interest with the old Spanish Castle of San Marco, now our own Fort Marion. Its antiquity, its impregnable solidity, its architectural grandeur, and, above all, its admirable state of preservation, make it the crowning glory of Florida. Even the Moorish splendors of the Ponce de Leon, the world's most sumptuously appointed hostelry, must take second rank among the old-time attractions of St. Augustine. In this instance at least the modern must yield the palm to the antique.

Bold as the claim may seem, it is made without fear of contradiction that Fort Marion, believed to have been partially constructed after the plans of the Maréchal de Vauban, the famous military engineer of Louis XIV., stands to-day the best-preserved specimen of mediæval military architecture in the world. The old fortress, commenced three centuries ago and requiring over a century for

its completion, still remains substantially as it was at that date, with the exception of slight repairs and the rebuilding of the water battery by the United States Government in 1842. Its mass-



RAMPARTS AND WATCHTOWER.

ive walls have thus far very successfully bidden defiance to the elements.

San Marco impresses the tourist who has the good fortune to approach it by water as it impressed one who visited it sixty years ago, a lieutenant in the Seminole War.

"We turned the point," he writes, "and beheld before us the stupendous, gloomy, quaint old Spanish Castle of St. Mark's; capping the brow of the small town like an enormous, shadowy sombrero enveloping the head of some insignificant Spaniard. The sun was just shedding his mellowing parting rays upon the antique pile, penciling wall and watchtower in the blue water."

When the Spanish navigator Aviles de Menendez landed on the coast of Florida in September, 1565, and founded St. Augustine, he discovered there an old log structure which had been used by the Indians as a council house, and he at once occupied it as a place of defense against its former owners. After his inhuman massacre of the French Huguenots at Fort Caroline, on the St. John's River, in the same month, fearing retaliation from French fleets, Menendez erected a stronger fortification, an octagonal structure of pine logs, and named it San Juan de Pinos.

Sir Francis Drake, the intrepid English buccaneer, returning in 1586 from his raid on the West Indies, caught sight of this redoubt, and with characteristic impetuosity made a descent upon the town, laying half of it in ashes. On arriving at the fort he was surprised to find it deserted, the occupants having fled the town from fear of capture by supposed large forces. He described the fort as inclosed by the trunks of pine trees set on end in the ground. In an old engraving of the fort, published after Drake's return to England, it is also represented as an octagonal structure, with round towers. It was finally destroyed by fire, as we learn from an account written by De Salis, a brother-in-law of Menendez.

It is generally believed that Menendez himself laid the foundations of San Marco, but that this was impossible is clearly shown by the occurrence of his death in 1574 and the visit of Drake twelve years later. It would be a well-nigh hopeless task to discover at this late day the name of the person who first commenced the work; but whoever it was, time has proved his good judgment in the selection of material for construction.

Coquina rock, of which the entire fort is constructed, is a natural concreted shell formation common to the whole east coast of Florida. When first quarried coquina is somewhat soft, an old ax being commonly used to cut and shape it, but

upon exposure to the air it quickly hardens and becomes admirably adapted for building purposes.

When we consider the slow processes of quarrying, cutting and shaping the material, and transporting the immense quantities used to the place of destination, not forgetting the probable interruptions or cessations of the work at times, we may wonder less at the time consumed in the erection of the castle. Nor is this impression weakened when the visitor peers about its heavy ramparts, water batteries and moat, its drawbridge, massive dungeons, casemates or rooms, court, towers and sentry boxes.

It would seem, however, that its builders were dissatisfied by the slow progress of the work in its earlier years, for we learn that in 1640 the Spaniards captured large numbers of the Appalachian Indians, who inhabited the region about the Suwanee River, and took them as slaves to St. Augustine, where for sixty years they were compelled to labor on the castle and the old sea wall in front of the town. These slaves were finally liberated at the urgent request of the Jesuit fathers. Convicts brought from Spain and Mexico also spent the greater part of their lives on the fortifications. But however numerous the force employed on its construction, so extensive a work demanded much time, and the year 1756 dawned before it was finally acknowledged complete.

On three different occasions during the long period of its construction San Marco was attacked by hostile forces. In 1702 James Moore, Governor of South Carolina, made a descent on St. Augustine, drove the inhabitants into the castle and held the town for three months, but made no impression on the fortress. General Oglethorpe, Governor of Georgia, made a still more formidable assault in 1740, and another three years later. At his first attack the Spanish garrison numbered eight hundred soldiers and had an armament of fifty cannon. Oglethorpe threw up two or three batteries on Anastasia Island, from which position he bombarded both town and castle, the siege lasting thirty-eight days. The inhabitants again fled to the fort, which afforded them complete protection, for the artillery made but slight impression on its solid walls. It was this assault which tested the exceptional qualities of coquina rock for resisting a cannonade.

The poet Bryant examined in 1843 some of the solid shot which Oglethorpe had hurled upon the walls a hundred years before, and wrote these words: "We saw where the wall had been struck with cannon balls, which, instead of splitting the rock, became imbedded and clogged among its

loosened fragments." We may add that the fort, in all its history, has never been taken by siege or assault.

Seven years after the completion of San Marco it passed into the possession of England. In 1784 it was ceded back to Spain; and we may here interject the remark, in illustration of the contrast between the two types of civilization, that Florida made far more substantial progress in wealth and population in the twenty years of English rule than during the entire two hundred and fifty years of Spanish possession ending in 1821.

While in the hands of England St. Augustine was visited by William Stork, who, in his published description under date of 1769, says of San Marco: "The works are entirely of hewn stone, and being finished according to the modern taste of military architecture, it makes a very handsome appearance, and may be justly deemed the prettiest fort in the King's dominions."

In 1821 the King of Spain ratified a treaty for the cession of Florida to the United States. When the Castle of San Marco passed into our possession its name was changed to Fort Marion, in honor of General Francis Marion of Revolutionary fame. Several Spanish guns were left in the fort, one of which bears the date 1735.

To the incidents which connect Fort Marion with the history of the Seminole War, as the scene of the harsh confinement of its most noted chiefs, we may more appropriately refer later on.

From the close of the Seminole War, in 1842, to the breaking out of the Civil War, in 1861, our oldest fortress had an uneventful existence. The Confederates took possession of it early in the year last named, and it was reoccupied by the Federal Government in the spring of 1862. At that time the complement of guns was one hundred, requiring one thousand men to fully garrison the fort.

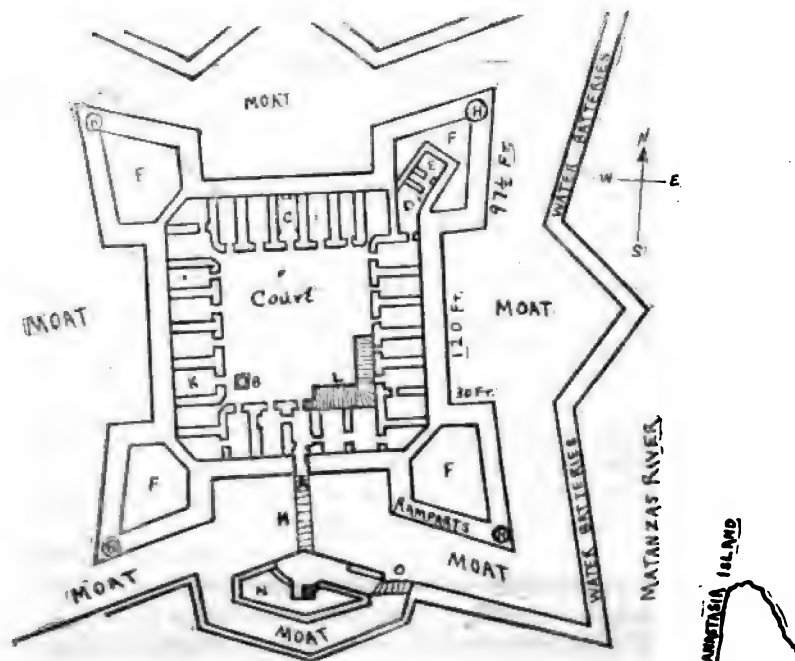
Again, from 1875 to 1878, Fort Marion was used for the confinement of Indians, this time an unruly band brought from Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory, and from the Cheyenne Agency. Among the most noted of these prisoners was Medi-

cine Water, who with others was afterward transferred to Fort Sill. The younger Indians were sent to the educational institution at Hampton, Virginia.

As already stated, the ancient structure remains substantially the same as when completed in 1756. The water battery is now used as a promenade, a favorite resort of tourists who throng St. Augustine during the winter and early spring. The ruins of the old wall along the water front, begun in 1690 by Governor Diego de Quiroza y Dosada, are still visible in places.

Another reminder of Spanish possession is presented in the ditch and stone wall which once extended from the fort across the peninsula, on which the town is built, to the St. Sebastian River. The ditch was evidently flooded with water in former times, and this, with the wall, protected the city from the land side. The remains of the ditch, and a gateway in the wall with two picturesque pillars of coquina rock, are still to be seen. When the ditch was flooded the town was completely surrounded by water, the Matanzas River being on the east and the St. Sebastian River on the west and south.

The entire area covered by San Marco, including the outworks, is about four acres; over one acre of which is within the fort proper. The general outline is that of a polygon, with four equal sides and four equal bastions. The walls are of great thickness and rise to a height of twenty-five feet, from a base of nine feet, and slope on the



GROUND PLAN.

outside to an angle of ten degrees. The massive pile forms an instructive object lesson upon the contrast between our modern system of defensive works and that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The moat, fifty feet wide, is an element of especial interest. It was originally filled by the sea water, but the accumulations of years have so obstructed it that the water has been long since excluded. A hot-shot furnace is seen in one of the illustrations of the moat.

Another striking feature is the drawbridge (M), formerly raised and lowered by machinery, but now stationary. Over this the visitor must pass to find access to the interior of the fort. Before reaching the drawbridge, however, one must pass over a small bridge (O) to the barbican or *tête du pont* (N), an outwork for watching and defending the approach. Crossing the drawbridge, which is eight and a half feet in width, we see over the entrance portal a massive block of stone upon which is sculptured in alto-relievo the Spanish coat of arms (left untouched during the twenty years' possession by the British), a globe and cross above and a Maltese cross and lamb below, together with an inscription in the Spanish language, of which the following is a translation: "Don Ferdinand VI. being King of Spain, and the Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Heredia being Governor and Captain General of this place, St. Augustine of Florida, and of its provinces: This fort was finished in 1756. The works were directed by the Captain Engineer Don Pedro de Brazos y Garay."

Passing under this portal (A) to the interior of the fortress, we enter an open court whose dimensions are 103 by 109 feet, surrounded on all sides by bombproof casemates or rooms, 16 feet in width and ranging from 33 to 37 feet in length. These were formerly used as barracks, etc. Near the southwest corner of the court is a well (B). On the north side, in the centre, is a room formerly used as a chapel (C). The niches for the altar and for holy water are both well preserved. A stairway (I.) leads to the upper works.

Four bastions (F) formerly flanked the great works, one on each corner, but the one which stood at the northwest angle disappeared many years ago. These were named by the Spaniards in honor of St. Paul, St. John, St. Peter and St. James. Each had a circular sentry box (H) on the ramparts. On the northeast corner, toward the bay, the sentry box is 25 feet in height, with two stories, and in former times did service as a watchtower.

Crossing to the northeast corner of the court, we find a dungeon (D) 17 feet wide with walls 5 feet in thickness, and from this we penetrate to an inner dungeon (E) through a low, narrow passage (X) which was accidentally discovered through a break in the wall many years ago. The Spaniards had concealed this passage with stone and mortar previous to ceding the territory to us. This inner chamber of horrors measures 13 by 12 feet, and its massive walls are 8 feet in thickness. When its entrance is closed not the slightest opening exists for the admission of light or air.

The visitor lingers in fancy over the fearful fate of victims who pined here in hopeless durance, perhaps in the nameless agonies of starvation, perhaps in fever ending in delirium and death. That all this is no idle dream let the human bones found in this latter dungeon bear fearful witness. An old resident of St. Augustine, who was present when the inner dungeon was first explored and the skeleton discovered, related many years since the following incident: "I stood upon the edge and looked into this dungeon, and there saw the skeleton of a human being lying at full length, apparently on its back; the arms extended from its body and the skeleton fingers wide



INTERIOR OF DUNGEON.



INTERIOR COURT.

open; there appeared to be a gold ring upon one of the fingers. Encircling the wrists were iron bands, attached to which were chains fastened to a hasp in the coquina wall near the entrance to the dungeon."

If the frowning walls of the grim old castle could reveal their secrets they might tell other tales of absorbing interest—grievous legends of hopeless toil, of long imprisonment, of inhuman torture. None, however, would excite more shame

and indignation in American bosoms than those relating to the confinement within these walls of the famous Seminole chief Osceola, and other noted chiefs of the tribe. Surrounded and made captive while on a visit to General Jesup under a flag of truce, in October, 1837, they were hurried to St. Augustine and closely imprisoned in Fort Marion. One of the chiefs, named Coacoochee (Wild Cat), succeeded, together with a companion, in making his escape

from a cell (K) by a window or embrasure measuring only 9 inches in width by 2 feet in height. Osceola, the bravest and proudest of the Seminoles, and the other chiefs, were then removed for better security to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, where Osceola died the following year.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."



THE MOAT, FROM SEAWARD SIDE.

AUNT ABIGAIL TURNS FINANCIER.

BY ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

MARGUERITE CREEL was just the loveliest, sweetest *débutante* of the season, and before the end of it she proved the most fortunate, for she carried off Charlie Van Essen, who was conceded the prize of the year. Marguerite had done this, too, without having a single entanglement with any of the many entangling but undesirable young men who haunt the fairy footsteps of all *débutantes*.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Essen were "at home" to their friends on Mondays, in a charming house, furnished with exquisite taste. Although Mrs. Van Essen knew little of housekeeping, her housekeeper and butler knew an amazing amount, and so her household affairs ran much more smoothly and comfortably than did those of her more knowing neighbors, for in housekeeping, as well as in many other matters, it is not what one knows, but what one does not know, which makes life worth living.

Into this Elysium came one day Miss Abigail Van Essen, with a small trunk, a judicial air, a hundred thousand dollars, and sixty years to her credit. Mr. Van Essen had prepared his wife for the coming of his aunt.

"You will love her, I know, Rosebud," he said. "She was always awfully good to me when I spent my vacations with her. She is rather—ah, rather—well, rather close about money matters, and you may think some of her financial arrangements a little peculiar; but try not to mind them, for my sake, love, and you will get on, I'm sure."

And he kissed the pretty, wistful face turned up to him, and vowed to himself Aunt Abigail, who was a dear old girl in spite of her peculiarities, would love his flower before she knew it.

And Aunt Abigail did.

One might fancy there could be no sympathy between a song bird and a very domestic hen, but after all there is. A choice morsel is of equal interest to each, and neither wants to be caught by a hawk. Everyone knows a common love or a common hatred is a bond between women, and as these women both thought Mr. Van Essen the one man of the universe and all other men shadows, they got on very well indeed.

Mrs. Van Essen had never looked very sharply after the money matters of her household. Her husband gave her a monthly allowance, and when her bills ran over it he paid the difference. She used to wonder what she would do if they ever came within the allowance, but as such a thing

had never been known the question did not interest her greatly.

In a journal devoted to women she once read a story of a wife who saved her every spare dime and dollar for fifteen years, and then, when her husband failed in business, delighted and amazed him by producing twenty thousand dollars. This tale had made a deep impression upon Marguerite, and she thought a little of doing the same, but she could not help telling the story to Mr. Van Essen, and his comment on it had completely upset her faith forever after in the woman's journal as a guide in financial affairs. He had cried, disgustedly:

"Great Cæsar! No wonder the man failed, with twenty thousand dollars dead capital in the house! Why, if she had given it to him to put in his business, or placed it at interest, they might have been millionaires!"

Aunt Abigail soon thought she discovered that Marguerite had as much idea of the purchasing power of a dollar when expended for groceries as the flower for which she was named. Moreover, her distrust of the butler was only equaled by Marguerite's confidence in him.

"Why, I've never seen him give her any change yet!" thought the old lady, indignantly. And she never had, for the butler kept a book in which all moneys received and expended were carefully entered. "I'll save her what money I can while I'm here, anyway," the old lady thought.

After that, "Let me go to market—I'd so enjoy going out early in the morning!" became a frequent request; and Marguerite would obediently order the carriage and market baskets at what seemed to her unholy hours of the day.

As she did not want Aunt Abigail to be restricted in her buying, she usually gave her twice as much money as she would have given the butler.

At first when Aunt Abigail returned from market Marguerite expected change, but this was never returned.

"Of course it is only small amounts," Marguerite worried, "and of course she might forget to return it sometimes; but I can't understand how she can always forget."

Before Miss Abigail had been at her nephew's long she noticed Marguerite's careless way of handling as well as spending money.

"Now," she thought, one morning, "there is that roll of bills Charlie gave her for the hospital

to-day. She just ran a pin-through them and stuck them to her cushion. Like as not that French maid will pick off a five-dollar bill, and Marguerite will never miss it. I believe I will pocket it myself and see."

So into a big purse went the money, to keep company with the fast-accumulating store of market funds.

But Marguerite did miss that five-dollar bill, and moreover she knew exactly where it went. Song birds perhaps may not look as wise as owls, but surely their eyes are brighter, and oftentimes, when they are perched on a rosebush, pouring out their very hearts in song, they are keeping a sharp lookout for their dinners, as many a flitting moth could testify.

Marguerite very soon learned that it was not safe to leave money where Miss Abigail could find it. She noticed it was never taken from her purse or cash drawer, but a stray dime or dollar never failed to vanish if it were left alone in Aunt Abigail's company. At first she was aghast at her discovery.

"How can she?" she would say over and over to herself. "Such a churchwoman, too, and so good to me! I love her in spite of it."

It was hard to keep her discovery to herself, but she remembered the odd look Mr. Van Essen had given her when he had asked her to love his old aunty, and overlook her peculiarities in money matters for his sake.

"Of course he knows she's a kleptomaniac," Marguerite thought, "and was too generous and loving to say so. Well, I can be generous, too."

Then she comforted herself with the reflection that Aunt Abigail was going back to Vermont soon, and had made a will in Charlie's favor.

One dreadful thought haunted and worried her. "Suppose some day Aunt Abigail takes something from some one else? What could I do?" No detective ever shadowed a suspect more vigilantly than Marguerite did Aunt Abigail.

"Come, Marguerite," exclaimed Miss Abigail, the morning of the day she was to leave, "don't keep Charlie standing there saying good-by any longer! I am going to take you down to the jeweler's and let you choose a diamond as bright as your eyes to help you remember your old aunty."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the delighted Marguerite, while Mr. Van Essen added his enthusiastic thanks, exclaiming, as he drew on his gloves:

"But don't, Aunt Abigail, pray don't let her go into a glove store! I happened to look into her account book last night, and find she has been buying unnumbered pairs of gloves. I actually believe half the money I have given her for

household expenses has gone for gloves this month."

Marguerite flushed, then laughed santly:

"We'll buy what we want, won't we, aunty?"

A little pang shot through her.

"How I must watch the dear old thing!" she thought. "It would be too dreadful if she should——"

But the thought was not formulated. It really was too dreadful.

Once at the jeweler's, it was hard work to watch Aunt Abigail as tray after tray of the glittering stones was placed before them, and she became more and more absorbed in choosing a pin.

Suddenly she noticed a puzzled look come into the face of the clerk who was waiting on them, and he began carefully counting the pins in the tray before him. It seemed for a moment as if her heart stopped beating, and she turned first scarlet and then deadly white as she saw him shove the tray hastily into a case, and calling another clerk, ask him to finish the sale.

"Why, what's the matter, dearie?" asked Miss Abigail. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Oh, aunty," cried Marguerite, softly, under her breath, "some one has taken a pin! If they would only put it back quick before the other clerk gets here it might not be found out. Oh, aunty, I shall die! What shall we do? If they find the pin on anyone it will be an everlasting disgrace; and they will be sure to search us, aunty—they will be sure to search us!"

The imploring violet eyes raised to Miss Abigail ought to have melted the heart of the stoniest criminal, but she only whispered back, while a sudden color flamed up in her own faded cheeks and her teeth shut hard:

"I guess they won't find it on me, and I ain't going to be searched, neither."

"Oh, aunty, dear aunty," begged a whispering voice, "do—do be quick!"

"What does the child mean?" echoed the old lady, under her breath, while the clerk, seeing the evident fright and worry in the faces before him, began regarding them with startled suspicion. "What——"

But before she could go further Mr. Park, one of the proprietors, came forward, quietly saying:

"Come this way, ladies, please!"

The two followed him to his private office, and once there, the younger one raised a quivering face to his, saying:

"May I speak with you a moment entirely alone, please? And will you telephone Mr. Charles Van Essen to come here at once?"

"With pleasure," was the polite response. "James," turning to a clerk, "telephone Mr.

Van Essen. And now will you come here, Mrs. Van Essen?"

The two disappeared before Miss Abigail's bewildered eyes into an inner office.

"For mercy's sake!" ejaculated that horrified lady. "It can't be! It just can't be little Marguerite would take that pin!"

Then the sound of a pleading voice came to her through the door, that had not quite latched:

"I am perfectly willing to pay for it if you only won't prosecute!"

"Goodness!" sighed the aghast listener.

"Kleptomaniac—she can't help taking little things," drifted through the door.

"Horrible! too horrible!" commented Miss Abigail.

"Only wait until Mr. Van Essen comes! He doesn't know about it," continued the voice inside; "at least I'm not sure that he knows."

"Don't he!" cried the horrified but loving aunt, outside. "Then he never shall!" Without hesitation she opened the door and rushed in. "Here, Mr. Storekeeper!" she cried; "don't say another word about that diamond! I'm perfectly willing to pay for it. Just make out your bill, and I'll give you a check. There, there, Margie, petty! Auntie knows it'll never happen again; and don't you cry so, dearie!"—for Marguerite, when Aunt Abigail offered to pay for the missing gem, gave a little cry of dismay and began sobbing violently.

The proprietor looked in puzzled surprise from one lady to the other. Certainly Miss Abigail was the most straightforward thief he had ever seen; but before he could accept her offer Mr. Van Essen walked in.

"Don't tell him a word, Marguerite!" implored Aunt Abigail.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded.

"What have you been crying for, my darling?"

"Oh, Charlie! it was—it was——" And poor innocent Marguerite looked as if she were going to cry again.

"It was about the pin I wanted to give her," answered Miss Abigail, serenely. "She couldn't decide which one to take, and so we sent for you."

"After all she must be an old offender," thought the indignant merchant. "I've a mind not to let her off so easily."

"I don't see what you are doing in here," persisted Mr. Van Essen. "I think it's very strange."

"Oh, we came in here to wait for you," replied Miss Abigail, "and to examine the diamond!"

"Well, let's see it," demanded Mr. Van Essen. "I can't understand yet why Marguerite should be crying about it."

"Give it to him," interposed the proprietor, politely. "I believe you have it, Miss Van Essen."

"Me!" exclaimed Miss Abigail, sharply. "You mean Mrs. Van Essen. Give him the diamond, pet, and let him see it! Auntie is going to pay for it, you know," she added, soothingly, with a significant look at the proprietor.

"I haven't the diamond!" cried the startled Marguerite.

"You haven't it!" echoed Miss Abigail. "Then what made you say so?"

"Me?" almost screamed Marguerite. "Me—I say I had it!"

"Well, if you haven't it, who has?" demanded the now aroused Miss Abigail. "I heard you say you had it. You said you were a kleptomaniac!"

"The deuce, Aunt Abigail!" cried the bewildered Mr. Van Essen. "What does this all mean?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Miss Abigail, all her coolness leaving her when she discovered Marguerite either was not the thief she had confessed herself or was so hardened she now meant to deny it entirely. "I'm sure I don't know. Ask him."

It was evidently useless to question Marguerite, who sat staring at Miss Abigail in anguished entreaty, murmuring feebly, "Oh, aunty, do—do tell—please do! It will be much better!" and similar disconnected sentences.

Mr. Van Essen turned sternly to the proprietor.

"Do I understand you accuse one of these ladies of——"

"Oh, Charlie, don't blame her!" interrupted Aunt Abigail. "She is so young!"

Then Marguerite, flinging herself into Mr. Van Essen's arms, exclaimed:

"You knew she was a kleptomaniac, Charlie! Why—why did you let us come here to-day?"

"Knew who was a kleptomaniac?" interposed Mr. Van Essen.

"Aunt Abigail, of course!" sobbed Marguerite, clinging to him. "You said she was peculiar about money matters, and I found she only took a very little—just market money and a few bills—and I didn't care, Charlie. I charged it to new gloves every time in the account, and——"

Here Miss Abigail hastily pulled an envelope from her pocket, ejaculating:

"Merciful Heaven! I do believe the child thinks I stole from her! Read that, Charlie. I meant to give it to her when I left to-night."

Mr. Van Essen, too bewildered to ask questions, read slowly, aloud:

"MY DEAR NIECE: Aunt Abigail has been a little worried over the loose way in which you trust that butler and maid. I know you won't believe it, but here is forty dol-

lars I have picked up around the house and got in change at market. To it I have put forty dollars more. With it I want you to buy something pretty and keep it where you can always see it, as a little reminder to be more careful of your small change. Lovingly, AUNT ABIGAIL."

"Oh, auntie!" cried Marguerite, rushing to her, "then you aren't a kleptomaniac, after all!"

The quartet in the room gazed at each other a moment, and then Mr. Van Essen, who had been looking as black as a thundercloud, burst out laughing.

"Do you know," he cried, "this is the 1st of April, and if there is a bigger set of fools, or at least a worse-fooled set, in the city, I should like



"MISS ABIGAIL HASTILY PULLED AN ENVELOPE FROM HER POCKET."

Before Miss Abigail could reply a clerk entered hastily, and said to Mr. Park:

"Here is that lost diamond, sir. It was caught on a pendant pin the ladies were looking at, and was put into another tray, where I just discovered it."

to see them! Aunt Abigail, you and Marguerite kiss and make up, and we will all go home."

"Yes," replied the forgiving aunt, "that's what we'll do, Marguerite. There's no denying we are a pair of April fools, but nobody can say we ain't honest ones."

THE REIGN OF THE OLIVE.

BY FREDERICK M. TURNER.

From time immemorial the olive has been the recipient of honor and homage; from the time the dove returned to the ark, bearing the olive branch as a message of good cheer and tidings of joy, down to the present day, it has received honorable mention in all lands.

Around the borders of the Mediterranean there exist to-day examples of the wonderful age and size to which these majestic trees attain.

History speaks of olive trees planted in the time of Scipio Africanus, of great size and age. Of great height and extraordinary age are some of the olive trees growing on the Island of Sicily, which are recorded to have produced as high as 50 bushels of fruit. Some of these trees have measured over 26 feet in circumference at nearly six feet from the ground, and one is spoken of as 30 feet in circumference.

Numerous instances are given of trees estimated to be one thousand years old, and in a few cases they are accredited with a still more venerable age.

The olive was introduced into California at San Diego in 1769 by the Spanish padres of the time of Junipero Serra, who came from Mexico to establish missions. That variety is known all over the Pacific coast to-day as the Mission Olive. From that variety mainly Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, and Frank A. Kimball, of National City, have obtained the gratifying results which have made their names the synonym of olive culture in California. In the past few years many new varieties have been imported from the Mediterranean countries, and much experimenting has been done in the way of propagating the olive.

The warm sunny slopes of the Pacific coast offer just the climatic conditions suitable to the natural requirements of the tree, and here it finds a congenial home. It flourishes under varied climatic conditions—near the coast, in the interior, at a low or high altitude.

It is not daunted by a temperature of 14° above zero, nor does it languish under the summer heat of 100° to 120° in the shade in the interior valleys. It thrives at an altitude of 3,000, or in some places even 5,000 feet, and also on the coast.

The trees begin to fruit at the age of three to four years, and increase in productiveness until they are fifty years old, then they bear about the quantity of fruit year after year. Until recently it required from ten to twelve

years' time to bring an olive tree into bearing from the time the seed was planted in the ground, and then it had to be budded or grafted for quality. Now, however, under the new system of propagating from cuttings, over one-half of this time is saved.

John S. Calkins, of Pomona, an authority on olive culture, uses the following method. Mr. Calkins says: "In propagating olive trees I use cuttings of mature wood, some three inches long, with two leaves near the top; these are planted in sand under cover during autumn and winter. A portion of the cuttings will produce roots in the course of four to eight months, when they are planted out in nursery rows in the open ground. By this method well-rooted and vigorous trees are produced which have yielded fruit in four years from the time of planting the little twigs in the sand; but the most skillful attention is required to prevent the little twigs from losing their leaves; if that happens they decay without becoming rooted. Nothing is better calculated to take the conceit out of a nurseryman than the result of his first attempt to root olive cuttings under glass. The rooted cuttings may be planted out in nursery form during the spring, summer and autumn months."

Transplanting the trees from the nursery to the orchard is done at a time when the trees are dormant—during January, February, March and April. It has been demonstrated that olives will grow and produce fruit abundantly on land that refuses to nourish other trees. Seemingly no land is so barren and forbidding but what the olive will flourish if it can only get a fast hold in the soil. Give it, however, good soil and generous care and it will respond in the most prodigal manner.

Many experiments have been made in orchard work. Some rows of trees were irrigated, other adjoining rows were not irrigated, but at the end of the season there was no perceptible difference in the condition of the trees. One orchardist in the northern part of the State "purchased an eighty-acre tract of about the poorest land in the neighborhood on one of the driest hilltops. He pulled up stumps, grubbed out brush, quarried rocks, reclaimed old mined-out land, and filled up mining cuts. He now has on what was the worst part of the eighty a bearing olive orchard, six years old from planting, which yielded this season 5,000 gallons of olives. It is located high above his irrigating ditch, on red granite

land presenting a parched and burnt appearance, and no water other than rain has ever touched the land. The owner says he would run a man off with a gun if he found him fooling around his trees with water."

These facts illustrate the advantage of olive growing over other fruits, for the poor man or the man of moderate means. The trees can be grown on cheap land at a small expense, and the crop matures at a season when there are no other fruits to handle; thus the harvesting can be done while there is a surplus of labor, at a low cost. The fruit can be pickled or made into oil at home on a small scale, economically and simply, by the grower.

There are thousands of acres of land in California adapted to raising olives, without irrigation, that can be purchased for from \$20 to \$50 per acre, that will give most profitable returns.

The idea has gained currency that no other crop has paid such high returns as oranges. Some olive orchards planted on good soil, receiving the best of care and judicious irrigating, have made as good or even better returns than the same number of acres of orange lands. Mr. Cooper states that he tested one of his orchards, seven years old from the cuttings, which yielded ten large bottles of oil to the tree. The market price was \$1 per bottle by the case; 108 trees to the acre (planted 20 feet apart) would give a yield of 1,080 bottles—\$1,080 per acre.

Mr. Kimball reports that he paid a neighbor \$200 per acre for his olives, from trees less than four years old from cuttings; that he had picked 23 gallons from a tree less than six years old—these if made into pickles and sold for 75 cents per gallon would bring \$1.863 per acre for that year. He also picked 192 gallons from one tree at the Old San Diego Mission in one year—the tree was probably a hundred years old.

Pickled olives are sold in the markets by the growers at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$1 per gallon. The ruling price paid at Pomona for olives delivered at the packing houses the past season was \$120 per ton. The yield of pickled olives in the same locality the present season is about 15,000 gallons.

A neglected olive grove near the city, having had several non-resident owners, came under the care of a gentleman who was wholly inexperienced in olive culture. He made that season 3,000 gallons of pickled olives, which sold in the market at from 75 cents to \$1 per gallon; he also made considerable oil, which won the first prize at the Citrus Fair at Los Angeles. The returns from about 300 trees amounted to upward of \$2,500; thus demonstrating that even a beginner can make

high-grade oil and pickles with simple and inexpensive appliances. His entire equipment cost less than \$100.

There is an orchard at Santa Ana, fifteen miles from the coast, elevated 1,500 feet above the sea level, planted at the foot of an adobe hill; the trees have never been irrigated, and have never been infested with black scale. They bore a little fruit the third year from the cutting; the fourth year they bore from 1 to 4 gallons per tree, and at the age of seven years some of them bore 20 gallons of fruit. As a general proposition it may be stated that olive trees will show some fruit the third year from planting, and yield returns the fourth year, steadily increasing from that time forward.

One tree at Crescenta, Los Angeles County, bore one year, when thirteen years old, 50 gallons of olives. If made into pickles and sold at 75 cents per gallon they would bring \$37.50. J. L. Howland, of Pomona, states that his six-year-old trees paid over \$400 per acre, the fruit being converted into oil. His *Pendulina*, *Rubra* and *Columella* trees paid about \$7.50 per tree.

There are many circumstances that govern the productiveness of an orchard, both in fruit as prepared for pickles or as oil. The quality of the soil is, apparently, not so important a factor in the problem as the natural drainage and proper cultivation of the land—less water but more intense cultivation being the desideratum.

The amount of oil obtained from a given quantity of olives varies greatly. Mr. Kimball states that he obtained 1 gallon of oil—first pressure—from 43 pounds of olives. From other olives he obtained only 1 gallon of oil from 100 pounds of fruit; from still others it required 188 pounds of fruit to make the same amount of oil. All these olives were grown on apparently equally good land. The difference in yield was explained thus: The first lot of olives were grown on land with heavy clay subsoil, but having a slope that afforded good drainage. The second lot, requiring 100 pounds of fruit to make 1 gallon of oil, were grown on the same kind of soil, but the land was flat, allowing no drainage of surplus water; wherever the water flowed, there it remained—result, land so cold that oil would not form in fruit. The land which required 188 pounds of fruit to equal 1 gallon of oil was considered the best; but it was irrigated and then plowed while very wet, and left without harrowing. The soil became hardened and baked to the resemblance of adobe bricks, and remained in this condition the balance of the year, having received but one irrigation. The other lands were irrigated twice and afterward properly cultivated.



ANCIENT OLIVE TREES OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.



FOUR-YEAR-OLD OLIVE TREE, CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Kimball finds ready sale for his pickled olives, put up in 3, 5, 10, 25 and 50 gallon packages, at \$3, \$4.75, \$9, \$22.50 and \$45 respectively. His "virgin oil"—first pressure—is jobbed in the markets at \$13 per case of 24 pints; \$12 per case of 12 quarts.

Outside of the small circle of growers, how many people are aware of the fact that there are three hundred varieties of olives? Not many. And yet that is the number of distinct varieties with which the olive growers of Europe are familiar. Over fifty varieties have been introduced into the United States, though not all are in bearing. Some of the varieties are especially adapted for pickles, others for making oil. Among the leading olives, under the first head, which have developed the most pronounced good qualities are the Manzanillo, Columella, Mission, Santa Catarina, Regalis, St. Augustine, Hispania and Ascolana. This latter is the white olive of Ascoli, and is said to bring 20 cents each berry in the London and Paris restaurants, on account of its great size and delicious pulp.

These different varieties have their adherents among the nurserymen and growers. Size, color, sweetness of pulp—requiring minimum amount of treatment to extract the inherent bitterness—percentage of pit, early ripening, early bearing age, and regularity of crops, are among the quali-

fications that go toward determining the value of the different varieties. Some commence to ripen the latter part of September; others do not mature until January.

Among the conspicuous oil producers are the Nevadillo Blanco, Rubra, Mission, Pendulina and Uvaria.

There are some varieties adapted for making both oil and pickles, notably the Manzanillo, Columella, Pendulina and Mission.

The Agricultural Experiment Station of California in Bulletin 92 gives the following results of tests made for oil:

Manzanillo from Berkeley.....	25.45	per cent. of oil.
Nevadillo Blanco from Berkeley.....	30.3	" "
Manzanillo of Fresno.....	22.1	" "
Nevadillo Blanco of Fresno.....	22	" "
Rubra of Fresno.....	21.97	" "
Pendulina of Fresno.....	20.5	" "
Atro Vialacea of Fresno.....	18.1	" "
Nevadillo Blanco, Mission San José.....	31.5	" "
Mission San José.....	24.9	" "

Olives tested by the Agricultural Chemical Works of Los Angeles gave these results:

Nevadillo Blanco from Pomona.....	25.7	per cent. of oil.
Manzanillo from Pomona.....	22.1	" "

On flat lands, with frequent rains, less oil but more water exists in the fruit; on hillsides, with less water, the quantity of oil is much greater.

Olives weigh from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 pounds to the gallon.

The great superiority of the olive as a food product is scarcely understood by the general public, who are only cognizant of the article as it

is placed before them in the guise of the indigestible, imported appetizer of commerce. These olives are pickled and put up for export—to sell. They are not prepared in the same manner as is the fruit for home consumption, which forms the daily food of the people of high and low degree in France, Italy and Spain. There the olives are pickled ripe and furnish one of the staples of everyday life.

It is stated that a Spanish soldier will go on a march with a ration of olives, bread and onions. The onions serve him in lieu of the stimulant otherwise supplied by wine; the olive supplies not only the oil, but it is a strong nutriment and a good flesh producer. It contains those ingredients which are needed for actual nourishment, and that ration may be called a strong one.

It is estimated that a pound of olives properly prepared is equal to a pound of meat, and can be furnished in such quantities as to regulate the price of the latter.

Ripe-pickled olives will not keep as long as those that are prepared green—a year being the average limit of conservation—consequently, the European producer places on the market for export to foreign countries an article that will keep for years and present a fine appearance. Those who have tasted the ripe-pickled olive as prepared in California, rich in oil and of a nutty flavor, can rarely be induced to look with favor upon the hard, tough, imported variety. This is evidenced by the request of the guests for *California* olives in the hotels and restaurants of the Pacific coast.

In Pomona and vicinity almost the entire crop



MANZANILLO OLIVES.

of pickled olives is consumed at home, and that, too, within a very few weeks' time, leaving the market completely exhausted soon after the season has closed. Many growers sell their crops without any effort or solicitations for orders.

Families are using the oil for culinary purposes, in place of butter and lard. Medicinally, olive oil ranks high. The ancients understood well its beneficial effects when used either internally or externally. It was used as a fortifier by the Romans, and held in great esteem for incunations by soldiers and athletes.

In the South Sea Islands the natives daily anoint themselves with oil (cocoanut). It prevents, as they say, the sun from burning the skin and the cold air from chilling them. As a remedial agent the use of olive oil is too well known to need much comment.

Dr. E. A. Osborne, Superintendent of the Home for the Care and Training of Feeble minded Children at Glen Ellen, Cal., says: "In a case of pneumonia, followed by consumption, the patient was sustained—all other forms failing—for over *seven months* on olive oil alone, excepting a few tablespoonfuls occasionally of milk and broth. The last few months the oil alone kept him alive, and that was applied externally. Little or no nutrient matter could be retained in the stomach, but the application of the oil always revived, allayed the sense of hunger, and restored vitality to the tissues not already infested with tubercles."

Olive oil is as nutritious and beneficial in building up waste tissues as cod-liver oil, and does not cloy and offend the digestive apparatus.

The same authority says: "It is so bland, it is so palatable, it is so easily digested, or if the digestion is seriously impaired it is so easily absorbed by the skin, that it stands quite alone. Its use is attended with no intricate manipulation; the sense of relief afforded to the patient is almost immediate, especially from its incunation, and the strengthening, reconstructive effect upon the tissues is immediate, sturdy and permanent."

Until very recently the United States has been forced to depend on the Mediterranean countries for its supply of olive oil, or rather what commercial hypocrisy assumed to be such.

It is estimated that the annual output of foreign countries is as follows:

Italy.....	70,000,000	gallons.
Spain.....	15,000,000	"
France.....	9,000,000	"
Portugal, Algeria and Tripoli, Egypt, Greece, Dalmatia and other coun- tries.....	18,000,000	"
Total.....	112,000,000	"

The annual yield of Italian oil is valued at \$120,000,000, which is greater than all the wheat exports of the United States for the year 1891. From these countries we receive what purports to be pure olive oil. In the year 1890 there were imported into the United States 893,894 gallons of olive (?) oil. If we penetrate the mysteries of the masquerading stranger we will find old friends with new faces, decked out in a deceptive new garb.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington recently made chemical tests of 66 different varieties of imported oil labeled "pure olive oil." In not one case was the article found to be pure. One sample contained only 5 per cent. of olive oil. The average of pure olive oil in the entire number examined was less than 34 per cent., the greater portion of the remaining 66 per cent. being cotton-seed oil.

Mr. Arthur P. Hayne, of Santa Barbara, a graduate of the University at Berkeley, a student of the National Agricultural School of Montpellier, France, who spent several years of study in the olive countries of Europe, stated at the meeting of the Third State Convention of Olive Growers: "Some of the best foreign oils sold in the United States come from Bordeaux. Now, as no oil whatever is made in that part of France, it looks from the first suspicious. While working in the municipal laboratory at Bordeaux I thought I would get my hand in on oil analysis; so, in order to get good representative samples, I went to all the best grocers in the city of Bordeaux, like Felix Potin, etc., and bought the best the market could furnish, saying price was no object, as I wanted it for medicinal purposes, but it must be strictly pure. When I came to analyze it I found that, according to my figures, the *purest* sample contained some 20 or 25 per cent. cotton seed. Having none too much confidence in my own ability or figures, I spoke to the old chemist at the customhouse about it. He at once told me that I must have made a big mistake in my work, for said he, 'I never came across such a *high* per cent. of pure olive oil during the many years I have been at work here.' It is said to be a common practice abroad to mix cotton-seed oil with the olives while being ground, enormous quantities being shipped to Europe from the United States for that purpose.

Some years ago a certain firm in New York received one day a cablegram order for 1,000 tierces of lard, to be shipped to the Mediterranean to be mixed with olive oil. Fortunately it is possible to obtain pure olive oil—in California at least.

There were produced in California in the year

1889 1,141 gallons of pure olive oil, in 1890 5,202 gallons, and in 1891 11,420 gallons.

California producers are determined that the olive-oil product of that State shall be pure and unadulterated, and have procured the passage of an act to prevent the manufacture and sale of imitation olive oil, an organization being effected to enforce it. California olive oil won medals at the Paris Exposition, where there were 606 exhibits, and also at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

The process of expressing olive oil is a very simple matter, but to obtain a high-grade oil requires extreme cleanliness. Several grades of oil are expressed from a given quantity of fruit. It is classified as follows: First, virgin oil—superfine oil; second, oil expressed from the paste without water—fine oil; third, oil expressed with the aid of hot water; fourth, oil of the second vat washed out with either hot or cold water; fifth, oil from reground paste; sixth, oil from the residue pit; seventh, washed oil.

The oil obtained below the third grade is only fit for manufacturing soap and for lubricating machinery.

Olive oil is found in cells, bright and ready-made, and to obtain it one has only to mash the olives, and afterward press them so as to make it come out with the water of vegetation, from which the oil separates by virtue of its specific gravity.

Experience has taught that olives picked fresh, and just before maturity, yield the finest oil, but at a loss of a portion of it. Olives gathered when just ripe produce the largest quantity of oil, and of a good quality. Olives harvested late produce a low grade of oil.

Olive oil is not manufactured, but is developed in the olive as it ripens, from which it is extracted as follows: "When the olives have turned a dark red or black they have sufficiently ripened to pick. They are gathered as follows: A large canvas, which is slit to the centre, is spread on the ground around the tree; the pickers have a sack slung from their shoulders, the mouth of the sack being kept open by a half-barrel hoop sewn into its top, the ends of the hoop resting against the chest of the picker. With his left hand he holds the branch to keep it from breaking, and with his right strips the berries off into the sack; some fall on the canvas, from where they are gathered up and poured into baskets. The olives are now spread on trays and allowed to dry till they commence to shrivel; then they are put into a large iron basin, within which revolve two large vertical iron wheels, which work the olives into a fine pulp without crushing the pits.

The pulp is then put into rush sacks, which are piled up in the press and subjected to a slow pressure. The oil and water from the pulp, as it runs from the press, is collected in receptacles, from which the oil is skimmed off, put into large tin tanks, and allowed to stand for several weeks to clarify. Then it is filtered by straining the oil through white filter papers, which are put into a lot of the funnels set in the top of a large tin tank in which the oil is collected. The oil is drawn from the tank, put into bottles, and is now ready for the market. All the machinery, and everything which comes in contact with the oil and pulp, should be washed with hot water every day while making oil. The oil must be kept in a cool place and from the sunlight. For the purpose of pickling, the olives must be picked just as they commence to turn red, about one month before maturity. Each berry should be picked carefully by hand and placed gently in a basket or can of water; they are then placed in vats and covered with water, to which is added a solution of American lye of one pound to every ten gallons of olives. The solution should be drawn off and poured over the olives every hour or so, until the lye has penetrated to the pit—or very nearly so—which can be told by cutting an olive open with a knife. It should be turned to a yellowish color to the pit. The lye should then be drawn off and fresh water poured on the olives, and changed every few hours for the first day. After that it should be changed every twenty-four hours for a week or ten days until all the lye has been washed out and the olives are perfectly fresh. They are then put into a weak solution of salt for seven or eight days, after which time this should be drawn off and a stronger solution of 14 ounces of salt to a gallon of water should be poured over them. The salt should be first dissolved in hot water, then strained and water added until it is of the right strength. The olives should also be kept out of the sunlight."

It seems a fact beyond question that olive culture is destined to become one of the great industries of the Pacific coast—perhaps the leader of all the fruits.

There were growing in California, up to 1892, 8,000 acres of olive trees.

In 1892 there were planted 2,000 acres, and a still greater acreage has been planted to olives for the succeeding years up to date.

At Pomona alone the yearly sales by nursery-men average about 200,000 olive trees.

San Diego, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties lead in the number of acres of bearing trees.

In the San Fernando Valley 1,500 acres of olive



OLIVE CRUSHER.

trees are being planted in one body; near Santa Fé Springs several hundred additional acres will be planted.

The demand for oil and pickles is already more than keeping pace with the supply, and there is every reason to believe it will far exceed the supply when the importance and benefit of the oil

and pickles as a *food* product is fully understood. It is said a fair quality of sardines abound in Pacific waters. Large quantities of oil could be utilized in this canning industry alone, and at one-fourth of the present prices obtained for olive products a large profit would still accrue to the grower.



HYDRAULIC OLIVE-OIL PRESS.

FLOWER FANCIES.

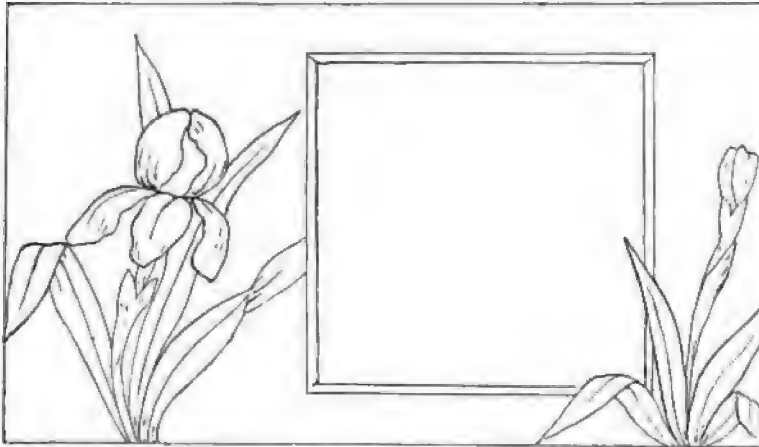
By JULIA D. COWLES.

A LATE fad, and certainly a very dainty one, is that of making one's favorite flower a characteristic of all one's furnishings and belongings.

Another, who likes things Japanesque, and whose dark hair and eyes make appropriate her Japanese *négligée* costumes, affects the chrysanthemum, wears them upon all possible occasions, and decorates her possessions with their natural and conventionalized forms.

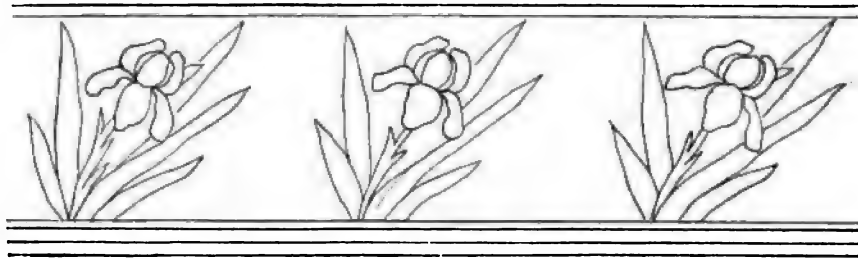
But the room of a third girl, of French ancestry of which she is justly proud, is worth describing, especially as its decorations are the work of her own hands, and may be imitated by any other girl of equal ingenuity and zeal. Another flower may be substituted for the iris which she chose, and the same ideas carried out.

The floor was first covered with plain matting. Then, with prepared paint of a warm fawn or tan color, she marked a straight band three-fourths of an inch wide all about the



MIRROR FRAME.

Not only is one's room to be furnished in its colors, but the flower itself is to be used in decorating—both the natural flower and the conven-

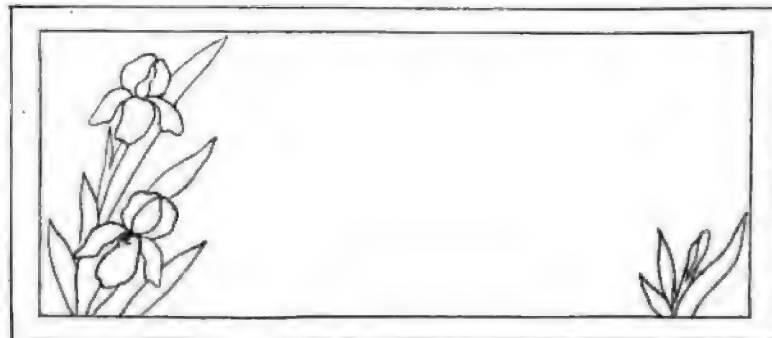


BORDER.

tionalized blossom. This pretty conceit is capable of being developed in such a variety of ways that it cultivates both ingenuity and good taste.

One pretty blonde has chosen to be known by the violet. Her sachets, perfumes and toilet waters are all of that flower. Her handkerchiefs and personal belongings are marked by a single blossom daintily embroidered, and her room is draped in violet shades. Her "at home" gowns are in the Greek style in honor of the country which has chosen the violet as its national flower.

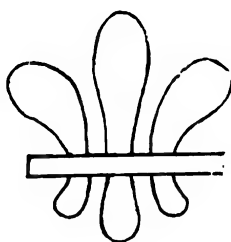
room at a distance of fifteen inches from the wall. Inside this band was painted at regular intervals a conventionalized *fleur de lis*. This was done by



POINT DU JOUR.

marking the pattern upon stiff pasteboard and cutting it carefully out. The pasteboard which surrounded the pattern was then used as a stencil, and the painting was thus rendered an easy matter.

As few rugs were used in this room a small stencil was cut, and the figure painted at regular intervals over the body of the room. When finished the floor looked as though covered with an expensive figured matting, with the additional advantage of a corresponding border.



FLEUR DE LIS.

Instead of the matting, jute bagging could be used and given the same treatment, or the edge of the room only could be covered and the border painted, with which a large rug in a plain brown of light shade could be used.

The walls and ceiling were painted in a buff shade which matched the body of the matting. Upon this, by the use of another stencil, was painted an effective border in the same shade as the figures upon the matting. The straight band of brown below the border had above it a narrower band of old blue, and this was the color in which the room was furnished.

The window shades were buff, while the sash curtains were a Swiss muslin figured with the conventional *fleur de lis*, and over both fell soft curtains of old blue China silk.

Hung upon the walls were, first, a study in water colors of the flower which gave character to the room; second, a wall pocket of matting dec-

orated with the iris in oils; and third, a mirror whose frame was similarly treated.

The splasher above the washstand had a design of the same flower with its tall swordlike leaves outlined in old blue wash silk, and the scarf over both washstand and dresser was ornamented with the conventional design scattered at regular intervals over its surface, and these were outlined in the same manner.

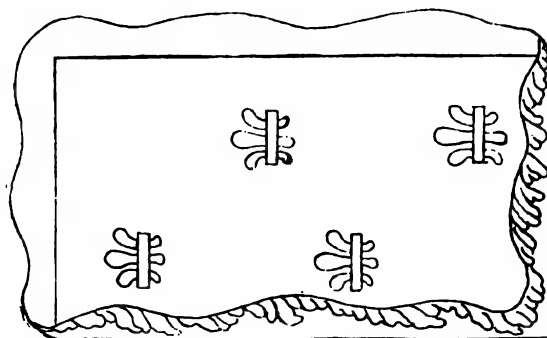
The bed linen was marked with the conventional flower heavily embroidered in white, and all articles of underclothing, towels, and so forth, were outlined in the same pattern. A tiny *fleur de lis* also ornamented the corner of the handkerchiefs. It had been an easy matter to select furnishings to correspond with the room, for the *fleur de lis* is an ever-popular motive with designers in all lines.

Of course her girl friends soon learned the secret of harmony which pervaded her apartment, and a handsome brush-and-comb tray in hand-painted china came to ornament her dresser, and later a dainty pin tray found its way there, too. Both of these, it is needless to say, bore the magical emblems, but good taste ruled, and the idea, though fully carried out, was not overdone, as it might easily have been.

The gown box was covered with the new art-denim in old blue with *fleur de lis* outlined in white, and a book cover in buff linen had the same design outlined in blue.

Altogether the room was dainty and tasteful as could be desired, and had a character of its own which declared the individuality of its owner.

Such a treatment of a room is sure to bring about harmonious effects, and may be easily planned with any chosen flower.



PIN TRAY.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THAT legend relative to the photographing on the eye of a murdered person the image of the criminal is again brought forth. At Jamestown, N.Y., a woman was recently murdered, and the report was spread that one of her eyes had been subjected to a microscopic examination, revealing a big burly man in a long ulster and badly bagged trousers. Subsequent reports threw some doubts upon the story, and finally it was denied altogether—which was to be expected. The human retina has no more power after death to retain an image than a looking glass after the reflected person passes away. Many experiments have been made in this direction. Scientists have made animals gaze at striking objects and caused their spinal cords to be severed in order to produce instantaneous death. The eyes and retinas were immediately photographed, but no trace of an image has been discovered. Even if it were possible for the retina to retain the last image, it is doubtful if it could be photographed. No success has so far followed the many experiments made. The real trouble in the matter is that the light reflected from the base of the eye (*fundus oculi*) is of a dark-red color, and it makes very little effect upon the sensitive plate. Dr. Howe, of Buffalo, has tried to procure isochromatic plates for the purpose, but has not been successful.

"THE LANCET" observes that all decay of the teeth begins from without, no internal caries having been demonstrated. Consequently, if the teeth's surfaces be kept scrupulously clean they cannot decay. When ought cleaning begin? As soon as there are teeth. Let the child early acquire the habit of using a small toothbrush dipped into chalk flavored with some aromatic drug, and let it understand that the places most needing the brush are those between the teeth. That is the place where decay almost invariably first appears. Mucous secretions and accumulations of food are always found between the teeth after a meal. They may be removed with a toothpick. It is almost an art to use a toothpick, not only from an æsthetic point of view, but also from an hygienic. One must beware of injuring the fleshy parts and leaving splinters, which in some cases may cause the loss of a tooth. Metal toothpicks should be altogether avoided. Those of quill and hard wood are best.

In hearing negro songs, the trained European or American ear is positive that, save with a single exception, not one of them has the true savage stamp. This exception is the "Juba," which is probably a true African song. However, it is hardly a song, but a chant, abounding in spoken

words. With rhythm alone, as Wallaschek shows, primitive music began, and this quality the negro, whether a native of Africa or one born in the United States, has to a marked degree. It seems to be a fact that the vocal apparatus of the negro differs from that of the white man. The arch of the roof of the mouth, the nasal sounding board of the colored man, has another conformation. If a true colored man were to paint his face like a white man's and sing an English, Italian or German aria, it is his voice which would at once reveal him. The imitative faculty is, however, very strong in the negro, so he cannot help himself in following the white man's music and the white man's words; and often so closely that if there are modifications in phrasing or in tone coloring these strike only the non-experts as original. It is noticeable, however, that although black vocalists of merit are known, there are almost no instrumentalists of any great excellence. The reason is plain. To have a fine voice is an accident of nature. To play an instrument well, so as to gain a reputation as a violinist or pianist, means, in addition to natural talent, to devote to the violin or piano many years of study. The race instinct in the negro does not incline him toward persistency of purpose.

PROFESSOR QUINCKE, of Heidelberg, greatly interested English savants lately by a lecture upon his experiments toward an explanation, on mechanical grounds, of those curious movements in protoplasm which are usually regarded as characteristic of living matter. The professor considers that these movements fall into the class known as phenomena of surface tension. He finds that drops of oil floating on slightly alkaline water are attracted toward the walls of the vessel and then repelled, the spreading of the soap film that results from the action of the alkali on the oil giving rise to periodic vortex motion. Viewed with the microscope, the film shows the same minute strings of pearly beadlike bubbles that are observed in protoplasm. Virchow has observed the same phenomena in putrefying brain.

OBJECTS of nickel or nickel plate may be cleansed by putting in a mixture of one part sulphuric acid and fifty parts alcohol. After laying them for a few seconds in that mixture they can be washed clean with water, mixed with alcohol and rubbed dry with a linen cloth. All plated objects can thus conveniently and perfectly be cleaned. It will readily be seen that no bad effects can come from this process. Nickel-plated forks or spoons, be they ever so yellow, can be restored to pristine brightness by leaving them in the acid solution about twenty seconds or less.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

"THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL" is the appropriate title given by Lillian Whiting to her optimistic and helpful little book of essays, which is dedicated to the proposition that it depends little on external scenery, or on those circumstances outside our personal control, but rests mainly with ourselves, whether we shall live in an environment of serene beauty. In other words, the world beautiful is, like the kingdom of heaven, not a locality, but a condition—a spiritual state. The only success worth the name is the

achievement of this high spirituality. To this end, Miss Whiting devotes her opening chapter to the duty and cultivation of happiness; then, in cumulative sequence, and with a wealth of apposite illustration such as only a literature lover could furnish forth, follow "Friendship," "Our Social Salvation," "Lotus Eating" and "That which is to Come." Few readers can be too busy to turn aside for an hour or two and refresh themselves in these pleasant pages; and for such as are busy with the really vital concerns of

life, as here pointed out, the time devoted to the perusal of "The World Beautiful" will be most profitably spent.

AS TIMELY as interesting, in view of the current tendency in hero worship, is the striking picture of Paris under the great Napoleon, given in the historical romance entitled "Under the Corsican," by Emily Howard Hoppin (J. Selwin Tait & Sons). This is a thrilling story of the first Empire at the time when the execution of the young Duc d'Enghien had infuriated the old French nobility and led the hot-blooded young Roylists to devise mad schemes for the overthrow of the great First Consul. The plot of the story hinges upon the attempted assassination of Napoleon by Anatole d'Harcourt, a young aristocrat, but the intervals of the conspiracy afford plenty of time and opportunity for love-making of a very fervid kind. The atmosphere of the story is good, and the glimpses afforded of Paris at the close of the last century have the air of being exceedingly true to life. No American knows Paris better than Miss Hoppin, or is more intimately acquainted with the history and life of the period of which she writes; and her literary style is admirable. Kindred in subject to the above, and issued by the same publishers, is "Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart: An Episode of the Tuileries," translated from the French of Pierre de Lamo. M. de Lamo is an historian rather than a romancer, though what is known as the romance of history is the chosen material of his works. This book furnishes a somewhat lurid picture of the profligacy which existed at the French court under the second Empire, and the undermining influence of which undoubtedly led to its downfall. What has been considered as the elegant immorality of the Tuileries under the second Empire appears here as a very gross and shameless condition of affairs. The infatuation of Napoleon III. for the beautiful Lady Stuart (and she must have been beautiful, if the picture in the frontispiece of the book is a correct likeness) was of long duration, and was prolific of much unhappiness and even misery to all concerned. The employment of the Secret Police in connection with the recovery of the offspring of this ill-starred *liaison* throws a peculiar light upon Imperial methods, and leads to appalling results. The Emperor's infatuation ends only with the downfall of the Empire, and Lady Stuart, whose superb personality held him against all comers, thenceforward disappears from his horizon, only, however, as the sequel shows, to reappear in an equally remarkable rôle.

TO READERS who like a novel frankly devoted to character, plot and situation, without any "purpose" other than the laudable one to entertain, may be recommended "A Breath of Suspicion," by Frances Isabel Currie, just published in an attractive paper edition. The author's name is favorably known in connection with her former works, "The Crime of Innocence," "A Tiff with the Tif-fins," "Gala Day Books," and short stories in the leading periodicals. As a translator of German poetry into English she has been peculiarly felicitous—felicitous, that is to say, in the quality of the work achieved, but unfortunate in the perverse omission of her name from the published translations; another instance, probably, of editorial ingratitude. The present novel, "A Breath of Suspicion," is, we take it, the strongest thing she has yet done, though not perhaps the strongest she can do. The breath of suspicion has been breathed (unjustly, of course) against a fair young Scotch Canadian woman, who has become the wife of a chivalrous but fiery-jealous Catalonian Spaniard, also Americanized, sojourning in a dull little place called Yarrow, in the Province of Quebec. The estrangement of this resting couple, and their eventual reconciliation, fur-

nish the motive of an eminently readable story. It ends leaving the hero and heroine in a way to live happily—until the next time.

MARCHEN.

The old house by the waterside,
With leaded casements bleared and gray,
Looks down upon the sluggish tide,
The long canal whose currents glide
Serene and slow from day to day.

And I, beneath the Linden shade,
Still watch the front of carved wood—
That frowning front so strangely made
With scroll and arch and balustrade,
And signs that none hath understood.

And none, they say, doth dwell therein,
Yet, sometimes, when the sun goes down,
Through the dim panes I seem to win
The tinkle of a mandolin,
The glimmer of a golden gown.

For she shall fling the casement wide,
Shall lean and beckon to me there,
Shall call me softly to her side,
So deeply loved, so long denied—
The Princess with the Golden Hair.

—Graham R. Tomson.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

NAPOLEON III. AND LADY STUART: AN EPISODE OF THE TUILERIES. Translated by A. C. S. from the French of Pierre de Lamo. Cloth, \$1. J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

UNDER THE CORSICAN. By Emily Howard Hoppin. Cloth, \$1. J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL. By Lillian Whiting. Cloth, \$1. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE WOMAN WHO DID. By Grant Allen. Cloth, \$1. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

BY REEF AND PALM. By Louis Becke. With an Introduction by the Earl of Pembroke. Cloth, \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND. A STORY OF THE WILD NORTH-WEST. By John Mackie. Illustrated by A. Hencke. Cloth, 75 cents. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

A BREATH OF SUSPICION. By Frances Isabel Currie. Paper. F. I. Webb, New York.

THE DEMI-VIRGINS. Translated by Arthur Hornblow from the French of Marcel Prévost. Paper, 50 cents. Holland Publishing Co., New York.

A SIREN'S SON. By Susie Lee Bacon. Paper, 25 cents. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

HISTORY OF THE KINETOGRAPH, KINETOSCOPE AND KINETO-GRAPH. By W. K. L. Dickson and Antonia Dickson. Illustrated. Published by the Authors, at East Orange, N. J.

THE INCOME-TAX LAW; AND TREASURY REGULATIONS RELATIVE TO COLLECTION. Together with the Speech Delivered in Explanation of the Same by the Hon. David B. Hill, in the United States Senate. Paper, 10 cents. Brentano, New York.

DEM ZEPHYR ABGELAUTSCHT. Eine Sammlung von Märchen. Von Adelma Frein v. Vay. C. Gerolds Sohn, Vienna.

FAMOUS QUEENS, AND MARTHA WASHINGTON. Paper Dolls, with Costumes, etc., in Colors. By Elizabeth S. Tucker. 75 cents. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

BORAX: FROM THE DESERT, THROUGH THE PRESS, INTO THE HOME. Pacific Coast Borax Co., San Francisco.



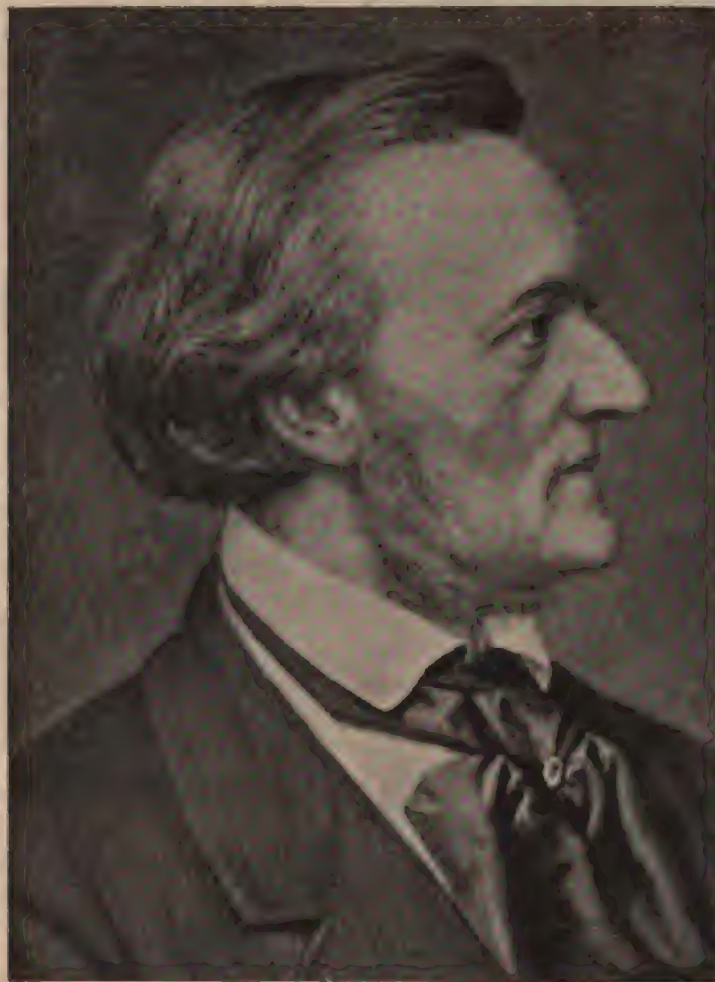
LOVE'S APPEAL.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXIX.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 6.



RICHARD WAGNER.

RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS FESTSPIELE IN BAYREUTH.

BY MERCIA ABBOTT KEITH.

Four centuries ago Bayreuth was a walled and fortified city, in the centre of which stood a magnificent castle, the seat of a splendid court around which clustered the residences of citizens of renown in artistic, political and commercial life.

Vol. XXXIX., No. 6—41.

Located at some distance from the highways of traffic, it was unable to maintain its position against many rivals; sieges and intrusions, repeated destruction by fire, four outbreaks of plague, followed by that memorable struggle

"Thirty Years' War," left the town impoverished and almost depopulated, without one vestige of its former greatness.

Bayreuth now has a population of 25,000, and has attained great fame within the last two decades, owing to the fact that Richard Wagner made his home there and built the theatre where his wonderful operas are performed. Naturally the affections of the Bayreuth people are centred, and their hopes for the future grounded, upon the memory and fame of the German composer, whom they proudly call the "Great Master."

In an article upon Music, written at his home in Bayreuth in 1813, Jean Paul Richter said: "Up till now the gods have lavished their gifts of music and poetry single-handed on very different mortals: we are still waiting for the man who can produce a genuine opera, poetry and music combined."

At that time the poet-composer for whose advent the world waited was an infant in arms, who, sixty years later, in the very town where Richter wrote, proved that upon him the gods had showered gifts from both hands.

To appreciate the operas of Wagner and their influence it is necessary to know something of his life, his artistic development, his aims, his trials and successes.

The natural love of the German people for the drama is unquestioned. This has been fostered in the hearts of the common people by religious festivals and the ever-popular Miracle Plays, while German authors and poets have found their highest inspiration in those literary productions designed to aid in the establishment of a national drama. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Klopstock and others, animated by this desire, produced many dramas, that have long been an honor to the literature of Germany. Their severest critics are among their own countrymen, who claim that German literature was long biased in motive and action by the cosmopolitan spirit of the period, as since the fifteenth century all dramatists followed the leadership of Shakespeare, or the writers of classic times. Regarding the Greeks as the first in every department of art, dramatic writers believed with them that, to reach the hearts of the people, the drama must appeal to the eye and ear, in a combination of the sister arts, music and tragedy.

This had been achieved, but Herr Wagner went still further; he united music and poetry, the plastic arts and dramatic action into a harmonious whole, working and waiting for half a century before his ideal opera became an artistic reality.

~ Upon this subject his biographer Franz Munc-

ker writes: "The new, perfect German drama Richard Wagner gave us; a drama essentially German, in contents as well as in form, founded on old national legends and poetry: entirely inspired with German spirit, and in its complete artistic peculiarity such as only the German people could bring forth."

For this work Richard Wagner was eminently gifted. He came of a family devoted to dramatic art, and early showed an artistic temperament with manifold talents, which later developed into the successful writer of prose and poetry, as well as the musical composer. But the road to success was not smoothly paved; the pathway was uncertain, and though from time to time heights were gained, there were also fearful downfalls. Into his life came much of disappointment and trial: his first operas in Magdeburg, followed by others in Berlin, Leipsic and Königsberg, were received with great indifference by the public, with no promise of ultimate success.

His early marriage with the actress Minna Planer was peculiarly unfortunate, for although there was seemingly deep attachment, the wife did not appreciate the genius of her husband, and their affection failed to endure the test of years of trouble and privation. Their narrow circumstances were not the result of inactivity, for Wagner sought and obtained employment as musical director, while striving to produce that important composition which should revolutionize the German drama, changing it from an imitation into a creation.

There were years of continuous mental struggle, as with finances reduced to the lowest state he journeyed to and from many cities, battling with the despair that at times almost overwhelmed him. All of these discouragements proved to be disciplinary steps in his pathway, that forced him to turn to the literary work that later brought him rich returns.

He was particularly desirous of bringing out some of his operas in the gay French capital, whither he went with his young wife in 1839; but he had neither wealth nor influential patrons, though he had friends who greatly encouraged him, amongst them, Meyerbeer and Heinrich Heine.

After years of enthusiastic planning without results he settled in Dresden with the fixed determination of producing with new dramatic features a series of operas founded upon the legends of his native land.

Obliged still to perform uncongenial labor for his support while producing his weightier compositions, the versatility which he exhibited drew attention to his genius, and some measure of ap-

preciation was accorded him, and by a few artists he was recognized as the most gifted of the dramatic composers of the nineteenth century.

During the Revolution of 1848 Wagner gave expression to some ultra views, which the Saxon ministry deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a judicial prosecution, but before the warrant for his arrest could be served he left Dresden, rejoicing in his freedom, courageous and hopeful. At Weimar he received new strength in the acquaintance there formed with the composer Listz, which ripened into a lifelong, unfaltering friendship.

Again he went to Paris, then there was a residence of eight years in Zurich, with months in Venice, Vienna and other cities. As these words are written I look from my window in Lucerne across the lovely lake to the villa on the hillside where he spent the summer of 1859, engaged in the composition of "Tristan and Isolde."

The story of his restless wanderings during his exile bears many resemblances to that of Dante; after renewed petitions for pardon, after eleven years of banishment, Germany, with the exception of Saxony, was opened to him, and one year later, in 1861, Saxony withdrew his sentence of banishment. The incompatibility and mental contrasts existing between himself and wife had been accentuated during these years of trial, and a separation occurred twenty-five years after their marriage. His wanderings were not yet ended, and disappointment was his constant attendant, though with King Ludwig II. as his friend he still hoped to found his theatre in Munich. Insurmountable obstacles stood in his way: jealousy and even calumny among professionals necessitated a change of location. In 1871, confiding in the assistance of his noble friend, he visited the town of Bayreuth, hoping to find it a suitable place, quite remote from artistic life, where he might build the theatre suitable for the performance of his operas, whose composition had absorbed his life's energies; these, interpreted by chosen artists, he trusted would result in the establishment of a new, entirely German drama.

The arrangements being satisfactory, the corner stone of the "Bühnenfestspielhaus" was laid in 1873 amid great rejoicings. Within the foundation stone, among many interesting records and documents, was the following stanza, written by Wagner, which would lose much of its significance in translation:

"Hier schliess ich ein Geheimniss ein,
Da ruh es viele hundert Jahr!
So lange es verwahrt der Stein,
Macht es der Welt sich offenbar."

Often the want of money caused delay in the building, but as often the munificence of the King of Bavaria relieved the emergency, and four years later the building Richard Wagner had dedicated to his muse was completed, and the first public performances were given before enthusiastic audiences.

In the meantime he had built his house "Wahnfried," installing as the mistress of his home his second wife, Cosima von Bülow-Listz, after a romantic experience, more marvelous than any fiction, in the story of self-abnegating friendship, which gave much of happiness to his last years. Mrs. Wagner understood his artistic nature and was in full sympathy with his aspirations; and in the bliss, unknown before, of an unclouded heart union, his hopes were enlivened and his ripest powers concentrated upon the work to which he had consecrated his life.

His last and, as Wagner thought, his best opera was brought out in Bayreuth in the summer of 1882. Seven years had been given to this literary and musical composition, which expressed the thought of his later years.

Much philosophical research had led him to the investigation of religious truth, with the result that he was convinced that true religion taught the abandonment of the world and its sinful pleasures and passions; that the relentless antagonism between individuals, as well as races and nations, had developed since mankind had turned from the natural and original vegetable diet to the use of animal food; that this departure was the ground of both physical and moral decay, necessarily followed by the degeneration of Christianity; that the failure to adhere to the pure principles that Christ taught and lived had corrupted our entire modern civilization.

Omitting much of interest in the premises, his conclusion was that "a true regeneration of the human race was only to be hoped for when Christians would return to the simple, God-given food, and co-operate with the efforts of societies for temperance, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and all channels of Christian socialism." When true religion had effected such regeneration, then art would become a holy, purifying act, for "Pity, from which spring the three comprehensive virtues of Charity, Faith and Hope, is the highest precept of religion."

Animated with these sublime ideas, Wagner finished "Parsifal," and resolved that, in order to secure the worthiest representation, it should henceforth be publicly performed at Bayreuth. Indeed the religious character of this mediæval Christian legend forbade its appearance upon ordinary stages; for the legend of the Holy Grail is



VIEW OF BAYREUTH, FROM THE WAGNER THEATRE.

the story of the precious chalice from which Christ drank at the Last Supper and in which Joseph of Arimathea caught His flowing life-blood.

The mystical meaning of the ancient legend Wagner deepened and broadened: the fundamental idea of freedom from sinful desires of the flesh, the practice of an unselfish charity, with kindness and pity for all creatures, was strongly emphasized in the dramatic representation, by symbolical references, to well-known incidents in the life of the Christ.

This opera has alternated with "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" during this summer's (1894) festival, and it is of "Parsifal" as rendered July 26th, that a brief account will be given.

Although Wagner opened the gates to a new world in his expression of a grandly conceived idea, it was far from his intention to exalt the individuality of the principal soloists; all must be animated by the one thought, of aiding to express the motive of the entire drama. This principle is still strenuously insisted upon by Fran Wagner, who, acting with the general committee, secures

the best German talent possible in every department, resolved that in no respect shall the entertainments deteriorate from their original high standard.

The manner in which the three operas were rendered during the summer festival of 1894 was considered by critics as near a realization of Wagner's ideal as will be attained.

The *Parsifal* of the distinguished tenor, Berrenkoven, is a strong, masterly interpretation of the



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difficult rôle, from the first entrance of the bewildered country youth, "the guileless fool," to the closing scene, when as King of the Grail he bears aloft the sacred cup, typical of spiritual nutriment.

Fran Sucher as *Kundry* is regarded as nearly faultless. She is gifted with a fine dramatic talent, has a sensitive poetical appreciation and a soprano voice of so rare a flexibility that she is able faithfully to express the diverse and passionate emotions in the twofold nature of *Kundry*. The *Gurnemanz* of Herr Karl Gregg was admirable, while the sorcerer by Plank and the minor parts are well sustained. The *Bühnenfestspielhaus* stands on a high hill, quite outside the town, and within the woods of the *Hohenwarte*. It is simple in style, but ranks among the large theatres of the world; one-fourth of its space is occupied by the stage, which is 90 feet broad, very deep, with a height of 160 feet.

The chairs, broad and comfortable, are arranged in the style of an amphitheatre, and as the acoustics of the building are perfect, and from each seat a good view of the stage can be obtained, there is but little choice of location and but one price. The open-gallery extending across the rear of the house is called the "Royal Box," as seats in the centre are always reserved for members of the nobility, and those at the extreme left for the Wagner family.

From the corridor on either side are eight entrances, distinctly numbered; no ushers are required, as each person enters the stairway bearing the same number as that upon his ticket; at the top of each staircase he will find two rows of seats, and in one of them is the chair whose number corresponds to that on the seat coupon which he retains. Ample cloak rooms open from the corridors, as hats are not allowed in the audience room. The hall before the performance begins and between the acts is lighted by gas; during the acts it is dark, and electric lights are used upon the stage. The orchestra and chorus singers are invisible, many of the former being beneath the stage, the latter placed at different heights above it.

Before four o'clock the 1,700 seats in the vast hall were occupied, as there is an inexorable law that none may enter after that hour until the second act. The trumpets sounded; the room was darkened and in silence unknown in American theatres; the curtains were drawn back in graceful folds, revealing a country scene in the north of Spain. This is *Monsalvat*, the domain of the Knights of the Grail, who in world-secluded solitude faithfully guard the sacred cup, though the equally sacred spear is in the hands of the sorcerer *Klingsor*, who with it has wounded the King, *Amphortas*, who had broken his pledge of holy living.



"PARSIFAL" AND THE "BLUMMÄDCHEN."

Day dawns in the forest, and the knights and esquires gather as the solemn morning reveille is heard. The costumes of the esquires are a soft grayish-blue tunic, belted at the waist, which falls to the sandaled feet; the knights wear over the tunic a full mantle of a deep-rose hue, which sweeps to the earth in heavy folds, and upon the right shoulder is the symbol of the order, a white dove.

The peace of the morning is broken when *Kundry*, wearied and frenzied, staggers upon the scene, pressing upon *Gurnemanz*, master at arms, a crystal flask, a balsam for the wounded King, who at that moment is brought in upon a litter by esquires and attended by a guard of knights. As the sad procession moves onward the knights discuss the illness of *Amphortas*, and the words of prophecy which fell "from lips divine," in answer to the prayer of the King for healing:

"By pity lightened,
A guileless fool,
Wait for him,
My chosen tool."

At this moment wild cries and exclamations of horror are heard, and as the knights start up in alarm a swan flutters into the forest from the lake; and as it sinks dying to the ground the esquires enter with the youthful stranger, who has killed the sacred bird. As in response to all questions he answers only, "Ich weiss es nicht," it appears to *Gurnemanz* that in his innocence and ignorance he meets the conditions of the prophecy, and when, convinced by the earnest words of *Gurnemanz* that he has deeply sinned, with childish impatience he breaks his trusty bow and casts away his arrows, the faithful knight hesitates no longer to put him to the test, and if he be the promised deliverer in the presence of the King he will express pity for his sufferings.

As the two walk toward the temple of the Grail there is a remarkable transformation in the scene; the forest disappears, and through a door in the rocky cliff they pass from view, only to appear again ascending heights in the distance, as the sound of the trombones is heard and bells begin to chime. The scenery moves from right to left in a series of splendid perspective pictures, so united in sequence that there is no sensation of surprise as the grand sanctuary with its domed central altar appears; beyond, between clustering columns, adown the extended nave, march forward in solemn, stately procession the band of knights.

As the chorus harmony fills the air the knights seat themselves at two long tables on which stand silver goblets; then the sweet voices of the boys

tell the story of the bread and wine, as *Amphortas* is brought in upon his litter, with numerous attendants, preceded by a procession of boys, who bear the sacred cup within a shrine draped in a rich red cloth.

Thither *Gurnemanz* brings the youth, who, too dazed to stir, stands like a statue during the ceremony of the feast, the silent prayer and the uncovering of the Holy Grail. As *Amphortas* held aloft the antique crystal cup it was illuminated as if by a ray of light from above, and glowed with increasing lustre. It was a most impressive scene: the illumination can only be faintly imagined, not described, for like the fire opal it seemed to possess a radiance all its own.

During the joyful responsive choruses *Amphortas* relapsed from his state of exaltation, and at his cry of agony *Parsifal* had clutched at his own heart, yet with that exception showed no sign of interest, but stood as if petrified. As he failed to break his silence when *Gurnemanz* questioned him, he was turned from the temple as the curtain was drawn upon the first act.

There was a moment's pause, and then the house was quietly vacated, as an interval of forty minutes occurs between the acts: many go for refreshments to the restaurants near by, and others promenade on the broad, open plateau before the house, from which there is a fine view of Bayreuth nestled among the hills, and beyond, the Fichtel Mountains, and, more remote, the misty, blue heights of Franconian Switzerland.

In the second act intense interest is felt in *Kundry*, who, under the control of the magician, must work evil upon *Parsifal*. In this act occur marvelous transformations, but never a disturbing interruption, for the artifices of the decorative machinery and the continuous music cause one scene to melt naturally into another. When the tower of *Klingsor* disappears a garden rises with luxuriant tropical vegetation, which fills the stage, and from a height *Parsifal* looks down upon the enchanted garden. Here the youthful hero is beset by many temptations, and this scene, aside from its tender musical composition and its spiritual teaching of purity, is one of exceeding beauty. The bewitching flower maidens with their trifling and vanity make a charming picture. Their costumes were individual, modest, and arranged with reference to a harmonious blending of colors, each one suggesting a distinctive flower. The maidens, finding their winning attempts repulsed, rush away through the flowery avenues of the bewildering garden, returning with waving floral hats which added to their fascinations, while the music corresponds to the lightness and brightness of the scene. Conscious of

his mission, *Parsifal* is proof against their ensnarements, but nearly succumbs to the spell of *Kundry*, who is transformed into a dazzlingly beautiful woman, who is to infatuate and thus destroy the youth, whom *Klingsor* recognizes as a dangerous rival. It is a thrilling scene when the unhappy woman, failing in her design, curses the paths of the one who disdains her, and *Klingsor*, with the stolen spear, seeks to slay the one he fears, but the weapon missing its aim hangs suspended over the head of *Parsifal*, until seizing it and making with it the sign of the cross, the power of evil is destroyed. With a startling crash the splendid castle and the luxuriant garden fall into utter ruin, as with a despairing cry *Kundry* sinks to the ground, while in clear, ringing notes *Parsifal* says to the alluring woman:

—“Thou knowest
Where only we shall meet again.”

From first to last this second act is a series of thrilling scenes, which are interpreted with full dramatic power, while the grand orchestra and the numerous choruses add their harmonious strains.

As this drama unfolds one can but appreciate the fact that the opera is so widely severed from the ordinary musical drama that it is essential that the parts should be taken by those who have striven to come into touch with the views of the composer, as well as enacted before the audience that gather in the Bühnenfestspielhaus with something of an idea what they are to see and hear in a temple consecrated to a musical and scenic representation, elevated in its aims and religious in its teachings.

It has often been said that a particular talent was required in order to understand Wagner's music; that it was “heavy,” “unnatural,” or in some other way unlike that most appreciated by the musical world. To one not musically gifted it seemed strong, and always appropriate to the theme.

Many years have passed, as we again see *Gurnemanz*, aged and feeble, but still wearing the tunic of the knights, standing in front of his hermitage, listening to sounds which appear to come from the shrubbery; there he finds the almost lifeless *Kundry*, who is soon revived, and in broken accents murmurs: “Service—service!”

Now a knight in black armor strides upon the scene with lowered spear. He does not respond to the questions of *Gurnemanz*, until he reminds him that on Good Friday

“No man with weapon hither comes,
With shut-up helmet, shield and spear.”

When he divests himself of these emblems of strife the old master at arms regards him with emotion, and calling *Kundry* from the hut, she confirms his impression, and in mutual recognition much of joy is expressed.

Gurnemanz recounts the continued sufferings of *Amphortas*, who, in the hope of hastening his release, has long refused to unveil the cup of blessing, thus withholding from the knights spiritual nourishment: *Titirel*, their old chieftain, will that day be buried, leaving the band without leadership. *Parsifal* expresses deep grief that his protracted wanderings have wrought such ill, and overcome with exhaustion, seems almost fainting: *Gurnemanz* assists him to a grassy knoll by a spring, and removes his corselet of mail, while *Kundry*, in accordance with the ancient rites of hospitality, humbly kneeling, unbinds the greaves from his legs and bathes the feet of the weary traveler; then drawing from her dress a golden flask of “precious ointment,” she pours oil over them and dries them with her hair. *Gurnemanz* anoints his head with the contents remaining in the flask, and with blessing greets him as King. *Parsifal*, as the first act of his holy office, baptizes the weeping and penitent *Kundry*.

As the peal of distant bells is heard *Gurnemanz* places over the white tunic of *Parsifal* the mantle of the knights, he grasps his spear and with *Kundry* follows the old master at arms.

Again as in the first act the scene gradually changes; as the three figures disappear the clamor of the bells increases, and at last the grand temple is again visible, and through the arched passages come processions of knights in mourning garb. From one side they enter bearing the coffin of *Titirel*, while from the other the esquires and serving men, with the litter of *Amphortas*, preceded as before by the boys bearing the covered shrine of the Holy Grail.

During the funeral services of the aged chieftain, at the proper time, *Amphortas* is urged to uncover the shrine, as he had solemnly promised to do that day; in a paroxysm of despair he refuses to fulfill his vow, and demands that the weapons of the knights bring him release and serve their own needs:

“Kill both the sinner and his pain;
The Grail's delight ye'll then regain.”

Parsifal, who has with his attendants entered unperceived, now advancing, touches *Amphortas*'s side with the spear; conscious of its healing virtue his countenance is irradiated, as all gaze rapturously at the spear that *Parsifal* holds aloft, whose point is red as with blood.



ROSA RUCHER AS "KUNDRY," THE ENCHANTRESS.

As the boys reverently uncover the Grail the new King holds up the sacred chalice, glowing with its mysterious radiance, and while all devoutly kneel in silent prayer the white dove, symbol of the order, sweeps down over the head of *Parsifal*, like a benediction of peace.

The drama ended as all the choruses united their whispered notes of praise and thanksgiving.

The spiritual significance of this symmetrical drama none could question. The emotions of many were expressed in falling tears, while others, as deeply moved, were eloquent in their silence. The lesson that purity of living and unselfish serving can alone benefit humanity must have reached all hearts, while the deepest, holiest feelings of each individual were stirred by the message which came to him with the power of a personal appeal, "Go, thou, and do likewise." Such, at least, seemed the effect upon the serious audience who listened as if spellbound to this rendering of the mediæval legend of "*Parsifal*."

The pleasure of hearing this opera gives an ex

perience it is impossible to describe, but which one cannot afford to preserve for himself alone. Hearing it, one can understand that the grandest triumph of Wagner's life was the enthusiasm with which "*Parsifal*" was received in 1882. In the assemblage of notables from all parts of the world to listen to this one composition he found warrant for believing that the long-sought-for, distinctively German drama was established.

Now, after twelve years have passed, among the thousands who make a pilgrimage to Bayreuth, are not only artists, composers and eminent musicians, but men and women without especial musical talent, who go thither to hear, see and enjoy that which exalts and refreshes, all uniting in appreciative praise of the man whose genius triumphed over doubt and calumny; who, misunderstood and even scorned while living, is honored now in the position assigned him among the great ones of earth, who have given freely of their best for the good of humanity.

The months which followed this first success-



"PARSIFAL."



THE ANOINTING OF "PARSIFAL."

ful rendering of "Parsifal" brought deep sorrow to Wagner's family and friends. The season which closed so auspiciously left the composer much worn by the strife and anxiety of years, but with his creative zeal unabated. Preparations for the coming summer's festival occupied much of his time in Venice, whither he had gone for rest, and where, in Vandramin Palace, on February 13th, 1883, he passed to his final repose. Five days later, in accordance with his wish, he was buried in the garden of his home in Bayreuth. The grief of those by whom he was most beloved was inconsolable, for his energy of will and untiring activity had precluded the thought of death as near at hand: to friends of his art, not so deep a sense of personal bereavement as the appalling thought that he had but just reached the height of his career and there was much for his genius to accomplish which now must remain undone.

Naturally, Villa Wahnfried is an object of interest to visitors at Bayreuth. From Richard Wagnerstrasse a broad drive leads to the house, and on either side are shaded footpaths where the woodbine is festooned from tree to tree. The house is of the Florentine style of architecture, having on its façade paintings by the Dresden artist, Krausse. The principal one illustrates the German legend of Wotan interpreting the conversation of his two crows to the ancient

Muses of Tragedy and Music. In the background is the youthful Siegfried, personifying the thought of Wagner that the unfinished drama of that name should be the masterpiece of the future. Beneath this allegorical picture is this inscription:

"Hier wo mein Wahnfried Frieden fand.
Wahnfried sei dieses Haus von Mir benannt."

Here is the home of Frau Wagner, her daughters Isolde and Eva, and the only son Siegfried. This young man, who has but recently attained his majority, is often away with operas in London and other cities, as he is already a musician and composer of note. When the anniversary of Listz's death occurred last July a memorial musicale was given at Bayreuth, when Herr Siegfried Wagner conducted the orchestra, one hundred and twenty-four in number, through an elaborate programme selected from the music of the artist that day honored.

There is free access to the grave of Wagner, but not through the private grounds, that entrance being reserved for the family. We enter from Listzstrasse into the Hofgarten, and going onward through shaded walks, soon turn to the right into the Wagner grounds, and reach the secluded spot where the Master of German art, "after life's fitful fever, sleeps well."

Tall trees surround the ivy-covered mound, above which rests a massive slab of marble. Not one word is chiseled upon the stone, but from among the flowers and wreaths that rested on the monument a broad white ribbon drooped to the shining ivy leaves, having inscribed upon it in gilt letters these suggestive words, "Dem Einsieger."

There could be no better summary of Wagner's work in Bayreuth than that given by his biographer, Muncker, to whom I am greatly indebted: "Most purely his spirit is preserved in his last great creation, the *Bühnenfestspiele*, in Bayreuth, the legacy which he bequeathed his

people. The noble mind of his widow, supported by true friends of his house and art, administers this heritage, with an unselfish devotion and artistic discernment which are above the censure of envious fault-finders. Nothing human is absolutely perfect, not even the *Festspiele* in Bayreuth, which are dependent upon so many casualties; the ideal perfection of dramatic representation, however, which Wagner himself strove to acquire, has, to this hour, been alone reached on the stage at Bayreuth, and can only there and through those be attained who recognize it to be their sublimest vocation faithfully to fulfill the last will of the Meister."

AN ENGLISH CRITIC AT BAYREUTH.

WAGNER at Bayreuth sounds a large subject for an amateur; but although eighteen years have elapsed since the opening of the *Festspielhaus*, Wagner's own view of his mission is not, perhaps, thoroughly realized by those who have been denied the privilege of witnessing the representation of his works on the lines which he laid down with care and minuteness. Even the philosophy of Socrates needed the "Dialogues" of Plato for its proper comprehension; and some conversation with those intimately connected with the author of the dramas performed at Bayreuth disposes of many of the popular errors regarding the Master's aims and intentions.

During these eighteen years there have been ten Festivals in the theatre, which holds 1,800 people; and it must be something more than the curiosity of the Athenian of old "to hear and see some new thing" which year by year calls forth sufficient enthusiasm to muster this number of people at each of the sixteen or eighteen performances which constitute the Festival.

What is the secret of this powerful attraction? And why must we go to Bayreuth to understand Wagner?

Standing on an eminence outside the habitually sleepy-looking little town, the *Festspielhaus* dominates a wide expanse of cultivated plain, bounded on the horizon by well-wooded hills, and seems almost to suggest to us the idea that here, amidst peaceful and soothing surroundings, we may pause for awhile and grapple with the problems that baffle and perplex us in the "Sturm und Drang" of the world. This, Wagner tells us, is to be the shrine for the cultivation of a new art, where music is to play her part, but not

in any sense for the cultivation of a new form of absolute music only.

Jowett, in the introduction to Plato's "Dialogue of Gorgias," says: "The noblest truths sung of in the purest and sweetest language are still the proper material for poetry. The poet clothes them with beauty, and has a power of making them enter into the hearts and memories of men. He uses the things of sense so as to indicate what is beyond. He raises us through earth to heaven." It is this highest form of poetry that Wagner weds indissolubly with music, and that we come to study at Bayreuth. We do not come to see a Passion Play, still less to listen to an opera. According to Wagner's conception, this art of the future is not to be a legend or romance accompanied by descriptive music, interspersed with lyrical songs and pleasing choruses; nor is it the melody, or harmony, or orchestration of musical ideas. It is to be a dramatic rendering of human life and feeling, in poetical setting, expressed in words as well as music, while the action is conveyed by a stage play. It is an art, or form of art, which is to appeal simultaneously to the eye through the stage play, to the imagination by the drama and poem, and to the ear and feeling through the music. Wagner's own words explain his endeavor to produce this combination of the arts. "Music is not the aim of the drama, but only the medium of expression." Poetical ideas and dramatic passion are to find their fullest expression in musical form. Music is to convey to the feelings what the poem and dramatic action convey to the imagination and understanding.

It is not essential to the true disciple of the Wagnerian drama that he should know the

science, texture or structure of the music. No call is made upon him for this special knowledge, and it will not enable him better to understand the tragedy or passion presented to him, though it may add to his admiration for the genius of the author. At first the experienced musician may even find himself at a disadvantage at Bayreuth, as his attention may easily be too much occupied with the form, and the first impression of the whole may be somewhat weakened by the study of the detail. To some people, who look exclusively for pleasure and recreation in music, the mere mention of Wagner's name calls up simply recollections of clashing instruments and loud-sounding trumpets; useless noise, as they are pleased to call it. Nevertheless, from a purely musical point of view, the beauties and perfections of Wagner's composition are thoroughly well appreciated by the concert-going public, and it is unnecessary to dwell on these qualities which have been fully recognized for some time past. But it is not yet so fully recognized why the Bayreuth Theatre shines like a beacon, leading the German art student to a truer apprehension of national life and character, and of the influence which art should have in molding the future destiny of the race. It is the new musical drama which Wagner has created which is to be the highest expression of "thoughts which lie too deep for human words," and which shall show the "light that never was on sea or land." Those whose chief delight lies in the ideal rendering of beautiful music alone may, perhaps, be dissatisfied by finding everything here subordinated to the dramatic conception. The true interpretation of the drama must be sought in the greatest possible perfection of the whole through the individual parts; and slight failings in the scenic effects and histrionic action or vocal and musical shortcomings are scarcely perceived by anyone who is wholly absorbed in the revelations made to them by performances of such marvellous power.

Unlike the works usually performed on the operatic stage, a complete knowledge and comprehension of the words is quite as important as it is to any just appreciation of Shakespeare or Æschylus. An imperfect knowledge of German is the stumbling-block which leads to many mistakes as to the scope and meaning of Wagner's work. Few of us would think we were qualified to discuss "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" if we had only read Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and then went to see the plays acted in unfamiliar language; still less do we feel that anyone ignorant of Greek can fully understand the depth and beauty of the old Greek dramas. This is, how-

ever, about all the acquaintance with the poet's work that some of us have, even after having attended a performance or two at Bayreuth. Parts of the playing and music may seem tedious and uninteresting when the countercurrents of inner thought and action cannot be studied through the words; and in such cases we depend solely on the recurrence of the musical motive to restore us once more to full sympathy with the purpose of the dramatist. Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists had not the resources of modern music at their command, and they had recourse to a multiplicity of characters and dialogues to produce the desired impressions and effects. With Wagner music comes in to express the inner feeling that poetry cannot interpret unaided. Those who have only seen "*Tannhäuser*," "*Lohengrin*," "*The Meistersinger*," "*Tristan und Isolde*," given in their mutilated form on the operatic stage in the great capitals of Europe, may think such comparisons exaggerated; but the Bayreuth pilgrim ceases to consider them as mere operas devised for the pleasure of the moment; they assume a totally new aspect in the solemn silence of the Festspielhaus, and become for him living pages from the great drama of human life.

In spite of countless misapprehensions and adverse criticism, the power of this new dramatic art is great enough to draw together men and women of widely different tastes and sympathies—statesmen, poets, historians, artists, musicians, philanthropists, churchmen, scholars, students, scientists, philosophers, and even idlers from all parts of the world, many of whom find themselves, in the first instance, almost bewildered by the full blaze of light poured into their souls by this unexpected appeal at one and the same moment to their senses of hearing, seeing, feeling, and to their understanding. "*Dans les plus grands moments il n'y a que les silences qui parlent*"; and this is supremely true when we are here brought into such close sympathy with some of the deepest tragedies of life. In "*Tannhäuser*" it is from the spell of the senses represented by the Venusberg that the soul of *Tannhäuser* must free itself, and it is only love that here avails. *Tannhäuser* is redeemed from sin by the voluntary sacrifice of *Elizabeth*, whose love and compassion call him back through death into life. It was for the salvation of his soul that she gave her life, in infinite pity for his sin. The chorus sings, "*Du gabst ihr Tod, Sie bittet für dein Leben*." In "*Lohengrin*" we have the great struggle between the powers of evil, as represented by the ancient witchcraft of the heathen in the character of *Ortrud*, and the powers of



"PARSIFAL" WITH THE HOLY GRAIL.

dawning Christianity represented by the *Grals-ritter Lohengrin*. It is the love of *Elsa* for the Christian ideal that calls him forth out of the darkness; but her imperfect faith in the Kingdom of Light produces the tragedy of her love. She suffers because the mystery of another and higher calling is too great for human love until freed from the powers of evil. "Aus Wonne und Glanz ich kam," sings *Lohengrin*, and *Elsa* feels he belongs to another world, to which she has not attained and which must separate him from her forever. In her despair and weakness she falls a victim to the evil insinuations of *Ortrud* and the rooted superstitions of her race. In the "Tristan und Isolde" (of Wagner), love, as the strongest of human passions, is represented as a poison, relentless and pitiless, sweeping all before it till, transfigured by the sacrifice of each to the other, it is purified by death. "Der uns vereint, Den ich dir bot, Lass ihn uns weih'n Dem süßsen Tod," sings *Isolde*, in her misery. In the "Meistersinger," *Hans Sachs* represents the voluntary

sacrifice of self as the highest human love. He puts aside his own affection for *Eva* that she may know and enjoy the happiness and feel the spring-time of satisfied love. He sings, "Doch des Herzens süß' Beschwer' Gält' zu bezwingen; Es war ein schöner Abendtraum, Daran zu denken wag' ich kaum." When we come to "Parsifal" we have the purest love, divine in its compassion, which, while comprehending and feeling the tragedy of erring human passion in *Amphôtas*, heals the burning wounds caused by the poison of sensual enchantment, and releases the suffering woman, *Kundry*, by giving her the forgiveness of a suffering human heart. "Durch Mitleid wisend," sings the angelic choir. The tetralogy of the "Nibelungen Ring" is the great work that brings out most forcibly the supremacy of Wagner's dramatic inspiration. It was written before "Parsifal," with which, however, it is closely connected in Wagner's own mind, and the analogies between the heathen myth of the hidden hoard of gold and the legend of the Holy Grail



KARL GREGG AS "GURNEMANZ."

can be shown by referring to his correspondence. These tremendous pictures do not speak through poetry alone or through music alone. It is only when the two are combined, and the music brings to the heart what the poem says to the intellect, while the whole is presented to the eye on the stage, that Wagner's object is attained.*

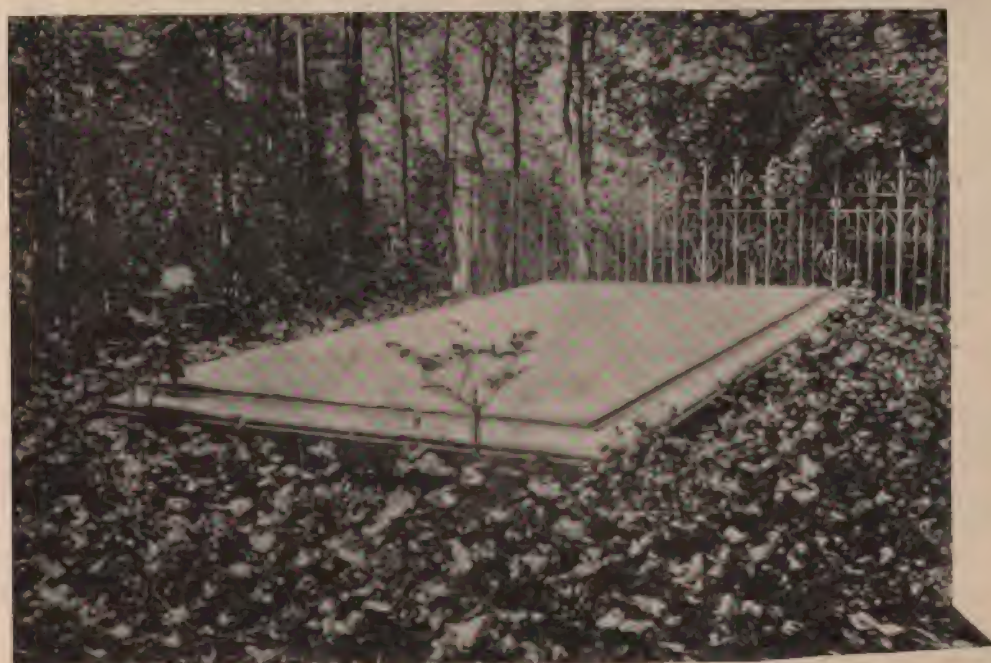
If we go deeper into Wagner's choice of subjects and his poetical and philosophical treatment of them, his purpose becomes evident and well defined, but it is impossible here to do more than indicate the principal lines of the structure of these great dramas, which display the central idea of Wagner's thought that in self-sacrifice under the power of love lies the key to the mystery of human suffering. Enough has been said to prove that his leading characters are not mere

* For a further description of all Wagner's dramas see Mr. Stewart Chamberlain's "*Le Drame Wagnerien*," in one vol. (Paris: Chaillez).

heroes of romance or legend; for the poet's art has carved them anew in living, yet imperishable marble, and, like all great works of art, they are more loved and appreciated the better they are known and understood. Goethe says somewhere in a letter: "It has happened, and still happens to me, that a work of art does not at first glance please me, because I have not grown up to it. But if it seems worth it I endeavor to get hold of it, and then the most delightful discoveries



THE VILLA WAHNFRIED, BAYREUTH.



WAGNER'S GRAVE.

follow. I become aware of new qualities in the object and new capacities in myself." And this is just what happens to us at Bayreuth. Everything is there conducted with the intention of producing the highest dramatic impression: the lights are extinguished at a given moment, and no door can be subsequently opened to admit the unwary lingerer. There are three distinct signals to call the audience together before each of the three acts, and there is also one hour's repose between each. After an interval of silence the first notes of the orchestra rise mysteriously from beneath the stage, perfect in their art because that art is perfectly concealed; and when the curtains are drawn aside the music has already conducted us insensibly to the opening scene. Each act stands a complete and harmonious whole. We float along with the music without conscious effort, for the action is before us on the stage, and we are borne hither and thither on the waves of sound which descend at one moment to the depths of sorrows and mysteries never before explored, and now rise to heights of bliss never before attained. And here and there, when we have reached the highest pitch of excitement in the personages of the drama, some stately march or simple phrase comes to still the troubled waters, and we lose ourselves once more in the calm of the eternal sea of thought. The act comes to an end, the spellbound audience is scattered once more, and we seek an hour's rest, to meditate in the solitude of the pine woods on the enjoyment of the voyages we have made, or on the excitement we have passed through—or perhaps to seek such refreshment as our frail bodies may require after such intellectual and spiritual exercises.

Even this very superficial glimpse of some of the best-known works of the Master as played at Bayreuth will show that the existing ideas of musical entertainment were inadequate to interpret the art that Wagner struggled through such clouds of misapprehension to establish. His idea of the drama was to teach, to create and to regenerate, and music was only one of the means by which he hoped to realize his ideal. These aims were nowhere accepted on the operatic stage, and after six years' experience in conducting the Opera House at Dresden, one of the finest then existing, where he had been quite powerless to produce "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*" with the interpretation he designed for them, he realized that he needed a special stage, and an audience who came to learn as well as to enjoy. Wagner was a dramatist first and a musician afterward. His first work was a tragedy,

written at the age of fifteen, when he had never composed music, and while he had no scientific

knowledge of it, and he tells us that he discovered at once that he could not achieve his end without this assistance. He seems to have been striving at first unconsciously after some modern representative of ancient Greek drama, where, however, music was probably used as an accompaniment to the poet's words, and not as a vehicle for thought and feeling. The Greeks had not the musical development necessary to intensify the action of the stage by translating the words into musical feeling; and Wagner, whose aim is to reveal man to himself, says "music is the beginning and end of speech."

A glance at his life and writings will show how this idea of the musical drama found its fulfillment in the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth. He explains his own aspirations frequently in many parts of his writings, and the following passage speaks for itself: "I am not writing operas, and as I can find no suitable name for my works, I call them dramas, because, at least, in this way the most important part of what I teach will be accepted from the standpoint which this word describes." In another place he writes: "In the future art work (*Kunstwerk*) music must maintain a thoroughly distinct position from that which it holds in the modern opera; and it may only be developed to its fullest extent where it can interpret most; where, on the other hand, the dramatic words are the most important it must be subordinated to them. Music possesses exactly this capability of clinging imperceptibly to the thoughtful elements of speech; without being entirely silent, it leaves them almost untouched, while at the same time it supports them." Like all great artists, he felt cramped and confined by the conventions of the accepted canons of taste and expression. The need of this new departure in poetry and drama was not limited to Wagner. As early as 1797 Schiller writes to Goethe: "I have always had a certain confidence that out of the opera, as out of the chorus of the old Bacchanalian feasts, tragedy can unfold itself in nobler form"; and on the musical side we find it expressed and understood by Beethoven in his symphonies. The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven was performed in the old Opera House at Bayreuth on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the new theatre, because it seemed to foreshadow the advent of that new art to which Wagner had been devoting so much of his life and energy. The theatre once built, his great hope might be accomplished—the performance, not only of the "*Nibelungen Ring*," but of all his earlier dramatic works, on a specially arranged stage by specially trained artists to a specially selected audience.

When Wagner left Dresden in disgrace at the time of the Revolution of 1848 he had already written "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and drawn out a first sketch of the "Ring"; but it seems as if it were only when he had learnt the futility of political movements of this kind for the regeneration of society that he turned his whole attention to the means toward this end which were within the province of art, and which were within his grasp as poet and musician. From this time Wagner began to publish his ideas of what future art should be, and the part it should play in the development of the German nation. Some few friends and disciples felt with him that such a mission could only be accomplished and comprehended away from the stress and pressure of modern life; and although there were proposals at different times for erecting a special theatre in Weimar, Zurich, Munich, and even Paris, these did not fulfill the requisite conditions. Amongst his warmest friends and admirers was Ludwig II. of Bavaria, without whose generous aid the theatre at Bayreuth could not have been completed. The feeling against Wagner was at that time so strong in Munich that it was impossible to found his theatre there. Besides, it was a capital, and Wagner wished to give performances of his dramas after the fashion of the Greek festivals, away from the distractions and bustle of a large town, away from temptations to forget the ideal which would beset both actors and listeners, especially if the representations were to become frequent, and therefore, probably, after awhile, money seeking.

At last the quiet little town of Bayreuth was fixed upon, and, thanks to the enlightened assistance of the townspeople themselves, a site was granted, and the great theatre was begun in 1872, without which the real scope and value of the musical dramas could hardly have been comprehended by any large section of the community. The first performance of the "Nibelungen Ring" was given in 1876, in Wagner's own presence.

"Parsifal" was not given till 1882, and since that date all the other dramas have been produced there. Although many misconceptions still exist as to the true interpretation and tendency, the main idea of the new art at Bayreuth is becoming gradually accepted and understood; but it seems difficult to anticipate the advent of another poet endowed with the like dramatic power, combined with the gifts of musical as well as verbal expression. It has been said that all true creations of art spring from some great movement among the people, and that the musical dramas of Wagner were the outcome of the Revolution of 1848, just as the art of the Italian Renaissance sprang from the great religious revival of the Middle Ages. If this be so, we shall have to wait for some new impulse before we see signs of advance or progress along the pathway pointed out by Wagner for art development in the future, which is to lead, not to any change or reform in musical ideas, but to social and moral improvement. Vaguely and indistinctly, as we return from Bayreuth, through Nuremberg, to the burden of everyday life, and wander back to Albert Dürer's house, we feel that here was the cradle of the German art to which we have been initiated at Bayreuth. Unlike the Italian, who realizes his ideal and reproduces only the beautiful in form and color, Albert Dürer sought to express the fuller and deeper side of beauty in thought as well as life. Unable to attain its ideal in form and color, the German mind seeks its expression in poetry, the drama, and music, and we come to Schiller and Goethe and Beethoven, whom we have seen bearing witness to their yearning for a fuller and deeper art expression. This century has witnessed the most marvelous discoveries in the domain of speculative science, and the victories of engineering skill are quite as astonishing, but Wagner's creation of the Musical Drama at Bayreuth remains the greatest triumph of which modern art can boast. —M. A. A. GALLOWAY, in the *Nineteenth Century*.



AVE MARIA IN ROME.

BY MATHILDE BLIND.



FAR away dim violet mountains
 Fade away from sight ;
 Flashing from fantastic fountains
 Jets the liquid light,
 Where from Nymph or Triton's lip
 Bubbling waters drip and drip,
 Bubbling day and night.

Pealed from tower to answering tower
 O'er the city swells,
 Ringing in the hallowed hour,
 Rhythm of bells on bells :
 And on wings of choral song
 Confluent hearts to Mary throng
 From dim cloistered cells.

On the golden ground of Even—
 Like a halfway home
 On the pilgrim road to heaven—
 Floats St. Peter's dome :
 High, high, in the air alone—
 Man's dread thoughts transformed to stone,
 Pinnacled o'er Rome.



VIEW OF ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, FROM MONTE PINCIO, ROME.
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THE MAGIC MIRROR.

By THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

I AM sure I do not know whether I did right, or whether, indeed, I am responsible for what happened, but you shall be the judge. Besides which, it will be quite a comfort to tell you the truth about the awful affair.

When Lieutenant Gaynor came home last January from a three years' cruise on the Asiatic Station we were not engaged to be married, but we had been sweethearts all our lives. As you know, I had lived with his mother and sister at Culpepper ever since my parents died, and was daughter and sister to them in all but the name; and that was to be given me as soon as Roy said the word. So when he swung himself off the car steps, before the train had really stopped, he held out his arms to us all as we ran down the platform to meet him, and took us all in and kissed us all alike. No, not all alike either, for he kissed his mother and me again, after the general welcome; and while he saluted them by name, he had for me a tenderer title.

"Not a day older, mother—not a day!" he sang out in what we used to call his northwest voice, as soon as we were all in the dear little wainscoted sitting room. "Here you are fifty—fifty what is it now?—fifty-five, and not a gray hair in your head, while I'm getting to look like a badger about the temples."

But that was not so, for his hair was as brown as mine; and, indeed, why should it not be, when he was only twenty-nine? But it was ever the way of Roy not to be serious about himself.

"And, sis," he went on, "you're bidding fair to be as good-looking as mother, and that's all you want. I'll wager a month's pay that I don't find you here when I get back from my next cruise. Oh, I hear things, even if you don't write but once every six months!"

"Well," said Tirisa, "I knew Jean was writing you two letters by each mail, and I thought that was enough from one post office."

"Yes, dear heart," said Roy, coming over to where I sat, "you are the best and most forgiving of correspondents, and I am the worst and most exacting."

From this you will see that the affectionate relations existing between us then were accepted by us all, even if they were not quite formally defined.

After dinner Roy opened his big leather portmanteau and brought out his "presents." For mother there was a lovely India shawl and a Chinese porcelain candlesticks; for Ti-

risa, a set of Ceylonese silver toilet cups and trays; and for me, two unset rubies, a cobweb scarf of India silk and a mirror.

"You know, folks," said Roy, after he had been hugged again to suffocation point, and was sitting smoking his cigar, with us three women grouped about him, "Uncle Sam's pay schedule does not allow much spending money—"

He was summarily shut off at this point by a trio of protests and a threat that if another word were said on that subject all the presents would be sent back to the ship.

"Allow me to say, then," he went on, "that your mirror, Jean, requires a word of explanation. Let me have it a moment, dear."

I handed it to him, and he continued:

"'Tis not much to look at, you see; yet that's all a mirror is for, isn't it? I knew you liked odd things, Jean, and so one day at Cairo, after we had come through the canal, I went down among the bazaars on a still hunt. The trouble was, there were too many things to choose from. Such a collection of the beautiful and the odd as those old squatting fellows had I never saw. Oh, have no fear—I'm not going to try any catalogue work. I'll leave that for story writers. I was just about giving it up as a bad case of embarrassment of riches when I felt some one tap me on the shoulder. Now, mind, this is true business. I turned; there was no one there, but right across the narrow alley into which I had wandered was a little black box of a shop, against the dark background of which there stood out a long white thing with two bright points at the top of it, like two lightning bugs on a flour sack. The two lightning bugs seemed to grow larger and larger, and I walked over to see what in thunder the whole thing was, when it resolved itself into a big white beard and a pair of Syrian eyes, both the property of an old gentleman in a black robe—the shopkeeper, in fact. I don't know for the life of me why, but when I got close to him I felt that it was the proper thing to bow and say, 'You called me, sir; what is your pleasure?' So, like a fool, I said it. Then there came a hole in the beard, and a voice said: 'My lord wants something strange and small, but good.'"

"How did you know what he said, Roy?" I asked.

"Oh, bless you, he spoke English quite as well as I do, and almost as well as you. 'Why, yes,' I said; 'I was looking for something of that sort

—something a little better than a white metal spoon and not quite as expensive as a gold umbrella jar." The old fellow nodded his head, and said, "For a lady." He didn't ask that, you understand; he made the statement. I said "Yes." "For a lady whom you love and who is not your sister," said the old fellow.

"Now, Roy," said his mother, laughing, "you are treating us to a sample of your yarn spinning."

"It's the gospel truth, mother, every word of it," said Roy; and he said it so seriously that his mother forbore to laugh further, while Tirisa and I were already impressed by his story.

"I didn't quite like the assertiveness of the old fellow," he continued. "In fact, I thought it the rather impudent trick of a sly salesman, so I snorted out something you wouldn't care about hearing, when the old fellow stretched out his hand with the palm turned straight toward me, as he said: 'Let not my lord be angry, for my age is great, and age has its experience as well as its privileges. Here is what you seek.' With that he put his hand under his cloak and brought out this mirror. As you see, it certainly is curious enough, and I asked him the price. 'Five thousand francs,' he said. 'Good day,' said I. 'Five hundred francs,' he said. 'Good day,' I said again. 'Five francs,' he said. 'I'll take it at that,' said I. 'Nay, my son,' said the old fellow, 'it's price is five thousand francs, and I cannot sell it for less. But I will make you a present of it, provided you give me five francs for these photographs of Karnak, where it was found.' So I paid him the five francs and got the photographs and mirror."

"Well, of all Cheap John tricks," exclaimed Tirisa, "that is the shrewdest I ever heard of! Only think of the cunning of the Oriental in the whole transaction!"

"Wait a bit," said Roy. "My story is not quite done. I put the mirror in my breast pocket and carried the photographs in my hand. They were those cheap folding things with a red cloth cover, and as I walked along the whole inside of the little album slipped out and fell to the ground. When putting the leaves back I noticed that the pictures were not views of Karnak at all, but some street scenes in Paris. That made me mad, and I turned back to have it out with the old fellow, even if he had been Methuselah himself. Now, mind you, I had not walked ten paces away from the old fellow's place when I made the discovery of the cheat, yet I couldn't find it. There was the armor bazaar where I had been hopelessly gazing at the superabundance of things when I felt that queer tap on the back, and op-

posite it was the alley where I had seen the white beard and the lightning-bug eyes, but there wasn't the faintest sign of either, or of the old fellow, or of the shop even. I rubbed my eyes, ran up the alley, and found myself in a small square with a Turkish café on one side filled with our fellows chaffing a lot of smudge-eyed girls. It was the quickest case of 'Now you see it and now you don't' on record, I reckon."

"He knew you would come back as soon as you found out the cheat," I said, "and so quietly decamped."

"Folded his tent like the Arab, and all that sort of thing, I suppose," said Roy. "I don't know, I'm sure. I haven't any explanation to make. It's the queerest thing that ever happened to me, and I can assure you I never opened my locker, where I put the mirror, without a feeling that I'd find that it had disappeared also. However, there you have it, Jean, story and all."

"But what about the touch on the shoulder, and the—what shall I call it—the mind-reading conversation?" asked Roy's mother, with a slightly troubled face.

"I can only repeat what I said just now, mother," he replied. "I have no explanation to offer."

Naturally enough we all examined the mirror pretty closely after this. It was of brass, about eight inches long and quite heavy. The handle and frame were of one piece, the handle a plain round shaft—plain except for five slight indentations, or rather grooves, into which the fingers and thumb naturally slipped when holding it. The frame was circular, with a roughly cut arabesque running round it.

In the face of the mirror lay its oddity, for it was really nine mirrors—a sun and eight satellites. The sun, or central mirror, was a polished disk of metal and occupied the larger part of the frame, while the eight satellites were grouped at equal distances around it. But the satellites were of a slightly complex form, for while each was also a polished metal disk, over it was fastened a triangle of some dull black material. The back was plain, except that here again were the five shallow grooves for the fingers and thumb.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Roy, when we three women had examined the mirror separately and in concert.

"So far as the mirror goes," said Tirisa, "I can buy a better one in Culpepper for twenty-five cents."

"From what Roy has told us of the way in which he got it," said the mother, "I should say that it is a cheap copy of an antique."

"And I think, dear," I said, "that it's the

quaintest, oddest looking glass that ever a girl had."

"Except the Karnak belle who was the original owner," said Roy, with his hearty laugh. "And now I'm going to turn in, just to see how my old bed feels after three years of bunking it in a cupboard."

* * * * *

Roy staid with us three days, and then a dispatch came, and he said he had to go away. He tore up the dispatch as soon as he had read it and threw the pieces in the fire, and stood looking into the big open grate until the last piece of paper was a film of ash. His mother and I were in the room at the time, and we both asked him anxiously if there was anything the matter.

"No," he said, "except that I have to go away for a day or two."

"To the ship?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, "to the ship."

After he had gone I went upstairs, and feeling uneasy and low-spirited over his departure, I set to the essentially feminine task of "looking over things." In the course of doing so I settled on places for Roy's presents. The mirror I decided to keep on my dressing table, and laying it there with the face down, I rested my hand on it with the fingers and thumb in the hollows of the back which I have spoken of. As I did so, and was thinking hard and not too happily of the fashion of Roy's going away, I pressed nervously on the mirror, only to withdraw my hand quickly the next instant, and with a cry, as I felt beneath my fingers a stir and a tingle as though I had touched an electric battery. Then I reproached myself for foolish nervousness and replaced my hand on the mirror.

There was no movement either of or within it.

Then I pressed heavily, and instantly beneath my fingers I felt once more the buzzing stir.

Something was moving within the mirror.

Roy's story of the mysterious salesman in Cairo came back to me with a rush, and I was about to call Tirisa to come quickly to look into this new wonder, when a feeling of utter and abject annihilation of will overwhelmed me, and in that state I crept miserably to bed.

In the clear morning light I rated myself for giving way to foolish delusions and dreaming out a fag-end of Roy's fairy tale. My purpose was, however, to thrust the mirror out of sight, but as soon as I touched it another overwhelming change of mood crept over me, as on the previous night, and blotted out my will. Breakfast, usually such a cheerful meal, I recollect only as a misty function, but when that was over the distressing annulment of volition left me as suddenly as it had

come. In its place I was conscious of a steady, bright plan of action whose contemplation gave me a glow of pleasure; and following it, and the secrecy it seemed to entail, I ran upstairs, slipped on my ulster, put the mirror in my pocket and climbed the hill to see my father's old teacher, Professor Glendenning. After receiving my regular scolding for not coming to see him oftener, I brought out the mirror, told him how it had come into my possession and asked him what he thought of it.

"Well, I don't exactly know what to say," he replied, after looking it over curiously and carefully. "It surely is not Chinese; it may be Indian, although it is quite likely it was made in Birmingham, England. No, I'm wrong. Here we are—it's Persian."

"And how do you know that, professor?" I asked, eagerly.

"Well," said the professor, "I can't say for sure that it was made in Persia, but here is certainly an inscription in Persian." And he pointed to the running pattern around the frame of the mirror, which we had untechnically called an arabesque.

"What does it say?" I asked.

"Let us first see where it begins," he said; "and I don't know, even if I find the beginning, whether I can translate it. I'm pretty rusty in my Orientals at present, and this is Persian of an early epoch, if I mistake not. Ah! here we are: 'The eyes of me,' that is, 'my eyes, run into' or 'over all parts,' or 'corners of the earth, and destruction,' that is, 'my annihilation' or 'my destruction, lighteth after,' no, 'lighteth on the traitor or false.' Now, then, let me try again, and a little more metrically. It says:

"My eyes run into all parts of the earth,
And my destruction lighteth on the false one."

"That's pretty close to it. Quite a terrible text, isn't it?"

"And what do you suppose it means?" I asked, nervously.

"Oh," replied the professor, "these texts are characteristic of the ancient Persian methods. They invested all inanimate objects, and especially articles of their own handicraft, with strange attributes. A very remarkable people, my dear; and you have a very remarkable object there, too. Take an old man's advice, and put it away carefully."

All day long the portentous text kept ringing in my ears; not exactly ringing either, for the words seemed rather to be shouted into them.

No message came from Roy for any of us that day, and we all said that we did not expect any,

because we understood that he had been called away on urgent duty and had no time for home correspondence. I don't know what his mother and sister thought in their heart of hearts, but I know that in mine there was a tremor that kept me from looking those dear ones in the face.

Almost immediately a tingling vibration sprang up beneath them. The whirl and shock increased until they became almost insupportable, and then with a sudden dash I seized the handle and brought the burnished face straight up in front of me.



"I SEIZED THE HANDLE AND BROUGHT THE BURNISHED FACE STRAIGHT UP IN FRONT OF ME."

The spirit of the mirror had hold of me. I saw the threatening text like the handwriting on the wall; the slow, heavy tick of the old clock on the stairs put itself to the words; and when I got to my room and locked the door I walked straight to my dressing table and placed my fingers in the imprints on the mirror's back.

As true as I am a Christian girl this is what I saw: The face of the mirror, as I have tried to describe, was composed of a central reflector, or sun, while around it were eight smaller reflectors, or satellites, partially covered by black triangles. As I looked I saw that there was a strange movement going on among these satellites. The black

triangles were slowly turning from left to right on concealed pivots, while the polished disks beneath seemed to have become merged into a continuous glowing band which flashed around the central mirror like a rapidly revolving ribbon of light, turning from right to left. As it circled around it seemed to throw a pulsating nimbus on the central mirror, which remained stationary, contracting and expanding, and turning in and out on itself like those chromatope slides that you have seen in a magic lantern.

As I looked at the miraculous thing I found my fingers settling rigidly into the indentations of the handle, and as the rigidity grew the whizzing of the black triangles increased in velocity; the circle of light rushed the more rapidly around the central mirror, and the aureolesque light seemed to bulge and contract with more and more pronounced pulsations, until there was only one quiet and unilluminated spot in the centre of the mirror, about the size of a silver dollar. The marvelous movement of the disks and the vibratory glory seemed to eat their way into my brain and to bind up all senses except that of sight. This sense, on the other hand, became preternaturally acute, and as my eyes were fixed on the quiet central spot I saw forming therein a tiny picture which had all the distance and soon had

all the microscopic clearness of a scene looked at through the wrong end of an opera glass. Out of the shadows came at first the white napery of a dinner table, then the lavender of a woman's dress at one side of the table, and then the darker figure of a man at the other side. Soon I saw that the woman was beautiful, but of a wicked beauty, and then—then I saw that the man was Roy. So marvelously distinct was the miniature scene that I could see that each of the two figures held a wineglass raised, and that when the glasses had been drained the two figures leaned across the table until their wine-wet lips met together in a kiss.

An agonizing flame of amazement, grief and anger blazed up within me at the sight, and with a bitter cry I brought the mirror down with all my might on the marble corner of the bureau.

There was a blinding flash as it flew to pieces, a rattling report, and I fell to the floor as though I had been shot.

* * * * *

And at that wretched hour and minute, as you have heard, the door of the room where the miserable rendezvous was being kept was thrown open, and a bullet from the hand of an outraged husband and brother officer was sent through Roy Gaynor's heart.

WOUNDED.

BY A. C. BENSON.

The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing,
And gained theholt, and ran a little spice.
Where brier and bracken twined a hiding place;
There lay and wondered at the grievous thing.

With patient filmy eye he peeped, and heard
Big blood drops oozing on the fallen leaf;
There hour by hour in uncomplaining grief
He watched with pain, but neither cried nor stirred.

The merry sportsmen tramped contented home,
He heard their happy laughter die away;
Across the stubble by the covert side
His merry comrades called at eventide;
They breathed the fragrant air, alert and gay,
And he was sad because his hour was come.



ST. AGNES LIGHTHOUSE.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN spite of their nearness to the coast of Cornwall (a journey of forty miles to Penzance), the Scilly Islands are far from being a popular place of resort for touring Englishmen. The sea space to be covered is limited, but there is hardly any limit at times to the size of the Atlantic waves that lash this little archipelago. Moreover, the boats that ply (daily in the fish and flower season) between St. Mary's, the chief island, and Penzance are mere cockleshells. It needs a strong or seasoned stomach to endure their caperings in anything like a sea; and there is often an ancient fishlike perfume about the steamboats which in itself is enough to coax a fit of *mal de mer* out of a sensitive constitution even when the Atlantic is on its best behavior—merely heaving in preparation for its next little bout of wind and rain.

And yet the islands are exceedingly interesting. They are a country in little, and in following their vicissitudes one is just as much engrossed as if these were the events which made or marred a kingdom, instead of a pocket archipelago, all told only some ten miles by five in length and breadth.

When I landed at St. Mary's one April day after a dirty passage I made a mistake offhand.

I gave myself into the keeping of an oilskin-clad man with a tufted beard, and happened to remark that the weather in England was quite fair, and that it seemed to me too bad to plow into a storm almost within sight of Land's End.

"England!" exclaimed my guide. "Why, sir, this is England! What else is it?"

It was an excusable mistake. For by then he had brought me to the gate leading to Tregarthen's Hotel, and between the gate and the garden were several palm trees. Palm trees don't grow in the open air in England. And besides, although it was raining, the atmosphere was almost subtropical. I have felt the same torpor in Florida and Madeira. In short, it was not much like England, though the people were in no way dissimilar externally and in their speech from Cornish folk. And all that night I lay listening to the wail of the wind and the sob of the sea as I had never lain listening to them in England.

Let us take a brief glance at Scilly's history before visiting its chief islands.

It does not matter a rap which ancient race of civilization first set foot on these granite rocks. Had they left emphatic tokens of their visit it would have been different. But they have done



CASTLE BRYHER.

no such thing. The Phœnicians may have used the isles as a storehouse for the tin they got from the mines of Cornwall, or they may even have found tin in the Scillies themselves. It is an affair of conjecture. This I will say, however, that one day, adventuring in White Island, close north of St. Martin's, I found what seemed like the trace of old mining in one of its clefts. But the isles themselves can never have been rich in tin. As the Cassiterides, they were probably only a trading station.

Subsequently they were used by the Romans as a penal settlement, and especially for converts to Christianity. This makes credible enough the

tale told in the Saga of King Olaf Tryggvesson: how the famous Viking, after ravaging Western Scotland, England and France, came one day inward the close of the tenth century to Scilly, where he encountered a Christian hermit whose proofs of prophecy and much else converted the King, so that he and his warriors were there and then baptized. From Scilly the King returned to Norway, and died there in the trouble caused by his open warfare against Odin, Thor and Frey on behalf of Christianity.

There is no mention of the Scillies in Domesday Book. But in the records of the Duchy of Cornwall, of which it was and still is a part,

we find that in 1353 the isles were a favorite place of shelter for absconding serfs from the mainland. It is easily understood. A feudal lord might well hesitate twice ere crossing the wide channel between Cornwall and the isles in quest of his property.

The isles were then in the hands of the Blanchminsters, who were succeeded by the Coleshills. The tenure was an easy one. It was held on "the service of maintaining twelve armed men to keep the castle and by the rent of three hundred puffins, or 6s. and 8d."



ROCKS OF SCILLY, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE BISHOP LIGHTHOUSE.



GARRISON HILL, ST. MARY'S.

In Henry VIII.'s time Leland visited the islands. He was industrious enough to try and estimate the number of rocks in the archipelago. "There be countid 140 islatts of Scilley, that bere grass, exceeding good pasture for catail." With other information, he tells us of the insecurity of life here in the sixteenth century, when Spain and her cruisers were at their best. "Few men be glad to inhabit these islettes, for all the plenty (of grass and sea fowl, it appears—little else, certainly), for robbers by the sea that take their catil by force. These robbers be Frenchmen and Spaniards."

From the Coleshills the isles passed into the hands of one Danvers, and in 1549 the name of Godolphin appears as captain of the group. Thenceforward until 1831 the Godolphins were su-

preme under the duke in the islands. The first lease to them was granted in 1571 by Queen Elizabeth, and the leases were continued, with intermission during the civil war, until 1831, when the Duke of Leeds (a Godolphin) declined to renew his lease. To all intents and purposes



ALOE STAIRCASE, TRESCO GARDENS.

save in matters of heresy, treason and life and limb the lessor was an autocrat in the isles. The lord proprietor (himself in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries far too large a person to trouble himself about this little estate) "created a court of twelve, who were little scrupulous about the limits of their power." These precious twelve at one time forbade the islanders to leave the islands, and equally prohibited the incomming of strangers. But they could not bring prosperity upon the Scillies, which were never in a more destitute condition than when the last Godolphin said he had had enough of them. After the Godolphins came the Smith family. Mr. Augustus Smith, M. P. for Truro, leased the islands for a term of three lives, and inaugurated a reign of peace and plenty which may even yet not have reached its zenith.

Steam has done much for the Scillies, but the Smith family have done most of all. The flower industry and the growing of new potatoes for the London market have brought much gold into the islands. And yearly the number of acres devoted to these lucrative pursuits increases. Two or three hundred tons of lilies find their way every spring from St. Mary's to Covent Garden, Birmingham and Manchester; and the demand for "Scilly whites" and the other varieties of narcissus and daffodil is still far from being satisfied.

The time to visit the islands is assuredly the spring, when every steamer that leaves them carries to the mainland its scores of cases of sweet-smelling flowers. There is a cable from St. Mary's to Cornwall, and in the heart of the little capital of the isles a window is devoted to the telegrams received from the various flower markets in Manchester, Birmingham and Covent Garden. Something of the excitement of a stock exchange pervades the town square in the neighborhood of these telegrams. There may be a glut in the market, and prices will be down, or a welcome grub may have played havoc with the gardens of Scilly's great rival, the South of France, and prices will then be at their highest. Be that as it may, it is diverting to see the expressions on the bronzed faces of the cultivators who have brought in their produce to be shipped by the outgoing morning steamer.

During my first few days in the archipelago I tarried for a more genial turn in the weather and took long walks about St. Mary's, the chief island, for the most part in a very wet mackintosh. Tregarthen's Hotel is a comfortable little house, and I shall long remember its clotted cream. But perhaps it is a trifle too near the rocks. At any rate, I did not like the melancholy roaring of the

waves upon the granite in the dead of night. There was, too, the added joy of the fog horn from the Bishop Lighthouse, which the tearing southwest gale made audible even at five miles' distance. The weather was such that a storm warning staid up continuously on the Castle Hill hard by, and the two or three visitors who came from Penzance in the evenings were much out of humor with the Atlantic. The harbor, too, was perforce packed with the boats of fishermen from Cornwall as well as the isles. Their burnt-sienna sails hung wet and limp, and the mariners themselves lounged about disconsolately in top-boots, chewing tobacco, interchanging expletives and shaking their heads whenever they looked at the hurrying procession of black clouds overhead and the white horses in the roadstead.

In fact, it was rather a depressing time. Scilly is not a place for metropolitan sports. A town of fifteen hundred inhabitants cannot support a theatre, and all the while there was the consciousness in most minds that a wreck or two were bound to occur on one or other of the terrible outlying ledges which fringe the principal islets.

There isn't a spot in the world more mortal to mariners than this group of rocks. The three lighthouses cannot help it altogether. Matters were much worse before the Bishop was built. The Bishop Lighthouse was started in 1849, but in 1850 such of it as had been raised was carried away by a storm. In 1858 the present granite erection was completed. The Lighthouse Commissioners, who visited it in the following year, mentioned it as "magnificent and perhaps the most exposed in the world." It is four and a half miles from the inhabited isle of St. Agnes and difficult to land upon. The four men who tenant it have no room for exercise save what the column itself affords them and a narrow balcony outside. They work in shifts of three months, and must feel that they have earned their holiday of twenty-eight days after each spell. But if there is anything of a sea on, their term of service may be indefinitely extended, as it is only at grave risk of life that an effort can then be made to remove them.

Our anticipations in the matter of wrecks were sadly verified on the third day of rough weather. A French fishing boat had gone to pieces in the western reefs; a mast and a couple of bodies were the first indications of it. On another island also a body had been washed ashore.

A description of the isles in detail would be a description of a series of wrecks. There is no space here to do more than refer to three of these disasters.

That of the man-of-war *Association* in 1707 has

been familiar with most of us for the name of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the admiral who was here drowned. The Gilstone Rock brought doom to the *Association*, which "in two minutes went down with all on board save one." The romantic tale connected with this wreck may be given in Mr. Baddeley's words, who had it on fair authority as a tradition: "When Admiral Shovel was sailing across the main on his way back to England there was on board his ship a common seaman who kept for himself a reckoning of the vessel's course. This in itself was an unusual proceeding, very few sailors in those days possessing the necessary knowledge. The man declared that the ship's course would take her upon the rocks of Scilly, and this conclusion was brought to the

Farm), was carried by the sea to Portsellick, and for awhile rested on the spot of ground marked by that strip of sand, and ever since that time the grass has refused to grow there."

True or not, this legend has caught on, and nowadays the visitor who did not visit Sir Cloudesley Shovel's resting place, with its ring of stones and shell cross, and the typical Scilly rock in the background, would be thought to have neglected his duty as a conscientious sightseer.

Portsellick, on the southeast side of St. Mary's, was the site of another wreck, or rather drift ashore, worth recording. In 1840, on the 19th of November, some men were gathering sea wrack for manure here, when they perceived among the rocks the keel of a ship, bottom upward. Exam-



TRESCO ABBEY.

knowledge of the officers. The unfortunate man was court-martialed on a charge of inciting to mutiny, and then and there convicted and sentenced to be hanged at the yardarm. Before execution he asked and got leave to read aloud a portion of Holy Scripture. The portion he chose was the 109th Psalm. It spoke of him who 'remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.' It invoked upon him, among other woes, fewness of days, fatherless children and a posterity cut off. In a few hours the reckoning of the unhappy man was proved to be correct; the vessel struck upon the Gilstone Rock and was lost. The body of the admiral, still alive (it is whispered that he was murdered for the sake of a ring he wore by the tenant of Sallakey

ining this, one of them heard a voice. An ax was procured and a hole made. Through this one of the men thrust his hand, which was immediately seized by some one inside. Eventually a plank was cut away, and three men and a boy were rescued. They had been thus crouched in the lazaret of the ship for three days and nights, with scarcely room to move, almost suffocated for want of fresh air, and in water waist-high. An attempt they had made to pierce the ship's side with a knife for breathing purposes had failed. Luckily for them, as it would have affected the vessel's buoyancy and probably drowned them. Ere washing ashore on the Scillies this wreck had been temporarily taken in tow out at sea. The feelings of the men may be imagined when they understood this and afterward felt that they

abandoned again—though all the time their would-be rescuers never supposed human life was being supported under such conditions.

The third wreck to be mentioned is that of the *Schiller* in May, 1875, a fatality still remembered in only too many families. Perhaps the most remarkable feature about this calamity is the fact that the Retarrier Reef, on which the *Schiller* struck, is only a mile from the Bishop Lighthouse. Neither the lighthouse fog bell nor its lamp proved of service; the weather was just such dirty weather as characterized my own early May experiences on St. Mary's.

The *Schiller* was nine days out from New York, with 254 passengers and a crew of 101 men, and on the evening of the 8th of May, while going half-speed, she ran on one of the countless sharp-edged ledges of granite which abound in



THE GRAVE.

these terrible waters. The nearest inhabited island was St. Agnes, about four miles distant. Help could not arrive until daybreak, and all through the night the seas swept over the doomed ship. Ere Mr. Obadiah Hicks of St. Agnes could get his six-oared boat into their vicinity nearly three hundred of the three hundred and fifty-five passengers and crew were drowned.

The Scilly Islanders behaved nobly toward the rescued from the *Schiller*, and could not have shown more feeling at the funerals of the drowned bodies that were recovered if these poor people had been near relatives. "The greater part of the coffins had wreaths of flowers on them, while in the graves a quantity of flowers were strewn." A letter signed by three of the rescued and addressed to the *New York Herald* does more credit to the Scillonians in 1875 than any words I can write. "Everyone that possibly could," says this letter, "showed by their presence (at the interments) the keen sympathy they felt toward the remains of our friends. Of the many ladies and little girls who laid wreaths of beautiful flowers on the coffins we shall ever retain a pleasant memory. The recent scenes on the Scilly Islands can never be effaced from our memory."

The *Schiller* is not likely to be forgotten in the Scillies for many a day. The old churchyard of St. Mary's will bear witness to it when the present generation of islanders have died off. Of the two most



ST. WARNA'S WELL, ST. AGNES.

conspicuous monuments here, the lesser memorializes one of the ladies drowned on this May 8th, 1875. The picture this old burying ground makes on a quiet summer's day is soothing enough. But its tombstones tell many a disastrous tale. It is not often that snow lies in the mild climate of the Scillies. The mention of climate, however, reminds us that the winter of 1890-1 was an exceptionally severe one. Certainly the contrast of Australian palms with snow deep about their stems was a strong one.

But enough of dolorous retrospect. It is time to see something of the islands under their brighter presentment.

St. Mary's, the chief island, is for some reasons the most interesting; while Tresco, as containing the residence of the Smith family and for its subtropical vegetation and pretty landscapes, presses it hard for the post of honor. For my part, I preferred St. Martin's to them both.

One characteristic all the isles have in common—extremely cruel rocks. But on a mild, bright May day one is indisposed to think of this.



SPOT WHERE SIR CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL'S BODY WAS WASHED ASHORE, IN 1707.

The air will then be sweet with the smell of gorse, not to mention the lilies and narcissi which grow in garden patches in the more sheltered parts of the inhabited isles. Larks may be heard singing overhead. And the Atlantic, blue as the sky, throbs lazily against the barnacled rocks or on the white sandy bays with the prettiest affectation of harmlessness.

The wild southwest gales have lashed the granite cliffs everywhere into the strangest shapes. One sees this nowhere better than in the neigh-



HANGMAN'S ISLAND AND CROMWELL'S TOWER.

borhood of Peninnis Head on St. Mary's. The intelligent Scillonians discern all manner of outlines in these rocks, one of the most striking of which goes by the name of the Loaded Camel. The Jolly Rock here is memorable for the wreck of the *Minnehaha* in 1871, when the captain and nine men were drowned. To appreciate Peninnis, it must be visited in half a gale of wind. The roar is then tremendous, and the white spume on the blackened rocks makes a magnificent picture. In a downright storm such a visitation would be dangerous, for the foothold is slippery enough at the best of times, and a false step (initiated by the wind) would be instant death.

St. Mary's population is about 1,500 souls, most of whom inhabit the little town itself. But in the heart of the island there are several snug valleys, which shelter desirable farmhouses. Here, and here only, can trees of any size be induced to flourish. And here the best of the "Scilly whites" shed their perfume abroad until the hour of their cutting and packing in cotton and wool for the mainland.

The castle on Garrison Hill is well worth ascending to, not for its own sake, in spite of the initials E. R. and the date 1593, but for its broad view of the archipelago and its breezy, gorse-clad little downs. As a fortress it has no standing nowadays. A single foreign man-of-war could in an hour or two take possession of the Scillies, if the pilot could guarantee its commander against total loss on one or other of the rocks in the channels of approach to the capital.

Tresco is the show island of the Scillies. Its gardens, open to the scanty public which can get to them, are wonderful for such a latitude. There are avenues of palms in the most healthy condition, and ferns from the antipodes that grow as luxuriantly here as in their native soil. The lord of the isles is generous in his invitation to visitors to use this lovely tract of land, in the midst of which, embraced by flowers, are the ruins of the old abbey which fell like so many others at the dissolution in the sixteenth century. Dispersed about the garden are a number of figureheads of wrecked vessels. In the old days the profit derived in the Scillies from wrecks was deemed considerable enough to be mentioned in the deeds of lease. Now these poor figureheads, battered and broken, are all the wreckage tribute the proprietor of the isles takes from the sea. The Scillonians have long outlived the reputation they formerly shared with other maritime folks of entreating Heaven for wrecks, among other desirable blessings.

In the centre of Tresco, on a hill, golden with grass and populous with rabbits, rises a memorial

to the first of the Smiths in Scilly. A more imposing situation for a monument of any kind can hardly be imagined. Standing by this stone, one can look nowhere without being amazed at the lacework of rocks in the sea. The islets are none of them lofty, the highest point being only about 200 feet above sea level; but that makes the prospect the more comprehensive. One looks from that fine rock, Round Island, in the north, to the black beading ten miles away south and the famous Bishop, which represent the deadliest of Scilly's reefs and their beneficent antidote the lighthouse. Round Island is just a cube of rock, 157 feet high, with a lighthouse on its summit. It seems inaccessible, and it really is little short of being so.

There is no hotel worth the name in Tresco. But visitors who know their way about the world can get lodging with a fisherman here and there. Of course there is nothing in the world to do except potter about with a paint brush, or fish, or be content to lie on the greensward among the violets watching the marvelous light-and-shade effects on the sea and rocks thus intermingled on all sides.

From Tresco I passed to St. Martin's, the most northerly of the larger islands. Here a farmer gave me lodging for a few days, and a more homely time I have never spent, with clotted cream and cockles as important articles in my daily bill of fare. The garden was almost too sweet with daffodils and narcissi. My host and hostess were good to behold in their hearty proportions and the bronze of their faces; and their sons and daughters were like unto them.

In my wanderings from St. Martin's I crossed at low tide to White Island, in the quartzose serpentine rocks of which it seemed to me I recognized the troublous handiwork of miners. The cliffs here were gemmed at their bases with an astonishing variety of sea anemones, red-brown, gooseberry-green, greengage and strawberry hue. There were other attractions, including a number of very frightened sheep, who had evidently not seen more than one man before, and a section of an ironclad ship which had got stuck bodily on the rocks, as a cockchafer may get impaled on a knife point. In short, White Island and its gulls and rock curios made me neglectful of the tide, so that I had little time to spare in crossing the channel knee-deep where I had walked dry-shod. An hour later it would have been a case for a swim.

St. Martin's downs are among the joys of life in the Scillies. Here and there one discovers traces of prehistoric inhabitants, in barrows and stone circles. My good host and I were to have gone

forth with spades against one of these old tombs. But my friend's wife prevented us. She was superstitious, as the thoroughbred islander so often is, and the idea of disturbing a person's bones distressed her.

However, it did not matter. Plenty of the Scilly barrows have already been investigated. They have yielded little except dust and fragments of pottery. But they have served as good material for the photographer, if not for the archaeologist.

Between St. Martin's and Tresco is the islet of St. Helen's, a picturesque jumble of rocks, bracken, gorse and bramble. This islet was formerly inhabited. The remains of a pesthouse still stand on it, with a bit of a broken bedstead in a roofless room. One wonders who the last patient here was and what became of him. Tradition whispers that the islet was last used for this purpose in Napoleonic times, when a French fleet once anchored in St. Helen's Pool, and was uncommonly glad to get away without an accident.

Bryher is the fifth island in order of importance, with a population of about one hundred, and an alehouse with the pleasant name of the Mountain Maid. The north part of Bryher is a forbidding mass of sombre cliffs. The name Hell Bay, given to the water they half inclose, is none too inappropriate. A ship could choose no worse part of the Scillies than this on a wild dark night. There would be no chance for it if it struck here.

Looking across the strait between Bryher and Tresco, one sees a rocky islet midway and a tower on the Tresco side. The latter is called Cromwell's Castle, and presumably it does date from the Commonwealth. The Scillies held to King Charles I. as long as ever they could, and it was necessary to overawe the islanders a little. As for the islet rock, it is Hangman's Island. We learn from legends that an execution or two here took place a long time ago. Nowadays nature undertakes most of the executions for which the Scillies are notorious.

Two rocks contiguous to Bryher must not be overlooked. The one is bold, being about an acre in area, called Scilly: the archipelago takes its name from this little islet. Castle Bryher, the other, just to the southwest of Bryher, is a thoroughly typical Scilly islet. Grim enough in itself, it is encompassed by black rock teeth which are only too well designed to knock holes into the bottoms of innocent vessels. Such of the Scillies as Castle Bryher look well in a storm, but they are then to be given the widest of wide berths.

The last island I visited was St. Agnes, in the southwest. None of the Scillies exist in such an

atmosphere of wrecks and wreckage. It is pitiful to stroll along its rugged shores and mark the skeletons of the dead ships that have come to grief hereabouts or drifted hither. St. Werna, the old patron saint of the island, seems still to exercise her power in this respect.

Tradition tells us that they were a very bad lot on St. Agnes centuries ago. The tale is related of a Shetland minister years back who thus publicly pleaded with Providence: "If it please Thee to cause helpless ships to be cast on the shore, O dinna forget the poor island of Sanday!" Here on St. Agnes they were worse than that. They not only entreated St. Werna for wrecks, but sacrificed to the malevolent lady and helped her, by putting up false lights, to lure vessels on to their rocks. But this was long ago; and the same tradition which tells us of their iniquity tells us how one day all these wicked islanders crossed to St. Mary's for a wedding and were drowned that evening on their way back.

I found St. Werna's Well with difficulty. Afterward I made acquaintance with old Obadiah Hicks—the same who first came to the rescue of the survivors from the *Schiller*. I had hoped to hear much of interest from this son of the soil. But I found the poor gentleman sadly deaf and disinclined for general conversation.

The Devil's Punch Bowl on St. Agnes has no more to do with Satanic revelries than the same punch bowls elsewhere. It is only another of the many examples of the action of rain and wind upon yielding stone.

The little girl who guided me about the northern and eastern part of St. Agnes took me at length into the churchyard. The present church here is modern, to replace an earlier structure raised some two centuries ago. The first of these churches was built with the salvage money received from a wreck. The existing church bell once rang on board a ship, and is also a relic of a wreck. Half the material of the older houses is wreckage. You may discover the door of a captain's cabin welded into the wall of a cottage, for instance. As for the fencing and gates about the islands, one and all, these when of wood are ships' timbers, pure and simple, pierced by marine worms and still decorated with barnacles.

But to recur to the little girl. She took me into the churchyard, where the grass was long.

"What is there to see here?" I asked her.

"Nothing," said she, lifting her finger to her mouth—"only that," she added, suddenly lowering her finger and pointing.

It was just a common grave mound among other common grave mounds, but newly made.

"Well, and what's that?" I inquired.



WRECK OF THE "MINNEHAHA," OFF ST. MARY'S.

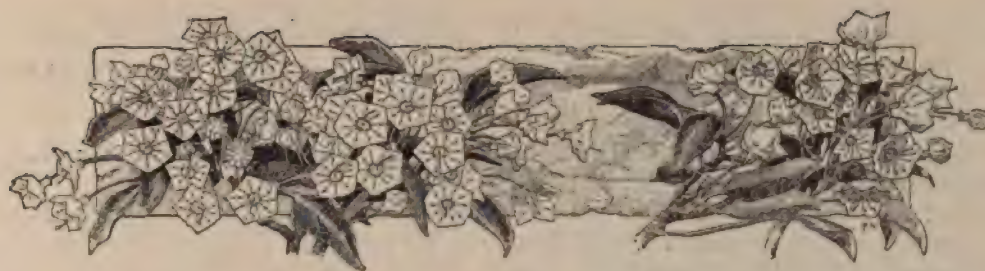
"The poor sailor that was washed up on Monday, with no clothes on him!" said the little girl.

These words strike the keynote of the pathos that invests the Scillies. They are the home of

about two thousand prosperous fisherfolk and market gardeners, but they are also the last resting place of a multitude of unknown waifs of the sea—nameless, without nationality, unrecognizable.



THE OLD CHURCHYARD, ST. MARY'S, SCILLY ISLANDS.



HIGH TIDES.*

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXII.



IN the breakfast room of the Grosvenor Square house a man was standing on the tiled hearth, gazing down into the coals that filled the highly polished grate.

Forty-eight hours had passed since Lady Palgrave's ball, and the weather was still raw and foggy. The man had arrived in London late on the previous night, and as yet encountered no member of his family. He stood with hands behind him, like Napoleon at St. Helena, and his frowning eyes betrayed the unpleasant drift of his thoughts. His appearance betokened a high liver, an uncompromising despot. His hair and trim mustachios showed streaks of gray; his eyes were dark and piercing—their cold stare often produced an uncomfortable effect upon nervous people. Though inclined to stoutness, Sir Victor Palgrave had a fine, erect figure. His hands were white and shapely, his manners distant, even forbidding.

A servant brought in the morning papers. Sir Victor did not turn or look. The door opened a second time, and a woman in a soft shining gray gown entered—Lady Palgrave.

Husband and wife bowed coldly to each other. With a slow, reluctant step her ladyship advanced to the fire.

"Are you quite well after your journey?" she faltered.

"Quite," replied Sir Victor.

He saw that the sight of him had thrown her into an agony of apprehension.

"You have been in Cornwall, attending to your mining interests?"

"Yes," said the baronet.

"I did not look for your return so soon."

"I dare say not," grimly; "and yet I exceeded by many hours the limit set for my absence. But you do not remember such trifles, Violet—you are two deeply absorbed in your damned balls. Was the last one a success?"

By an effort she kept her voice steady.

"Decidedly. I regret that you were not present."

A sardonic smile curled his lips.

"Don't trouble yourself to say polite things to me. You are not good at dissembling. We both know that you found my absence a great relief."

They stood on opposite sides of the hearth—the fair, sad-eyed woman, the jealous, arbitrary man. In their youth they had been lovers, but they were no longer young, and between them now yawned a gulf which nothing could bridge over. The world declared Sir Victor Palgrave and his wife to be an unhappy pair, childless, and widely dissimilar in tastes; but, after all, the world knew nothing of the real causes that sundered the two.

"Have you guests in the house, Violet?" asked the baronet.

A cold chill ran over her.

"No," she answered.

"Good. You entertain too much. Where is St. George?"

"He will join us directly."

"I want a little conversation with that boy. I have found a wife for him in Cornwall. Don't watch the door, Violet—you are growing abominably nervous. I suppose you coaxed Derek to your ball?"

"Yes, Derek was there," she stammered.

"And to what belle did he pay court?"

Instinctively she put up her hand to grasp the high mantel.

"Belle?" she echoed, vaguely.

"Exactly, madam. Derek always dances. It is fair to presume that he did not go without a partner at your devilish ball."

He had spoken truly when he said she was not good at dissembling. Her jeweled fingers tightened on the carving of the mantel.

"Oh, no! A young girl—a *débutante*—engrossed him much of the time. I do not think you ever heard of her. She came from—from Paris with an old acquaintance of mine."

Sir Victor, suspicious by nature, fixed a stony stare on his pale wife.

"Very odd that Derek, the heir of the house, should select such a person for special notice! Who was the girl?"

"I have just told you, Victor."

"But her name, madam? How dull you are!"

"I do not know—I have forgotten it," answered Lady Palgrave, wildly, recklessly.

The baronet moved toward her across the tiled hearth.

"Good God! what have I said to throw you into a panic? Your nerves *are* shaky—you dissipate too much—we are both growing old. Or is there more in this matter than I yet see? Perhaps you are trying to hoodwink me—"

In her extremity she sent up a voiceless prayer for help; and as if in answer the door swung back and St. George entered the breakfast room.

Affecting to see nothing wrong in the appearance of the pair, he held out his hand to the baronet. Sir Victor took it promptly. He had always lived on good terms with his heir. In his eye, however, a malicious devil sparkled.

"My dear boy," he said, in a lively tone, "you appear at precisely the right moment. What was the name of the girl with whom you danced at Lady Violet's ball? Unfortunately, her ladyship has forgotten it."

St. George, surprised, glanced toward the pale woman at the end of the hearth, and met a look desperate, imploring. It told him plainly that he must not speak.

"By Jove! sir," he answered, "let me think. She was called Miss Paul—yes," with great cheerfulness, "it certainly was Paul. She seemed a nice little thing—no nonsense about her, you know, and she danced like a sylph. Had she been blond, instead of brunette, I might have lost my heart, but I have a decided weakness for blondes. Well, sir," changing his subject with haste, "did you find your Cornwall mines all right?"

"I went to Cornwall for other things than mines," answered Sir Victor, sharply. "I have been looking up a wife for you."

The subject was not a new one—it had been mentioned more than once in the baronet's household, but St. George's consternation was unmistakable.

"A wife!" he stammered.

"Yes. Let us sit down to breakfast now, like Christians."

They sat down. An ominous silence had fallen on the trio. Sir Victor was the first to break it.

"You have had your fling, Derek," he said, bending his hard, piercing gaze upon his heir. "You have seen the world—wandered at will over it—spent a great deal of money—pleased yourself in all ways. The time has now come for you to please *me*, and settle down to the serious business of life. I went to Cornwall principally to arrange a marriage for you with Miss Jane Meriton, the daughter and heiress of my old friend Major Meriton of the Guards—a fine young woman of the all-around, up-to-date type. She can talk Isben to you, and German philosophy. She knows all about Mme. Blavatsky and telepathic force, and she has written a book on political economy."

"Good Heaven!"

"Oh, you need not be dismayed! The *fin-de-siècle* girl is expected to know all these things. Miss Meriton will bring you lands and manors for her dowry."

"I cannot think of such a marriage for a moment, sir."

"You must, and you shall!" cried Sir Victor, and the nostrils of his aquiline nose expanded slightly. "You have roved and squandered enough. In a few days Miss Meriton will come to London with the major—see that you then begin your wooing! Of course I take it for granted, sir, that your heart is free?"

Derek looked across the glittering white table, and was seized with a reckless desire to dash the truth, like a bomb, straight at Sir Victor's head. But Lady Violet's pale face restrained him. He had not the heart to make further discord in this unhappy house. He therefore inclined his head—a movement which Sir Victor interpreted to suit himself.

"Very glad, my dear boy, that you have no secret entanglements," he said, "for I cannot be gainsaid in this matter, you know. Gad! I have chosen a wife for you, and you must take her."

St. George lowered his mutinous eyes.

"Give me a few days for reflection, sir," he said, in a noncommittal tone.

"What the devil do you want of reflection?" demanded the baronet.

"Matrimony, sir, is a very serious matter."

"Rubbish! Well, have your own way, but re-

member, Derek, my mind is set upon Miss Meriton."

"I will remember," answered Derek, dryly.

Shortly after the morning meal, as Sir Victor's heir was passing through a corridor of the Grosvenor Square house on the way to his apartments, he saw Lady Palgrave's waiting woman, Parks, silently, cautiously descending a staircase which led to an unoccupied suite of rooms on an upper floor of the mansion.

She bore in her hands a tray, and her air of stealth and secrecy piqued the young man's curiosity. He stopped, and at sight of him Parks recoiled and uttered an exclamation.

"What!" said St. George; "has Lady Palgrave a guest in the house?"

Parks muttered something unintelligible, and darted by like the wind. As she passed he observed that the tray contained a Minton breakfast service for one. While St. George lingered at the foot of the stair, half indifferent, half wondering, another figure appeared on the landing above, and began to glide downward with the girlish grace peculiar to Lady Palgrave. Her eyes fell on the man watching her from below, and she grew rigid.

"I see!" she flashed. "Sir Victor has set you to spy upon me!"

"My dear Lady Violet," answered St. George, "do you really think the rôle of spy would suit me?"

She came on down the stair, and held out her hand remorsefully.

"Forgive me, Derek—it was horrid of me to say that, for you have always been my good friend." She cast a timorous glance around. "Is Sir Victor still in the house?"

"He has gone to the park," answered St. George. "The sun is breaking out of the clouds, and like all good horsemen, Sir Victor wishes to be seen in Rotten Row at the proper time. But you know he is tremendously sharp on a scent—it is impossible to conceal anything from him long."

Their eyes met—hers frightened and perplexed, his sympathetic and reassuring.

"Your town house is not the place for secrets, Lady Violet," said Derek. "Let us move away from this stair—we may be seen."

She understood, and walked promptly off with him.

"My poor boy," murmured Lady Palgrave, "Sir Victor has chosen a wife for you!"

"So it seems," responded St. George, with a peculiar smile.

"I have seen Jane Meriton. She is learned beyond measure, and a perfect fright—oh, you

will never, never bring yourself to marry her, Derek!"

"Very true," said Derek, with stifled laughter; "and for the best of reasons, Lady Violet—I am married already. There! is not that a crusher for you? But I feel sure that you will keep my secret."

And he bowed and left her.

For a moment Lady Palgrave stood irresolute, then, turning about, she flew back to the stair, mounted it, opened a door at the top of the flight and entered a charming boudoir.

The windows were smothered in fluted muslin and filled with pots of blossoming plants—brilliant red and brightest yellow. Pretty French furniture stood here and there, and at a Chippendale desk in an alcove sat Paulette Dole, writing busily. She wore a tea gown belonging to Lady Palgrave, and looked none the worse for the experience of the ball night.

For eight and forty hours this room had sheltered Paulette. Of all the servants, Parks alone knew of her presence in the house. Here mother and daughter had talked and wept together, comforted each other, and tasted a little stolen happiness.

As the door opened Paulette glanced up from her desk and began:

"I am writing to Dr. Hartman, and I will ask——"

But the sentence was not finished, for my lady swept up to the girl in pale alarm.

"You must leave London!" she announced, breathlessly.

Paulette started to her feet.

"Ah," she said, "Sir Victor knows that I am in his house!"

"No; but he is likely to discover the truth at any moment. St. George has warned me. I must send you away. The poor comfort of hiding you longer under my roof is denied me. I will hurry you to another shelter. There is no further safety in this city for David Dole's daughter."

She held Paulette's head to her breast and covered her with kisses. The hunger of motherhood spoke in every caress. Nature always demands vengeance for her wrongs. My lady had gone childless for many years, knowing all the while that she possessed a living daughter. Now her outraged heart clamored for its rights—now the girl that Violet Palgrave clasped in her arms seemed to her the only precious thing that the wide world contained.

"I am ready to go at once," said Paulette. "Not for worlds would I stay to bring down Sir Victor's wrath upon you. Of course I cannot expect to remain in his house. I little dreamed,"

mournfully, "when I was talking about him at the ball that my poor father and I were the cause of his hatred for all Americans."

Lady Violet laid her pale, tear-wet cheek against her daughter's.

"It kills me to give you up, Paulette."

"Be brave, mamma. Have we not had two days and nights of happiness here? So long as I live I cannot cease to thank God that I have been permitted to find my mother, and to know and love her for that length of time."

"Paulette," answered my lady, in a dull, despairing voice, "since Sir Victor took me from you in your babyhood he has hated me—I have hated him. I think he often regrets that he ever sought or found me. He cannot forgive or forget the past. He is also unhappy because he has no children. I, on the contrary, rejoice that none were sent to fill your place in my heart—though forced to live without you, I have, at least, been able to hold that place against invasion—ready for your return to me. And now, a second time my husband comes between us—a second time he parts mother and child!"

"Courage!" replied Paulette, bravely. "Wherever we may be, mamma, you and I can never seem like strangers again—never again feel entirely hopeless or sorrowful. Even Sir Victor is not able now to separate us in heart. Shall I make peace with Mrs. Coxheath and go back to her service?"

"Oh, no, no! I trust you have looked your last on that dreadful woman. In August everybody leaves London. Sir Victor will go to Scotland—I to the Continent. If you can be concealed during the intervening days I shall find it easy to take you with me. In some village of the Black Forest, or among the Swiss mountains, you and I, apart from the world, may be happy for awhile together."

"But how can you conceal me, mamma?"

"Delay is impossible—a temporary shelter must be secured at once. Parks, my waiting woman, is a trustworthy creature—I shall consign you to her care, and for want of a safer refuge send you to Hawkridge Court—Sir Victor's manor in Kent. It has the advantage of being near London. I am often closely watched, but as soon as possible I will join you at the court, and in the neighboring village find a suitable person who will consent to hide you till I make ready to start for the Continent."

Paulette kissed her pale mother.

"To serve you, and to follow you through the l," she murmured, "that is all I ask,

al Let me go, then, to the manor in

Parks was called in haste. The waiting woman packed a bag, dressed Paulette in the plainest garments that my lady's wardrobe afforded, and tied a veil over her face. Lady Violet looked on with anxiety.

"I am full of misgivings!" she sighed. "Oh, Parks, see that no harm comes to her!"

"I will, my lady—you can trust me," answered Parks.

Mother and daughter embraced with tears. The world is full of strange happenings. When and where would the two meet again?

"At the first opportunity," said Lady Palgrave, "I shall steal away to Kent and satisfy myself that all is well with you. Oh, child, my plans seem feasible, but something tells me they will not succeed—they will not succeed!"

"Let us not part desponding," Paulette answered, stifling as best she could her own fears. "When you come to Kent, mamma, you will find me safe and happy, and we shall go to the Black Forest, or the Swiss mountains—all as you have planned."

"God grant it!" murmured Lady Violet.

Attended by Parks, Paulette went stealthily down the stair and out of the Grosvenor Square house. At a safe distance from its door, Parks hailed a close cab, and the pair entered it, and were driven off to the Victoria Station, Pimlico.

Lady Palgrave, left alone in the deserted boudoir, locked into the Chippendale desk Paulette's half-completed letter, and the writing materials that her hands had touched, and then sank into a chair, and with tearless eyes and lips set in a bitter line, silently fell to reviewing her past life. At that moment my lady loathed her husband with all the strength of her being.

Lunch hour drew on. The unhappy woman arose and carefully arranged the little room, which would henceforth be sacred to her, because it had for a few hours sheltered her daughter. This done, she descended to her own elegant apartments, made her toilet unassisted—Parks by that time was far on her way to Kent—and with a firm front went down to meet Sir Victor at the lunch table.

He had returned from the park in high spirits. His smiles, his affable manner, immediately aroused my lady's apprehensions. Sir Victor was always pondering mischief when he attempted amiability.

"Positively you are aging at a fearful rate, Violet," he said, in a cheerful tone. "Why do you wear gray? It is abominably unbecoming. And you have been crying, too—that spoils your eyes, and is, besides, devilish depressing."

She made no reply.



FLOHEAL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY SINIBALDI.

"It's a pity you have given up riding," continued the baronet. "Rotten Row was at its best this morning. By the way, I must not forget to tell you that I met Burton there—Burton of the Blues. He was at your ball the other night."

"I have forgotten!" murmured my lady, absently.

"Gad! you find it convenient to forget many things, Violet! As a special favor, I begged Burton to recollect who the lady was that he saw with St. George at the ball. My faith! His memory is better than either yours or Derek's! Do you recall the answer made by my heir when I questioned him this morning? Miss *Paul*, he called the girl—ha! ha! Derek is growing sly—infernal sly! Now, Burton remembered her perfectly. He said she was an American, and that her name—would you believe it, madam?—was Dole—*Paulette Dole*!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT the very moment when Sir Victor Palgrave was announcing his discovery to his dismayed and terrified wife, Parks, at the Kentish Station, had found a fly, and was riding with her young charge along a charming road, betwixt hedges and hop fields, to Hawkridge Court.

At the lodge, Molly Dunn came to the door, and with a start recognized my lady's waiting maid; but Parks deigned her only a curt nod, and the fly went on to the house.

A few old family servants held possession of the court. On the ground floor of a wing—the most secluded portion of the mansion—Parks selected and arranged a sitting room and bedroom for Paulette, and quarters for herself adjoining.

"If we're to stay, miss," she remarked, "my lady will send luggage. So far as *I* can see, there's nothing about to disquiet a hare. Sir Victor, the housemaids say, hasn't been nigh the place for weeks. You're as safe here, miss, as though you were locked in the Bank of England."

Paulette looked with interest on the great Tudor house standing in the midst of sloping lawns and beech avenues and noble gardens. This was her mother's home! Then she thought of Captain Davy across the sea, behind the high gates of a retreat, and the hot tears burned her eyelids. Surely both parents demanded her tenderest pity and love! How tragic, how unreal their story seemed!

Parks, obedient to instructions received from my lady, waited on Miss Dole with great deference, and kept her eyes turned in every direction

for signs of peril. The first day Paulette did not leave her room. The next Parks permitted her to take a brief airing on the terrace, and also beguiled her loneliness by showing her about the vast and splendid apartments of the court. The third day came and passed. No message from Lady Palgrave. Paulette, anxious and depressed, watched the beech-bordered drive and wondered at the delay.

"You may be sure, miss," said Parks, "that my lady hasn't yet seen a chance to leave London. Sir Victor is that sharp sometimes, no mouse could stir in the house and he not know it!"

"Poor mamma!" murmured Paulette. "I must have patience."

Night fell. A big round moon flooded lawns and gardens with silver splendor. Paulette drew her chair to a reading table, on which a shaded lamp burned, and opened a book. Observing these movements, and oppressed with much solitude, the waiting woman crept off to the servants' hall for a little social distraction.

"I'm just dying to talk to my fellow creatures," she said to the housekeeper. "Such blessed dull business *I* never knew as watching young miss day in and day out."

In the lonely sitting room Paulette was reading these lines:

"And if we meet again, we'll smile again—
If not, be sure, this parting was well made."

She threw down the book. Through a neighboring window the moonlight beckoned her. She arose and went toward it.

Even at that hour Lady Palgrave might come. She listened for carriage wheels, but heard nothing. Restraint bored Paulette as it did Parks. A sudden desire to breathe freely again, to act without surveillance, overcame her prudence. Softly she raised the long, low window, and stepped out upon a silent, dewy terrace. From thence she entered a walk bordered with trees that time and weather had twisted into grotesque forms, and glided recklessly off into the garden.

With all its beauty and grandeur this Kentish home had brought her mother no happiness. Wealth nor title, it seemed, could exorcise in Lady Palgrave's heart the demon of regret. Pondering this sad fact, Paulette passed an espaliered wall, and stumbled upon a great thicket of roses, just bursting into pink and white bloom. She stopped, put out her hand to pluck the nearest blossom, like Beauty in the fairy tale, and with a result as amazing, for a man started up from among the roses and grasped her extended wrist rudely. Paulette had just time to see a

thin, sallow face, with colorless eyes and scanty black whiskers, staring into her own, then she was released; a voice muttered, "Beg pardon!" and the apparition darted back into the thicket and vanished.

With quickened breath Paulette hurried away from the spot. Who was the man? Some servant, perhaps, appointed to watch the grounds by night. She neared the end of the walk. There advancing footsteps startled her anew. A flash in the moonlight, as of a white dress—the revelation of a beautiful young face—a start, an involuntary cry, and the two girls, parted since the old Dole Haven days, rushed into a close embrace.

"Laurel, dearest Laurel!"

"Darling Paulette!"

Thousands of miles distant from wild, tempest-swept Cape Cod, in the garden of this stately English manor, they laughed and wept together.

At first astonishment and joy robbed them of breath, then questions and answers poured out in a torrent.

"You are married," said Paulette. "Is your husband with you in England? And how—*how* do you happen to be at Hawkridge Court?" And Laurel answered:

"My husband brought me. You need not open your eyes, dear. His name is George Derek Keppel St. George, and he is Sir Victor Palgrave's heir. Was ever anything so extraordinary?"

"I can match your story with one as strange," said Paulette. "You find me in this place because Lady Palgrave is my mother—my dear, dear mother, whom I thought dead. She has told me her story and claimed me as her child."

There was nothing to do after that but sit down on the stone brink of an adjacent fountain and talk over all the strange events which had befallen each. Not very far away the rose thicket nodded, and if an ear in that prickly ambush drank in the greater part of the conversation the two friends were none the wiser. They had many things to tell, amazing experiences to relate. With clasped hands they sat in the moonlight by the tinkling water, engrossed in each other, careless of the passage of time.

"So both you and I, Laurel, are hiding from Sir Victor Palgrave!" said Paulette. "How very strange! And neither of us has yet seen his face!"

"Heaven forbid that I should see it!" answered Laurel, with fervor. "I would rather encounter 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' than Sir Victor. He will crush me like a worm when he discovers I am the wife of his heir."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Paulette, in alarm.

"He will, dear. He seems to be a bad lot altogether. Tell me, Paulette, have you heard from Chester Coxheath since the night he rescued you from the London street?"

"Indirectly. He came to Grosvenor Square on the following day, and Lady Palgrave received him. He inquired if I was safe and well. She answered yes—that I had found friends, and that he must not trouble himself further about me. He went immediately away."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Laurel. "When one thinks of that dreadful woman, his wife, one can forgive his misdeeds. I offer him my pity and sympathy. And so you came to grief, dear, because you refused to consider my husband as a possible suitor?" Laurel laughed softly, mischievously. "Our two lives seem tangled together, like threads in a careless hand, Paulette. I am glad you did not fall in love with Derek, or he with you—there was a real providence in *that*!"

Paulette laughed also, but rather uneasily.

"And you are living at the lodge, Laurel? Mark my words, some day Sir Victor will meet you, and become immediately reconciled to St. George's choice. But with me the case is different—Captain Dole's daughter he must hate till the end of time. I can never be other than a burning offense to him—a terrible reminder of the past. Lady Palgrave dared not keep me in London lest he should discover me there—poor mamma!" Then, with a change of tone, she asked: "Is there a watchman in these grounds at night, Laurel?"

"I think not," replied Laurel. "I walk here at this hour, and meet no one. Of course I dare not show myself by day, for fear of village gossip. So I take nocturnal strolls, and Molly Dunn attends me. To-night a restless baby detained Molly indoors, and I ventured forth alone."

"Then I wonder," mused Paulette, "who the man was that I saw just now in the garden. As I was about to pluck a rose he sprang up before me, like a jack-in-the-box, and seized my arm very rudely, but released it the moment he saw my face, and disappeared in the thicket."

"What was he like?" asked Laurel, in a startled tone.

"Tall, lean, yellow, with black whiskers—I had no time to observe more."

Laurel sprang up from the brink of the fountain and clutched her companion nervously.

"Come away, Paulette! Do you know that you have described Jasper Hading perfectly? Let us walk toward the lodge and Molly Dunn. This English garden seems so vast and lonely at this hour!" She hurried Paulette down a path

toward the lodge. "The night that Derek brought me to Hawkridge Court we saw that man pass the gate. He is in England—he knows my whereabouts. I feel certain that he is lurking in this vicinity."

"Oh, Laurel, cannot you send some one to search the grounds?"

"Yes; but Hading has probably seen us together, and he will not wait to be discovered. Hark! what do I hear? Some one is coming!"

Out of the moonlit shrubbery burst Parks, the waiting woman. Alarm and reproach mingled in her face as she flew to Paulette.

"If you please, miss, my lady charged me to take care of you!" she began, with a distrustful glance at Laurel. "Lor, I never got such a scare in my life! When I found your window up I thought you had been carried off bodily."

"I am quite safe, as you see, Parks," answered Paulette, "and I have been made very, very happy by meeting, most unexpectedly, an old and dear friend at Hawkridge Court."

She flung her arms around Laurel. Trouble and uncertainty had gathered thickly over her head, and Paulette's courage seemed ebbing a little.

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" she faltered, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Laurel, dear, shall I see you again to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," answered Laurel. "We need not be lonely now, Paulette. While you are at the court and I at the lodge we can meet and talk daily. Ah, if you cry, I, too, shall lose heart, and think new misfortunes are coming to us both."

They embraced and parted. Laurel flew back to the keeper's lodge, turning again and again in the moonlight to wave good night to her friend, and Paulette went away with Parks to the great Tudor house.

She was nervous and depressed, and after reaching her rooms in the court her mood did not change. Though Laurel's proximity cheered and strengthened her, yet her heart remained heavy. She dismissed Parks, whose vigilance was growing unbearable, and the waiting woman retired to her own closet. Without removing any garment, Paulette then threw herself upon her bed, and lay for a long time listening to the wind in the ivy, and thinking of Laurel—of Chester Coxheath—of a hundred disturbing things. Once she heard a door close softly, and her heart leaped, as though Lady Palgrave stood at the threshold; but nothing came of it. Moonlight flooded the windows. Across the drawn curtains the wavering shadow of vines, tossed by the wind, flickered fitfully. By and by Paulette's eyelids grow heavy. Youth

and weariness overpowered mental anxiety. She slept.

Not long. A slight noise near at hand brought her senses back with a jerk. She arose on her elbow and listened. Was Parks stirring in the adjoining closet? No. Silence reigned everywhere. Shadows and moonlight still played on the windows—nothing unusual could she see except a single beam of light shining through the keyhole of the door.

"Is it possible," thought Paulette, "that Parks forgot to put out the lamp? I am certain that I saw her do it! Something must be wrong. Perhaps my mother is here."

She slipped off her bed, and ran toward that tiny, telltale gleam. Thrilling with expectation, she opened the door and stepped into the sitting room.

A timepiece on the mantel pointed to the hour of ten. A lamp was indeed burning on the reading table, and in a chair beside it sat a man, with his back to Paulette. At the sight she recoiled a step in astonishment and alarm. The man arose and turned toward her. She had never seen him before—his face, hard, cruel, uncompromising, was the face of a stranger.

"Shut the door!" he commanded, sharply.

Though conscious that she was placing a barrier betwixt herself and Parks, she obeyed.

"Your servant is in there, I suppose," said the man, grimly. "I do not care to have her see or hear me. Come nearer. Are you Lady Palgrave's daughter?"

Against her will, and sickening with sudden fear, Paulette moved toward him.

"Yes," she answered.

He bent upon her a terrible look.

"And I," he said, "am Sir Victor Palgrave!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Oh, my lady!" shrieked Parks, "she's gone!—you've come too late!"

On the threshold of Paulette's sitting room Lady Palgrave was standing, with veil thrown back, and eyes roaming around the room in search of something which she did not see. She had just alighted from a fly at the door of the court, and here was her waiting woman shrieking wildly at sight of her, and wringing a pair of distracted hands. From an opposite doorway the face of the housekeeper, full, also, of consternation, peered into the room.

"Who is gone, Parks?" demanded my lady. "Rouse yourself? What has happened? Where is Miss Dole?"

But Parks, with another shriek, collapsed into



MEZZETIN AND JAVOTTE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY VOLLON.

the nearest chair. The housekeeper made haste to explain the situation.

"Nobody knows anything about it, my lady," she said. "Parks swears on the Book that she's as innocent as a lamb. When she went to her sleeping closet last night she left Miss Dole in her bedroom, making ready to retire. Parks never heard a word from her, nor yet a movement, but when she woke this morning, my lady, young miss had disappeared, without trace or sign. Her hat and jacket were missing, and at daylight I found a door that opens on the garden unbarred, and also in this room a lamp still burning, as though young miss had forgotten it. And oh, my lady," with a groan of dismay, "this is all we know about Miss Dole!"

Further inquiry only elicited the same statements. Miss Dole had gone to her room at night, and in the morning she could not be found—there was the whole matter in a nutshell. She had left neither word nor token to throw light on her flitting, or indicate the way she had taken. Parks, overwhelmed with the catastrophe and the fear of my lady's displeasure, sobbed and groaned dismally.

"How ever could young miss get off without a sound," she said, "and with no one knowing it, unless she was spirited away by spooks?"

"Who was at the court last night?" asked Lady Palgrave.

"Not a soul! We've lived like the pelican of the wilderness since your ladyship sent us here."

"And can you think for a moment, Parks, that Miss Dole left my protection of her own will?—If she made no outcry, if she wrote no farewell message, she was prevented, by force, from doing so."

"Oh! oh!" groaned Parks.

"Compose yourself, and tell me when you last saw Sir Victor?"

"Not since I left London, my lady. Yesterday Miss Dole kept close to her own rooms. In the evening I found her walking the garden with a young woman that's staying at the lodge—the housemaids say she's some relative of Molly Dunn's, but young miss called her an old and dear friend—it's not possible, I suppose, that such a party could have aught to do with her vanishing?"

"Everything seems possible of late," answered Lady Palgrave, bitterly. "Have you inquired for Miss Dole at the lodge?"

"Dear me, no. I'm afraid nobody has thought to do it. Our wits are all astray, my lady."

"Go immediately, Parks, and fetch the person that you saw with Miss Dole last night!"

Parks went. She found Laurel in the ivied

porch, playing with Molly Dunn's rosy cherub. The waiting woman told her errand.

"Paulette gone!" cried Laurel, putting the child from her in alarm. "Vanished in the middle of the night, as though swallowed by the earth! Oh, this is dreadful!"

She hurried with Parks to the court. Derek had told her that she need not fear Lady Palgrave, and indeed the white-faced woman, waiting, a picture of stony despair, in Paulette's deserted sitting room, filled Laurel with pity rather than dread. Bravely she crossed the threshold to meet Sir Victor's wife, and her fair classic face and golden head seemed to light up the place like a burst of sunshine.

"It's the young person from the lodge, my lady," said Parks.

Lady Palgrave signed for her waiting woman to withdraw. She gazed wonderingly at the handsome stranger, and said:

"I hear that you were in the garden last night with Miss Dole—that you claim to be her friend. Parks has told you of her disappearance—perhaps you can explain it?"

Laurel shook her beautiful head.

"I knew Miss Dole in America, madam—we were schoolmates. Yes, we are friends—we love each other dearly. I cannot think what has happened to her. We parted in the grounds before nine o'clock—she returned to the house with your servant. I have not seen her since."

"Stop one moment! You are, you must be, Laurel Hading."

"Yes, madam."

"Paulette has mentioned your name repeatedly to me, and always with affectionate praise."

"That is like Paulette!" sighed Laurel.

"Can you give me no clew to her disappearance, Miss Hading?"

"None—it amazes and frightens me—I can make nothing of it. For two or three days she had been waiting for you at the court."

"Yes, and I tried to come to her earlier, but I was watched—I could not escape from London. When she met you in the garden last night perhaps she told you her story?"

"She did, madam."

"And mine?"

"Yes, madam," in a low voice.

"Sit down by my side, Miss Hading—let me take your hand. It is good to find Paulette's dearest friend at Hawkridge Court this bitter day! My heart goes out to you because you also love her. Since you know our history I may speak to you freely. My daughter seems born to great misfortunes. Some one has taken her by force from Hawkridge Court."

"Oh, cannot you seek and find her, madam?"

Lady Palgrave had drawn the girl to a seat, and was regarding her sadly, wistfully.

"I shall seek her, and I shall find her, Miss Hading. Let me look at you a moment. Paulette," with a wan, tearful smile, "declared that you bore a striking resemblance to me."

"I think we have eyes and hair alike, madam," said Laurel.

"Yes; and as I look in your face I am reminded, somehow, of my own youth. Years ago I may have been what you are now." She drew a deep breath. "Miss Hading, how is it that you, an American, chance to be in England, living with Molly Dunn?"

The blood flew into Laurel's face.

"A few months ago," she faltered, "I—I—married an Englishman."

"Ah!" said my lady, sadly and seriously. "Go on—do not hesitate!"

Won by the kindness in her look, Laurel made a sudden resolution.

"Lady Palgrave," she said, "I will fling myself unreservedly upon your generosity. My husband is Derek St. George. Do not betray us. I am nameless, penniless—a person of whom Sir Victor Palgrave is sure to disapprove. Derek brought me to the lodge—he is hiding me here. Should the baronet discover me I shall undoubtedly be made to suffer."

My lady sat as though stunned.

"I will not betray you," she said, at last. "Several days ago St. George told me that he had made a secret marriage. When you entered this room I felt that you had some bearing, indirect or otherwise, upon my life. Does your husband visit you at the lodge?"

"Yes, madam."

"When he comes again tell him Paulette's story. He will not be greatly amazed. He knows that I must have some secret reason for my interest in that poor child—he also suspects that in my early youth I was the wife of another man. More than once Sir Victor, in Derek's hearing, has hinted darkly at that fact—reproached me, without mercy, for the past." She rose to her feet. "I must go now," she said, quietly, "and look for Paulette."

"Oh, madam—where?"

"In London. The key to this mystery is to be found there."

"You do not mean——"

"Yes. Sir Victor can explain all that puzzles us. He has taken her away. It was easy for him to track her to the court. Heed my warning, child—keep out of his way. He will not spare you any more than he has spared your friend."

She put her delicate hands on Laurel's shoulder and looked at her kindly, even tenderly.

"I am glad that I have seen you," she said.

"I approve of Paulette's friendship—I approve of Derek's love." Then she summoned Parks, and said: "We must return to town by the next train."

In thoughtful mood Laurel retraced her steps to the lodge. Parks packed a Gladstone bag, and closed the rooms in the wing of the court. Mistress and maid fared back to London.

At the Grosvenor Square house Sir Victor Palgrave had not been seen since the previous day. With such patience as she could command, Lady Palgrave composed herself to wait. That night passed—another day came and went. The evening lamps were twinkling in the square when the door opened and the baronet sauntered into his wife's drawing room.

Fresh from the hands of his valet, faultlessly groomed, he saluted Lady Violet with a cool, tranquil air; but as she glided forward to meet him he quailed in spite of himself. Her face was haggard and white, her eyes shone feverishly. She made him think of a lioness robbed of her whelp.

"What have you done with my daughter?"

Those were her first words, hurled at Sir Victor like missiles.

"I have always heard that your daughter died many years ago, madam," sneered the baronet.

"I mean the young girl, Paulette Dole, who disappeared from Hawkridge Court two nights ago."

"What rubbish are you talking, Violet? How should I know anything about that young woman? I wonder," sternly, "that you dare speak of her to me. It is, to say the least, deuced bad form."

"I dare speak of her to the whole world—I am a coward no longer. Have you killed her, Victor?"

"Don't be theatrical—why should I kill her?"

"Because she is the child of David Dole, and you hate her fiercely. You went down to Hawkridge Court by night—do not deny it—you cannot deceive me!—and carried her away from that shelter. Whither? Tell me—I will know!"

She was thoroughly aroused. It annoyed him to see her eyes flash—her delicate face grow hard and bitter.

"For sixteen years, Violet, you and I have preserved a decent silence on the subject of that girl," he said, frowning, "and now with brazen boldness you stand up and demand her of me—your husband!"

"What have you done with her, Victor? You cannot evade me!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Gad! for persistency, commend me to a woman! I find you very tiresome, Violet—you have also a devilish disagreeable temper—you need the whip hand over you. Plague take the girl——"

"My daughter! Where is my daughter? Answer, or to-morrow I will publish to the whole world your story and mine!"

"Good Heaven! what a fury you are in! Compose yourself. You dared introduce Miss Dole into this house—*my* house. Then, fearing discovery, you sent her to Kent. I got wind of the matter, and went to Hawkridge Court. I saw Miss Dole, and laid the case—*your* case—before her. Really she was not unreasonable. She admitted that she must not become a bone of contention betwixt husband and wife, nor bring disgrace upon my name. She also acknowledged that no reasonable person could expect me to tolerate her presence in England."

"What did you do with her?" Lady Palgrave fairly shrieked.

He smiled.

"Hurried her straight to Liverpool, of course, and put her on board a transatlantic steamer. It was imperative that I should rid myself and my house of a noxious intruder—I ask you, did I not choose a simple and harmless way of accomplishing that end?"

A look of horrible hopelessness came into Lady Palgrave's ashy face.

"You sent that child across the sea alone?"

"Why not? In these days women of all ages and conditions may travel without a companion. I bought her ticket and some necessities for the voyage, and placed her in the care of the captain of the steamer. I would be very glad to hear of the sinking of that particular ship in mid ocean, Violet, but—pardon my brutal frankness—there's no such good luck for me! Without doubt, Miss Dole will land safely on the other side of the water. Before we parted I gave her my word that I would tell you why she left Hawkridge Court, and in return I made her swear never again to set foot in England. She was somewhat reluctant to take the oath, but," lifting his eyebrows expressively, "I found means to compel her."

"What means?" demanded my lady.

"I threatened to make *you* suffer for her obstinacy. The method worked like a charm. She promised all I asked."

Lady Palgrave stood like a figure in stone. Her heart was following after the lonely girl who had been hurried from Hawkridge at night, and threatened, coerced and frightened into submis-

sion to Sir Victor's will. She thought of Paulette yielding from love of her unhappy mother to the baronet's demands—of the great wide sea over which the young voyager was now sailing, farther and farther from that mother's arms and heart.

"Victor," she said, drawing in her breath with a shudder, "do you know what you have done? Cast my child upon the world *alone*! In the States she has no friends who can shelter or protect her; and her father"—she spoke the words with difficulty—"her father is confined in a mad-house."

"A very good place for him!" said Sir Victor.

"To you and to me he owes the loss of his reason."

"Nonsense! It is more than sixteen years since I, in the interest of law and good morals, parted you from David Dole."

"That does not matter. Heartbreak is sometimes a slow process. I think he was the *only* being on earth who ever loved me, and I *do not* need to be told that he could find no consolation for the sorrow of his youth—no ocean deep enough to drown it, no continent wide enough to distract him from its memory. And now he is in a madhouse, I tell you, and his daughter—*my* daughter—hunted from me like an unclean thing, is left without parent, or home, or helper."

It was not in his nature to endure this. His face grew dark, his cold eyes began to glitter.

"You may not know it, Violet, but it is in shocking taste for you to so much as allude to that cursed Yankee sailor."

"When one's heart is wrung one must speak."

"Bah! Dole, you say, was the *only* being that ever loved you? Twenty years ago, Violet, you were a penniless governess, but handsome—*uncommonly* handsome. I remember another man who made an ass of himself by eloping with *you*—another man, willing then to cry, 'All for love, and the world well lost,' like the biggest idiot in history."

"And how long did that man's infatuation last?" asked my lady, with bitter scorn.

"To marriage, at least, and the severe damage of all his worldly prospects."

"Before a year had gone you deserted me cruelly, Victor—you only were to blame for all that happened afterward."

"Let that pass, madam. Confine the conversation to the mad sailor and his daughter. Miss Dole confessed to me that she came to London with an American whom you knew, and that you recognized her at the first meeting—an interesting illustration of the unerring maternal instinct!"

"She told the truth."



"Last night Fedora Alexandrovna was surprised at midnight and arrested . . ."—*Extract from a letter from Russia.*

"ARRESTED."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JESSIE MACGREGOR, EXHIBITED AT
THE BRITISH ROYAL ACADEMY, 1894.

"And after that, madam, you had the damnable folly to reveal yourself to the girl!"

As though scourged into defiance by his words, she looked straight and unflinchingly in his thunderous face.

"Had my daughter been happy, sheltered, guarded," she answered, "I might have kept silent—yes, heard her voice, touched her hand, looked upon her grown to womanhood, and still preserved my secret. But to find her bereft of home and natural protector—the environment that such a girl needs for safety and happiness—ah, that was too much! I could *not* remain dumb. My strength was unequal to the trial. And now I am glad, glad that I had the courage to tell Paulette the whole wretched truth. You have been hard and cruel with her, Victor—you have been hard and cruel with *me*; and," with a cold positiveness more convincing than rage, "I hate you for it!"

She had never before irritated him in this fashion. He glowered angrily.

"Hate, Lady Palgrave, is no new sentiment betwixt you and me," he sneered. "I fancied I was showing a good deal of forbearance in my treatment of Dole's daughter. Faith! you have made a mighty to-do about her—you sicken me, madam. I assure you, I have had quite enough of Paulette Dole."

My lady's pale face seemed to grow paler.

"And I have had so little of her!" she replied, with a lurking sob in her voice. "When she was a baby, clinging about my neck, you forced me to give her up—you forbade me to hold communication with her—to ask or receive news of her, except through your lawyers; and still the demand for sacrifice continues! I am required to take up my life again, as though she had not entered into it. I am to forget that she is alone and friendless in the world—I am to forget that she exists at all."

"Exactly. You state the case well!" said Sir Victor. "Your duty to me, to the station you occupy, to the society in which you move, demands all this of you."

With a strange smile on her lips Lady Palgrave turned toward the door.

"Then you would part me *forever* from my daughter?"

"Consider the work already accomplished, madam!"

She looked back at him, and her eyes were like blue flame.

"When I again forsake my child, Victor, may God forsake me! You have had your will concerning Paulette—now—*now* I will have *mine*!"

she went quietly out of the drawing room.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNDER the thickset garden hedge a man was lying face downward on the earth.

Twilight had fallen. The stars were out; a soft wind swayed the hoary beech trees. The man had entered the place from the great shadowy park, and crept, like a snake, into the ambush of that dense green wall. With his fingers clinched in the roots of the hedge he lay listening intently. His hat was off and lying near him on the ground. His lean, alert face was as yellow as wax. For three weeks he had been in England, on the track of Laurel. He had spent the time partly in London, partly in the vicinity of the court. The guard on the railway had begun to wonder who the queer chap was that muffled himself so closely and always alighted at the little station near Hawkridge. Of narrow, sluggish mind, fixed in purpose, and concentrating upon one idea all the forces of his unscrupulous nature, Jasper Hading had become a monomaniac with long brooding over his infatuation for Laurel.

Down a path, sheltered by high shrubbery, the murmur of voices approached. Feet grated on the gravel. In an opening among the leaves two figures appeared—Derek St. George and his beautiful wife.

Laurel wore a pale-green gown, with a cluster of roses pinned to the black velvet corsage. Her yellow head was uncovered. One white hand rested on the arm of her husband, and her eyes were turned lovingly to his face. All unconscious of the proximity of the party under the hedge, the twain came on slowly, talking in an undertone.

"Last night Sir Victor carried me off to dine with his friend the major," Derek was saying, "and I was obliged to sit out the meal with Miss Meriton. Good Heaven! what a bore the creature is! She talked of theosophy, politics and metaphysical tenets—things known and unknown. She made open love to me before the whole company. I tell you plainly, Laurel, you and I must prepare to emigrate. We might go out to Australia and buy a sheep farm—perhaps that is a better idea than fiddling for a living in the States. I've a few hundred pounds, inherited from my mother, that will be useful in a new country."

"I am ready to go anywhere with you, Derek," answered the brave, tender voice of Laurel. "Is Sir Victor still in London?"

"Yes," moodily; "and he grows more unbearable in temper every day. Your friend Miss Dole and her affairs have ruffled him a good deal. Tomorrow he will preside at some public banquet.

As I don't wish to upset him for the occasion, I will hold my peace till it is well over, and then make a clean breast of everything. Were it not for my stolen visits to the court I couldn't endure existence at the present time, Laurel. Ah, thank Heaven, all goes well with you here!"

"Yes; but should Sir Victor discover me, Derek, he would probably pack me off to America in the first steamer, and deal with me generally as he dealt with poor Paulette. When I think of her I tremble for myself."

"Lady Violet, you know, instructed me to tell you that Sir Victor had sent your friend back to her own land. I am glad, Laurel, you made that full and free confession to her ladyship—she looks at our marriage in the right light. Miss Dole's loss is affecting her deeply. There is something in her appearance that I do not like. Of course, the breach grows wider betwixt her and the baronet. I hope your friend will find means to communicate with Lady Palgrave as soon as she reaches America. Thank God," with an impatient sigh, "in Molly Dunn's little house—in your company, my darling—I can forget for awhile the troubles of the unhappy Palgraves!"

"Poor boy!" murmured Laurel; "betwixt Sir Victor and Miss Meriton you are actually growing wrinkled and grim. Let us hope the two will not force you to bigamy in spite of your teeth. Tell me, Derek, do you really think that Jasper Hading is now staying in England?"

"Why, I saw the fellow, or his wraith, the night I brought you to the lodge!"

"One's eyes sometimes deceive one. Of late I have thought a great deal about him. The shadow that rests on my birth troubles me more than ever, now that you have revealed to me your own rank in life." Her fair face grew sad and wistful. "I am almost sorry, Derek, that I did not decide to negotiate with Hading about those papers."

"My darling!"

"Oh, don't think that I wish I had consented to marry him. No, no. But by a little skillful management, perhaps, I might have secured the box and its contents, Derek."

"That is, if Jasper Hading *has* a box."

"Somehow, I cannot doubt it. The story must have some foundation in fact."

"Hard to tell. I, for one, care nothing about it. I have declared repeatedly, Laurel, that no accident of birth can affect my love for you."

"But I care, Derek—I cannot bear to think that you have made a bad bargain, and for your sake I am deeply, desperately anxious to see Jasper Hading again."

"Nonsense! That cur? You must be dis-

traught, darling. Do not give another thought to his lies."

They passed close to the spot where the sinister figure lay in the darkness of the hedge. Jasper Hading listened to their subdued voices, their words of endearment, but was not once betrayed into a sound or movement. He may have clinched the hedge roots a little closer with his crooked fingers, but that was all. Presently Derek struck a match and consulted his watch.

"I have hardly time to catch the London train," he said. "I must make a bolt for the station, darling. Before I see you again Sir Victor will know our secret."

They embraced hurriedly. For a moment her white arms, in loose, beribboned sleeves, lay like lilies about his neck.

"Courage!" said Derek. "If Sir Victor is obdurate, we have the Australian sheep farm left to us, you know."

Then he reluctantly tore himself free, and rushing through a neighboring gate, disappeared into the park.

Laurel, with his kisses still warm upon her lips, stood alone under the stars, in the garden of Hawkridge Court.

The wind murmured in the shrubbery. A night bird's note sounded from the beech trees, and Jasper Hading, under the hedge, peered out at the beautiful figure in the walk, with a fury of savage passion firing his brain. She had said that she was deeply, desperately anxious to see him again. Well, should he seize her then and there, stifle her cries, carry her off bodily, like the villain in a play? Cautiously he raised himself to his knees. In the dark of the hedge his pale eyes shone like a cat's. Laurel heard the movement, and threw up her lovely chin. A thrill of apprehension ran over her; but the next moment the stout figure of Molly Dunn appeared in the walk and called:

"Where are you, Miss Laurel? The dew is falling. I've brought a wrap for you."

"I am here, Molly," answered Laurel, rushing promptly to meet her humble friend.

Molly threw a shawl upon the girl's shoulders.

"You'd better come in with me, Miss Laurel; the grounds are lonely at this hour."

"They are indeed," assented Laurel. "I heard a noise just now as of some one moving in the hedge, but it must have been the wind. There! you shall take my hand, and I will go back to the lodge with you."

She went off down the walk, protected by that stout peasant woman, who was a match in physical strength for any ordinary man. Jasper Hading gnashed his teeth. She was out of his reach

—he could not harm her. One cry from Molly Dunn would bring all the servants of the court about his ears. He saw the two figures disappear in the distance—the shadows of the shrubbery closed about them. There was nothing for him to do but rise and leave the great garden—fare back to London.

He stood up in the shelter of the hedge, brushed the leaves and dirt from his clothing and set his hat on his head. She had married the heir of Sir Victor Palgrave! Hading was fairly staggered. He longed to curse aloud. The tide of circumstances was setting darkly against him.

Verily he had come to England on a fool's errand! Did it matter now whether the truth was revealed or covered up till the end of time? Being a hard, cool man of business, he began to calculate the shrinkage in value which the letters and papers had sustained. As proofs they were, of course, still precious, and he might be able to sell them at a high figure, either to Laurel, who was, by her own confession, longing to interview him on that very subject, or to another party, equally interested in obtaining possession of them. Good English money was all that Hading could now hope to obtain from further detention of the box.

Silently he sneaked out of the garden, and across the dark park to the village.

He tramped about the little station till the train puffed up, then traveled second class to London, and at the Victoria Station called a cab and drove to Grosvenor Square. There he dismissed the vehicle and proceeded on foot to Sir Victor Palgrave's house.

The place was not unknown to him. Twice already he had knocked at its stately door, only to meet with a cold rebuff. Sir Victor's gorgeous footmen were not disposed to admit strangers and nobodies to that aristocratic dwelling.

"Is Sir Victor Palgrave at home?" Hading asked of the dignified menial in plush.

The footman replied stiffly that Sir Victor *was* at home, but would see no one. Then Hading drew a card from his pocket and wrote a few lines upon it.

"Take this to your master," he commanded. "He will see *me*."

The lackey received the card with marked disapproval, and carried it gingerly across the hall to a library, where Sir Victor was sitting alone.

"The man says 'is business is most pressing,'"

explained the footman, "and to my knowledge 'e 'as been 'ere twice before, Sir Victor."

"Hading—Jasper Hading!" muttered the baronet, as he examined the bit of cardboard. "Bah! I never heard of the fellow——"

Then he stopped abruptly, for under the name he had deciphered these words, scrawled in pencil: "Communication desired with John Forester. He will find it profitable to talk with me."

Sir Victor's face changed.

"Show him in," he said to the lackey; and a moment later Jasper Hading, the Deepford tanner, walked into the library of the English baronet.

The grand oak-paneled room, with its superb appointments and severe conservative atmosphere, did not seem to impress the American in the least, nor did Sir Victor's sharp, searching gaze disconcert him. He fixed his pale eyes on the Englishman, and bowed stiffly.

"Twice before, Mr. Forester," he said, in an aggrieved tone, "I've called at this house, but your servants would not admit me."

Sir Victor had not troubled himself to rise from his chair; but he screwed his glass into his eye, and stared with growing interest at his visitor.

"Why the deuce do you address me as Mr. Forester?" he demanded, angrily.

"Because," answered Hading, with the composure of a man who feels secure in his position, "you bore that name for several years. I know a few things about John Forester, but Sir Victor Palgrave is altogether a stranger to me."

The baronet measured him with a contemptuous yet uneasy glance.

"You vagabond! who sent you here? What is your errand? I certainly never saw your ugly face before in my life!"

"True enough," assented Hading. He was standing, hat in hand, in the middle of the room, a vigilant gleam in his pale eye, his lips twitching nervously. "Nobody sent me, and as for my errand, you shall know it directly. I am an American—you frown; perhaps you do not like Americans?"

"I abhor them!" answered Sir Victor.

"I am sorry for that. In a queer, roundabout way, Sir Victor, I have lately become acquainted with the doings of the man John Forester—certain papers have fallen into my hands that show up his life pretty clearly."

(To be continued.)



"THE GLASS FELL FROM HER HAND AND WAS SHIVERED IN PIECES."

AT THE BARRED GATES.

By M. B. BELL.

"YE gods! The hour of triumph has come. My soul has been nearly dissolved in the agony of waiting. I quaff the nectar of success! Who cares for what is behind? I pass on to-day to the glory, and to-morrow I will have forgotten my anguish!"

Vol. XXXIX., No. 6-44.

Signor Bassalini rode through the streets of Paris, the prancing horses with their clanking chains, the livery that bore his coat of arms, the velvet-padded lining of the carriage, being necessities only to the assurances of his good luck; and as he drew his breath with effort, every

heart beat reminded him of the crisis that had come.

Wonderful music had filled every corner of the opera house, and as he stood listening to it in the flies his intoxication of delight amounted to agony. The audience arose *en masse*, the applause was deafening, and as the signora bowed in acknowledgment of her reception she seemed to be ablaze with the scintillating flashes of her diamonds—she was the queen of the hour.

Hurrying to her dressing room, Signor Bassalini awaited her coming. He fell upon his knees before her. "Madre de Dios! do you know what you have done? Do you know what you have given to me, Natalie? It is life, life, life! No sweeter draught ever touched man's lips than this—it is Lethe!"

He snatched her wrap from the maid, threw it about her uncovered shoulders, and as he fastened its golden clasp he allowed his fingers to rest for a moment against her throat with unwonted tenderness.

A thrill of intoxicating joy shot through her heart, and her eyes drooped before the fire of his glance; she had never seen him so stirred before, and it frightened her. But not until the carriage door was closed and the horses were flying through the streets did either of them speak.

Turning suddenly to her, the signor caught her hands in his own, crushing them in his grasp, the next instant covering them with kisses. "Natalie, *mia cara*! The house went wild over your singing. Such notes, such exquisite pathos, such rendering—it was angelic! Heavens! and to think that I made it all, that each note was developed by me—by me, Natalie—it was perfection. That was music; that singing made the angelic hosts jealous, I tell you—I know it! Life of my heart, thou hast the voice of a harp, thou art the soul of music!"

She was carried away by his enthusiasm, and for a moment forgot the chill that his meaningless caress had given to her. Swayed by an irresistible impulse, she slipped her bare white arms about his neck, and drew his head down until her lips touched his cheek.

"Giovanni," she whispered, imploringly, "I was only an innocent little girl when you found me in my home. I have worked because you bade me; but, my Giovanni, I would sacrifice all that their welcome means to me for just one taste of love, one little moment of heart love, in return for what I feel for you."

Her head dropped upon her rounded arm—it was wet with her tears—and she moaned, "Angel of pity! that my heart should starve even for the sake of music!"

He loosened her clasp with an irritable gesture.

"Love! Love?" he questioned, with sardonic emphasis, as the signora shrank back into the corner. "What have you to do with love, when you have the voice of a seraph? To have the voice of a goddess and the heart of a *femme de chambre*! What detestable weakness! What a *bête*!"

He laughed scornfully as he leaned past her to see that the window was closed upon the autumn night air. His consideration was not for her comfort, but to protect his idol, her voice, he was almost insane. He had come across her accidentally, had taught her, deliberately won her love so that he could share her brilliant future. And now, forgetful of her triumph and his, she was talking of bartering it all for love!

"Bah!" he said, aloud; "men are fools to tarry in a lover's paradise—a lot of senseless fools. Give me music, your voice—I want nothing more."

Away back in those sweet days, when Natalie had learned the old yet ever-new lesson of how to love, the dangerous warmth of the fiery nature of the daughters of Italy had created for her a maddening love, that, being left to recoil upon itself, had kindled a fierce but smoldering fire that was dangerous.

She drew her wrap closely about her shoulders to shut out the chill of the night, wishing the while that she could as easily shut out those fleeting glimpses of paradise whose half-closed doors she longed to enter: for to crave the love of one, and that one this cruel, heartless man, was the supremest mockery that Fate could grant.

At the door of her hotel she stepped from her carriage, and passed upstairs through a flood of light. Feeling a humiliation that crushed her, she entered the music room, gliding across the polished floor with noiseless step, and only hearing the swish of her satin robe as it trailed behind her.

She threw her ermine wrap upon a chair, and turned to gaze timidly at her reflection in the long mirror. Surely it was lovely enough to gratify even Giovanni. Her dress was faultless; her brown eyes still hid in their depths the effect of the excitement of the evening; her red lips were half parted by the smile that her pretty conceit lent to them, and she knew that she was gazing at a beautiful picture. As before her audience, she bowed low with a sweeping courtesy; and so lost was she to the present that she listened for applause. But not a sound fell upon her ears, and turning away, she said:

"It is nothing but a dead dream, as dead as Giovanni's heart."

The room was furnished with elegance, and everything from which sweet sounds could be drawn—piano, harp, violins, flutes, mandolins—were scattered about. She sat down and drew her harp toward her, lifting the edge of her dress so that her satin-slipped foot could rest upon its pedal. She passed her jeweled fingers over the strings, but before she had done more than strike a few chords Signor Bassalini, who was seated at the piano, said:

"Come here, Natalie. This barcarolle is lovely; it has come to me while I am under the spell of the witchery of your voice. Sing to me, *mia carissima*; let me feel that I am in heaven once more."

The signora turned slowly to the piano, but she was sick at heart, and a minor strain had crept into her voice; nor did she try to conceal it.

Signor Bassalini struck a chord, and then said, in a peremptory tone:

"Sing!"

Not a sound issued from her lips—she was as a cold, beautiful statue.

"Well, what is it, Natalie? Will you not sing?"

"But suppose I do not wish to sing?" she said.

He turned to look at her. In her eyes there was a gleam that he had never before seen there, and he wondered.

"Will you please to sing for me, Natalie?" he asked.

"As the signor is so kind, yes: but please to remember that my fetters are stricken off. I am no longer a slave, but the property of the public. I believe that if the Inferno could have better music than they have up yonder you would locate your abode there."

He arose, and putting his arm around her, he answered, in a flippant way:

"Truly I would if the Signora Bassalini would come to the gates and sing for me."

She pushed him away. Such mockery was too great. "Shall I render the score, Giovanni?"

"Not to-night, thanks; discord distracts me, and you are too antagonistic for melody."

She waved her adieux, and as he watched the beautiful presence of the woman who loved him she disappeared from his sight.

The weeks flew by; the Signora Bassalini was still the idol, and her magnificent voice charmed the enthusiastic Parisians. At the end of her engagement there was need of rest, and she found it in travel; but when the summer was past eager hands were stretched out to her, and she returned to Paris.

But a very different woman stood beyond the footlights from the one who had taken their hearts by storm. The voice was more beautiful than ever, but the humanity that held it was worn and sad, and to smile meant effort.

The compositions of Signor Bassalini were popular, they were marvelous in technique, but no one rendered them so faultlessly as his wife. He knew that she had grown more lovely, that her acting was faultless, her dress exquisite, her rare smiles were angelic; yet a great gulf had opened between them.

After awhile he developed a dangerous heart trouble, and at times his agony was terrible; at such crises his wife did all that lay in her power to give him relief; when that came her ministrations ceased, and she was the cold, cynical signora.

One night he sat in a box near the stage and kept his critical eye upon her; she felt it, and her whole soul seemed to burst into melody. He arose with the audience, and among the flowers that fell at her feet he threw a bunch of violets. The present disappeared, she was once more the girl whom Giovanni had wooed in the Italian peasant's home, and raising the violets, she kissed them.

* * * * *

That night was only half spent when the signora's maid aroused her. "The signor, miladi!" she said.

In an instant the signora was upon her feet, hurrying into a plush gown, and chiding the maid because she was so long in drawing on the white fur boots. It took but a moment for her to reach her husband, her heart beating with a passionate, remorseful love.

He lay upon a satin lounge, his face drawn by suffering, a suppressed cry of agony coming over his lips.

"Natalie, I suffer so! Mio Dio! to be conquered thus, when it is not finished. It is the best that I have written."

She dropped upon her knees beside him, filled with compassion, and offered to him the only remedy that might avail, but he waved her away.

"I am better—better, do you hear? No, I am dying, but you cannot hasten me off by that stuff."

The glass fell from her hand and was shattered in pieces, and she was faint with horror. But suddenly she drew nearer to him, and took his head upon her arm.

"Giovanni!" she implored, "if this is—is death, give one thought to your wife, one loving thought."

"Fool, dolt idiot!" he cried; "none of that

detestable weakness—none of that accursed folly—I loathe you. Help me with the music, I say!”

She was stunned, her heart shivered, and then and there it died. She arose slowly, and tried with half-blind eyes to find the score.

“See, it was there when this accursed pain caught me. Hasten—go to the harp quickly, I say! It is a theme written for your beautiful voice. Heavens, how slow you are!—you are willfully torturing me! Ah, the pain, the pain!”

She drew her fingers across the harp in a lifeless way; the unfinished score lay upon the rack, and the sweet, tender notes of the song fell upon the ears of the signor.

As the pale-green light from the shaded lamp fell over her she looked like an Undine, and he expected to see the water dripping from her beautiful hair, which hung about her as a veil.

“In mercy’s name a drink, Natalie! I am consumed by thirst—a drink—I am dying!” he cried.

But no sign of life came into her set face; the notes of the exquisite music rose and fell in a dreamy way, like the dripping of a fountain; it had lulled the signor to a moment’s rest.

“Natalie, a drink! Beautiful Natalie, adorable wife, in pity’s name a drink!”

His whole nature had awakened; out of his suffering he realized what he had made her suffer. Once more the song leaped from her lips in pure, sweet measure.

“Natalie, my soul, my seraph, at last I love you! You have conquered me, sweetheart, darling! I love you!”

He tried to stagger to his feet; he stretched out his arms to her; he wanted to touch her gown. But at his approach she waved him back; a mocking laugh burst from her lips, and as she courtesied to him she said:

“Ah, Signor Bassalini does me too much honor! Only ‘fools’ love, and my heart has died beyond the power of resurrection. But stay, you have interrupted my song.” She was drawing her fingers across the harp. “But never mind; I will gratify you as you wish: I will sing the rest to you through the bars of the gates of the Inferno!”

An awful look of passionate love and hatred passed over his face. He tried to speak, to call her name, but not a sound passed his lips.

As the last fold of her gown disappeared behind the *portières*, and the last tap of her slippers was heard, he fell back lifeless among his pillows.

THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

“Portum Pettimus Fessi.”

BY MRS. R. F. WOODWARD.

MANY authors of eminent ability have employed their time and talent in writing stories of the vasty deep; have described with thrilling pathos the joys, sorrows, success and failure, shipwreck and death, of those hardy men who “go down to the sea in ships.” Marryat has portrayed with amusing interest their comical side, R. H. Dana their practical procedures, and Clark Russell the tragic fate of those hardy sons of Neptune who risk their lives afloat that the products of the universe may reach our doors. They have described the terrific hurricane, the encircling cyclone and the wild tornadoes of the Indies, in which Jack has been blown, whirled and tossed on every ocean on the globe.

The casual reader may, to while away a few moments, read these accounts and cry and laugh, according to the genius of the writer, without further thought of poor Jack, but the sympathetic inquirer would naturally like to follow him in his declining years, and learn into what port these storm-tossed old “hulks” are anchored.

In the Bay of New York, on the most beautiful isle—the gem of the bay—is located Sailors’ Snug Harbor. We refer to Staten Island, within sight of New York city, on whose historic shores the elder Vanderbilt turned over the first dime that ultimately materialized into the immense fortune which his descendants now enjoy. Here it was that Aaron Burr, ex-Vice President of the United States, died, and Santa Anna, ex-President of Mexico, resided in the latter years of his life, whither he had resorted to escape the consequences of an insurrection incited by him in his own country. On this island, two stations going west from the New York landing at St. George, stands one of the most magnificently appointed and richly endowed institutions in this country, and for the object, in the world.

If Jack should fail to furnish food for fishes, or grow tired of making chapters for the romancist, and wish to change a life of adventure and hardship for that of peace and quiet in his old age, here he may repair and live out his days by cozy

firesides and in staid, peaceful walks, such as he might not have chosen in younger and more venturesome years.

Here is a place where old sailors with one foot in the grave may go and get a second lease for it; old tars may roam the high seas, battle with the quixotic moods of Old Neptune till utterly defeated, and then sail into the Snuggest Harbor in the world and find rest. All Americans should know and have a warrantable pride in this institution.

If you are a New Yorker you should know your

in a Snug Harbor from what he is before the mast. Here, instead of emergencies—dangers to be met with daily—he has the most even and methodical life imaginable. Some of them confess that their first few months of retirement were full of homesickness for the sea.

The beautiful waters of the Kill van Kull stretch out in full view of the harbor grounds; ships, big and little, whalers and traders, glide past; fog whistles scream out; ship bells make music tantalizingly within reach of eye and ear, and the seaman who has been accustomed to



MAIN BUILDINGS, RICHMOND TERRACE FRONT.

Snug Harbor well, not as well as I, however, who had never seen it eight weeks ago. Since then I have spent day after day there, for the place has a peculiar and lasting charm.

Having occasion to pass Snug Harbor on the Rapid Transit, from which but a glimpse of its imposing architecture can be seen, I began to ask questions, and became curious to see the place and its inmates. Not many days elapsed ere I made all else subservient to a visit there. I have had a treat and have learned a whole book about Jack Tar—nor is he like I fancied him. But then Jack Tar must necessarily be different

“shorten sail,” “lay aft” or to “taut the main weather brace” on a moment’s notice must here hold his hands in peace. No doubt there are many who would ship again, in these first homesick days, were it not for a lame leg, a troublesome collar bone or unwieldy vertebra.

There are nearly nine hundred seamen at Snug Harbor, and they are a most dignified and well-behaved set of men. They are the perfection of neatness in dress, and observe the proprieties of life rigorously. They put to shame an assemblage of men I saw in a famous fort not long since. There, the soldiers sauntered, slouched into the

messroom at 12 M. in the most careless and *négligé* attire, and one young man walked past me perfectly barefooted with the utmost unconcern.

This lucky nine hundred are more to be envied than any set of men on earth. Their entire surroundings are inspiring. They have comfortable, even superior, living apartments, wholesome and abundant food, the best of clothing, abundant clean linen, a library of 4,000 volumes, newspapers, periodicals, time and opportunity for the pursuit of any fad or fancy, and no restrictions at which a reasonable man could demur. All they have to do is to behave themselves, which Jack seems to do here very naturally. There are always a few under "taboo," which denies them privilege of leaving Snug Harbor grounds for a length of time commensurate with the gravity of their misdemeanor, and which imposes some other very healthy restrictions; but no more could be expected where such a large number of men are together.

As you enter the north gate, which is the main entrance, you are greeted by a monument to Robert Richard Randall, the philanthropist who founded the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

It marks the final resting place of Captain Randall, whose remains were brought here from St. Mark's Church in New York, where they had lain since 1825. They were deposited in a vault in St. Mark's upon the opening up of Eighth Street through the Randall property, which necessitated their removal.

In a line, in the centre of an eighteen-hundred-foot lawn, stands the five main buildings, substantial and artistic in appearance. The view to right and left is an imposing one, magnificently shaded, with rows of benches scattered here and there over the lawn, which no doubt induces many an ancient mariner to rest, and oftentimes doze and dream, perhaps the dreams of youth again. Whether they be of peaceful, happy strain of lives well lived, or broken by unquiet, vain regrets for misspent years, they must all awake to the realization of a restful, safe old age, as far as temporal matters are concerned.

A magnificent statue by St. Gaudens beautifies the grounds between the main buildings and the governor's residence, which is in the western corner of the lawn. To the left Old Neptune is chained down, and plays his tricks upon the occupants of a huge marble basin.

Everywhere about the grounds and buildings are seen appropriate nautical designs, and many loving reminders of the man who willed so nobly and so well.

In the central building, which is a superb structure, are situated the governor's suite of

offices, reception rooms, library, reading room and dormitories. A marble bust of the founder graces the centre hall. In the reception room is suspended portraits in oil of Alexander Hamilton, who with Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York, framed the will of Captain Randall.

There are portraits in oil of the three former governors of the Harbor—Captain Whetten, 1833 to 1844; Captain Augustus F. De Perster, 1845 to 1867; Captain Thomas Melville, 1867 to 1884. The present governor is Captain G. D. S. Trask, who succeeded Captain Melville in 1884.

The central building is entered through a grand hallway, 100 feet in length, 22 feet wide, which rises to the height of the building and is surmounted with a dome.

This main hall is bisected by another, 508 feet in length, which connects the five front buildings. Then there are 406 feet of hallway or corridors, connecting the three rear buildings with these, which serve as recreation and smoking halls, and thus making the eight main buildings practically under one roof.

The restful motto at the head of this article, "Weary, we seek rest," is set in a richly colored window above the rear door of this main hall. A memorial window of nautical design over the entrance door of the central building embodies a brief history of the Harbor as follows: "Sailors' Snug Harbor, for aged, decrepit and worn-out sailors. How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower! Founded, 1801; incorporated, 1806; erected, 1831; dedicated, 1833." Thus it will be seen that thirty years elapsed before the designs of Captain Randall were put into execution. For thirty years alleged heirs were lawing over the property left for the establishment of a sailors' home. Finally the last of these lawsuits was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, when the trustees proceeded to lay the corner stone of what was to become in half a century a princely institution. As the land willed was, by the time of the settlement of these suits, in the heart of New York city, it was deemed advisable to locate the Harbor elsewhere. Accordingly a memorial was addressed to the Legislature for authority to purchase a more suitable site. The investments of the original gift now bring enormous rents every year.

In the beginning there were but three buildings, which are to-day the central ones in the main group of five. Now there are over sixty. The first church has been succeeded by a grand new one; with a fine music hall, seating nearly a thousand people; a hospital with beds for two hundred patients; handsome residences for the governor, chaplain, physician, engineer, matron, stew-

ard, farmer, baker, and a building for each branch of labor required in the management of this miniature city. Here is an institution with an income of \$400,000, paying \$30,000 taxes each year, furnishing nearly nine hundred good votes on each election day. Here these seamen are sumptuously anchored for the rest of their lives, or as one old sailor said to me, "hundreds of old fellows made comfortable and happy, who would otherwise live goodness knows how or where."

The spirit of the gift seems to pervade the entire place. "I am not a recipient of charity," Jack proclaims. "I am an heir of Robert Richard Randall's; these acres are mine while I live." And the reasonable and sane man here is contented and happy. Could the man who penned the curious old will ninety-four years ago, bequeathing "unto Betsy Hart, my housekeeper, my gold sleeve buttons and an annuity or yearly payment of forty lbs."; "to Gevan Irvin, who lives with me, my shoe buckles and knee buckles," as well as the tract of land which has increased so magnificently in value, have looked forward to this grand culmination, the outcome of his comparatively modest gift, he could scarcely have accepted the possibility of such a thing.

It was a short and simply worded will that left so much, and it was given in the true spirit of charity, not hedged about by the peculiar notions of an arbitrary spirit, or demanding any laudatory shafts to the donor, but given simply for the purpose of establishing a home for his homeless brethren of the sea—this to be effected in whatever manner deemed advisable by the trustees, who are "the Chancellor of the State of New York" (which office has been abolished since 1847), "the Mayor and Recorder of the city of New York, the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of New York, the president and vice president of the Marine Society of New York, the senior minister of the Episcopal Church of said city, and the senior minister of the Presbyterian Church of said city, and their respective successors forever." The only restrictions were, that the home was to be built upon some eligible part of the Randall estate, and to be applied to the pur-

pose mentioned, as soon as the trustees deemed it sufficient to support fifty said sailors and upward.

If you should ever find yourself near Sung Harbor, and have but an hour to spare, it will richly repay you to stroll at will under the shadow of the majestic elm trees, viewing as a whole this grand aggregation of buildings, or to enter the magnificent new church, and be regaled with such perfection of marble coloring as you have never gazed upon before. The outer walls are a pure white marble; the interior, a poem in marble colors. Underfoot is the rich brown marble from the shores of Lake Champlain. The wainscoting is of green Alps and red Numidian marble, and is five and a half feet in height.

The eight immense pillars supporting the dome are in two shades of yellow Etrurian marble—both a delicate pine color entirely unmarked.

The altar is of the same shade, but exquisitely veined with a darker coloring. Both chancel and choir floors are richly mosaicked. The chancel steps are the same delightful coloring as the piers. To the left of the chancel is the pulpit, an octagonal structure of Alps green, with bands and cornices of Etrurian and Sienna marble supported on eight columns of alternate Alps green and red Numidian, finished with a brass railing and Etrurian marble steps. The magnificent organ, with its two thousand three hundred or more pipes, is entirely worthy its handsome setting. Over all falls the rich warm-tinted light from numerous memorial windows, each a gem in design and coloring. On one the worshiper is admonished to "be of good cheer, for there



GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, SHOWING ST. GAUDENS'S STATUE OF CAPTAIN RANDALL.

shall be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship."

When the upper walls and dome are decorated, as they will be as soon as they are sufficiently dry, there will be much more to tell. Somehow it is the first fine church I ever entered that did not seem like a waste of money. Whether it was the exquisite harmony of marble coloring or the hopeful texts that tended to efface from my mind some probably very unchristian prejudices I know not, but here it seemed right for these men who had seen the struggle of life to worship in a chapel of enduring richness.



SNUG HARBOR'S FIRST CHURCH



A VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS



RESIDENCES OF THE MISSION OFFICIALS



THE MISSION RESIDENCE



THE FOUNTAIN

It is much, when you are sightseeing either for business or pleasure, to have a guide who will not skip all the interesting corners, but on the other hand search out the points and people that will interest you most. It is much, too, to have kind-hearted old sailors come from the four corners of Snug

Harbor (when you are there seeking facts and fancies with which to regale your magazine-reading friends), bringing an old, timeworn copy of the "Rules and Regulations of 1874"; "Good Stories of the Deep"; the exact point of the compass where another old chap can be found who will tell you so and so; a copy of Robert Richard Randall's will; and as you pass by the palatial hospital have one who is not too much engrossed in his invalid chair to lean over the piazza and kindly wish the photographer "good luck for your sake."

My guide was an Englishman who entered Snug Harbor three years ago at sixty years of age—he now declares he is but fifty. So here is the place where time turns backward. He may thank his lucky stars that he cast anchor under Uncle Sam in time to establish

his eligibility to this truly Snug Home. I asked him if he smoked, and did not understand the amused twinkle in his eyes till I read in the "Rules and Regulations" that if Jack disports himself unseemly, or in any way refuses to obey the dictum of that mandate, especially if he "splices the main brace too often," he is to have his allowance of tobacco cut off. Evidently Jack is addicted to the cheerful pipe, and this measure no doubt proves an effective restrainer.

I went to the Harbor one day to look for the odd and unique. I took a nice comfortable drizzly time, when the Kill van Kull looked angry and unsympathetic. Old Boreas and Neptune were both in an ugly mood. I thought to find the elm shades deserted, and the men in cozy corners, in loquacious mood. I was looking for some jolly old sea dog such as I'd read of, who had hobnobbed with dangers and romance on the high seas. In fact, such a day as this I expected to hear sea tales floating on the harbor breeze with every breath; but the guide assured me that the conditions for the exchange of sea yarns must be courted in the fragrant smoking halls;

there were some that warmed under a social chat, but what I missed by not being able to take a social pipe will never be known.

The greater number of them have long ago left the sea and its charms, and have become identified with land usage, and have ceased to express themselves nautically, which is like Greek to a landsman's ears. Their best story told in pure phraseology of the sea will only mystify you, and you are apt to laugh in the wrong place, and go off and surreptitiously find out what "luff" and "lee" mean, "catpaws" and "dogwatches," "neap tides" and "weather tides," and a lot of other things that he rattles off for your edification.

In the search for the odd I asked a dozen or more if sailors are superstitious. All admitted that as a class they were decidedly, but many denied that they were individually. Some of them looked mysterious, as if they could tell a thing or two if they would. Not one would admit that he had ever seen a "phantom ship," a sea writh, or even one of those uncanny cats that Jack surely believes in.



CHARACTERS.

They all, however, would dislike to see the rats leaving their vessel, and as to whistling aboard ship, no one ever dared to try it, for "If you whistle aloud you'll call up a blow, if you whistle easy you'll bring on a calm." So with the many ills already borne—fogs and storms, and leaving one's wife and sweetheart at home—the wise sailor courts no more. Not long since an old seaman was strolling about the grounds indulging his long-restrained propensity for whistling. An old fellow who had once been master of his own vessel said to him, gruffly: "I'll bet you wouldn't whistle aboard *my* ship." "Yeh!" he answered; "but I ain't aboard *your* ship—I'm on my own deck;" and "Haul in the bow-lines; Jenny, you're my darling!" triumphantly swelled out on the evening breeze. I found that Jack was inclined to lay all superstition at the captain's door.

One old gentleman was quite ruffled by my question, whether the majority of sailors did not remain single. He said some folks seemed to think that sailors were different from other people. "They loved—got married just the same as other men," and he was "*sure* they every blessed one had a mother." They *are* different, these sailors; they aren't "hustling" around this eighteen hundred and ninety-five, trying to collect bills, asking themselves a hundred times a day if times are ever going to get better, and wishing Cleveland at the North Pole.

There are interesting and unique characters on every hand. In this assemblage of nine hundred you can find anything you look for—men of lineage and learning, commodores' sons, old ship-masters, one day worth a hundred thousand, the next only "a shipwrecked sailor"; the man who married his true love, and the one whose "true love" married somebody else. There's the old Frenchman who ran away from the navy because they treated him inhumanly, and took refuge in the land of the free and the brave; the one who was shipwrecked and rescued by an American vessel; the Swede who married an American and sailed under the United States flag—for so he must do for five years, to become an heir of Robert Richard Randall's. And there's the hero who was "eight weeks rounding Cape Horn in the month of March."

There's a merry sprinkling of French, German and English, Swedish, Finlandish, Icelandic, Norwegian, Australian; soldiers as well as sailors, veterans of 1812, rebels and Yankees, freedman and slave—in all, twenty-two different nationalities, and types enough to satisfy the most insatiate romancist.

However, it is the most presentable potpourri

of human beings I have ever seen, and everyone in this place has reason to turn up an imaginary nose at the "landlubber."

It will make any woman who knows her sex smile to think what an interesting place this would be were these delectable women instead of men. Nine hundred women with ruffles, crocheting and bonnets—nine hundred women with nine hundred fads—think of it! Let me remind the clothing clerk that he has this much to be thankful for in addition to having escaped the dangers of the sea. How soon his senses would leave him with a tithe of the nine hundred coaxing for a new ribbon, a bit of lace or a new toque!—no rule was ever too ironclad to prevent a woman from coaxing somebody for something.

The sailor's method of treating an unruly or disagreeable roommate would not amount to a *pouf* with a woman. When a sailor gets cross with his roommate he draws a chalk line across his floor and defies him to step over it, and in cleaning dusts just half of the furniture. This last is entirely worthy a woman's invention; but the chalk line—oh my! no powers could prevent a woman from *talking* over it—she wouldn't care to *walk* over it.

I asked a number of them if they would choose a seafaring life if they were young again. "Most heartily I would," one answered. "Not I," said one old fellow who wove baskets as he talked. "If I were to sail four thousand times I'd be as seasick as a dog. Every blessed trip I made for five trips I nearly died of seasickness. When I'd get into port everybody would ask, 'Well, how did you like it? Are you going again?' 'Of course I am,' I answered, and went from pure shamefacedness and determination not to be outdone." He went again and again until he was a deep-dyed sailor at last; and now he is resting in as bright a home as land can afford, and weaving baskets when he feels industrious and isn't having asthma—and doesn't care if he did.

I went to Snug Harbor again and again, through the workshops, where I learned this lesson, that some occupation is conducive to a peaceful state of mind. The workers were by far the happiest-looking ones there. The inmates are not required to do any work except to keep their rooms in order, unless they are under "taboo." They can work about the grounds cleaning and painting, if they are able and choose to do so, and be paid for it.

The guides, gatekeepers and many others employed earn a salary. They can also carry on any manufacturing that they like, free of rent, and have their earnings to use as they choose. Many of them make baskets, beautiful rugs,

shawls, hammocks and many other useful articles for the housekeepers, which they dispose of to visitors.

One of these old basketmakers has occupied a rolling chair in the hospital and made baskets for thirty-nine years, till he now works automatically. If he were not such an interestingly non-committal dear old fellow I should be quite angry with him for spoiling my picture of the open-air workshops. They have delightfully roomy, bright indoor workshops, but when the days are warm and sunshiny they carry on their work out on a long, delightful piazza, having large chests or "lockers" built against the wall to hold their working material.

There is still another, ninety-three years of age, who will have been here forty years this summer. He is a most ingenious basketmaker, and from his complexion, which is as fresh as a babe's, he will doubtless live to get more "kinks" on workbaskets than any man on earth.

One of the sailors keeps an eating stand where appetizing lunches are served. He pays no rent, is well fed and clothed, and is allowed to spend his time from 4 P. M. to 5 A. M. outside with his family. He deserves these concessions, for he is what an old Frenchman designated "an out-and-out sailor, not one of those whitewashed fellows they have nowadays." He has rounded Cape Horn forty-nine times in a sailing vessel. Running away from home when a boy of ten, he has spent a lifetime on the sea. On his last trip the Horn concluded that this was getting to be something of a chestnut, and called on Old Neptune and his little imp to put a stop to it. In their merrymaking they took off the cabin completely, killed the captain and reduced our sailor to a state of pitiable helplessness. After forty-five days in a hospital at Montevideo he came forth triumphant, with nothing worse than a paralyzed limb. Now he limps but a little, and looks not a day over fifty-two or three years, while he is seventy-two. He has taken occasion to marry the second time, and has now entered into his inheritance of millions, and a marble palace which he says was predicted for him many years ago by an astrologer in California.

When asked if he would tell me of some of his adventures at sea, one old sailor said to me, abruptly, "No, ma'am; but I will tell you of thirteen years of a peaceful, happy life in the Sailors' Snug Harbor. I came here when I was seventy-two years of age; sixty years of that time I was buffeting the storms and calms of an ocean life; and I remember when, in a storm, rounding Cape Horn, with little or no hopes of seeing the rising sun, I said to myself, 'If ever I reach my home

again I will know enough to stay there.' But, lady, how little I knew of myself! My destiny was a life on the ocean wave, with a Harbor of safety, of quietude and peace at the end, with opportunity, if improved on my part, finally to gain admittance to that Harbor not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I talked with many others who spoke gratefully of the peaceful old age afforded them by this gift of Captain Randall.

In one of my visits I found the Harbor centenarian, Alec Freeman, a spry old colored man, who is still able to get about and enjoy the good things provided for him. In fact, he is not one whit behind his comrades in the proprieties of life.

The Harbor barber called him while we were talking, to administer his daily shave. He was willing to excuse Uncle Alec till the morrow, but the latter said, "No: the lady will wait a few minutes," and walked off with great dignity, carrying his one hundred and eight years with enviable style.

He delighted to talk of the old New York—when they ate out of wooden dishes and took their porridge with wooden spoons. He also delighted to be interviewed, and is very jealous of his appearance. He changed a lounging cap which he usually wears for his best hat, with alacrity, when the photographer called for him.

He was born in Murray Street, New York, and with thirteen little brothers and sisters often made merry fishing in a pond on James Street, where they once caught a turtle weighing over a hundred pounds. This they sold to the City Hotel, New York's finest hostelry, for the grand amount of five dollars. This, to them, was a magnificent sum, and they hurried home with it to "mammy." "The boys always took everything home to mammy," he explained.

Uncle Alec's memory is good. He recalled many historical events and incidents of his early life. In 1815 he said there was a big ox roasted on the ice. The chuckle that accompanied this piece of information showed that he remembered the flavor of that ox. That was an event, as well as the War of 1812.

When a lad he picked rock on Brooklyn Heights for eight cents a week, paying two cents for ferriage to and from New York. When of age he went whaling at one dollar a month and found his own clothes. For fifty years he followed the sea, thereby earning for himself peace and plenty for his last half-century on earth. Entering Snug Harbor at seventy-two years of age with both shoulders broken, he has outlived all of his family except one child and a niece. As we con-

cluded he asked, anxiously: "Is you got dat about dat turtle?" I assured him that I had.

Having done with the players on this miniature stage, I was permitted to raise the curtain and penetrate the inner depths of each depart-

occupation late in life and be a success let him inspect a sailor's method in this wholesale outfitter's establishment. His bookkeeping beats double any kind that ever was invented. He can tell you in three minutes the exact number



OLD SALTS AT CHAPEL SERVICE.

ment where the affairs of this wonderful place are directed. Take the clothing department, where there is a veritable genius at the helm. Here this host of people get their new outfits twice a year as if by magic.

If any man thinks that he cannot change his

of articles any man in the place has had in the year; how many pieces in his possession now; whether No. 33, 508 or 805 had rents enough in his trousers to warrant a new pair, with this year or last.

When the new suits arrive they are sorted out

and placed in boxes numbered to correspond with the numerals worn by each man. It takes but half a day to dispense the entire lot of handsome blue broadcloth suits and overcoats. There are always fifty extra suits kept on hand for emergency.

It was here that I became the proud possessor of a set of "S. S. H." buttons which I had been coveting. Mr. Hogarth gallantly depleted his store of old coin for me also, which shall forever grace my cabinet.

From here I went to the laundry and sewing department, of which the matron has charge. The skillful management apparent in these departments reflect credit upon Mrs. Hammond, who is a woman of intelligence, tact and industry. Piles of clean linen, snowy blankets, a wealth of room, sweetness and sunshine abound.

The buildings at Snug Harbor all seem to be built for the reception and entertainment of Old Sol. If there are any cobwebs to be found here, it is in some crotchety old mariner's brain.

Having been "in arms," metaphorically speaking, against kitchens for a quarter of a century, I had to face about and admire the one at Snug



MEMORIAL CHURCH.



INTERIOR.

Harbor. First, it was absolutely clean, and there was space enough to set up any number of little kitchen kingdoms.

At 4 P.M. there were visible only two dignitaries of this savory section; one, a white-capped Cuban genius, was nonchalantly putting tea for seven hundred (the number who perform "the pleasant business of dining" here) into huge caldrons; the other was slicing tomatoes fresh from the Harbor farm. Great stacks of bread were sliced and trimmed ready for the table; seven hundred generous pats of butter graced seven hundred little plates; and everything had a sort of holiday look. The other six who complete the staff were out. The small matter of broiling steak or frying fish for seven hundred could easily be disposed of. It is an instructive place for both housewife and husband. She will perceive that this staff of eight cook for the seven hundred with more care and less confusion than the average woman does for a husband and seven offspring. He will observe the many things necessary to skillful house-keeping. There is every conceivable convenience, which simplifies the work, such as several dozen hands could not do.

When the food is ready to be served it is placed upon copper-covered tables, which are in reality little cars running upon a real track which leads to the dining rooms; here it is expeditiously transferred to the tables.

Should an inmate wish to be absent from a meal he removes his number from his place at table and deposits it with the steward till his return. Seeing no number at a plate, the waiter places no food there.

Later I visited the bakery and peeped into the mysteries of its bread trays. I shall neither forget that baker nor his Graham bread, for I have tested its merits by surreptitious nibbling all the way home from my first visit there, and have his recipe, whereby I expect to ward off some of the ills of this dyspeptic nineteenth century.

Next, the hospital claimed my interest—a hospital with more soft lines, warm colors, more brightness and more jolly inmates than I'd ever seen before. Here's where the old sailor comes to die but does not. He gets better, begins to plan anew, learns a trade perhaps, and lives a score of years more, sometimes two.

From the south gate, where hundreds of old

seamen have gone out on the last tide of human affairs, one gets a comprehensive view of the most interesting portion of the grounds. From this point the hospital is seen to advantage. Near by are the residences of the steward, farmer, baker and engineer, overshadowed by a long line of elm trees. Not many yards away is a lovely little lake girded about with blossoming things, and near to this a stand where the band plays of summer evenings, to brighten the gray-thoughted and further cheer those already gay.

If you do not believe there's beauty in a steam plant, stand at the south gate and view the one whose tall chimney rises from a rich greensward, so radiant in its greenness and so perfectly proportioned in regard to its overtopping shaft that it is a picture in itself. Twenty-two hundred tons of comfort are deposited in the high box underneath, and it has a wonderful system of steam pipes which deposit hot and cold luxuries at the finger ends of the fortunate users all over the place.

There's nothing left for a very sight-loving, curious woman to see except the occupants of the stables close by, and the gatekeeper's eloquence on this particular score is not to be politely ignored. So I paid Dobbin and Brindle a visit, and found them, with a host of ponderous Berkshires, reposing in luxurious and absolute cleanliness. Brindle has her name inscribed over her particular stall, and her floors and walls are polished till they make a fine mirror for her cowship. Surely these animals realize that they belong not to the common herd.

Out and away from the south gate stretch the beautiful Harbor pastures, farm and garden, with a home for destitute seamen's children in the rear, forming a rich and appropriate background to this grand asylum, which has inspired me to a determination of founding some kind of a home for somebody when I find myself rich enough. On the other hand, were I to become aged and decrepit I could do no better than to petition the Fates to give me a pair of sea legs, that I, too, might step into such a safe retreat and defy further ill.

Better be an old tattooed sailor than an old soldier covered with scars and glory, or of any other craft or calling, for nowhere under the sun is any set of men treated as well as are these old seamen.

CONDEMNED.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"I did not mean it, I was mad,
My veins ran liquid flame,
And in my soul a torture burned
Which haply has no name;
And all my mind in chaos slept,
And all my passions raged,
Like leashed tigers bursting loose
That sometime have been caged.

"O God! that men should suffer thus
For one brief maddened hour!
O God! that in the cup there lurks
Such hellish murderous power!"
And so he sits and moans and sighs,
In keenest agony,
And still a white face follows him,
No other eye can see.

Patient and sorrowful, and stained
As crimson staineth snow,
Wanting Death's tender majesty,
So sudden was the blow;
And only that his mother's blood
Has reddened hands that she
Held to her lips and to her breast
In sacred infancy,

And only that she looks at him,
As one would question, why
The heart that beat but for her boy,
Through him should bleed and die,
He would not fear the meanest cell,
Nor dread the sternest fate—
But hope is dead, as that poor shade,
Repentance comes—too late.

LA VAGUE.

AN EPISODE OF THE SOUDAN.

BY WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last
To something nobler we attain."

It is within an hour of sunset.

Throughout the sultry afternoon heavy firing has been heard; but now the shots are desultory, save when a machine gun rattles off a volley.

The enemy has been engaged above the Third Cataract, and the action has been bloody and desperate.

The field-hospital tent on the bank of the Nile is full; the wounded are being transferred to the dahabeahs and launches about taking their departure for the fort at Wady Halfa, several miles below.

A dense tropical vegetation of tangled undergrowth surrounds the clearing where the tents have been pitched.

The mist rising from the river, where the masts of the dahabeahs tremble midst the tall palms, throws a gauzy veil over the dim perspective of sandy desert lying beyond.

The open tent flaps reveal two men seated near a clumsily constructed operating table on which surgical instruments are strewn.

"You'll have some more, Gaunt, I'm afraid; the last runner in reported two officers badly wounded."

The surgeon dips a fresh lot of lint into the bowl of antiseptic before him.

"I wish the present batch had been sent down to Halfa an hour ago. If forced to take to the boats there will not be room for all."

An orderly enters from the rear tent.

"The sister says Billings, of the Forty-first, is dying; what orders for the body, sir?"

"Bury here—and deep," growls Gaunt, "down by the river. These hellhounds of fanatics dig like desert jackals for our dead."

The orderly salutes and turns on his heel.

Ensign Vavasour, of the naval brigade, who has charge of the flotilla, eyes Gaunt curiously.

"I say, Gaunt, what an uncanny woman the sister is! What's her history?"

Gaunt busies himself with a long roll of bandage.

"Yes," he replies, meditatively, "like most of them, she has a history. Her facial disfigurement prompts your query, I suppose? It is the old story of a life that was sweet as long as the good minute lasted. I heard part of it in Cairo from a man who had known her in Paris in the days of *La Mabelle*.

"La Vague was the queen of her world then. A young Englishman of good family and excellent prospects met the siren, became infatuated, and finally married her. For this wild act he was disinherited. Soon tiring of her, he threw her over. Maddened by his treatment, she sought revenge and attempted to disfigure him for life by throwing vitriol in his face, but in the struggle got the contents of the vial herself.

"Beauty, her sole stock in trade, was gone. Some doctor who had known her in her palmy days took pity on her and got her a position in one of the wards of St. Antoine. Displaying a natural aptitude, she soon qualified as a surgical nurse. Finally she drifted over to Alexandria, and then went to Cairo, where the Khedive had her in attendance on his harem's inmates, I understand. About the commencement of the trouble she came to me and applied for the position of government nurse. I put her through her paces and found her clever; since then she has stuck to the army hospital corps. A woman's light hand is comforting to a poor devil when he's hard hit; besides, she's got the nerve of a man at an operation.

"There was another man," adds the surgeon after a short pause, "an old lover, I think, who had something to do with the row between husband and wife. Gillespie says he brought all the trouble about. She's a queer study. When a woman of her class takes a turn she seems to experience a complete moral change; tries to grow wings, in fact. She evidently embraced this sort of life as an expiation of the past, a medium through which to work her redemption; a religious craze of the sisterhood variety!" and Gaunt chuckles to himself.

"And woman's love is a bitter fruit; and, however he bite it or sip,

There's many a man has lived to curse the taste of that fruit on his lip!"

quotes Vavasour, with a laugh. "But here she comes in the flesh, Gaunt; that face of hers gives me the creeps. I'm going to take a look at the boat;" and the young ensign hurries away.

A tall, swarthy-looking woman, with large mournful black eyes, stands by the surgeon's side, gazing wistfully out into the gathering twilight.

The right side of her face is hideously scarred as if by some strong acid, but her perfect profile is most beautiful. She is clothed in black serge, with the red cross of the service on her arm, and there are suspicious dull-red patches on the worn gown.

"They are bringing two wounded officers down,

sister. Is there room beyond, or shall you want the cot here?"

"I had better prepare one here," she replies, as she silently sets to work.

"We may be forced to fall back to-night," continues Gaunt; "the news from above is not encouraging, and our position is a dangerous one. Be in readiness for a hasty departure;" and he hurries away with his lint and bandages.

The woman leans wearily against the table and a sigh escapes her lips.

"There is fatality in the air to-night—a presentiment of coming disaster!" A half-stifled groan from the adjoining tent arouses her. "One has died with the day; another dies with the dawn. Their chances are poor in this fever-stricken land!"

Men are landing from a launch; the footsteps of a squad of four are heard.

They are bearing a body on a litter. A sergeant supporting the bleeding figure of a colonel of the Royal Engineers brings up the rear. La Vague peers through the gloom.

"The wounded officers!" she exclaims, holding the tent flap aside for them to enter. They lay the blood-and-dirt-begrimed form on the cot, and the feeble lantern rays reveal the distorted features of the man before her.

La Vague starts as if struck.

"A pretty bad case, nurse," says the sergeant. "Machine gun bust—four killed—Captain Cooper's still alive, I think."

The colonel of engineers has sunk in a confused heap on a camp stool, oblivious to all.

The woman bends over the dying captain, sponging away the mud and sand from the bloody head.

"God be kind!" she prays. "Is it thus, after many years, I am brought face to face with him—to see him die?"

Gaunt comes in, carelessly wiping his instrument on his sleeve.

"Any work for me, sister?"

She motions him away.

"His eyes are destroyed," she whispers, in horror-stricken tones. "You can do nothing—but hasten death."

Gaunt is attending the colonel, binding up a badly cut arm and head.

"Are we holding our own?" he asks.

"No; the black devils are being re-enforced hourly. We shall retreat as soon as darkness sets in. Cooper is a goner, I fear," nodding to where the nurse kneels. "Can you get him down to Halfa alive? He's got a wife in the garrison there!"

"I'm afraid not," says Gaunt. "But come

this way, colonel;" and the men start for the rear tent.

La Vague has risen to her feet.

The colonel is about to pass her when the tell-tale scar meets his gaze.

"Clarisse!"

The woman turns ghastly white, and a look of hatred illumines her tear-bedimmed eyes.

of extreme tenderness as she moistens the sufferer's lips.

"His wife at Halsa, and I by his side to administer to his dying wants! No, no, not dying, for he must not die! Cecil, Cecil, speak to me—only speak to me once again; tell me that you forgive me! Do not leave me now that I have found you, love. Holy Mother of Christ, grant



"SHE DROPS THE DRIPPING INSTRUMENT AND FALLS ACROSS CECIL ON THE COT."

"Clarisse!" he again exclaims. "My God! Surgeon, where did this woman come from?"

"This is not a time nor place to ask for explanations, colonel," replies Gaunt, quietly. "We are dealing with questions of life and death. Come with me;" and he urges the man into the adjoining tent.

La Vague stands as if transfixed.

There is a demoniacal expression on her face, but it fades away as suddenly to give place to one

me my prayer! Spare this life, and take mine in all its worthlessness!"

Both of her arms are thrown around him; her braided hair, escaped from the cap she wears, lies matted in his blood.

"His wife at Halsa!" she mutters. "Have I no other claim upon this man but that which the red cross gives me? And his dumb cry is but that of all humanity!"

"Rose," whispers the dying man—"Rose, dar-

ling, come nearer." She bends forward to catch his words, and her strong frame trembles. "We were to be so happy, Rose, back in dear old England, when the campaign was over! And now, Rose, all will be different. I am going far away, across the desert. It will be a long march; darling, and the fighting hard." A clot in the throat chokes his utterance.

La Vague is crying—the first tears the woman has shed in many years.

"His wife at Halfa" seems an angel to her at that moment.

La Vague has never been taught a prayer, but in her attitude there is an invocation to the Almighty.

Outside the hurrying of men betokens approaching danger. An occasional shot or two in the far distance tells of the struggle still going on, the retreat being covered by a small field battery and a handful of the Forty-first Foot.

The wounded in the next tent are being carried to the boats.

The bandaged and bedraggled figure of the colonel stands beside La Vague.

"We have met to bear witness to this dying man's last cry for a love pure and sweet—which you cannot give him."

"Leave us!" she cries. "You destroyed his happiness in life; you shall not mar the peace of his death. You have come to triumph over me in the hour of my final desolation, to try and make bitter my last thoughts of him. Leave us! He is mine—if not in the eyes of Heaven, then by the right of the red cross I wear!"

"But you must save him for the woman at Halfa, who bears his name!" sneers the colonel. Then, passionately: "Ah, Clarisse, at such a time as this forget the past! You wrong me when you think me your enemy. I have always loved you, but never more than I do now."

"Go, I tell you! Your presence is a profanation!"

The colonel smiles sardonically.

"What is one man's death when it stares us all in the face? Life for the living, rest for the dead."

Gaunt enters at this moment.

"The last boat is waiting; there is just room for two. We can't take any of our dead with us. Hurry, both of you; there is not a moment to be lost. Sister, Sergeant Grey will have charge of the launch; his orders are to place you out of harm's way. There will be a sharp rifle fire turning the bend below."

La Vague eyes him calmly.

"I cannot leave this man—he still lives!"

"What! Are you mad?"

"There is a woman at Halfa who would do likewise," she answers.

"But she is his wife"

"And I—was!"

"Take your place in the boat, or we shall find you there by force!" cries Gaunt, angrily.

"You shall not! My life is my own, and my duty by this man's side till life has fled."

Gaunt springs forward to carry out his threat. La Vague steps back a pace and picks up a scabbard knife.

"At your peril!" she cries.

"Let her willfulness be her death! Go, quick, colonel!" and the two are gone.

La Vague creeps closer to her charge.

"Death is sweeter by *your* side," she murmurs. Silence reigns for many minutes, then firing is heard below. "They have escaped!" she exclaims joyfully.

The sound of some one approaching the tent brings La Vague to her feet.

It is the colonel.

Breathless, with cocked revolver in his injured hand, he implores her to fly.

"There is still a chance left you. Halfa is near by is a caïque, in it we may float down the stream unperceived. Come, Clarisse, for the sake of God, come; I beseech you!"

"I have given my answer—save yourself."

"Without you, Clarisse, life will be nothing to me."

"Bah! hush such silly talk!" she laughs bitterly.

"Clarisse, I can offer you all that a woman can wish for—life, honor, position. In England, my wife, who will dare speak a word of the past? Come, for I love you as of old—desperately, passionately, unreasoningly. Every moment is now precious—even now we may be surrounded."

La Vague looks at him coldly.

"You say those words to me," she says, slowly—"to me, La Vague, whom men have called 'Nothing'! To me, La Vague, the byword of the army! As my life has been without beauty, so would yours, as a soldier, be without honor. Leave me; I am not afraid to die."

"It means a fate worse than death to be taken by these dervishes. Come, I implore you, or it will be too late!"

"No, I say!" and her voice rings clear and loud—"no; and tell them my last words were contempt for those who deserted a dying soldier: tell her of Halfa—who claims this man as wife—that one who loved him more than life died by his side."

A look of deadly hatred sweeps over the colonel's face.

"By God, I'll kill him where he lies! You will watch by a dead, not a living, lover."

He raises his weapon. With a bound *La Vague* is upon him; the keen scalpel flashes in the moonlight and descends with lightning force into the would-be murderer's heart. She drops the dripping instrument and falls across Cecil on the cot.

"Will they never come!"

The full Eastern moon shines in through the open tent, bathing all in a white, shroudlike light.

She detects a slight sound.

"Rose, Rose—good-by, Rose, dar——"

Then all is still.



TO MY OWN FACE.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

A GREETING to thee, O most trusty friend!
Thou hast so steadfastly companioned me.
What other, say, in this can equal thee
Who can'st to life with me, with me shalt end!
Poor face of mine! Right often dost thou lend
A smile to hide some smileless thoughts that be
Bound deep in heart, and oft thy kind eyes see
My soul's great grief, and bid their ears attend.

Ah! childish fairness, seeming near, yet far,
Prized tenderly by dear ones passed away.
Fain I'd recall it! Next an oval grace
Of girlhood: for thy woman's sorrows are
Stamped now on lips and forehead day by day,
Yet God's own image thou—O human face!



VILLAGE OF THE TAOS PUEBLOS.

SUN DANCE OF THE TAOS INDIANS.

By M. CAMPANA.

ONE of the weirdest and most fascinating sights that I have witnessed for many a day was the sun dance of the Taos Pueblo Indians, which takes place just as the sun is throwing his last bright glance of farewell over the village, as he gently sinks to rest behind the glistening snow-capped peaks of the surrounding mountains.

On the eve of the Feast of St. Geronimo we



DOMINGO CONCHA, PUEBLO CHIEF, SAID TO BE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD.

visited the Pueblo, three miles from the interesting and historic town of Taos, New Mexico, and after calling on the Indians in their homes, partaking of Indian dainties in the way of little fried cakes and cookies, which are really very nice if your palate has been cultivated that way, purchasing curious bits of pottery, fingering gayly colored blankets, admiring the babies, shaking hands with our hosts, and sitting down for a few moments in each room to show that we appreciated our reception; although one hesitates a little at sitting down on a pile of strange blankets in a close little room eight by ten feet in size, odoriferous of dried onions, tanned animal skins and other queer perfumes, and with the ceiling so low that the feathers and ribbons in your hat are crushed down when you stand up; especially disagreeable is it if the door is partly closed and this small apartment illumined only by the light entering through a small round window the size of a stovepipe hole; yet you must sit down, if only for a few seconds, else you are considered dreadfully lacking in the social etiquette of our Indian friends; in course of time one becomes initiated into Pocahontas and Hiawatha society codes—after, as I said, doing all this, we left the Indian residences, and going into the open space



CHURCH OF THE TAOS PUEBLOS.

between the two large community houses in which all these Indians dwell, we found the Indian men preparing for their grand dance.

The evening was cloudy and lowering, cold winds growling about, and everything in nature seeming to combine with Indian art to make the scene as wild and weird as possible.

The Indians who were to take part in the dance had assembled themselves behind an adobe

wall about breast-high, each Indian holding a waving branch of cottonwood over his head; and it was a wonderfully charming sight to see the red and brown shining faces, with their sparkling black eyes, jetty hair and gleaming teeth, glancing out over the wall from the bower of green formed by the branches, held not only to wave over the head, but upright directly in front of them, kept in position by both hands.

Of course they all had the usual Indian decorations of feathers, ribbons and blankets; one who was unusually fine had a red Chinese feather duster stuck right straight out from the middle of the back of his head. How he had fastened it there was a mystery.

One of the Indians, looking at me steadily for awhile, at last advanced, and in the politest manner asked me in Spanish to lend him the feather in my hat. "Just for the feast day to-morrow," he said. I had had strong suspicions before that that same feather was a little wild-looking for me.

While the preparations were being made for the dance the women and children, old men, and all who were not to take part in that ceremony, were in church attending vespers. A foreign priest with Indian assistants officiated; the



THE SUN DANCE.

Indians, each one as he or she entered, approached in front of the altar, which extended entirely across one end of the building; as each one came forward he knelt down, and lighting a candle which he had brought with him, he held a lighted match to the other end of it, melting a little of the tallow, by which he fastened it to the mud floor; in this way hundreds of candles were placed all over the floor, about a foot apart, in front of the altar, which was itself ablaze with lights. As the candles were of various sizes, shapes and colors, the effect was entrancing.

There being no seats in the church, all the congregation knelt on the bare earthen floor; the strange costumes, reverent attitudes and bright glowing colors formed a vision that was picturesque in the extreme.

After vespers, at a given signal, the Indians dashed out from behind the wall and ran along in Indian file in the direction of the church, which was about a hundred yards away. On ar-

riving in front of that edifice the Indians banded together, forming a double row face to face, pressed as closely up against each other as the branches which they still held in their hands would permit; then they commenced dancing and howling—and such unearthly howls!—all keeping in a solid body and moving slowly forward, the dancing being simply an upward and downward movement, now faster, now slower. During the dance, which continued until darkness had fallen, guns were being constantly fired off; the old man in the church belfry pounded away industriously with a stone on the bell, which pealed forth strange music; the wind whistled, the thunder rolled, the lightning glinted, and over all the bright-red glow thrown out from the many candles inside through the old church door over the wild and grotesque dancers made a scene which will forever remain in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to be among the few visitors on that occasion.



SHOOTING ARROWS AT THE SHEEP.

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

By JAMES RICALTON.

SPITZBERGEN and Switzerland are over two thousand miles apart; the former is the most northern inhabited portion of the globe. The Hospice of St. Bernard, barring a small house on the Stelvio Pass, is the highest habitation in Europe. The average temperature at both places is nearly the same. Few travelers in Switzerland are content to leave the country without visiting the famous pass and hospice; and yet how few of those who have enjoyed the hospitality of that benevolent institution ever realized that there they were in the climatic conditions of the remote Arctic Spitzbergen!

There seems to be no record of the first station erected on the Great St. Bernard Pass; it was probably during the Roman period. The first mentioned in history was founded in 962, for pilgrims to Rome, by Bernard de Menthon, a Savoyard nobleman. The present hospice and monastery was founded about the middle of the sixteenth century for the purpose of affording shelter to wayfarers. Both it and the mountain pass have in some way acquired, not the name of the original founder, but that of St. Bernard, the great theologian, who lived a century later than the benevolent Savoyard.

Among the many noted passes of the Alps, the Great St. Bernard has attained the widest celebrity. It has been the principal Alpine highway from the earliest times in history, and probably before the historic period. Over it the Roman legions found their way more than two thousand years ago. It has been traversed by Charlemagne and Barbarossa; and in 1800 Napoleon, with an army of thirty thousand men, crossed it on his way to the bloody field of Marengo. For the Roman legions it was only a trail, and even during the passage of Napoleon the road was so poorly constructed that his hundred cannon had to be fitted into hollow logs and dragged over by men—a hundred to a gun.

Now a tolerable carriage road has been completed on the Swiss side. The present hospice and monastery, which dates back three hundred years, is situated on the summit of the pass, in a gloomy defile, hemmed in by snow-covered peaks. It is a large, plain, stone structure of three stories above a high basement, with thick walls and small windows. Gloomy corridors on every floor extend the entire length, on both sides of which are sleeping apartments. The bedrooms are furnished with clean and comfortable beds; the walls are hung with pictures; the floors are un-

carpeted; but a goatskin or sheepskin mat is at every bedside. The dining and reception rooms are warmed by fireplaces; the latter contains a piano, a gift from the Prince of Wales.

On the first floor is a beautiful chapel containing a handsome organ, a few statues and some very creditable mural paintings. In its regular services are held by the monks. Nothing can be more impressive amid such surroundings than the deep tones of the powerful organ and the sudden burst of sacred song from the chapel during an evening service. An elevation of more than eight thousand feet, frowning summits of eternal snow, the nearest habitation many miles away, the winds wailing an Alpine dirge, and the thousand years of humanity connected with the place, are some of the conditions that add to the impressiveness of the solemn chant of the monks.

A "tronc" or contribution box is placed in one part of the chapel. Into this travelers may drop some pecuniary token of their gratitude for their gratuitous entertainment, and of respect for the devotion and self-denial of the heroic men who spend their lives where they often deem it a hardship to spend a single night. The amount obtained from this alms box annually reflects rather unfavorably on the parsimony of the average traveler, only about one-fifteenth of the yearly expenses being realized from this source.

The dining room is plainly furnished; the walls are hung with pictures, mostly the gifts of grateful travelers. The meals provided are simple, but wholesome and substantial. A library on the second floor contains a collection of ancient and modern coins and relics found in the vicinity—at a spot where once a temple of Jupiter stood. The library also embraces a natural history collection. A few rods from the hospice, on the slope of the mountain, a botanic garden may be seen, containing a shivering group of Alpine plants.

In one quarter of the basement cattle, goats and mules are housed. A second structure, called the Hospice of St. Louis, stands about fifty yards from the main building. It was erected as a refuge in case of fire; it is now used for the accommodation of poor wayfarers and as a storage house; it also contains the dog kennels.

As a person wanders about this weird solitude he looks for a hospice cemetery, and seeing none, he wonders what disposition is made of the dead and the bodies recovered from the snows; but he soon learns that burial is unnecessary—the eleva-

tion being so great, the air so pure and rare, the temperature so low, that corruption and the worms of death do not invade the dead of St. Bernard. Instead of a cemetery there is a dead-house—a small, square, stone building with no doors, with two small windows on opposite sides, protected by iron bars. Into this the unclaimed dead are placed. The interior presents a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The bodies retain the rigid, distorted positions in which they have been taken from the snow or the cruel embrace of the avalanche; a simple sheet is wrapped about them, over the clothes in which they are found, and then they are placed in a leaning or sitting posture against the walls

whom are stationed at St. Bernard. When entering upon their service of benevolence they take a vow to remain fifteen years; but the severity of the climate often undermines their constitutions before the expiration of that period, compelling them to retreat to lower altitudes in restoration of health.

Travelers are met at the door and kindly welcomed by these good men; they are then escorted to the reception hall, assigned sleeping quarters, and left in charge of assistants, the monks retiring to their private apartments. The hospice will shelter three hundred people, but has proper bedroom accommodations for only about seventy. It furnishes entertainment to about eight thou-



THE HOSPICE.

of their common sepulchre. Bones and fragments of bodies and clothing are mingled with *débris* on the cold earth floor. Other forms are crouching and huddled as when the stupor of death by freezing overcame them. A mother is pressing her child to her bosom while her face is turned away as though looking for the succor that came too late. Unlike mummies, they retain their ordinary garb, while the ghastly faces depict the agonies of their untimely fate. It is gratifying to note that additions to this sad and dismal place are becoming less frequent with improved roads and other facilities for travel.

A brotherhood of forty monks are in charge of the several hospices in the Alps, about ten of

sand people during the year. The resources of the monks are derived from voluntary subscriptions and donations, with a small revenue from an independent property.

The climate is extremely rigorous; a small lake near the hospice is covered with ice during nine months of the year, and sometimes during the entire summer. The cold sometimes reaches twenty-nine degrees below zero, and banks of snow have been known to reach a height of forty feet around the hospice. It is at such times that these heroic monks, each accompanied by a servant and one of the sagacious dogs, set out on their work of succor. The victims are usually poor peasants crossing the pass to some trans-

montane town in search of employment. The great depth of the snow obliterates every trace of the path or road; they lose their way and wallow on until the fell frost slumber overcomes them, and they are, almost unconsciously, wrapped in a winding sheet of snow; or perchance the resistless avalanche, so common after heavy snowfalls, precipitates them into some vast gorge.

The instinct of these wonderful dogs is as quick to locate a body buried in the snow as that of the hunting dog to find its game, and they become so accustomed to their work of search that they often whine to be let free to go off alone; it is then that a basket, supplied with wine and food, is tied about their necks, and they are al-

lowed to scamper off to indulge an instinct for life saving that has made them the most beloved of the canine species. In every part of Switzerland specimens of these dogs may be seen, and

wherever the traveler goes he will see ladies and gentlemen caressing and making friends with the great, lovable creatures.

Their sagacity is almost incredible, and the monks tell with pride of their intelligible demonstrations; how quickly they notice the first signs of preparation for an expedition of rescue; how watchful and restive and alert they are at such times; that they even notice the threatening aspect of the weather, and when the storm rages they whine and sometimes howl with agitation. In the search their keen scent enables



DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.



INTERIOR OF THE ST. BERNARD MORGUE.

them to detect the whereabouts of a human body at great distances and under many feet of snow. With almost human wisdom they guide those who have lost their way to the hospice; if the person found is benumbed and unable to follow they utter a series of far-sounding bays to summon help from the hospice. If their signal is not heard they gallop off to the hospice, where their great agitation is instantly understood.

The origin of these valuable dogs is a matter of uncertainty; some say they came from the Pyrenees in Spain; others, that the breed is the progeny of a Danish dog left by a traveler and the Alpine shepherd dog. Other kinds of dogs in different parts of the Alps have been trained to perform the work of rescuing travelers.

There are two well-recognized varieties of the St. Bernard dog; one resembling the Newfoundland dog in his shaggy coat, but white and tawny in color, sometimes spotted with black. The other variety has close, short hair, clouded with gray, liver color and black. The former is generally seen in Switzerland, and sometimes in other countries. The latter are such as are now kept at the St. Bernard Hospice, and the same as shown in the illustration, which is from an instantaneous photograph taken by the writer in October last.

A visitor passing casually through the museum at Bern and looking at the many interesting objects therein may very easily fail to notice so trivial a thing as a dog, preserved in the best art of the taxidermist; yet if he knew the history of this very ordinary exhibit he would probably halt in its presence with feelings akin to veneration. He is before the cherished remains of a dog that is familiar to every Swiss home and not unknown to the world; that has been a subject for the painter and the sculptor, and is known to history and literature; a dog that for noble deeds has no rival among his kind and few among man-

kind; one that was the greatest life saver among his heroic race—the record breaker of St. Bernard.

His name was Barry, and he is credited with the saving of forty human lives during his brief span of a dog's allotted years. He may be often seen in the wood-carver's art in Switzerland, represented in the act of recovering a victim from the snow; as having dug his way to a human body and as affectionately licking the exposed face and hands of the dead or benumbed form to restore life and warmth.

On one occasion this dog saved fifteen lives in a single day, but his wonderful and touching acts of recovery and sagacity are too numerous to relate. One of his most remarkable feats was the saving of a boy whose mother had been swept away and killed by an avalanche. The boy escaped, and was found by Barry in a perishing condition. The noble animal, seeing that the chilled and helpless lad could not follow, lay down by him, almost working his body under that of the boy in his efforts to induce him to mount his back; the boy, with the partial consciousness left him, rolled himself on to Barry's back, putting his legs about his body and his arms around his neck. The faithful animal, after a long struggle through deep snow and up the steep slopes, landed the half-conscious boy at the hospice door.

It is not difficult to imagine how Barry was honored that day by the Bernardines, as he had often been before, and how for once a dog was a "lion." But Death does not stay his hand for the noblest deeds of dogs or men, and after a life devoted to humanity poor noble Barry died. His death was mourned by a nation. His skin was mounted and placed in the museum at Bern, and now children and grandchildren continue to read with tenderest affection the history of the noblest dog that ever lived.

TWO ROSES.

BY LEON MEAD.

UPON a bush two roses white
Once budded in the springtime light.
But ere the summer heat was done
An ardent lover pilfered one.
And gave it to a maid he led
To where the happy twain were wed.

And then the other rose so white,
That languished in autumnal blight,
The lover plucked with tearful eyes,
With broken sobs and bitter sighs,
And placed it in a hand, with pain,
He knew would never stir again.

AN EXPERIMENT IN MADNESS.

BY HAROLD EYRE.

THIS is my last night on earth. Before the dawn I shall have said farewell to that delusion, that sham and mockery which we call life; for I have on my soul the awful consciousness of having caused the death of the woman I loved, and there seems nothing left for me but to take my own life in return.

I know not why I am writing this; it certainly is not to justify myself in the eyes of the world, but I feel that I must leave behind me some explanation of my act. To do this I shall have to give a brief account of my life, and of the events which have led to my ending it.

When I was quite a child my father died, leaving me an orphan in the care of his oldest friend, John Seldon, a rich banker, with one child, a daughter, of about my own age.

I had always had a vague, boyish idea that my father was a very rich man, but as soon as I was old enough to understand such matters my guardian lost no time in informing me that my parent had died comparatively poor, and had left barely enough for my support and education. Soon afterward I went to college, to prepare for the study of medicine, that being the career I was to adopt.

For the next few years I worked very hard, doing my best to assimilate that strangely varied diet of knowledge which the law compels the embryo physician to digest. But the cream of my energy was devoted to the investigation of mental disease, for I had determined to become a specialist in this branch of my profession. In particular I gave much time and thought to the subject of insanity, and had worked out an elaborate theory for the cure of certain forms of that malady by means of hypnotic suggestion. I need hardly say that I had great hopes for my theory, and with all the egotism of youth fondly believed that it would prove to be the key which was to unlock the door to fame.

At last I had passed my final examination, and returned home—as I had learned to consider Mr. Seldon's house—to find that my former little playmate was now a beautiful girl, just budding into womanhood.

I had been back but a short time when Mabel and I both discovered that our childish friendship had ripened into something stronger. One day she promised to be my wife, and I decided to ask Mr. Seldon for his daughter's hand at the first fitting opportunity.

It was just about this time that I converted

what remained of my father's little property into ready money, and purchasing a small practice, started as a physician.

As soon as I had furnished my diminutive consulting room and the brass plate was on the street door both Mabel and myself felt that, my fortune being now, of course, assured, it would be a very opportune moment to approach her father. I confess that I looked forward to this interview with some trepidation. The old man was proud and haughty, and though he had always done his duty to me as guardian, yet there was a chill in his manner which had stood in the way of anything like confidence or sympathy between us. However, one night after dinner, I sought Mr. Seldon in his study, and asked for his daughter's hand.

I shall never forget the expression on his face when he understood what it was I wanted. All his stiff, self-satisfied complacency dropped off like a mask, and he looked like an angry dog.

"What!" he shouted. "Is it possible that after my kindness to you all these years you have the audacity to want to rob me of my daughter?—that after I have received you in my house as a son you repay me by trying to take away the one ambition that's left to me—that of seeing my daughter properly married? Yes, sir," he went on, with a perfect snarl of rage; "she shall marry a title—a title, by God—not a beggar!"

He had worked himself up into such a frenzy that there is no knowing how our interview would have terminated had I not put an end to it there and then.

After that I considered that I should no longer remain under Mr. Seldon's roof, but when I saw Mabel's distress as she read the answer in my face all the pride left my heart, and I soon persuaded myself that it was my duty to remain and comfort her. In spite of her grief, though, she tried to put a bright face on the matter, like the brave girl she was.

"Never mind, dear," she said. "Don't worry about it; he's sure to come round. Just wait till he's in a better temper, and then I'll ask him myself. You know he can never refuse me anything."

Her encouragement had its effect, and as I thought of the influence she possessed over her father I had some hope that he might relent.

A week elapsed before Mabel considered it safe to approach him. At length she did so, and it was now my turn to await the decision. I paced

up and down the library, which adjoined Mr. Seldon's study, in an agony of suspense, eagerly listening for any sound which might give me a clew as to how things were progressing.

At last I heard the study door flung open, and a moment later Mabel burst into the library and fell sobbing in my arms. I soothed her as well as I could, but saw only too well that she despaired of ever obtaining her father's consent. When she had to some extent recovered we tried to discuss matters calmly.

"One thing is certain," said Mabel. "Papa will never give in."

"Oh, won't he!" said I, trying to convince myself as much as her. "Just wait till my insanity theory is——"

"Yes, dear," she interrupted, sapiently; "but let us be practical. You know that all these great discoveries require time to become known, and that genius is never recognized at first." I regretfully assented. "Now," she went on, "if only I was dangerously ill, so that you could save my life, then I'm sure papa would consent. If——" She suddenly looked up at me, with a curious light in her eyes. "Supposing I became insane?"

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed, "don't talk of such a thing."

"Why?" she asked, speaking with a singular calmness. "Don't you see what I mean? If your process cures the disease, wouldn't it also cause it, provided the process was reversed?"

"What!" I burst out. "You don't mean to say that you think I'd——"

"Certainly you would, to bring papa to reason!" she exclaimed. "Of course you could easily cure me afterward, so it would only be a very temporary affair."

"No," I said, "it's out of the question. I could not risk your reason—the danger would be too great."

"Ah," she said, with great scorn, "I see you doubt your own power! Why, I am quite ready to risk it—and I'm the principal one concerned, am I not?"

This last argument was certainly very strong, and upon considering the matter I came to the conclusion that she was right. After all, it would be nothing more than a hypnotic experiment, such as I had often tried with her before for our amusement. It was very simple: I would hypnotize her, and suggest that she was insane, and was to remain so until I commanded her to return to her reason. Her father would naturally come to the conclusion that her condition was the result of his cruelty, would be distracted with grief and remorse, and would beg me to save his daughter. I would do so—he would be

overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, and would consent to our immediate marriage.

This appeared to be such a happy solution of the difficulty that we determined to carry the plan into effect.

Accordingly, in a few days I commenced by hypnotizing Mabel until she was absolutely under my influence and would respond to my slightest suggestion. Even mental suggestions were instantly carried out. Thus it was an easy matter for me to pass her from the earliest indications into all the various symptoms of mental aberration. It was I who put into her mouth those vague answers and abstracted remarks which were to foreshadow her approaching condition, and strange to say, the feelings of horror which at first possessed me gradually gave way to professional pride. I felt a singular thrill of exultation in the idea that a human being was so completely under the power of my will that every act, every word, every look and gesture emanated from my brain.

I had now far too much professional feeling in the experiment to allow myself to be acted upon by the impatience of the lover, and so to be too precipitate and spoil the effect of realism which I took such pains in bringing about. My nights were occupied in reading up cases of insanity and its symptoms, and many were the hours I spent in thinking out little details. For instance, I gradually brought in Mabel a strangeness of manner toward her father, which I increased day by day until she no longer recognized him. This had a terrible effect on the proud old man. At first he pretended not to notice it, but often, when he thought no one was looking, I—who watched his expression like a hawk—would see on his face a look of the most pitiful distress. It would have made my heart bleed had I been in my senses, but as it was I was drunk—drunk with that most subtle intoxicant, the enthusiasm of the scientist, which even more than the juice of the grape has the power to steal away men's reason—and I gloated over his misery. It proved the success of my experiment.

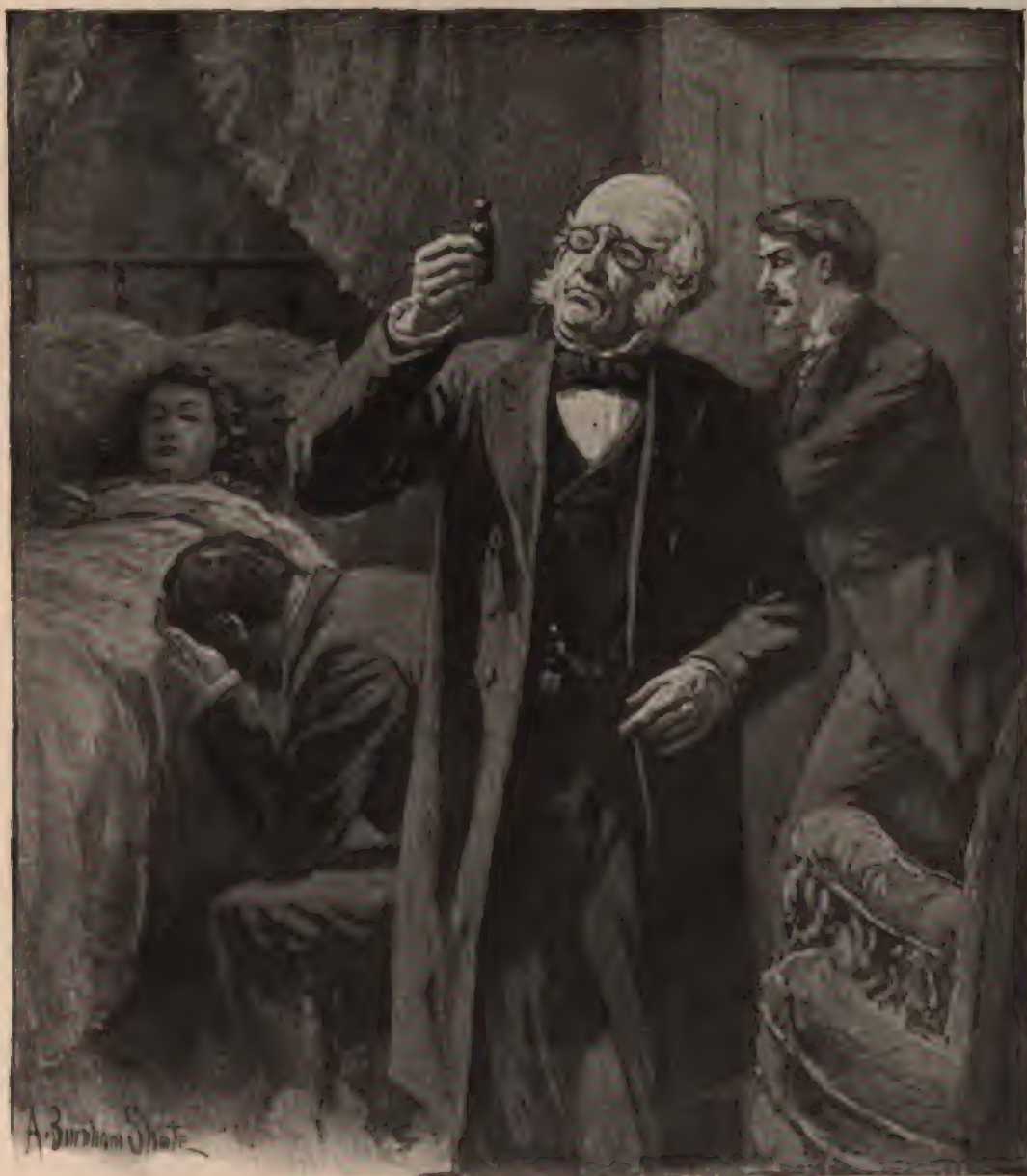
At first, as I have said before, every symptom, every action which should show the state of Mabel's mind was the result of my suggestion. But as she got deeper into the malady I discovered, to my surprise, that she no longer responded to my will with the same automatic obedience, but at times seemed to act independently. Gradually this tendency increased and my power diminished, until at last I realized but too well that she was utterly beyond my control.

I could not account for this until I reflected that the disease whose presence had hitherto been

simulated had now taken possession of her mind to such an extent that she was governed by it, and was indeed *actually insane*.

I must confess, however, that this discovery by no means inspired me with the horror which

Selden would now implore me to cure his daughter. To my astonishment he called in the family physician, who was an elderly man of the old school, entirely governed by the prejudices and traditions of so many of his class.



"DR. DEAN WAS STANDING BY THE GAS JET, HOLDING A SMALL GLASS PHIAL."

might have been expected. On the contrary, I was filled with delight at having at last an opportunity of proving my theory to the world. Now I should convince it that the most dreadful of mental disorders was completely in my power.

Of course I had taken it for granted that Mr.

Dr. Dean at once started to work on what he considered the most approved principles, and ordered Mabel to be confined to her room and watched day and night.

"Rest, my dear sir," he assured Mr. Seldon—"rest and quiet are all that our patient requires."

With plenty of these she'll soon get over this unfortunate affair. Of course," he added, giving me a withering look, as much as to say that he was quite aware that I was the cause of it, "she has evidently been fretting about some trifling disappointment. Young ladies will do these foolish things," said he, pompously. "But bless you, Mr. Seldon, with my care and the help of Providence, she'll soon enough have forgotten any such ideas."

My blood boiled. I was about to make some cutting reply, but consoled myself by thinking how little he knew of the real facts of the case. After the doctor had gone I found, to my disgust, that he had left directions that Mabel was not even to be allowed to see me, but was to be kept in complete solitude and isolation. Even her meals were to be taken up to her room. How I cursed Dr. Dean and his methods as I thought of the effect upon the poor girl of such a course of treatment in her present state of mind!

Things were beginning to look serious. By this time I had entirely recovered my senses, and the absorption of the scientist had given place to the solicitude of the lover. I felt very forcibly that my presence in the house was barely tolerated by Mr. Seldon, and my pride told me to remain no longer. But I could not desert Mabel at such a time. Though I could not see her, it was some consolation for me to feel that I was near her; so I again determined to stay and await events.

When Mabel had been under Dr. Dean's care for about a fortnight, without, as far as I could learn, any change taking place in her condition, I became so anxious that I determined to throw professional etiquette to the winds. I went to Mr. Seldon and begged him to place his daughter under my care. I told him that I perfectly understood her case and would undertake to cure her; that I should expect no reward, but would even leave the country, if he wished, as soon as I had brought her back to reason.

To all my pleadings he listened in stony silence. Finally he cut me short by saying that it was utterly impossible—that his daughter was in the hands of a *trustworthy* physician in whom he had every confidence, and that I had already done enough mischief under his roof; in fact, after what had occurred, he was surprised at my remaining where my presence had proved so disastrous. He said all this so deliberately, with such insulting emphasis, that there was but one thing for me to do—to tell him that I would no longer trespass upon his hospitality, and would leave the house at once.

As soon as our interview was over I hastily

threw a few things into a bag and took my departure—without even being able to bid Mabel good-by. My heart sank with a vague uneasiness as I closed the door and turned into the street. So strongly did this feeling grow upon me that I determined at least to remain in the neighborhood, and thought I would try to obtain a room near the house.

To my great satisfaction I succeeded in securing a small room on the top floor of a house in the same street, just opposite to Mr. Seldon's dwelling. From this little chamber I could see the windows of what I considered my darling's cell. Sometimes at night, when her room was lighted, my watching would be rewarded by seeing a shadow pass across the blind—a shadow which my heart told me must be hers.

A fortnight had elapsed, when one night I had a dream, so vivid, so terrible, that the very thought of it makes me shudder.

I dreamed that I stood and gazed, from afar, upon a deep, yawning chasm, with a high rocky bank on either side. As I looked I saw that a thin rope was stretched from bank to bank across the precipice, and there, clinging helplessly to the rope and swinging over that awful abyss, was the body of my love.

I hurried toward the spot, and after what seemed to be a long and toilsome journey arrived at the edge of the chasm. To my great joy I saw that not only was Mabel alive, but that she recognized me, and cast me a pitiful glance, as though begging me to rescue her. I stretched out my arms toward her with a glad cry—when suddenly a change came over her face, she uttered the words "Too late!" and releasing her hold of the rope, dropped down, down into those frightful depths of bottomless space.

* * * * *

I awoke with a start, and glancing across the street, saw to my horror that the blinds were down at every window of the opposite house, and that on the door was a piece of crape. What could have happened? I dared not think. Hastily dressing myself, I seized my hat and rushed downstairs, across the street and up the steps of Mr. Seldon's house.

I pulled the bell violently, and pushing aside the footman who opened the door, I tore upstairs. On reaching Mabel's room I knocked, but receiving no answer, opened the door and entered. The scene which met my eyes is still burning in my brain.

Dr. Dean was standing by the gas jet, holding in his hand a small glass phial, which he kept turning over and over with an air of bewilderment. On a chair by the side of the bed sat Mr.

Seldon. His back was partially turned toward her face radiant with the light of another world, me, but I could see that his drawn, haggard features had aged ten years, while his once erect figure was bent almost double. And on the bed, slender cord.

SONG.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.

You cannot come to me;
 But with this gift that God has given,
 I can reach out, o'er land and sea—
 O'er barriers of earth and heaven,
 And touch your heart exquisitely.
 The bird caged with a golden wire
 Sings not always for those who feed,
 Supplying every grosser need:
 Above the tumult of her fate
 She listens, and she hears her mate.
 She dreams a dream of vanished springs,
 She beats her wings, and sings, and sings—
 The world says, "sweetly sings"—but oh!
 You hear the undertone of woe.

THE TRYST.

BY ALFRED HAYES.

THE stars are faint and few,
 The zenith yet is blue;

By daylight still is seen
 The orchard's tender green,

Whose snowy bloom doth rest
 As clouds on heaven's breast;

But clear and full and high
 The moon enchants the sky.

When day and moonlight meet
 My heart doth strangely beat;

For when their lips have kissed,
 I keep my silent tryst

With One to whom alone
 My inmost heart is known.

Her footsteps then are heard
 When sleeping leaves are stirred;

Her eyes more tender are
 Than twilight's only star;

She breathes as when the plane
 Is fragrant after rain;

Her voice is that deep speech
 Which music yearns to reach.

To her pure lips I clung
 When boyhood's leaf was young;

Her soul possessed the maid
 When love was first afraid;

But now that love is bold,
 The gray consumes the gold.

Sweet is the sultry noon
 Of lusty full-blown June,

And sweet the golden fruit
 Of love's accomplished suit;

But sweeter twilight's hour,
 And love's unfolding flower.



OPHELIA — FROM THE PAINTING BY GASTON BUSSIÈRE.



CARRYING A LIFE LINE ASHORE FROM A WRECK.

KITE FLYING EXTRAORDINARY.

BY WILF. P. POND.

UNIVERSAL as the use of the ordinary kite is, especially among the younger members of society, but very little is known of its origin, or the reason for its initial use. The encyclopedias are almost silent on the subject, and the handbooks of sports either dismiss it with the most brief commentary or description, or pass over the matter as unworthy of even passing notice. Yet we know that the Chinese flew kites as long ago as 1,150 years before the Christian Era, and it is more than probable that they could give some very interesting data upon the matter; but up to date they have not done so, and it is generally well understood that to try to get information from the inhabitants of the Celestial Kingdom until they are prepared to give it is like extracting honey from flints, and just about as encouraging.

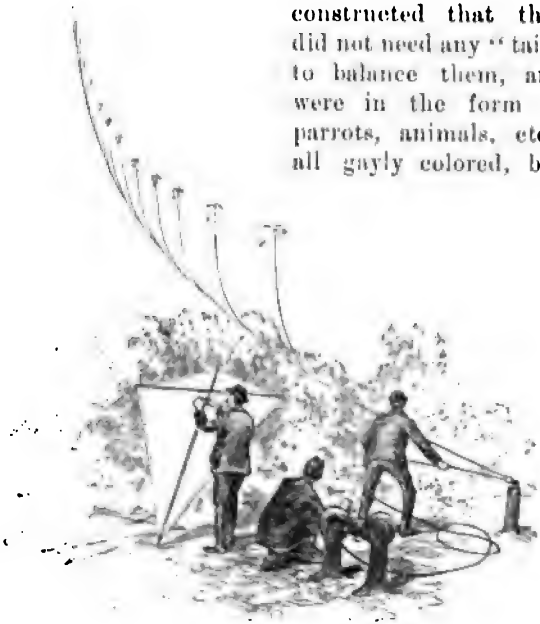
The boys of to-day are favored in almost the entire world of toys, and the specimens in their

hands are indeed marvels of fairy handiwork when compared to those which did duty for the generation of, say, twenty years ago; and in no respect is this more true than in the matter of kites. The first kite, as the writer remembers it, was a couple of well-seasoned ash sticks, about three feet long, an inch broad and a quarter of an inch thick; these were laid crosswise like the letter X, the crossing point being a little lower down, and these were then braced in that position by means of a thin tack or nail and a piece of cord well wrapped around it. A stout piece of shrunken cord was then run around the outer edges of the frame from tip to tip, and all that was necessary was to cover the whole with stout but light paper, turning it over the strings, firmly gluing it, and then affixing the cord, to which the main guy (or cord to the hand) was to be attached, at the proper point to secure a good balance and throw the kite when in the air at an

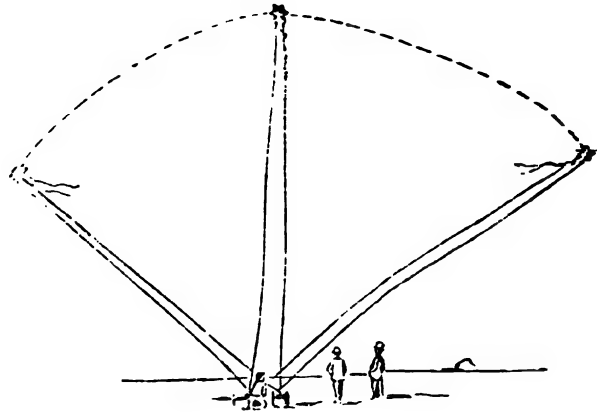
angle of about fifteen degrees. If the seams are practically the same size, so that the balance of the kite is perfect, it will fly well—unless indeed it should have been in any part made on a Sunday, as some terrible boys will, and then no power will make it fly. At least that is what they used to tell the last generation; possibly this one has some later wisdom on the matter which has not yet reached their elders. They appear to have on most subjects, and why not on Sunday-made kites?

One of the first innovations to the simple art of kite flying was that of the "messenger," which consisted of cutting pieces of stiff paper, such as cream-laid note paper, into squares about three inches in diameter, and when all the line was out from the stick on which it was wound, and the kite was at its highest point, this messenger was slipped on it, and pushed a little way up the cord, when the wind catching it, it was rapidly whirled around, and so progressed up the tightly stretched cord until it eventually reached the kite and plunked itself tight on the face of it. These pieces of paper were soon varied in color, and it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen or more on the string when there was a good wind, all speeding up to the kite, which eventually became so heavy with them that it had to be lowered, and the fun commenced over again. Since then there has been a number of new ideas, which were introduced by the Chinese kites of

ten years ago; these kites being so perfectly constructed that they did not need any "tail" to balance them, and were in the form of parrots, animals, etc., all gayly colored, but



MAKING ATMOSPHERIC OBSERVATIONS BY MEANS OF MALAY TAILLESS KITES.



KITE WITH LIFE-SAVING LINE, SHOWING POSSIBLE DEFLECTION OF AREA.

which somehow or other did not hold the favor of the boys for more than a season, and then they became a dead letter, although occasionally an effort is made to revive them. It was then learned that the very heavy pull of a fair-sized kite, almost enough to lift a small boy off his feet, meant a proportional carrying power, and it was not long before kites were sent aloft carrying fireworks, which, having a slow match attached, let off the fireworks at a considerable height, and was then drawn down to be reloaded, this being a great advantage on *Fourth*s of July over the balloon, which could only be loaded once and went floating away. Then a man in the uptown districts rigged a small lamp to a kite for his boy, and soon the boys in all parts had the little oil lamps of blue, red and yellow glass attached to the kites, and on a summer night, when there was any wind, people who saw the colored stars high in the air wondered what they were, and never dreamed it was the boy and his indulgent father on the roof of the flat house, having a high old quiet time with the kite and lamp. It was rather dangerous to let the small boy fly the lamp kite by himself. Then it was discovered that, by using a piece of bamboo for the frame and perforating this with holes in a certain manner, when it was in the air and the wind rushed through them it would whistle; and if the holes were bored in the correct place the boy could, by jerking the string, make it whistle just when he wished.

Then the boys of Terrytown, Pa., were bitten with the kite-flying fever, and seven years ago formed themselves into a club, the founders being A. Andrews (captain), A. and Leon Bunnell, Wallace Cook and John Deiter, the club (from their initials) being called the A B C D Club. The object of this organization was to make a

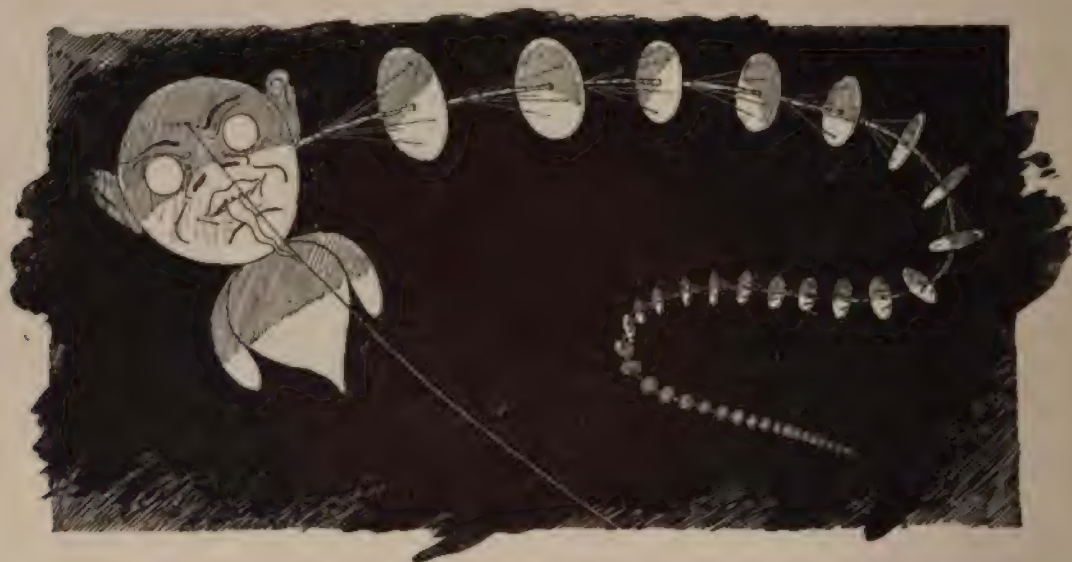
large kite or series of kites, of which the first stood no less than ten feet high, and which when finished was successfully flown, and was at the time spoken of in the papers from Maine to California, and even in Europe; but of that more anon. The neighbors became interested; many more kites were speedily on the stocks, and a number of contests were the result in 1889, at which prizes were awarded for the most skillful flying of kites of scheduled size, the test being the greatest number of yards of cord which could be paid out without the kite coming to the ground. Middletown, Pa., followed suit, and entered into the competitions with a vim, and it was then that the kite fifteen feet high was made, twelve feet wide, covered with fifty-four yards of light canvas, and weighing altogether fifty-four pounds. The tail was one hundred and forty feet long; the frame was bolted together with iron bolts, and the canvas was hook-and-eyed on, so that it could be taken off for transportation. The cord was as thick as a clothes-line, and it gave six members of the club all their

work to fly and hold it, two thousand feet of line being successfully carried by it in one of the contests. When it was first tried a pretty stiff breeze was blowing, and the pull was so great that some one proposed to hitch it to a light market wagon which stood by, and the result was that five of the boys piled in and were drawn by the kite as far as the road ran in a fairly straight line at a good pace. Another youth followed on the horse belonging to the wagon, and after a run of six miles the kite was lowered, packed up and driven back. John Vanderbilt, of Greenville, N. Y., heard of these great Pennsylvania kites, and he shortly afterward built one that stood twenty-five feet high and was eighteen feet wide; the tail of this kite was nearly one hundred yards long, and it had to be raised on a kind of windlass, as no man could have hoped to have held it. It was sexagonal in shape, and was made of light canvas. It was for some time on exhibition at Shady Glen, near Oak Grove. The word "Sansu" was blazoned right across the face of this monster.

Mr. William Harrall, of Bridgeport, a well-known merchant, is an enthusiastic kite flyer, and had a kite that stood about ten feet high. One Fourth of July, seven or eight years ago, he was spending the day at the old homestead on the borders of the Sound, with the other members of the family, large and small, and when tennis palled and a new amusement was wanted he sent up for his great kite, and soon had it in the air, to the immense delight of the younger members of the crowd, who had never seen any-



TOWED ACROSS THE SOUND BY A KITE.



THE SAN FRANCISCO DEMON.

thing like it. The first two hundred yards of the line was laid out, and a good strong man placed at every fifty yards, so as to relieve the strain of rising, and then Mr. Harrall let her go and up she went. Fifteen hundred feet of line was out in no time, and still the pull was too great to be pleasant, so it was proposed by some one to get into the Whitehall rowboat and let the kite tow them. This was done; the slack rope was rove through the painter ring in the bow, a turn of the rope was passed round the middle thwart of the boat, and away they went. Of course the boat could only run before the wind, and as time was no object a run was made

right across the Sound to Port Jefferson, L. I., a distance of about twenty-three miles, and the time occupied on the journey was about two hours. Then a thunderstorm came up, and the party housed under the boat as well as they were able, and with the storm the wind went round a point or two, so that they could sail back and make a point lower down the Connecticut coast than where they started from, and this was done, and is a matter of Fourth of July history in the district.

It was here that science began to take a look into the matter, though how far it was prompted or inspired by the experiments of our American

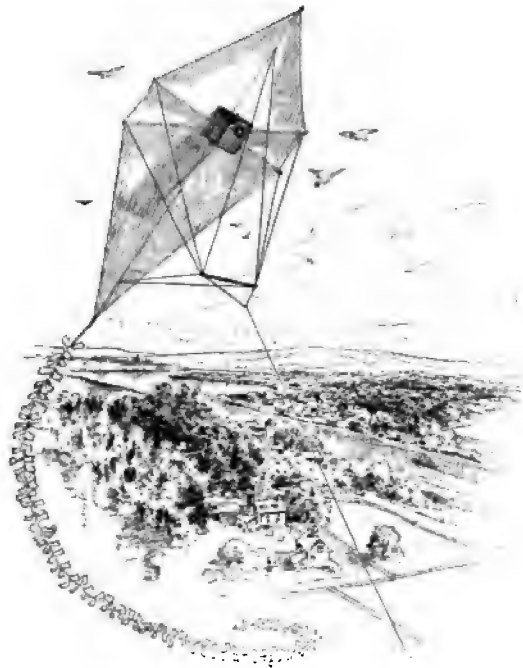
boys will never be known; certain it is that much of it came after the boys. M. N. A. Balut, of En-laure, France, invented a photographic kite, which has in it the germs for great utility. The kite is a very large one, as much as a single individual can handle, and attached to the main back rib of the frame is a triangular support which projects through it and forward in front of the face of the kite, and on this is secured



CHINESE KITE-FLYING FESTIVAL.



A KITE FLYING FESTIVAL AT MANHATTAN BEACH, CONEY ISLAND.



PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA KITE

a small shelf set at a slightly different angle to that which the kite assumes when in the air, and upon this is a camera with a powerful lens. This has a revolving shutter actuated by a spring and an eccentric, so that as long as it is secured by a thin cord the shutter is closed, but if the cord be severed there will be a single revolution of the shutter, then another, so that two views are taken, and then the shutter remains closed. The kite is sent up, and attached to the side of the camera is a slow match which burns just so long, giving the kite time to reach a good altitude, and then the match comes in contact with the cord, burns it through, and whatever the panorama spread beneath may be, there are two photographs taken on the negative. At the side of the camera there is an aneroid barometer which tells the expert to what height the kite ascended; an index shows when the exposure was made, the releasing of the thread exposing a dial of sensitized paper, on which the sun immediately prints a needle's shadow, and at the same time sending a piece of white paper fluttering to the ground to show the operator that the desired exposure has been accomplished. When the kite is lowered and the negative developed an expert engineer can take the photographs, with the record of height, etc., and from them draw a scale plan of fortifications of an enemy, the lay of land in surveying any territory, with many other details which are shown in the photographs, but which would not

be noticed by the human eye from the level of a person walking across the ground. It is only a question of altitude and favorable wind, and then an expert kite operator could take the view of a fortress, etc., two miles away from where he stood, by simply having a kite large enough and a line long enough to reach over the desired spot. At least this is the claim of the inventor, who has made some very satisfactory experiments. It is also claimed that by this plan a beleaguered force could send up a kite from the fort, to which should be attached a number of dynamite cartridges so weighted that they would strike the ground and explode when released from the kite by the burning of the cords which held them in place by the slow-match apparatus.

Within a very few weeks of the ventilating of this idea a number of the Russian army corps, under the superintendence of the Minister of War, spent some weeks in the Volkov fields near St. Petersburg experimenting with a similar device, and also with the flying of kites at night to which various colored lamps were attached when sent up, and to which other "traveler" lights were sent up, the object being to establish a code of signals on kites by which one detachment of the army could communicate with the other at night without telegraph wires or messengers. It will readily be seen that an almost perfect signal code, capable of the greatest variation, could be successfully worked, without the aggressive noise and display of the old rocket system.

In April last year a number of very interesting experiments took place with kites for the purpose of obtaining statistics for the Weather Bureau, which it had not hitherto been able to get with any degree of thoroughness. This was in the line of atmospheric observations, higher air currents, temperatures, humidity, etc. These had hitherto been obtained from mountain summits only, and thus were more or less defective when it was desired to apply the calculated results to extensive plain lands, or valleys, for the purposes of agricultural data. By the flying of kites over these districts it was believed, and afterward successfully demonstrated, that the most valuable results could be obtained. This was done by instruments recording the temperature, humidity, wind currents, etc., coupled with one registering the height. Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, suggested to Mr. H. H. Clayton, of the Bluehill Observatory at Rodville, Mass., that the experiments with air currents should reach an altitude of 10,000 feet, and he in company with Professor C. F. Martin, of the Weather Bureau, and Professor E. Douglas Archibald, of the Royal Meteorological Society, collected some

very interesting kite data from experiments conducted at Bergen Point, N. J., and other places, much of which will, apart from its scientific value, be interesting to the average kite-flying boy or man. To reach any great altitude with a kite it was found necessary to overcome the instability of the hexagon kite with a tail, for as it is the ordinary characteristic of a wind to increase and lull from almost a dead calm to a matter of twenty miles an hour, this causes the kite to plunge and dive, as every schoolboy knows, and this is due to an increased pressure upon the flat surface disk amounting to thirty-three per cent. The boy lowers his kite and adds to or takes away from the weight of the tail, but the kite intended to reach any great height cannot have this done to it, and it is this problem which is believed to have so long delayed the scientific uses of the kite. This brought about the introduction of the tandem kite, which was two kites, diamond-shaped, respectively four feet and seven feet in diameter, covered with Tussore silk, and these were successfully flown to a height of 2,200 feet, anemometers at varying distances on the kite string giving the velocity of the wind at each grade of 500 feet. These kites were rigged with the large one in front, and the smaller one, with an individual cord, attached to the rear of the front one. This was found to impede the action of the lower kite, and the tandem was then run with each kite having a separate string running out independently from the main line, on the principle of the rein system employed when driving a pair of horses. To this tandem was added several more kites, one by one, each with an individual cord to the main guy, until at last seven kites were flown on the one guy, the highest being but a small speck when the lowest was at a fair height. This of course decreased the individual string weight in each case, like four men carrying a piece of timber. All these kites had tails, and as they carried a very steep string they called for long individual lines to keep the tails from getting tangled with the one below. With these seven kites the

upper one reached an altitude of 6,000 feet, the wind blowing about twelve miles an hour.

Some very valuable meteorological records were made with these flights. Mr. Clayton then tried what is known as the Malay tailless kite, and found it to excel the others in that it flew with a steeper string, did not waste as much power, could not tangle up if properly flown, and required no hauling down even if the wind increased to thirty-five miles an hour, a velocity which would bring a tail kite to the ground, as it would probably be only ballasted for eight to ten miles an hour, that being the average. The Malay kite being built with only two light sticks, covered with either paper or cloth, in its lightest form it will readily rise to great altitudes in winds of from four to eight miles an hour, and especially thin kites, without even the weight of cord at the edges, will rise to a great height in a comparative dead calm, if the person holding the string walks at the rate of about three miles an hour. The kites for heavier winds are, of course, covered with cloth. Thus with the Malay the expert can work in any wind by grading his type of kite to the velocity. From the top of Bluehill, which is 640 feet above the sea level, Mr. Clayton flew seven tissue-paper



MR. HARGRAVE'S LIFTING KITE.



DR THAYER'S "FREAK."

kites with silk thread, on a tandem line, to a height of 3,540 feet above the hill, or 4,180 feet above the sea level, and the next experiment will take place this year when this team of very light kites will be attached to a heavier tandem line of kites which has already a record of 5,595 feet made at Bergen Point, November 7th, 1894, and it is confidently believed that the lighter tandem started at or about this height will successfully soar to two miles, the number of kites employed being about twenty in all. The great difficulty is found in the making of a perfectly balanced, small, light kite, the matter of a sixteenth part of an inch or a few grains of weight making a great deviation as soon as the upper currents of air are reached.

Not even here does the matter of scientific utility cease! Mr. J. W. Davis has taken the matter up from a life-saving standpoint, and has made some experiments rich in promise for the future. The bulk of these trials were made at Arverne, L. I., during the summer of 1893-4. By hitching the first kite to a wagon it was found that the kite could be steered a matter of forty-

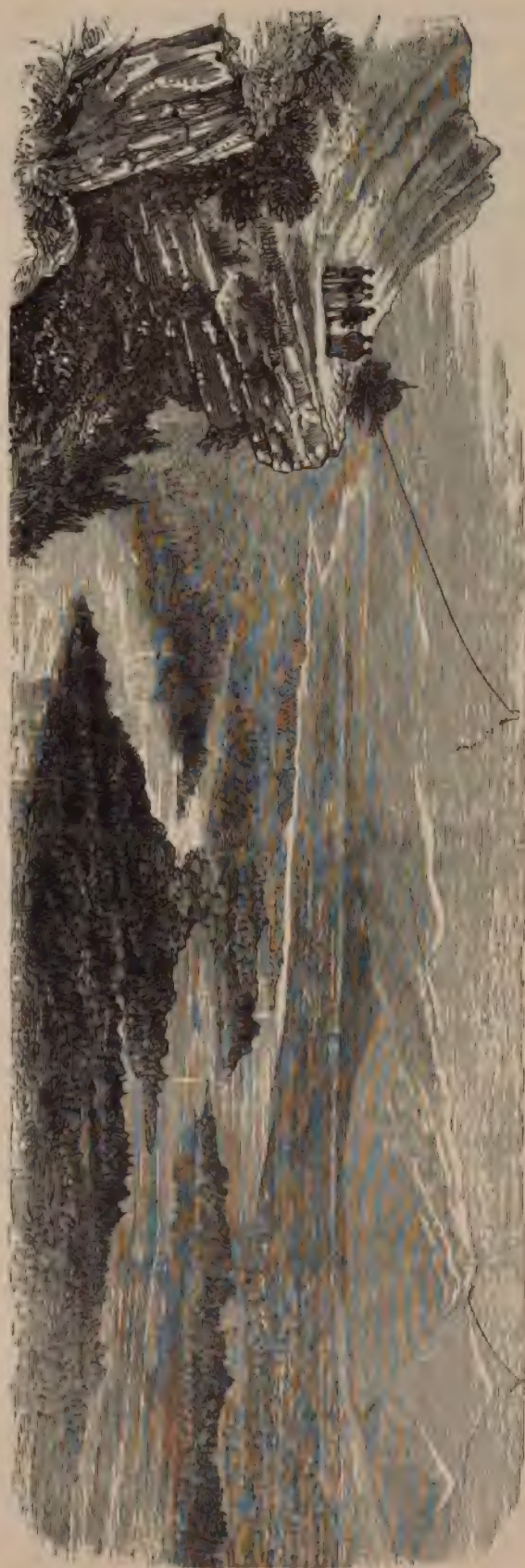
five degrees off the wind, a startling discovery to commence with, and then that the wagon could be run nearly thirty-five degrees to windward of the kite, still more important, so that with a breeze blowing directly off shore the wagon would travel up and down the beach if the ballast was rightly stowed. The next step was to try the kite on a stout but light canoe which was fitted with what is known as a "shoe" centreboard, being one not stepped through the boat, but slipped into a metal shoe at the front end, the stern end being held in place by cords coming up each side of the canoe, to be fastened inside the boat. The remarkable tractability and steering qualities of the kite led step by step to the experiments in carrying life lines to and from the shore. To this end a mile of light rope was carried to South Brother Island, a loop was made in the forward end, and twenty feet back of this was attached a 32-pound wooden buoy. Then a seven-foot kite was raised, with two flying lines like reins, and when it was up about three hundred feet one of the flying lines was



THE GREAT GREENVILLE KITE.

ent and immediately transferred to the loop of the mile rope by tying it securely. The other flying line was then drawn in until the kite was at the proper scientific angle to work across to a pier on Riker's Island, and then it also was fastened to the loop in the mile line, Riker's being about five-eighths of a mile distant. Then the kite was released, and immediately began to soar, pulling up the slack of mile line. The buoy was dragged down the beach, carried scudding across the water at a great rate, at times jumping out, like a porpoise, eight feet or more high, and to a distance of fifteen feet, just as the wind snapped it, finally being dragged over a reef near Riker's, and eventually being landed on that island as calculated. The function of the buoy is apparent, but may as well be explained. While the kite was at full speed its lifting power diminished, and it simply towed the buoy and line. When the speed was checked by the buoy hitting a wave, or the friction of the heavier line on a wave crest, the buoyant power immediately increased, and the resistance being removed, the buoy was lifted clear, each struggle adding greater power to the pull of the kite, so that at the latter part of the journey the buoy scarcely touched the water at all. Had there been no buoy the line would have been carried up nearly vertical by reason of its weight, and it would have taken three or four times the amount of line to reach the desired spot. The next experiment was to send the kite up from a boat, so as to carry a line to the shore, and the lightship at Brenton Reef was selected for the distressed craft, the ship lying about a mile and a half from the land, which is Brenton's Point. This was more difficult, even to an expert like Mr. Davis, and a most severe test of his idea and its possible practicability. The reason is that the tides run very strong here, in and out of Narragansett Bay, and the kite was asked to carry a line through pretty rough water, and against adverse conditions. The mark aimed at was two points of land a mile and a half away, sticking out into the sea like two spread fingers of a man's hand. To miss them was failure, and the wind chosen was not too favorable for either point. After being raised, the kite was deflected, as before, by shortening one of the flying strings, so that it shaped about forty degrees off; the buoy was passed overboard, the line ran out, and the kite carried it along until a half-mile of line was out, and then, to insure success, another kite with

KITE SIGNALING IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS, VIRGINIA



a fairly long flying string was hitched on to it, and with this help the first kite carried buoy and line to its destination at Brenton's Point, through the strong cross current of an ebb tide. The actual point of the kite landing was exactly twenty yards eastward of the spot of calculation. It will thus be seen that the kite, with the two flying lines, is almost perfectly under control, with great possibilities of service as a life saver.

One of the most curious ideas of modern days is the kite craft of Dr. David Thayer, of Boston, Mass. He was struck with the idea that the chief drawback to the kite was the amount of power wasted in keeping the contrivance in the air, and so he devised a kite having four small balloons filled with gas, which supported it in mid-air, the kite being an arrangement of sails rendered fairly rigid by means of bamboo attachments like the sail on a Chinese junk, these being about three times as broad as they are long, and fitted with side sails or shutters, which can be "set" the same as ordinary sails on a boat. The guy ropes attached to the kite are about forty feet long, and are attached to a species of raft, while halfway there is suspended a seat or car to accommodate the passengers and the manipulator. The balloons are powerful enough to hold up the sails, or kite, the guy ropes and the car, and the wind, catching these, forces along the raft in almost any direction except a hard beat to windward in a rough sea. It is proposed to carry these on ships as life savers, the raft carrying a gas generator.

One of the most recent and at the same time most interesting experiments with kites is the series now being developed by Mr. Law Hargrave, of Stanwell Park, Clifton, New South Wales. His first idea was merely to find a lifting power by which a flying machine could be raised into the air, the only means hitherto existing for this purpose being a line of miniature elevated railroad tracks. So he constructed a species of cellular kite, five in number, the dimensions being as follows:

Kite.....	Length of each cell.....		Breadth of each cell.....		Depth of each cell.....		Distance between the cells.....		Distance from the forward end of the forward cell to the point of attachment of the kite line.....		Weight of the kite.....		Lifting surface of the kite.....	
	FT.	IN.	FT.	IN.	FT.	IN.	FT.	IN.	FT.	IN.	LB.	OZ.	SQ.	FT.
A.	1	11	5	0	1	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	1	1	7	5	7	38.5	
B.	1	11	5	0	1	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	4	1	7	5	14	38.5	
C.	2	3	7	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	5	2	8	9	8	69.0	
D.	2	6	6	6	2	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	6	2	3	9	0	65.0	
E.	2	6	9	0	2	6	4	0	2	10	14	8	90.0	

These kites were fitted so that the shoes on the inner ends of the booms could slide along the top and bottom members of a main frame of the kites, and this allowed the corners to curve inward and so hold the fullest current of air, and always, as it were, work to windward. This description of kite was chosen because of its great stability and certainty of motion, and they were fitted with a sling seat for the operator, the various kites being secured together by spring-gun tackle in a manner which permitted them to be raised and started one at a time, or taken in the same way, thus dispensing with an assistant, while the seat was balanced with two bags of sand. When in the air the kites sloped at an angle of fifteen degrees, the seat hanging perfectly straight. To start the machine, the main rope is carried to the spring tackle hook in the ground, and the loose end is either in the hands of an assistant or is run up to the kite rider, to be slacked away as it is desired to go higher, or gathered in when it is desired to descend. The kites are placed on the ground about forty feet away; the rider, as the first kite raises, stands with the seat resting against him; the other kites are then put into motion, and as the raising pull increases on the seat the body is slipped on to it, the main guy is eased off, and the kites, first describing an arc to catch the set of the wind, slowly and fairly, steadily rise in the air to almost any desired height. When the most successful experiment with this novel machine was made the wind was blowing about fourteen miles an hour; the kite apparatus complete weighed 42 pounds, the man weighed 160 pounds, while the pull of the kites on the main guy was 240 pounds, this being raised by a spread surface of 232 square feet. Photographs of the apparatus in actual work are shortly to be published in the leading scientific magazines, and it is believed that Mr. Hargrave has hit upon a very useful and interesting solution of an old problem of aerial flight. His machine can be readily made by anyone having a little carpentering ability coupled with a little practical knowledge of aerial engineering, and when completed the machine may be easily carried about by a single individual, put together and used satisfactorily, without any assistance. He claims that, with suitable wire ropes similar to piano wires, an ascent of a mile altitude is not only possible but perfectly safe.

Some of the largest pleasure kites in the world are found to-day in San Francisco, where a Japanese gentleman flew one last year measuring 50 feet by 45 feet, composed, it is stated, of 5,800 sheets of paper and 350 pieces of light wood, weighing about 1,780 pounds. Last year there

was considerable excitement over a hideous snake which had been seen at night flying through the air in the direction of the Cliff House, but it was generally put down to the heated imagination of some Night Owls until it was discovered to be the kite of a Chinaman in the Park Panhandle District, the kite being 150 feet long, composed of a stout cord on which was threaded circular pieces of bamboo braced in an upright position, the

whole being covered with stout and vivid-colored Chinese paper the head being fashioned with great eyes, and containing a receptacle for a tiny lamp which shone through them and also back through part of the paper of the body. Its long tail curling and twisting in the air gave it the semblance of life.

The possible future of the kite is almost limitless in interest and utility.

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

THE open winters of Southern California, where the petals of wild flowers scurry through the highways in lieu of snow, and orange blossoms whiten the ground, afford opportunity for cross-country riding and following the hounds under conditions that are extremely attractive.

Especially in the San Gabriel Valley has the pastime found favor, where a well-equipped club, the Valley Hunt, has its home, the clubhouse hanging, like a bird's nest, on the edge of the deep Arroyo Seco, which leads from Pasadena far up into the Sierra Madre Mountains. The hunt has a regular meet once a month, but the members and their friends have frequent hunts during the season, and in the long open winter the days do not lack exercise. One day it will be with the Baudini pack of foxhounds at six o'clock in the morning. The air is sweet with the odor of the orange blossoms, and a confusion of roses nod over the cypress hedges or through the palms. The hard avenue is, perhaps, touched modestly with hoar frost, and every leaf and twig gleams and glistens with diamonds as we sweep down the ridge into the arroyo that winds along the base of the San Rafael Hills.

There are foxes here, and wily raccoons, but it is a particularly savage wild cat that is the objective of the hunt.

The arroyo opposite Pasadena is three hundred or more feet deep by as many wide in its centre a shallow stream that ripples musically on—a laughing thing, leaping merrily as the sun flashes down among the trees, and again sweeping gently by little sandy beaches that bear the footprint of some bird or deer, perchance, but at other times a roaring torrent changing its course and carrying all before it. The brook runs here beneath an arbor of verdure; the swamp willow is festooned with clematis, and over it the wild grape climbs and interwinds, ascending the limbs of the great sycamores that grow in midstream,

and reaching even to the big oaks that guard the arroyo banks.

At such a place I have seen a fox run up a tree, leap upon the mat of vines, and so pass two hundred feet downstream, thus throwing off the hounds.

This tangle is the home of the wild cat, and soon the whimper of old music tells of game, and on the mimic beach, where the waters swirl around a bend, caressing the wild roses that mass upon a little rocky moraine, is seen the footprint of the lynx or wild cat. Then bursts forth the music of the dogs, making the blood quicken and bringing a flush to the cheek of the hunter. The melody rises and passes away through the tree tops in a babel of sounds; the clink of flints on iron hoofs, the crash of horses through young willow groves, the shouts of the master of the hounds not to override the dogs, the momentary loss of scent, and then the last run down the arroyo. Some of the hunters take to the water; others are caught in the trailing vines, their faces lashed by the fragrant bay, the run ending in a whirl of excitement in the midst of the hounds at the foot of a giant sycamore whose long bare limbs reach out across the arroyo.

The cat has been treed, and sits on a limb forty feet up, twitching her stump of a tail nervously, her big eyes a blaze of golden flame, while about the tree the hounds dance and roar, their white teeth and red foam-flecked mouths not an inspiring spectacle to the treed animal.

But the game is not up. The wild cat has already determined which way to leap, and after a few glances about, when routed out by a boy who clambers after her, she runs savagely out upon the limb and courageously plunges into space. Down she dashes full forty feet into the bush, her four soft pads striking the ground like rubber balls, while the roar of hounds tells that she is safely away, followed by the pack. Perhaps four



HEAD OF A GREYHOUND.

or five times she is treed, and snarls and whimpers defiance before she finally misses, and with mouth open and claws whipped out of their sheaths falls among the dogs and is lost to view until the master of the hounds beats his way among them, crop in hand, and bears the body aloft out of reach of the crazed animals.

The sun is well up and pours his rays down into the green arroyo, while the grateful sea breeze now stirs the tree tops and makes music among the leaves. Butterflies creep out from their hiding places; lizards shake off the dull lethargy of night and eye the riders askance, and the blue jay with harsh notes protests against the intrusion, while on the soft wind from the neighboring bush comes the love note of the lowland quail—all telling of the delights of this winter day. And so the hunt winds away down to where the great cañon widens out into the lower country.

Cross-country riding in the San Gabriel has its peculiarities. There are no fences to jump and few hedges. The country in the main is level, with long gradual slopes; but in some localities, especially in the lower country by the Mission Hills, there are bad washes. Portions of the val-

ley are very susceptible to the action of water, and sometimes a single rain will produce a dangerous cut. These are not noticeable until one is upon them, as in the winter the ground is covered with wild grasses to the very edge. Ground squirrels, owls, rabbits and badgers all combine against the horseman, the badgers especially forming deep caverns which to newly imported hunters are often pitfalls; but the native horses understand them well, and in many years of hunting I have never had a horse thrown from this cause.

The sport most enjoyed by cross-country riders in Pasadena is following the hare with a pack of greyhounds. The dogs employed are larger than the ordinary coursing greyhound, and are not esteemed for their speed in a short brush so much as for their endurance and staying powers, thus insuring a long run in which fine displays of cunning and skill are observed. The meet is generally on the upper slope of the valley, and early riders and their hounds wend their way over the fields to the rendezvous. The mountains, which rise a wall from six to eleven thousand feet, are throwing off the purple haze of night, the shadows sinking deeper and deeper into the cañons, giving way, foot by foot, before the rising sun, that overtops the ridge and pours his splendors into every nook and corner. The revelry of a new day has begun. The meadow lark holds high carnival among the mesa flowers. The poppies have released a host of imprisoned insects that fill the air. The gladsome notes of birds come from bush, grove and chaparral, and the air is full of melody and sweet odors. Winter and summer meet on neutral ground to make this Southern California day. On the summit of the mountains the firs and pines are bowed low with snow, but the dogs are deep in wild flowers, and



"GILE"—A PRIZE WINNER.



MEET OF THE VALLEY HUNT—LUNCH UNDER THE OAKS.

the horses throw the golden petals of the poppy into the air at every step as they cross the field. On the roadside the foxtail grass ripples in the west wind, and the wild oat jangles music not audible to human ears, and tangles of wild violets, nodding cream cups and shooting stars, tender blue-petaled flowers, forget-me-nots, and many more, stretch along the way.

The hilltop on the outskirts of the town is already the scene of unusual activity. A score of horses and riders are on the ground; girths are being tightened, dogs petted and the prospects of sport eagerly discussed. Suddenly the notes of a horn are heard from a neighboring orange grove, and up from San Marino comes the host of the day and his pack of hounds, as big as a stag hound and descended from ancestors that pulled down the kangaroo in Australia not many years ago. The dogs have picked up a hare on the way and are in fine humor, and receive the greetings of their less fortunate fellows with dignified indifference.

The hunt now moves down the hill, the master of hounds in advance and just behind the dogs, that now, when entering the sage-covered field, spread out so that

they cover perhaps two hundred yards, moving on in this way slowly toward the white-capped mountains.

To a visitor from the outside it is a quiet scene and not suggestive of hard work or excitement, yet every dog is on the *qui vive* and every horse



PART OF THE PACK OF THE VALLEY HUNT, OF PASADENA.
The two Dogs in front are Australian Kangaroo-hunting Greyhounds.

ready for the movement that will precipitate the placid group plowing through the verdure into a wild race for the finish. For a quarter of a mile, perhaps, the hunt moves on, then suddenly just ahead a gray, long-eared object leaps from the sagebrush. For a single second it stands in mild wonder, then the whole field is away—hare, dogs and horses in as wild a race as race track could produce, across country wherever the fluffy object goes.

At the start the dogs were spread out, but as the hare rises from its nest they turn to the centre and run in a body, their long limbs working like machines, their lithe gray and yellow bodies lying near the ground, their pointed heads, with ears lying back, extended.

The hare does not rank high in intelligence, yet its skill in leading a pack of hounds and horsemen through a rough country can but excite admiration. The animal has a dozen routes from which to select, but chooses the one that will prove hardest upon dog and horse. It dashes across the mesa into a plowed field, then into a low chaparral tract, out again into the great wash and on into the vineyard. Here the vines are planted in rows and a fall among them means serious injury, but all follow. The dogs are gaining, but the hare is now running up a gradual ascent that soon tells on the horses, and only a few are well in. Suddenly a blue dog shoots ahead, and the hare, like a flash of light, turns and runs directly back, shooting in between the legs of the horses that are pulled on to their haunches in efforts to turn, and is away, the cheers of the hunters ringing in its long ears at the success of the ruse. Away over the fields again, horses running like mad, dogs relieving each other after the fashion of their kind, now into a eucalyptus grove, beating down the bushes of wild lilac, out again with a roar of sounds, and then at the warning shout of the master of the hounds, who is in the lead, over a deep ditch, which the dogs have cleared like birds, back into the wash again and toward the mesa.

The pace has been so terrific that there are now, perhaps, only two ladies and four or five gentlemen well in. Another shout from the master of the hounds as they come to a hidden ditch. All over? No, one horse goes down, but is caught by the owner of a coach by the roadside. The lady is picked up, to turn disconsolately in the direction of the pack and hunters that are sweeping away like a whirlwind.

To a discriminating rider the end is near. The jack has lowered its long ears, and they are lying over its back. No longer the great, buoyant, ringing leaps that carried it six feet at a bound;

no longer the quick turns. A yellow dog has almost passed it, and a blue one, which you think has been running painfully slow, suddenly seems to shoot ahead, and with a quick movement Mr. Hare is tossed lightly in the air and falls as the first of the hunt come up. The long ears soon decorate the saddle of the first lady in, and the straggling members of the hunt gather beneath the oaks to discuss the chase. The dogs are pumping like steam engines, and drink eagerly from canteens. Saddles are uncinched, and the horses given a half-hour's rest before the next run.

In Europe and other localities the hare is used simply in coursing; in other words, is released in an inclosure, or on a plain—the sport consisting in securing the greatest speed from the dogs. In the San Gabriel the reverse is true. The hunt is carried on as in fox hunting, the hare given the broadest liberty, and horses and dogs follow at a speed that often tests the endurance of man, and is faster and equally as exciting as when Reynard is at the fore.

The speed of the jack rabbit, the hare of California, is equal to that of a fast race horse, and can be kept up for a marvelous length of time in many instances; and some individuals, like certain foxes, are never caught and afford good hunting for years.

The hunter who has a good seat and is fairly free from nervousness regarding the country over which he is riding enjoys a treat in watching the movement of hare and dogs. The catch is not essential, as when a hare leads a long chase and winds both dogs and horses the true sportsman votes him his liberty.

Hares sometimes turn under the dog's nose and take the back track at full speed. I saw this trick played upon a smart hound that came to a standstill and looked up in the air in a most astonished manner. In a hunt as the one described three or four hares will be taken in the course of the morning, affording all the work one cares for; then the hunt makes its way to some oak grove previously designated, where the non-riding members and guests have gathered to enjoy lunch in the open air.

The Hunt Club was the originator of the Tournament of Roses that is held every year under its patronage in Pasadena. The idea was to celebrate the ripening of the orange by a midwinter carnival of roses, so January 1st has always been devoted to this. The carriages and other vehicles of the town are decorated with flowers and form a procession to the park, where there is a revival of old Spanish games, races and pageants of various kinds. Here, while the snow lies deep on

the mountains but four miles away, the horses are leaping hurdles of calla lilies, and roses by bushels are seen on every hand. The picturesque town is then filled with tourists who have left

snow and cold behind and wonder at the sight. The Spanish Americans are out in force, and the spirit of the fiesta and carnival takes possession of all.

'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

BY LILY Y. COHEN.

"I BEG your pardon, but I think you dropped this just now."

"Did I? Oh, yes! Thanks."

Those were the first words they ever said to each other. It was over the return of the silver pin which he had seen cushioned in the sunny roll of hair that had been shining over to him across the green stretch of the tennis ground. Indeed, he had seen hardly anything else for the past half-hour, during which he was being beaten unmercifully at a set of singles, and by the worst player in the club to boot. But how could a man serve decently, or be otherwise in good tennis trim, when he was giving his almost undivided attention to a neighboring court and was going through the useless proceeding of asking himself, "Who is she?"

And if there happened to be a break in his thought, occasioned by his having to defend some specially villainous bit of play that his adversary felt called upon to ridicule, the moment his lips were mute his mental comments and queries dwelt with renewed vigor on the absorbing subject, pretty much in this way: "I wonder which of the fellows brought her here? American, I haven't a doubt. Lots of dash! She makes that fore-and-aft cap look as *chic* as a Paris bonnet. Good player, too. I've simply got to meet her. By Jove, they've finished their set, and maybe she'll go home before I get through, and then—Hello! she's dropped something. I wonder if she knows it! No, she—"

He could stand this sort of thing no longer.

"I say, Walker," he called aloud, across the net, to his opponent, "suppose you call this set yours? I'm in wretched form to-day, old man, and— Wait a moment. Hewson, oh, Hewson!" shouting to another white-flanneled form, stretched at full length on the lawn, "won't you fight this out for me with Walker? There's a good fellow!"

And that's how it happened that Ferrers Armitage first met Marie Allen at the tennis grounds. But if it hadn't been there it would have been at the Bachelors' Ball, or some reception or dinner, or somewhere. They couldn't have failed to have

met; for in the same Canadian town where the girl and her mother were spending the summer her presence was an unspeakable boon; and consequently she was fêted and admired and made much of to her heart's content, and young Armitage, being considered one of the eligible men of the place, would have had to be introduced sooner or later.

Pretty Miss Allen was, above all things, a tennis enthusiast; and nearly every afternoon her vigorous young form could be seen, darting here and there over the court, dexterously pursuing the baffling ball; and of course Ferrers Armitage was invariably on hand.

Young Armitage was, by the way, an object of intense interest in St. Kits. Had he not been a thing of manly beauty, not lacking in intelligence, and above all possessing no end of personal magnetism, he could never have entered the inner *cercle d'élite* of that conservative old town, coming as he did without any special heralding. Nobody knew anything about him, but after a few months' residence there the "great world" of the place had put upon him the stamp of their approval. The women burned incense at the shrine of the handsome Englishman from the very first, while the men had to admit that he wasn't half bad, after they had overcome a certain degree of envy aroused by his popularity with the girls. It was, undoubtedly, the occasion of quite an amount of pique when the belles of St. Kits, who had been making superb efforts to have him definitely place his affections, began to notice his evident absorption in Marie Allen.

"Do you know," Armitage said to her one day, some seven weeks after their first meeting, "that I never saw a girl quite like you—with so much fire and go, and—and all that! All the fellows here are completely carried away, and by Heaven," he blurted out with fervor, "I'm not astonished that men adore you!"

She was just then standing before him, panting from her recent bout with the rackets; her under lip receding slightly with each indrawing of the breath; the wholesome fever of exercise shining in her eyes—brilliant enough at all times

—and just there on the tip of one bit of the golden fringe that framed her radiant face stood a little globule of moisture.

"Just imagine," he went on, enthusiastically, "how offensive and unsightly other girls must look after playing with your vim and getting into such a glow! Why, you actually glorify the overheated state!" And there was great admiration in the look the young man bent upon her.

Laughing up at him, the girl replied:

"How you do rise to the occasion, Mr. Armitage! That's just what I like, above all things, about you. You are always so point-blank—so explicit—there's no stammering—no——"

"Don't laugh at me," the young fellow broke in, impetuously. "You know how sincere I am. I'm not like the rest. If I could only know how much you like me!" he continued, tripping the words over each other in the rare rapidity with which he now spoke. "I would like to tell you something—something I have longed to tell you for a great while—something——"

He paused breathlessly, as if at a loss to know how to continue, and looked helplessly at the girl, standing there with lid-hidden eyes. A moment's hush, then she flashed up at him a look full of light.

"Something you have been longing to tell me for a great while?" she repeated, an arch smile lengthening her lips. "Why, you need not say it. I've known it ever so long." And she started to place her hand impulsively on his, but drew back, suddenly recollecting how many pairs of eyes were likely to be upon them.

"You have known it?" he exclaimed, in evident amazement. "But really that seems hardly possible. How could you know until you had heard it from me? But can you forgive me for being silent so long? I know it seems unpardonable—unmanly. I can't help it, though—I have always had that cursed longing to be made much of by women. That's why I never could make up my mind to speak sooner. But I'm going to Quebec to-morrow—I may be gone a week—and I felt I must set myself right with you before I went away. If——"

"Please don't shout so," cautioned the girl, interrupting him. "Everyone on the grounds is looking at us." Then, pursuing the old subject: "Yes, I've known almost all along. Be satisfied when I tell you how glad you have made me. But," checking her flow of feeling, as if at the intrusion of some unsympathetic presence into her dwelling of thought, "please don't say anything more just now. It isn't that I'm angry; I'm happy, so happy! But please don't say another word, at least not till I tell you to, because——"

"But——" Armitage broke in.

"Oh, yes, I know—I know. Now, not another word!" cried Marie, with a little imploring gesture. "We are going to be on just as we are—we're going to be just as good friends, and as sympathetic and as happy; and some day, after you return, we'll talk all this over again in the regulation way. I'm not going to tell you why—you mustn't ask me to; I will tell you some time. And don't be discouraged, and misunderstand me, and——" Her manner suddenly changed. "Come, I'm going home."

That night Mrs. Allen felt in duty bound to seek her child in order to administer maternal admonition of which she fancied Marie stood in no small need. As she entered her daughter's room she noticed that the girl was sealing a letter she had evidently just finished writing.

"Do you want me for anything special, mamma?" she asked, as she touched the little yellow postage stamp with the tip of her tongue, and with a coaxing thumb movement attached it to the envelope. "Then please just wait a second till I give this to Kate"—Kate was their maid—"to drop in the post office, as I want it to go to the States on the first morning mail. Excuse me—just a moment." And she was off and back again in no time. "Now, mamma, what is it?"

"Marie," said the mother, with a severity and precision which showed that she had fully prepared what she was on the point of saying, and that the subject required no introduction, "I simply want to tell you that I refuse to countenance your conduct with that young Armitage. What on earth makes you encourage him as you do? Have you ever let him know that you are an engaged woman?"

"Not yet, mamma; and to tell you the truth, I don't ever intend to," answered the girl, firmly, "because I really am not engaged now; at least I don't consider myself so. Oh, don't be startled! I have been quite frank with Arthur. I have just written to him admitting everything. Yes, I've even told him what a miserable, lukewarm affair my feeling for him is, compared with this later one—reminding him of how he always said that he set my happiness far above his own, and—well, the fact is, I've asked for my release."

"But, child—impossible! How can you?" stammered Mrs. Allen, in consternation. "What reason have you?"

"Mammy, dear," the child murmured, with sweet cajolery, "Ferraers was telling me how much he cared for me to-day, on the tennis ground, when I headed him off until I could be quite rid of Arthur. I didn't dare tell him the truth, because I knew I led him on when I had no right

"There's no use discussing throwing over Arthur now. I have written to him, and I am really as good as free," declared Marie.

"Free? Free to do what? To tie yourself down to a life of—"

Like a wild cat the girl turned upon her mother.

"Don't utter another word, but listen to me for a moment!" she burst out. "You asked me just now what I knew about these things. But this much: this man whom you vilify is the only one in the world to whom I can give myself without regret or restraint, and I intend to tell him so as soon as he gets back. And remember, it's utterly useless for you to attempt to alter my decision."

With one look at the infuriated girl Mrs. Allen disappeared from the room without having returned a single word.

The ensuing days were the happiest Marie Allen had ever known. She studiously avoided everyone. Her only pastime was to take her canoe and paddle around over Lake Ontario, so soft and blue in the late summer atmosphere; her only happiness, to be alone with her thoughts. Ferrers was away, and if she wanted companionship there was always the memory of

their pleasant hours together, with the anticipation of the glad time to come. That was her companionship.

It was the evening of the sixth day. She had remained on the water later than usual; in fact, when she landed the day was nearly gone, but sun-bright clouds still drifted here and there upon the darkening sky.

With a light song on her lips, a merry accompaniment to the glad heart within her, she burst into her room, dashed her cap with a boyish gesture on the table, and ran her fingers through her short front hair, matted by the long day's confinement. Yes, she thought she would hurry and make herself beautiful, for perhaps Armitage would come to-night. There was only one

day more left, and the week would be over, and—

"Marie!" cried her mother's voice, breaking in on her speculation. "Oh, Marie, my poor child!"

There was a throb of real pity in the usually cold tones, and the girl looked around in genuine surprise as Mrs. Allen entered the room. But the gas was not lighted yet, and the broad strands of moonlight, combed out by the branches of trees just without, made scrutiny only tantalizing. She never knew why it was, but at this moment Marie gave vent to a nervous laugh. She had never done such a thing in all her life before.

"Don't laugh. Haven't you heard? Hasn't anyone told you? It's all over town!" cried Mrs. Allen, in the disjointed, staccato style so common when one is seeking some circumlocution in order to break a thing gently.

"Told me? Told me what?" questioned the girl, breathlessly.

"About that—that Armitage. He came back this morning, and—oh, don't take it too hard, child!—he brought his wife with him. He went to Quebec to meet the Allen Liner on which she came over from England. It seems that he has been married for more than a

year, but his inordinate vanity urged him to pose here as a single man until the truth could no longer be hidden."

"His wife? Married?" repeated Marie, in a dazed way. Then, with a vivid flash of remembrance, she cried: "Oh, what can he think of me? Now I see—I understand. That's what he was trying to tell me that afternoon, and I— Oh, what a fool I have been! what a wretched, miserable— The mortification!"

She broke down suddenly, and threw herself into a chair by the table, her long arms stretched clear across the top, her head lowered on them, and sob after sob broke from her.

"Hush, dear!" said Mrs. Allen, consolingly. "He'll never know how much you cared for him."



"SHE WAS JUST THEN STANDING BEFORE HIM."

He'll think you were only flirting. Marry Arthur Croft as soon as you get home, and——"

"Oh, if I only could hide it from him in that way!" wailed Marie. "But I can't. I told Arthur all about it, too. Don't you remember I wrote to him?"

"Yes, dear; but the letter never went. I took

it away from Kate and destroyed it. Now, aren't you glad that your sensible mother has saved you from this folly?"

Mrs. Allen looked inquiringly at her child, but the girl's eyes were hidden on her arms; across her bowed head streamed a broad band of moonlight, and only a low sob answered the question.



THE ROSE'S BRIDAL.

BY MINNA IRVING.

On the cool and leafy garden

Lay the moonlight's silver sheen,
Here and there a firefly glittered
From the thicket's dusky green;
And the fountain dripped its diamonds
O'er the basin's mossy brim,
When I saw three lovely ladies
In an arbored alley dim.

One was dressed in crimson velvet,
One was clad in cloth of gold,
One in snowy silken splendor,
Pearl-embroidered, fold on fold.
By the lace that veiled her beauty
Lo! I knew her for a bride;
And a youth in emerald satin,
Straight and tall, was by her side.

Then he bent toward her, bowing,
And a richly carved cup,
All of purest alabaster,
To her lips he lifted up;
And a nightingale, in hiding
In the branches overhead,
Fluted, in a burst of rapture,
"Happy lovers, they are wed!"

Morning in the fragrant alley

Turned the dews to jewels rare.
Had I slept and only dreamed it?
Gone the youth and maidens fair.
Two sweet roses, red and yellow,
Dropped their petals at my feet,
And a stainless rose between them
Leaned a lily's kiss to meet.

But across its dainty bosom,
Glinting silver in the sun,
Hung a fairy web, the finest
That the spider ever spun.
So I know it was the bridal
Of the lily and the rose
That I witnessed by the moonlight
In the garden's tangled close.

For they thrill to soft caresses,
They are jealous, and they woo,
Plighting troth in summer weather
Just as human lovers do,
And the frail and fragrant blossom,
Bright with dewdrops that I wear
On my breast, may pine with passion
For the bud within my hair.



IN THE REDWOOD SHADES.

IN THE REDWOOD FORESTS.

BY ROBERT SLOAN.

ENTRANCE to the Humboldt County Exhibit at the recent Midwinter Fair in San Francisco was through a redwood log. It was not less than ten feet through, and the door was swung on one side and fastened, when closed, to the other side of the opening in the same solid piece of timber. The tree could not have been less than fifteen feet in diameter. Other redwood exhibits of like proportions—huge slabs, 12 to 14 feet long by 6 to 8 feet wide and 2 to 4 inches thick, planed and polished till resplendent with lustre—were displayed. The exhibit was designed to attract attention to a Californian resource commercially valuable that, in a general way only, is related to the redwood trees, and known to tourists and magazine readers as forming one of the most remarkable and delightful attractions of the remarkable and delightful State of California.

The "big tree," or *Sequoia gigantea*, grows in the interior and lower portions of the State alone; while the "redwood," or *Sequoia sempervirens*, is not found in the interior, but always on the west side of the Coast Range, and in the area

known as the "fog belt," lying always within fifteen to twenty miles of the coast, the variation depending on the trend of the mountains and the openings formed by the river ways, which permit the winds to drive the dense fog inland. It might be said that fog is the breath of life to the *Sequoia sempervirens*.

The "big trees," on the other hand, are found away from the coast—at altitudes varying from 4,000 to 7,000 feet—on the lower range of the western Sierra slopes, and where warm suns and unclouded skies preponderate the year round—the very opposite of the redwood, which loves and lives in the palpable moisture of persistent fogs so dense that they are almost impervious to the rays of the sun. The *Sequoia gigantea* as yet has not been discovered at a point farther north than the middle fork of the American River, in Placer County, where a grove of less than a dozen trees exists; while the *Sequoia sempervirens* has yet to be found farther south than Point Gorda in Monterey County.

Both varieties—and their habits will prove

them to be distinct—of the Sequoia demand rich and abundant soil. The "big tree," however, evinces a tendency to yield to those climatic changes which, though practically imperceptible in the known history of the West, must, however, have been profoundly marked in the lives of these wonderful trees.

Under favorable conditions both varieties are rapid growers, especially the Sequoia gigantea; while, contrary to the general rule, they are also long of life. Gustav Eisen, writing of the latter tree, says: "When the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt was being constructed the largest Sequoias now standing were already young trees of respectable size. When Cæsar conquered Gaul the very trees we now gaze on were already older than any other tree now extant."

The length of life of a Sequoia, which has shown a marked disposition to recognize the doctrine of the survival of the fittest by being one of the fittest—which selects soil sufficiently moist and a climate sufficiently equable to encourage continuous growth, which chooses a location to give it stability and prevent its destruction by winds and fires—ought to live anywhere from 4,000 to 5,000 years. The size it attains is a verification of the possible length of life, for a tree that can attain a height of 350 feet and a diameter of 45 feet must have age as well as conditions favorable to growth.

The Sequoia gigantea is the memorial tree of the State of California. Of great height, massive, straight, trim, evergreen and crowned with a glory of years—what better selection could have been made?

Reservations have been made in Mariposa and Calaveras Counties, where the largest groves and most massive trees now exist, to prevent their destruction in response to the commercial spirit of the age. Artifice also is contributing to the preservation of these towering monuments of nature's unlimited power of production from that destruction which

avarice and climatic changes are slowly but certainly conspiring to bring about.

While some of this species is still hewn down for timber, it is the sempervirens, the product of the soil and the fog on the west side of the Coast Range, that has made the redwood lumber famous. This tree, known as the redwood to distinguish it from the "big tree," averages 8 to 12 feet in diameter and attains a height varying from 200 to 300 feet. Records show its discovery to have been by Menzies, on Vancouver's voyage, about one hundred years ago. It was not again publicly noticed until in 1833, when Douglas recalled attention to it. Its name, sempervirens (ever-living), is significant of a habit ascribed to it of sending up new shoots from the root after the original tree, through natural agencies, has fallen the way of all trees, or come to an untimely end by reason of man's determination to rob the earth of its chief attraction. Thus



UNDERBRUSH.

in Mill Valley, Marin County, but a few miles from San Francisco, a circle of these trees is formed around a spot used for dancing, the dancing floor being built on the butt of an old sempervirens, while the inclosing circle of smaller trees are the shoots sent up from roots of a trunk long ago cut down and removed.

The fourth picture is certainly suggestively romantic. To its owner it is thoroughly useful, however ornamental it may be esteemed by others. But it does not give an enforced idea of what may be done in a redwood forest. The house consists of one room, 14 by 14 feet, built on the top of a stump cut off about 25 feet above the level of the ground. If, with altitude, one may be assured of pure air, then the occupant of this ideal home should not complain of a befouled atmosphere. Part of the tree below the house has been hollowed out for a kitchen. The dark angular spot in the trunk of the tree facing this way is the window for the kitchen; the door, being on the opposite side, does not therefore appear in the photograph. From the kitchen to the living room above a stairway is cut out of the solid tree on the inside. Attached to and part of it, the stair follows the natural curvature of the trunk, and is semi-spiral. The photograph and the elevation of this little home, built by the man who inhabits it, situated amid the dense silence of forests whose topmost boughs literally pierce the vaulted dome above, are unlike anything of the kind elsewhere, and located as it is apart from other habitations, may well-nigh seem impossible of verification, save to those

that have danced in cotillon sets upon the stumps of the dead *Sequoia sempervirens*, or who, seated on top of a heavy four-in-hand coach and at a swinging trot, have driven gayly and fearlessly through a broad arch cut out of the solid trunk of a "big tree," which is still living, and I suppose growing, in the Mariposa Grove.

Like the disappearance of the red American races, the redwood forests and groves are steadily retreating, unable to resist the onward pressing of aggressive humanity. So from Marin and adjacent counties the redwood has almost wholly disappeared. While the forests that remain may, by reason of their vast extent, seem well-nigh inexhaustible, the devastation already noticeable in Humboldt County is necessarily more apparent to those that love forests because the "groves were God's first temples," and because, like the ever-changing ocean, their existence is a source of pleasure perennially fresh and yet ever-enduring, than to those who value these gifts of nature chiefly for the monetary value attaching to them.

The heft of the remaining redwood forests is in Humboldt and Mendocino Counties—the former county, I believe, having the greater part, while also enjoying the enviable distinction of having the heavier rainfall. In the winter of 1893 and 1894 something like 56 to 60 inches of rain fell. To measure the fall by inches has therefore become too great a task. Ask an inhabitant of that section what the precipitation is, and he will answer, "Oh, between four and five feet."

One of the first persons to recognize the value of the redwood commercially was the noted Henry Meiggs, whose disappearance from San Francisco and reappearance in South America in early days brought violent losses to very many. He subsequently arranged to make good the direct losses caused through his departure—a design he was prevented from executing because of his death while journeying to the scene of his early operations. To-day, even, Meiggs Wharf is the designation of a particular portion of San Francisco water front, and marks the spot where his vessels landed with their freights of redwood lumber. The mill originally constructed by him in Mendocino County, perhaps forty years ago, is still in operation, and is likely to



REDWOOD LOGGING.

continue in use for an indefinite period. In the main, however, the development of the redwood lumber industry was due to the migration of population in Humboldt County from the Northeastern States and from Canada—the latter now being familiarly designated as “blue noses”—a term not of derision, but as signifying their origin in a section of America where the climatic regions are conducive to the development of noses clearly blue.

Intermingling with the redwood forests are groves, greater or less in extent, of pine, spruce and kindred woods. The early settlers in Humboldt and Mendocino Counties being well acquainted with these latter, they were naturally chosen in preference to the redwood. Not until 1856, or later, did the redwood begin to attract much attention as possessing distinctly valuable properties. The commercial value of the tree was but slowly recognized. It was first observed that the redwood would not rot—roots in the ground, after the tree had been cut down, remaining for an indefinite period in a perfect state of preservation. So to clear the land these roots had to be cut and dug out, for they would not burn, or burned so slowly as to make the task of being rid of them a most costly and tiresome one. Save that it will absorb, the wood is practically impervious to the effects of fresh water. The teredo and limnoria destroy it in ocean water—the former by boring into it, and so honeycombing the timbers internally until they are unsafe; the latter by eating the wood away about the water line, where its destructive work is seen in the broken and jagged appearance of the piles when the tide is out. The evil work of the teredo is not, however, externally apparent. It enters the timber and bores through and through the interior, sometimes approaching the surface within the thirty-second part of an inch, but always turning in again without reappearing. Thus its destructive work is invisible, and therefore more dangerous. In fresh water, however, as in the earth, the redwood seems almost to refuse to obey the natural order of all timbers, and decay. These facts persistently demonstrating themselves to those living in the vicinity of this wonderful tree, naturally compelled a certain recognition of the great value of redwood for many purposes.

The bark of the redwood, proportioned in thickness to the size of the tree and used to make



AN ELEVATED SITE.

walking canes and other ornamental articles from, will decay within a few years; but for the wood itself it is claimed that it will lie on the ground for 500 years, subject to heat and water, to all climatic changes, and at the end of that time may be hewn up into a first-class quality of timber. This statement is based on the facts here given. On Jacoby Creek, in Humboldt County, a tree fully 8 feet in diameter has grown over a part of the trunk of a fallen redwood log. The roots have run down the sides of the dead tree and gone firmly into the earth. The height and diameter of the living tree indicate that it is fully 400 years old, while the conditions make the fact clear that the dead tree must have fallen before the other began to grow over it. The dead trunk is over 6 feet in diameter and 60 feet in length, and would undoubtedly make first-class lumber to-day. It was also noticed that forest fires, so frequent among the spruce and pine and other trees having more or less resin and pitch, would stop once the borders of the redwood groves were reached. When employed in the construction of buildings the absorbent nature of the wood brought in contact with water, together with the absence of resin and pitch in the tree, have made

it a matter of the greatest ease to extinguish fires. As a result of this recognition California cities are generally constructed of redwood; though the fear of earthquakes a few years ago had much to do with the selection of wood for buildings, because lighter than stone or brick and more pliable, and, therefore, better able to withstand a few of the natural "shocks" to which California generally and San Francisco particularly seemed in former days predisposed. A redwood stick, forced to burn fiercely, will die out even in a strong wind. Where it is used, therefore, a general conflagration is well-nigh impossible.

Again, it will not warp, and it shrinks but little. It is much in favor as a finishing wood, because it will sustain a high polish, while its regular grain renders it easy to work, and is in marked contrast in this regard to many other woods used for finishing, and by this very contrast is become perhaps more sought after.

In many of the trees are diseased joints or warts called "burl" and "curly." These are very choice. They are distinguished from the balance of the wood and the tree generally in that the regular grain is wanting, and because of their great hardness. The defect of the redwood is that it is very soft, and while this renders it the easier of being worked and does not increase its tendency to decay, yet it clearly bears evidence of any accidental knocks. But the burl and curly are very hard. They take a superb polish, are resplendent in color, and in no respects are they inferior to the most beautiful of woods.

The redwood also contains tannic acid. A Scotch

chemist and botanist has experimented with trees of this class now growing in the Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh, and as a result has produced a substance which he calls "nabothine." This is used as a varnish or stain. Besides giving to pine and deal and other woods colors resembling oak and mahogany, as may be desired, it also invests the woods to which it is applied with a large percentage of its own fire-resisting qualities. It is now proposed to extract the acid and

other virtues of the redwood from the saw dust; then, by pressure, to force from pine and kindred woods their pitch and resin and to supplant these by injection with those peculiar qualities of the *Sequoia sempervirens* which render it practically impervious to decay and make it so excellent a resistant to fires; and thus make these woods, so changed, equal almost in utility and value to the redwood itself.

In view of these facts it will excite little surprise that the redwood is offered as a substitute for steel and sheet-iron pipes used for conveying water for any purpose. It is claimed for it that it possesses

greater carrying capacity; that it has equal strength; that, as offered to the public, it is more durable; that it is not subject to incrustation or tuberculous formations, will not rust, can be laid in earth or water, can be laid up hill and down, is cheaper, and, submerged either in earth or fresh water and kept full, will never decay.

The reader will conceive after this enumeration of virtues that the redwood should be a most valuable timber. In many Western cities it is



VIRGIN FOREST.



CAR-LOAD SECTIONS.

used for water mains; many of the largest canal and irrigating companies in California use it to convey large streams to distant points. Since the necessity for a regular fall is by its use avoided, and the loss by evaporation in the transmission of large volumes of water over the warm and sunlit plains of California is also prevented, its use is an economical necessity. An illustration is here given of work in course of construction by the California Wooden Pipe Company which shows how the redwood may be employed in the conveying of water at points where a canal would be well-nigh if not wholly impracticable.

The quality of resistance to decay, however, while a paramount virtue, in certain vital respects is an injury to the producer of redwood



FIFTY-TWO-INCH WOODEN PIPE, FOR IRRIGATION.

lumber. The limitless quantities of dead and discarded branches possess no known value. Too small for lumber, they will neither burn nor decay. By resisting the first condition they afford, therefore, no comfort against cold and are shunned by the needy. By refusing to decay they fail to return to the earth the wealth taken from it in their growth. The very leaves refuse to fall.

To one unacquainted with the striking characteristics of this tree, and who beholds in the region of its growth an untold wealth of firewood, a marvel of the waste of wood is seen on every hand abounding; and the wonder is that nature and man seem so often to be striving to such contrary ends. For here, where population is light and frost and snow almost unknown, are apparently limitless supplies of firewood; while far in the East, where population is dense and where the snow and frost of each winter drive thousands into the arms of death for the want of warmth, is little or no fuel. The waste, however, is not so painful when the utter worthlessness of the redwood as a burner becomes clear to the mind. So the presence of the illimitable quantities of useless branches—many of them such as would make very respectable-sized logs in other places—and the acres of sawdust become an almost unendurable nuisance, and their destruction a matter of profound anxiety and great cost. As a result efforts have been made to discover some inexpensive method of extracting the valuable properties described from the waste wood. Some such discovery has already been made, but whether it can be operated cheaply enough to justify the work must yet be demonstrated. If the discovery is a practical one the extract will be used to "redwoodize" other woods, while the valueless branches and the sawdust from which the resistant qualities have been taken will become subject to the usual condition of trees, will burn and decay, and so give back their treasures to the earth as a benefaction for the blessing of having once known the glory of a life literally full of years.

So little by little the fame of the redwood spread as its great worth became apparent, and in the course of time the product of these great forests of mammoth trees, through whose interlacing branches in the natural state the sun's pure rays could not penetrate, found their way to all the markets of the civilized world.

The growth of the lumber trade of Humboldt County—which is the centre of the great redwood belt—is significant as indicating what a strong demand in a particular branch of trade will do toward the development of other industries that,

apparently, have only remote kinship to other.

Following the system in vogue in the Northeast and in Canada, those who first engaged in the lumber trade in the redwood region took advantage of the streams to transport their logs and mills—and it must be conceded that the rain in the spring and early summer months did abundant power for that purpose. But the large redwood cannot be handled as an entire tree. It must be moved in sections. Ranging from 10 to 16 feet in diameter at the base, and rising straight as an arrow into the air a distance ranging anywhere from 180 to 275 feet, a man hardly be expected to pick up one of these and place it under his arm and walk off with it. The trees are cut into lengths of about 15 feet; each length is then split into halves, sometimes into quarters, then thrown into the stream, where it may lie there awaiting the spring rise of water to transport it to the destinal point. So many were the first and the second lengths of the tree so missed, however, that they became known as "sinkers"—parts so heavy that they would not float. These lower portions of the tree are always the harder, and therefore of the greatest value. Often the third length of one of these grand sentinels of the forest would float at the smaller end, while the heavier end sank to the bottom of the stream. So these had to be split and left lying on the banks of the stream to dry out, often as long as five years. This method destroyed much valuable wood, caused a great waste of time, and involved such heavy losses that the stronger lumbermen built railroads into their own timberlands and hauled their logs to the mills by steam. As the timber belt receded mills were made to follow, and the lines of rail were also extended. So also sail and steamboats were procured by the lumber owners, and the product of their redwood lands and mills were delivered by their own boats to the markets.

Thus it comes that Humboldt County, California, without railroad connection with the other parts of the world, has perhaps more miles of railroad to the population than any other county in the Union. It has some twelve distinct and separate railroad lines, only three of which carry passengers, and but one—the Eel River—built with a view to carrying passengers. Two only of the lines connect with each other. Each runs from a point owned by the proprietors into the forests and to tide water, where the lumber is reported to different parts of the world. Rails and engines alike were taken to the county by boat, and the magnitude of an industry that could bear this expense for the sole purpose of transporting

logs and lumber belonging to one man, or to one company, may be imagined better than told in figures.

With the denuding of the bottom lands and gentle slopes agricultural pursuits followed. Since the roots of the hewn trees would not rot they had to be burned or blasted out, a task the extent of which can only be measured by those having tested the labor involved. It was also noticed that once the ground was cleared a dense growth, a wild blackberry brush, spontaneously sprang up—so thick, so prolific in bearing, that the berries, when ripe, could be racked off literally by the basketful. The soil generally is very rich. On slopes once crowned with the grandeur of densely growing redwood giants to-day the rich green of sun-blest grass may be seen waving in the pleasant wind; while in the spring the air everywhere is laden with the rich perfume of peach, apple, pear, prune and other fruit-tree blossoms, thriving where, but a few years before, bear and deer, fearless of man because unknowing of him, wandered under the unbroken shadows of primeval redwood forests.

It may be questioned whether the land was more valuable before than now, since denuded of its forests. Certainly the rank growth of ferns and underbrush, saying nothing of the enormous size of the redwood, shows the soil to contain a rich abundance of plant wealth that has been storing up for ages. Whatever can be made to grow yields generously. Agriculture, therefore, is a pursuit followed with prosperity.

Like all other forms, tree life struggles for supremacy. Given a soil and climate congenial to heavy and rapid growth, it is little wonder that the redwood massed thickly and then struggled higher and higher in search of air and sunlight, until gaining a girth and height of proportions almost incredible to those who have never seen them.

Only by personal vision can any just conception of the individual size of trees in a redwood forest be had. Seen from a distance, as when entering the harbor at Humboldt Bay, the most probable impression is that of a country rich in timber; for all the higher lands are covered with forests which at times run at the edge of the bay, and the feeling is that, but for the smaller tracts devoted to agriculture and cities, and the land subject to tidal overflow, the whole visible area, together with that beyond the line of vision, is inundated by trees, and trees, and trees.

But the inspiration of the redwood may be found amid the redwood solitudes alone. For-sake the beaten path, and one is immediately lost. Save for the squirrels which, in their sport, leap

from bough to bough, from one interlocking branch to another; save for the singing of birds, there is the perfect silence of death. Fern growth is as rank as that of the trees, the predominant species naturally being very coarse, and in height ranging anywhere from 4 to 8 feet.

Before the timber industry developed to a point where railroads became necessary frontiersmen engaged in cattle raising pushed farthest into the wooded solitudes. Trails alone indicated the presence of man. Game was so abundant that a friend, whose word is true, tells me he has stood at his cabin door in the blush of the early dawn, or when the sinking sun threw the lengthened shadows at his feet, and counted as many as fifty deer in a herd within rifle shot. In those days rangemen and hunters had no need to search for game—it came to them—bear included, and often as unwelcome as uninvited.

The reference already made to the rainfall shows that there are rivers in the redwood belt—rivers that at times contain a volume of water not to be trifled with. While the fall of the streams is decided, it is not so great that railroads cannot easily be operated by following their courses. These streams run into and pass through the hearts of the redwood forests, and the railroads in the main follow their winding ways. The most important of these are the Eel and Mad Rivers. Seen in the later summer months, they appear harmless enough. Yet there are seasons when they overflow their channels and spread until from 50 to 100 times larger than their average size. Naturally the fog is drawn up the ravines which mark the course of the streams, and it is observable that the redwood follows the way of this condensed moisture ever exhaling inland from the great Pacific.

In many respects the undergrowth is not unlike that of Northern Ireland and other parts of the British Isles. Ferns, as the views given in this connection show, are of rank growth, and wherever the aggressive spirit of man has made an avenue for sunlight, there, amid the density of redwood forests, grow rare wild flowers as bright in hue and as rich in fragrance as though blossoming in a land where the breath of frost might be breathed upon them. And there is a subtle, an undefinable charm pervading all the scenes—a charm vivid to the senses, though dead to the sight and unknown to the sound. I have wandered up the winding ways of these now quiet streams on an early day in May, the sun shining warm and clear, as though never a cloud or trace of fog could have been known. The sun-warmed slopes of tiny streams were banked by wild violets, shaded of lighter or darker depths of color as

they were of younger or older bloom ; and daisies and wild strawberries and countless and nameless flowers were there ; the perfume of fruitful orchards charging the air with a glory of odor to be dreamed of in after days when the mind turns to linger upon the loved past ; I have heard the song of happy birds and gazed on the clean pebbles shining up through the lucid waters of the now placid stream ; and afar off, even at this early spring day, amid the dense forests that

to the immediate view seemed boundless, he beheld that tender haze, that film of blue, known in the latter months as Indian summer, hanging over all, filling the mind with undefinable longings and quickening the imagination to possibilities of indescribable landscapes, of singing fountains, of sweet sounds and of loved presences as come to us only in happy dreams when the days of life are young and the heart is a boundless spring of hope.



LOGGING TRAINS.

SNATCHED FROM THE TIGER OF THE SEAS.

BY W. THOMSON.

BOUND for Australia via the Cape of Good Hope, our sailing ship the *Revenue*, while traversing the South Atlantic Ocean, had been for several days attended by one of those magnificent birds, the wandering or giant albatross—the largest of all sea fowl.

The tireless creature not only followed us, but, whatever the vessel's speed, circled around and

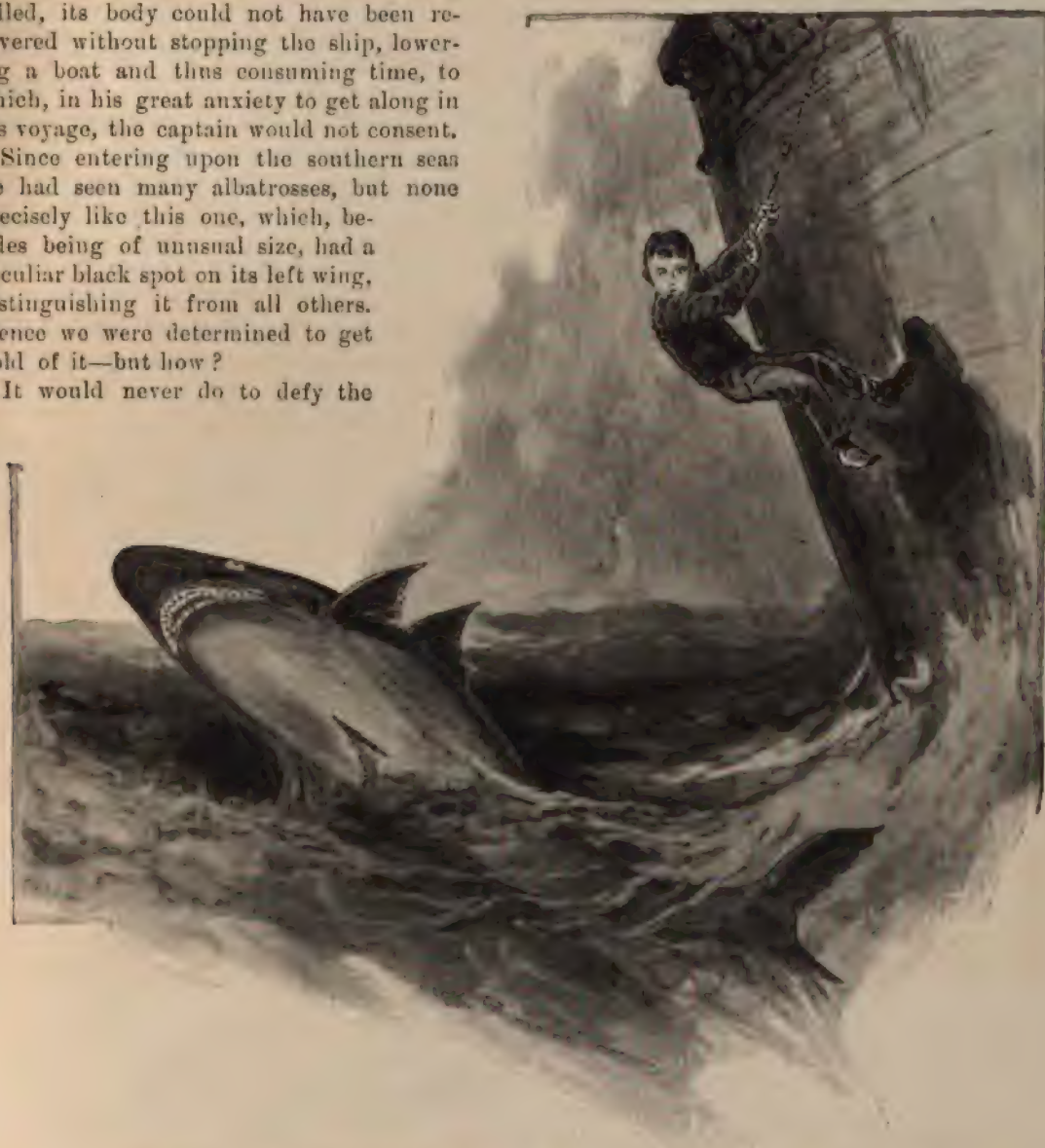
around us apparently with as little effort as if we had been lying at anchor. It may have rested at night, but if so I cannot imagine why it was not left behind, for it was always with us in the morning. None of us ever saw it alight, though it would swoop down occasionally, just touch the water and seize pieces of biscuit and other scraps thrown overboard from the cook's galley.

Among our one hundred and eighty-three passengers many possessed firearms, and all were anxious to secure this particular bird, which often came within easy range and might have been readily brought down. But owing to the determined superstition-born opposition of the sailors none of us dared to shoot at it. Besides, even if killed, its body could not have been recovered without stopping the ship, lowering a boat and thus consuming time, to which, in his great anxiety to get along in his voyage, the captain would not consent.

Since entering upon the southern seas we had seen many albatrosses, but none precisely like this one, which, besides being of unusual size, had a peculiar black spot on its left wing, distinguishing it from all others. Hence we were determined to get hold of it—but how?

It would never do to defy the

So, one day, when, as my old diary shows, we were in the neighborhood of 33° south lat. and 10° east lon. John Wells, a passenger hailing from Newfoundland, raked out of his sea chest a long cod line and its hook, declaring that he'd "have the thing in ten minutes."



"HIS HUGE ENEMY CONVULSIVELY LEAPED SO FAR OUT OF THE WATER THAT WE COULD PLAINLY SEE A GREAT GASH IN HIS WHITE BELLY."

sailors' prejudices; for if any future disaster should occur the simple-minded fellows would be sure to lay it at our doors, and their superstitious fears might even unnerve them in some critical emergency. We found, however, they had no objections to the capture of the bird, provided it should afterward be released unharmed.

A very slight matter causes a ripple of excitement among folk who have been long at sea; hence we all gathered on deck now to watch Wells's proceedings, the most interested of the crowd being Tommy Stanton, the twelve-year-old son of a passenger.

The ship was at this time holding a due east

course, and impelled by a moderate southwest breeze was running at the rate of about eight knots an hour, while the albatross, hovering topmast high, was something more than a hundred yards astern.

John Wells, placing a small piece of fat pork on his hook, but leaving the point quite bare, tossed it overboard and let the line run out three hundred feet or so, its own buoyancy and the ship's motion keeping the bait on the surface.

Mr. Albatross was familiar enough with scraps of pork, but knew nothing of angling devices. Having hitherto met with unqualified success in foraging, he had no reason to suppose that his confidence was now to be so cruelly abused. Quickening his flight a little, he made a grandly circling swoop, picked up the dainty morsel and attempted to bear it away. But no; something was wrong! He ascended a few feet, and, despite his great wing power, was jerked to the surface again, whence he found it impossible to rise.

The sharp steel had pierced the upper part of his tough beak, and with outstretched neck and helplessly fluttering pinions he was hurried along in the ship's wake.

"Told you I'd get him!" exultantly shouted Wells; while little Tommy Stanton jumped up and down in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

The bird was not exactly "got" yet, however. Hooking it was one thing; getting it on board, quite another. If the tackle had not been nearly strong enough to hold a young whale it could not have been done at all; for, owing to the ship's speed and the captive's frantic resistance, the strain upon hook and line was tremendous.

Though pulling with all his might, the angler could not draw his quarry one inch nearer—indeed, could hardly hold his own—and after at first disdainfully rejecting all offers of assistance he was constrained to cry: "Lend a hand here, some of you fellows. The thing's worse than a sixty-pound codfish! The cord's cutting my fingers to the bone."

Two other men took hold of the line and by main force began to draw the swaying, struggling prize over the hills and hollows of the gently heaving sea at a faster rate than the ship was going. They had gained, perhaps, fifty feet, when the first mate, who stood looking on, shouted: "Lively, boys, lively! or you'll lose your bird. There's a pirate in his wake."

Sure enough; not sixty feet behind the albatross we saw the black fin of a big shark cutting the water and coming swiftly toward us. We could even see the monster's body occasionally as shot across the little watery valleys, and he appeared to be more than twenty feet long.

Now, unless it may be a black cat, no living creature is so intensely hated by sailors as is this tiger of the seas. Seeing that it gained upon us, the mate yelled: "Stop fooling, you lubbers! Underrun the line and scoot for'ed, or the shark will win the game."

The three men faced about, threw the cord over their shoulders and started for the ship's bow. But the shark also increased his speed, and it seemed anybody's race. One passenger, who happened to have his revolver with him, fired six shots at the fish as quickly as he could pull trigger. Although the distance was far too great for effective pistol practice, some of the bullets did seem to strike the glistening body, which, however, only came on the faster, while we spurred up our men by exhortations more vigorous than polite.

At this moment little Tommy, half crazy with excitement, clambered up on the taffrail to get a better view of the fun, and losing his balance, fell headforemost into the sea!

A simultaneous cry of horror arose from all on deck. Wells and his comrades stopped short in their race, and only by actual force was Mr. Stanton restrained from plunging overboard after his son.

"Hard down with your helm! Let go tops'ls and jib!" shouted the mate; and with her lower canvas shaking the good ship came slowly round into the wind.

Meantime the boy had risen to the surface again, and notwithstanding his fright was swimming bravely; while the shark, slightly diverging from his former course, now made direct for the more attractive prey.

There was no time to lose. The small boats were all lashed amidship, and even if hanging on the davits could not have been launched quickly enough to be of use in this emergency; for, of course, in coming squarely about, the ship had become separated by quite a distance from the imperiled child; and equally, of course, both he and his pursuer were now off the starboard bow, the vessel lying with her head to the southwest.

Therefore none of the ropes and life buoys thrown overboard fell within the little fellow's reach.

A number of the passengers rushed down the companion way for their arms; in five minutes a score of loaded guns would be ready to play upon the monster; but even if in time this fusillade would probably be harmless, and we should see the beautiful boy, our especial pet, drawn down to death before our eyes.

More than one strong man groaned in agony at his own helplessness; others turned shudderingly

away, and the unhappy father screamed aloud, while desperately struggling to free himself from the mercifully restraining hands.

The shark was now as near to the boy as was the latter, still gallantly swimming on, to the ship. A few moments more and all would be over. But in this supreme crisis an unexpected actor appeared upon the scene.

Necessarily, we were all clustered now in the bows of the ship, in front of and around the cook's galley. That busy functionary, a lithe West Indian mulatto, whom we knew only as "Jim," hearing the rumpus, rushed out, bare-foot and lightly clothed, as usual, holding in his hand a long, sharp knife, which he had been using to cut up meat.

One seaward glance showed him how matters stood, and uttering a wild cry, he transferred the knife to his teeth, took a half-turn of a light rope around his waist, and springing overboard, struck out at wondrous speed to the rescue. On coming to the boy he deftly looped the line under his arms, and then, without further pause, made straight for the oncoming shark; while we, vociferously cheering, drew the saved child toward us.

Before he had reached his father's outstretched arms, however, Jim had met the shark, and there now ensued a battle, never for a moment of doubtful issue, it seems, but watched by us with painful anxiety.

On coming within, apparently, fifteen feet of the ominous black fin the brave mulatto dived, and three seconds afterward his huge enemy convulsively leaped so far out of water that we could plainly see a great gash in his white belly, the blood from which stained the sea for yards around.

Then, for just long enough to catch a single breath, Jim's head appeared above the surface. Again, for possibly half a minute, he was lost to view, at the end of which time the shark's body turned slowly over and floated, belly up, on the crimsoned waves!

At this, amid a perfect frenzy of hand-shaking, passengers and crew sent up a mighty shout of triumph, heartily echoed by Jim. But the experienced fighter did not linger to gloat over his victory, well knowing that the sight or scent of blood was likely to bring upon him a greater number of foes than he could deal with.

In fact, he had barely been hauled on board when we saw the razorlike fins of eight sharks converging from all directions upon the spot where lay the carcass of their slaughtered relative.

In response to our warm congratulations Jim simply said: "Why, any good swimmer that

knows how to handle a knife kin kill one of them lubbers, if he ain't afeard. 'Tain't no trick at all. Whar I was brought up, rippin' a shark open warn't considered nothin' to brag on. Lots of Jamaiky niggers does it just for fun."

But we thought the gallant fellow's exploit *was* something to "brag on." Notwithstanding his modest disclaimer, we added so substantial a sum to Mr. Stanton's grateful gift that the dusky hero might have lived for the next year or two without work.

During the late excitement we had forgotten all about the albatross; but before the ship was put on her course again some one noticed that the bird was still fast to the line, though, the vessel being at rest and the strain relaxed, it had risen a hundred feet or so ~~into~~ into the air and was now swerving from side to side, trying to shake off the stubborn hook.

Gently as possible the beautiful thing was drawn down to the deck, when we found it to be an even larger specimen than we had thought, measuring from tip to tip of its long, narrow wings eleven feet and four inches—nearly as great, I think, as the wing-spread of the South American condor. The head was of immense size, and the enormous beak, with its sharp-edged upper mandible, looked almost capable of snipping off a man's arm, were the owner of the outfit so inclined.

Very curiously—and the same thing occurred in the case of many other sea fowl captured—when the albatross was placed on the hard deck it became seasick! Neither, though left perfectly free, could it take flight from the level planks, but had to be tossed aloft.

Among the passengers there was a professional taxidermist, who begged hard to be allowed to kill and "set up" the noble bird. He even went so far as to offer the sailors a pound of tobacco (a highly prized article on a long voyage) each if they would annul our contract. But though so sorely tempted, the superstitious fellows would not do it. Neither argument, money nor ridicule could move them. It would be sure to "bring bad luck," they said.

So, after being sufficiently admired and having its picture taken by an amateur artist, the aerial wanderer was honorably released to roam over the boundless waste of waters at its own wild will.

During the rest of our voyage, which, from New York to Port Philip, occupied one hundred and two days, little Tommy and Cook Jim were close chums, and the youngster fairly reveled in dainties, quite unobtainable by us unfortunates who had never been lucky enough to tumble overboard.

HUMAN PHOSPHORESCENCE.

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

A NUMBER of substances manifest the strange property of emitting light when they are placed in darkness after having been exposed for a length of time to the direct rays of the sun, among which is, as well known, the diamond.

wood, to very many marine organisms and to certain insects, and, strange as it may appear, has been observed in mammals of superior organization, and even in man.

A German naturalist, Renner, in writing of



SAILING THROUGH A SCHOOL OF PHOSPHORESCENT FISH.

To this property has been given the name phosphorescence—though the name, perhaps, more properly belongs to that phosphorus whose light, not first obtained from an external source, shines so curiously in the dark, and whose substance enters into the composition of our common lucifer matches. The power of originating light belongs to a variety of plants, to decaying

the Mammalia of Paraguay, speaks of seeing the eyes of a monkey "so brilliant in complete darkness that they illuminated objects at the distance of half a foot." The animal in question is the *Nyctipithecus trivirgatus*, sometimes called the "sleeper" or "sleeping monkey," though, to be sure, such a name appears rather inappropriate for such a bright-eyed creature. A French pro-

M. T. L. Phipson, member of the Chemical Society of Paris, has witnessed the same phenomenon in the eyes of man himself.

"The light," he says, "was of a metallic pink resembling in lustre the green light emitted from the eyes of a dog or cat;" and he informs me that a friend of his had witnessed it in the

to the polar regions, and described in his journal under the date January 2d, 1854. While on his way with a companion named Petersen to an Eskimo settlement to procure food they had to endure a temperature of 40° below zero (Fahrenheit). After a terrible march of thirty miles from their vessel they came, with their sledge



DR. KANE AND THE PISTOL.

of a little girl. "Both subjects," we are told, "were very delicate." There is, I think, no doubt but that in many cases this green phosphorescence of the eyes is the reflected light.

One of the most interesting instances of phosphorescence in a human subject is mentioned by Dr. Kane in the account given of his last voyage to the Arctic. XXXIX., No. 6—48.

and weary dogs, to a place they call Anoatok, where they found deserted huts. "We took the best hut," writes Dr. Kane, "filled in its broken front with snow, housed our dogs, and crawled in among them. It was too cold to sleep. Next morning we broke down our door and tried the dogs again. They could hardly stand. A gale now set in from the southwest, obscuring the

moon and blowing very hard. We were forced back into the hut; but, after corking up all the openings with snow and lighting our Eskimo lamp, we got up the temperature to 30° below zero (Fahrenheit), cooked coffee and fed the dogs freely. This done, Petersen and myself, our clothes frozen stiff, fell asleep through pure exhaustion, the wind outside blowing death to all that might be exposed to its influence. I do not know how long we slept, but my admirable clothing kept me up. I was cold, but far from dangerously so, and was in a fair way for sleeping out a refreshing night, when Petersen woke me with, "Captain Kane, the lamp's out." I heard him with a thrill of horror. Our only hope was in relighting our lamp. Petersen, acting by my directions, made several attempts to obtain fire from a pocket pistol, but his only tinder was moss, and our heavily stone-roofed hut or cave would not bear the concussion of a rammed wad. By good luck I found a bit of tolerably dry paper, and becoming apprehensive that Petersen would waste our few percussion caps with his ineffectual snappings, I determined to take the pistol myself. It was so intensely dark I had to grope for it, and in doing so touched his hand. At that instant the pistol became distinctly visible. A weak bluish light, slightly tremulous but not broken, covered the metallic parts of it—the barrel, lock and trigger. The stock, too, was clearly discernible, as if by the reflected light; and to the amazement of both of us the thumb and two fingers with which Petersen was holding it, the creases, wrinkles and circuit of the nails, clearly defined upon the skin. The phosphorescence was not unlike the ineffectual fire of the glowworm. As I took the pistol my hand became illuminated also, and so did the powder-rubbed paper when I raised my hand against the muzzle. The paper did not at first ignite, but the light continuing, I was able to charge the pistol without difficulty, rolled up my paper into a cone, filled it with moss, sprinkled over with gunpowder, and held it in my hand when I fired. This time I succeeded in producing flame, and we saw nothing more of the phosphorescence. . . . Our few clothing and the state of the atmosphere may refer the phenomenon plausibly enough to our electrical condition."

Thomas Bartholin, in his work "*De Luce Hominem et Brutorum*," gives an account of a lady in Italy. He calls her "*mulier splendens*," the resplendent lady, whose skin, when rubbed with a piece of dry linen, shone with phosphorescent light.

In an "Essay upon the Evolution of Light from a Human Subject" by Marsh the following

account of phosphorescence is given: "About an hour and a half before my sister's death we were astonished by luminous appearances proceeding from her head in a diagonal direction. She was at that time in a half-recumbent position and perfectly tranquil. The light was pale as the moon, but quite evident to us all who were watching over her at the time. One of us at first thought it was lightning until shortly afterward, when we perceived that the tremulous glimmer of light was playing around the head of the bed. We then recollected that we had read something of a similar nature had sometimes been observed previous to dissolution, and fearing that the phenomenon might disturb the tranquillity of her last moments, we had lights brought into the room."

Professor Phipson also quotes a similar case, that of a man who had been lying ill of a lingering disease, of which he afterward died, in the Southwest of Ireland.

Dr. Donovan published in 1840, in the *Dublin Medical Press*, a very curious case of phosphorescence upon the living body of a man. "I was sent for," he writes, "to see Harrington in December, 1828. He had been under the care of my predecessor, and had been entered on the dispensary books as a phthisical patient, and on referring to my notebook I find that the stethoscopic and other indications of phthisis were indubitable. He was under my care for about five years, during which time the symptoms continued stationary, and I had discontinued my attendance for about two years when the report became general that mysterious lights were seen every night in his cabin. The subject attracted a great deal of attention. . . . I determined to submit the matter to the ordeal of my own senses, and for this purpose visited the cabin for fourteen nights. On three nights only did I witness anything unusual. Once I saw a luminous fog resembling the aurora borealis; and twice I saw scintillations like the sparkling phosphorescence exhibited by sea infusoria. From the close scrutiny I made I can with certainty affirm that no imposition was either practiced or attempted."

No explanation of these cases has ever been attempted. The Scotch, who are familiar with the phenomena, call them elf candles and believe them to be the sure forerunner of the death of the person they attend; although at least one case, that of a woman in Milan, is cited where no such consequence followed their appearance. In the last case mentioned the light which glimmered about the bed where she lay fled at the approach of the hand and was entirely dissipated by a current of air.

Dead animal matter is often phosphorescent—

not only that of fish, the luminosity of which when kept too long is well known to fishermen and venders, but of animals of higher organization and of human bodies.

In the *Journal of Sciences, Physical and Chemical*, published at Paris in 1838, M. Jules de Fontenelle relates a curious case of phosphorescent light emanating from the dead body of a man, and his account can be readily paralleled by anyone having access to dissecting rooms and who will take occasion to frequent them without lights after dark.

Thomas Bartholin gives an account of a poor woman who, having bought a piece of meat in the market, intending to make use of it the following day, put it on a shelf in the room in which she slept. Going to bed, she dreamed that her patron saint appeared to her and told her that the pork she had purchased was "devil's meat," for the animal from which it had been taken had been inhabited by an evil spirit. Waking in great fright, her consternation was further increased by observing so much light come from the pork as to illuminate all the place where it hung. This flesh, coming to the knowledge and into the possession of Bartholin, was shown as a curiosity to many persons, and kept until it began to putrefy, when the light vanished.

Perhaps the most curious instance of animal phosphorescence is that occurring in a peculiar substance called by Dutch and Belgian peasants "star spittle." It is formed generally in the spring of the year near streams of water or ponds in the fields, and is luminous at night. Great patches, sometimes a number of feet in extent, of luminosity extend over marshy fields. The country people imagine it is dropped there by shooting stars in their passage through the skies. It is in reality, however, the peculiar mucilaginous substance that envelops the eggs of the frog. It is capable of swelling to an enormous volume when it is kept moist. This peculiarity has given

rise on the part of even scientific observers to the curious mistake of supposing that it has been swallowed in a dry state by crows and other birds and afterward vomited on account of its swelling to an unendurable extent in their bodies. It would, however, require enormous flocks of birds indeed, all with common consent repairing to the same locality for the same purpose, to account for its abundance in localities where it occurs. Besides which, the supposition is not only incredible, but altogether unnecessary.

The phosphorescence, it may be said, in concluding this account of the matter, of dead animal substances invariably precedes putrefaction. No disagreeable odor can be detected until the phosphorescence begins to fail, and as decay progresses the light is extinguished. Water does not put out the fire of phosphorescence, but it is destroyed by alcohol or acids. It is lessened, but not extinguished, in the exhausted receiver of an air pump, and in ordinary temperatures generally lasts about three or four days, after which putrefaction sets in rapidly.

The nature of phosphorescent light, its cause and the conditions necessary to its exhibition are as yet an unexplored field as far as scientific research is concerned. It seems somewhat strange at this late day, when so many regions of what was formerly the unknown have been added to the domain of human knowledge, that the best authorities we have on the subject, quoting from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," are obliged to tell us that "upon this head it is impossible to write with certainty," and then proceed with nothing better than vague theories and more or less unfounded surmise on the subject. I know of few tracts of unexplored nature open to easy and inexpensive experimental investigation more promising both of philosophical and practical results than this. Have we no young scientist amongst us who cares to make it his specialty? It is certainly a suggestive fact.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The work done on the survey of the Alaska boundary in 1893 has just been made known in detail. It involved the exploration of a strip of thirty miles in width between Portland Inlet on the south and Lynn Channel on the north. Three rivers cross this strip: the Unuk, the Stikine and the Taku. Their general course is southwesterly, through heavily timbered valleys, cut up by channels and shut in by steep walls of rock. On the Stikine and the Taku glaciers come down almost to the level of the sea.

The line of perpetual snow on the Stikine is at an elevation of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet, according to the direction and the slope of the surface, and many of the higher peaks are so steep that snow will not lie on them. It was the conclusion of the surveying party that the glaciers, numerous as they were, were in retreat. For the last twenty-five miles of its course the Stikine flows to the west through the Coast Range, which is between 6,000 and 7,000 feet in height. Here the weather was constantly rainy, with a

cold west wind, while thirty miles inland the sky was clear and the air warm. The party found very little game, with the exception of brown and black bears, and by the United States law white men are not allowed to hunt, the region being set apart for the Indians and apportioned to the various tribes. Fish abound, as they do throughout Alaska. The once famous gold diggings of the Stikine are abandoned, for, though traces of gold are found in every handful of earth from the river bed, a long day's work would barely yield a dollar. The most notable result of the survey was the final dethronement of Mount St. Elias from its post of supremacy among the mountains of Alaska. This place belongs to Mount Logan, which is in N. Lat. $60^{\circ} 34' 1''$ and W. Lon. $140^{\circ} 23' 49''$, nearly twenty-seven miles north-

readily promised to co-operate with them and help them on their way. Some time was spent on Mount Kenepai, nearly 4,000 feet in height, and very rich in vegetation. It is in the centre of a region abounding with orang-outangs, and Mr. Büttikofer, walking out early in the morning in his nightdress and slippers, encountered and shot one of these great apes. From this mountain the next excursion was up the Mandai River, where a village was found consisting of two houses. One of these rested on 568 piles, 16 feet in height; it was nearly 500 feet long, and it contained the homes of 39 families. The eastern limit of the journey was Mount Lyang Kulung, where the rainy season overtook the party and stopped the excursions into the forest, where the dense growth of roots and vines and bushes made a laby-



HUMAN PHOSPHORESCENCE.—ILLUMINATED PORK.—SEE PAGE 753.

east of St. Elias and in British territory. The respective heights are: Mount Logan, 19,514 feet; Mount St. Elias, 18,015 feet.

A SCIENTIFIC expedition to Western Borneo, undertaken at the close of the year 1893, returned in November, 1894. Mr. Büttikofer, a naturalist well-known by his work on Liberia, was at the head of the party, which started from Pontianak and ascended the Kapuas River. At Putus Sibau the Dutch Resident Tromp had called together a number of the chiefs to explain to them the objects of the expedition and engage their good will. The chiefs were greatly interested in the collections displayed, and seemed to understand that the strange white men cared only for bottled snakes and fishes, and beetles and butterflies, and

rinth six feet above the soil. In the warm, moist air the moss was prodigiously developed, so that a twig covered with it seemed to be as thick as a man's body. The original plan of crossing to the eastern coast of the island was given up as impracticable, and the party returned with an extremely rich accumulation of specimens.

It is not yet two years since the Russians occupied the Pamir post, on the Murghab River, N. Lat. $38^{\circ} 8' 30''$, E. Lon. $73^{\circ} 57'$, and the record of observations kept for a year has just been published. The post is 12,139 feet above the sea, and the monthly average temperature ranges between 62° for July, the hottest month, and $0^{\circ}.04$ for February, the coldest. The heaviest rainfall is less than half an inch for May, and six months were practically without any fall—Au-

gust, September, October, November, February and March. It is an interesting question, under these conditions, how the glaciers are supplied. The wind blows from the southwest, from September to February, and from the northeast from March to July. In August calm prevails, broken by light, variable breezes.

SOME explorations made in Labrador in the summer of 1894 by a party from the *Miranda* (afterward lost at sea) are reported by Mr. Charles E. Hite. The landing was at Cape Charles, on the southern coast, where a few days were spent in collecting specimens. There were almost no trees, but the mosses were abundant. The White Bear River was ascended for one hundred and ninety miles. On the second day a cataract, 60 feet in height, stopped the progress, and beyond it the river was broken by rapids, and so shallow in places that it would not float the boat. Fifty miles from the coast the river banks rose into hills, 1,500 feet in height, covered with spruce and tamarack, and occasional clumps of birches. There was a profusion of mosses in beds of from a foot to three feet in thickness. Erratic boulders lined the bed and the sides of the river and became more numerous as the ascent continued, and the trees disappeared, and after the first fifty miles there were no signs of animal life. The source of the river was in a chain of small lakes. The Paradise River was ascended for a distance of forty miles. It was broad and flowed through a level country, where many plants were found, not seen in the hilly region, and there were many water birds in the lakes. The Eskimos of Southern Labrador are not of pure race, but plainly show the mixture with other peoples, principally Danish and English. Like all other travelers in Labrador, Mr. Hite and his companions were tormented by the black flies.

JULIUS VON PATER, the surviving commander of the Austrian Polar Expedition, is now engaged in preparing an artistic expedition to Greenland. During the years spent in the Arctic he was constantly impressed by the wealth of beauty and of color in the nature around him, and he has conceived the idea that the art of painting will find in those regions a vast accession of material. He proposes to go to East Greenland in a steamer of 400 tons, specially fitted up with studios, fixed and movable, a captive balloon, photographic apparatus and electric lights. He will have

landscape and animal painters with him, and art will be the main but not the exclusive object of the enterprise. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole is that a capitalist has been found to advance the greater part of the money required. The start is to be made in June, 1896.

MR. CURZON is traveling in the Pamirs with the purpose of settling the question of the source of the Oxus. He has visited all the so-called sources, and finds the true one, that of the Wakhan River, at the foot of the Wak-jir Pass, in a single glacier, and not in three as reported by M. Dauterive.

THE Russian General Staff has calculated, from observations taken at 1,000 stations, the level of European Russia. This nowhere exceeds 1,100 feet, and the figures range for the most part between 361 and 492 feet. Perhaps the most important geographical result of these observations is the ascertained identity of level of the three seas, the Baltic the Black and the Sea of Azof.

A FRENCHMAN, M. G. Courtellemont, charged with a mission from the Governor General of Algeria to the Sherief of Mecca, returned in safety from the Holy City at the end of 1894. He was accompanied by a native Algerian, who had already made the pilgrimage twenty times; but, none the less, M. Courtellemont deemed it prudent to travel as a poor Moslem, and took his place among the camel drivers and slaves. At Jiddah, the port of Mecca, he was watched by the Turkish police, and several days passed before he was asked to dinner. His ignorance of table manners disturbed his host, who came in the night to express his fear that the Frank would never return if he went on to Mecca. He went, however, starting in the afternoon and riding the fifty miles by night, which proved to be bitterly cold. Mecca was reached at six o'clock in the morning, and the pretended Mussulman went at once to the mosque, where he performed the required circuits and kissed the black stone. He found the water of Zemzem palatable, and the Valley of Muna was by no means offensive, the dry winds disposing of the animal remains. Disinfection is as far off as ever. The building put up in 1894 was destroyed in a few months by the Arabs. According to M. Courtellemont, it was absurdly inadequate for its purpose, and nothing has been lost by its destruction.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE deepest coal mine in the United States is the Pottsville in Pennsylvania. Its shaft is 1,576 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile, deep. Two hundred cars, each holding four tons of coal, are hoisted up through it every day.

RYE, turnip and winter wheat will germinate in soil the temperature of which is as low as 32°. Barley, oats, flax, clover and peas will sprout at 35°. Carrot needs 38°, and the bean 40°. These are facts recently verified anew, if not entirely novel.

THE amount of gold annually pounded into the dental cavities of Americans is about \$500,000. Some joker has remarked that a thousand years hence companies will be created to mine American cemeteries for the gold buried there in the decayed teeth of their ancestors—that is, ourselves!

LORD KERWIN says that the internal heat of the earth has nothing to do with the climate. The earth might be white hot 2,000 feet below the surface, or freezing 50 feet below it, and still it would not change the climate. It seems improbable, does it not? Yet we know that the temperature of the earth advances 10° for every 51 feet of descent, and at a distance of 30 miles everything is supposed to be at white heat.

IN the Sahara Desert are mountains high enough to be snow-covered. These were the islands of that great inland sea in a past age.

MAKING CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA.—The building of A. B. & Co. is on the shore of Keuka Lake, and being constructed of huge blocks of quarried stone, looks like a mediæval castle. The outside gives one little notion of the size and capacity of the establishment. There are fourteen separate

vaults, or cellars, and these extend far under the hill. Together they are 132 feet long and 105 feet wide. Stored underground are 1,000,000 bottles of champagne made by the French method, i.e., by fermentation in the bottle. You enter—the nostrils are tickled with the odor of the wines. You see the vats heaped full with luscious grapes; the two double wine presses are working and squeezing out the lifeblood of the berries; the liquid stream is pouring into large tanks; the men are bare-armed, their hands and faces smeared with red stains—you see this, and can imagine Bacchus and his merry crew holding high carnival. The new wine, or "must," after it deposits its lees in the course of a few days, is run into casks holding from 2,000 to 4,000 gallons each. Here it remains for six or eight weeks—that is, until it has passed through its first fermentation. Then it is racked off into other casks, and is now ready for mixing. The composition of the blend is, of course, one of the secrets of the art. The French winemaker mixes the juice of black grapes with that of white grapes, in the proportion of three to one. The American winemaker does about the same. He takes juice of the black Concord and Isabella grapes, and mixes it with that of the red Catawba, Iona and Delaware grapes. The great point is to get the right amount of saccharine matter, so as to cause neither too much nor too little effervescence; if too much, the bottles break afterward; if too little, the wine becomes dull, flat and insipid. Thus the *cuvée* is effected. Think of the delicacy of taste required in order to know what the juices of many different grapes will bring forth two years hence! The mixture is put into casks, in which it undergoes the process of fining, and then it is ready for bottling. After being bottled the wine is kept in a semi-warm room until fermentation is well begun. The bottles are then carried to the deep, cool vaults, where they are packed in horizontal layers, making a pile four or five feet deep and twelve or fifteen feet long. Thus the bottles remain until the wine is ripe—a period of from twelve to eighteen months.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A CURRENT belief is that when a serpent is destroyed its mate will soon appear, ready to wreak vengeance upon the slayer of its companion. There is, however, absolutely no truth in this statement, for, as has been explained, there is no real affection between snakes, even the male displaying but little ardor during courtship. The snake hunter, however, regards it a promising sign to find a dead serpent, because the fact that one has been found will make it probable that others, too, exist in the immediate neighborhood, the same reasons that influenced the first one to make it his habitation having probably also decided the others. It is precisely the principle on which the botanist works. When he finds one flower of a species he is morally certain that others of the same kind must exist in the immediate vicinity, although he does not by any means attribute their presence to an extraordinary affection for each other. He knows that each must have had brothers and sisters, and that these would not stray far without good reason. Another superstition, which is common among those who have witnessed the so-called snake charming of the Oriental jugglers, is the belief in the two-headed snake, which they aver having seen, and which the fakir has informed them eats six months with one head and then six months with the other. The testimony of these credulous spectators only serves to show how easily our senses may be deceived, for the so-called double-headed snakes are merely a harmless species of *Eryx*, whose tail the Indian jugglers mutilate and flatten until it resembles a second head. The ignorant visitor who goes to witness the

performance always keeps at a respectful distance from the animal, and hence remains perfectly convinced that he has actually seen a serpent with two heads. Another universal superstition is that of the sea serpent, which crops up every year with renewed vigor. Of course it must be admitted that the oceans are many times larger than the continents, and are more difficult to explore, so that while we ignore the fauna of certain portions of the land we are still more deeply ignorant of the inhabitants of the depths of the ocean. It is also claimed that just as the mammoth existed to within a very recent period, and just as the elephant and rhinoceros even to-day roam over certain portions of our globe, so may certain marine monsters have remained in existence since antediluvian times, and the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, or related forms, might still exist in our oceans, and occasionally appear to frighten whole shiploads of passengers. When we remember, however, the credulity of people who are observing anything at a distance, and know moreover the innumerable instances on record where what was at a distance unanimously believed to be a huge serpent turned out on nearer approach to be a flight of birds, pieces of wreck, or a line of sharks, whales or porpoises swimming in the water, we must be exceedingly cautious how we accept the testimony in those cases where the explanation was not found. If we accepted individual or even collective testimony as being in itself sufficient we should be obliged to-day to believe that ghosts exist, for many are the observers who will swear to having seen them. Yet the testimony in favor of the existence of the sea serpent is even less convincing than that in favor of the existence of ghosts, and when we remember that the bones of all the large sea animals which are known, the whales, sharks, etc., are frequently cast up on our coasts by the waves, we have a right to claim that the bones of a large animal like the sea serpent would also be occasionally found; yet although their bones would be easily recognized, there is no authentic instance on record of their having been found. Hence we must relegate the stories of the sea serpents along with the equally marvelous tales of the land serpents, and classify them in our books and encyclopedias as "superstitions about snakes."

TELEPHONING over barbed-wire fencing is something new, but nevertheless very satisfactory. Mr. C. Thompson, who owns a large nursery near Rapid City, S. D., has had a barbed fence around his property for the last twelve years, hitherto only used to keep cattle out. Now it is a telephone line in successful operation. It is over five miles long, and no glass insulators are used, the wire being fastened to the posts by the ordinary staples. Last year Mr. Thompson caused the Nebraska Telephone Company to connect with his fence. Where the line crosses gates or roads it is led across on poles twelve feet high. Now Mr. Thompson is in telephonic communication with all the lines in the Black Hills, and among the whole system "there is no better line and few as good."

WE have heard of the removal of parts of the human brain, liver and lungs, and we have marveled. We have been dutifully surprised when informed that the entire kidneys and the spleen had been cut out, and the patient lived. The possibilities of modern surgery do not stop here—they seem boundless. The *Philadelphia Medical News* reports the removal of nearly the whole stomach of a man to get rid of a malignant growth, and says: "The newly formed stomach had a capacity corresponding to the volume of a hen's egg. . . . After the third day the patient was able to take meat, and when dismissed, after the

lapse of several weeks, she had gained twenty-two pounds in weight, although in the interim she had been attacked with pneumonia."

ANIMALS amuse themselves, and many of them are full of fun. Birds, for instance, show all the difference imaginable between flight for "business" and flight for fun. Look at your pigeons some fine morning, and you will see it. You have all observed the cat play with her kittens, the dog with her puppies, and if you will watch a mare in the field with her young you will see the foal gambol most actively around and the mother enjoy the fun. The cows have not so much humor. Ewes and lambs are used proverbially for jumping, leaping and frolicking. Some big lamb will start on a run, and all the others will follow: if he comes to a gap in the fence he will jump it, and all the rest "follow my leader." The exuberance of happiness shown at such occasions is often most extraordinary. Fawns have been known to play a sort of cross-tag game from one side to the other, "touching" by the nose. Around my farm, where they keep pigs, one may often see a race of the little ones, not for food, but for amusement, and though pigheads, emulation seems to be a faculty clearly developed in them. Racing, on the whole, is a common animal pastime.

ONE of the worst insect pests with which shade trees in New York city have to contend, and especially the elms, is the European leopard moth (*Zeuzera*), which was introduced here in some accidental manner more than ten years ago. The female moth has a long, rigid ovipositor, with which she can penetrate the soft tissues between a bud and the node upon which it grows, and lays its eggs where the larva can easily eat its way into the twig as soon as it is hatched. It grows and devours the inside of the branch, which drops off in the first strong wind. Many carloads of such branches are gathered every year in the parks. Sometimes branches two or three inches in diameter are thus cut off, and instances are known where the whole top of an elm six inches thick has been thus lopped off. As the larvae grow they migrate to larger branches, boring rapidly into the interior and excavating the burrows, which are difficult to detect and still harder to prevent.

A MEDICAL editor has brought together for his readers a large amount of instruction to mothers and nurses as to how long patients, and particularly children, who have been ill with communicable diseases ought to be kept isolated: The sum of it is as follows, and it is well worth noting: The Paris Academy of Medicine says: "For small-pox, scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria isolation should not be less than forty days." This limit is agreed to by several American State boards of health, especially as to scarlatina. Measles are infectious before eruption appears, and communicable for thirty-one days after infection; scarlatina in some cases is communicable before eruption and for six weeks after; diphtheria is infectious from receipt of poison until complete recovery—in ordinary cases, thirty-three days.

We have heard from Holy Writ that the time shall come when a child and a leopard shall play together, etc., but it has been reserved for our day to see a miracle as great, if not greater. A Danish naturalist saw recently, near Store Dalby by Veile, a cat with three kittens and a hen with seven ducklings keeping company. It was toward evening, and all were retiring for the night. First the cat lay down and the kittens with her, then the ducklings found a place among the legs of the cat and the kittens. The hen hesitated for a moment, but soon lay down with the rest. The

cat at first seemed to object, but soon acquiesced. The owners of the animals declared that that which the naturalist had seen but once and for the first time they had seen every day for some time.

THE question of the ventilation of railway cars in winter is an old and important one, interesting to everyone who travels. The tight coaches of a modern vestibuled train, filled with breathing humanity, reach the point of unhealthfulness in a very short time; yet the opening of windows means the likelihood of pneumonia to everyone exposed to the furious draught. The last session of the Association of American Master Car Builders discussed the matter carefully. They listened to reports of tests for impurity of air in various kinds of trains, and learned that in sleeping cars the air usually contained about 18 parts per 1,000 of carbonic acid, while day coaches ranged somewhat lower, but were usually far beyond the limit of a healthful degree of purity. More than 1 per cent. of carbonic acid in the air is deleterious, and more than 2 per cent. positively dangerous. A committee reported that the ideal conditions for car ventilation are the following: A supply of 30 cubic feet of air per passenger per minute and the removal of a similar amount of foul air; admission of the fresh air at a velocity under 6 feet a second in winter; warming the fresh air to a temperature of about 70 degs. in winter time; addition to the fresh air of enough moisture to give it the average humidity of the climate in which the cars are running; the supply of fresh air in winter time to be independent of windows, doors and exhaust ventilators; distribution of the fresh, warm air by many openings low down, and exhaustion of the foul air by many openings high up; the action of the system to be independent of the speed of the train; a plenum or slight excess of pressure in the car; the use of double windows, locked in winter time, readily opened in summer; inside swinging doors to form an air lock or inside vestibule. This committee recommended that a practicable method toward ameliorating the present bad state of things would be to drive air into the coaches by small electric or compressed air fans placed at the ends about halfway between the floor and the roof, the air to be passed through heaters and delivered in regular quantities at an even heat through convenient registers.

Among the properties of aluminium is this: When used as a pencil it leaves an indelible mark on glass or any other siliceous substance. Some metal is deposited, which may be removed with an acid wash, but the mark itself no rubbing or washing can take away. Marks made by magnesium, zinc or cadmium can be removed; that made by the first very easily, that of the second by scouring, but that of the latter tarnishes. The aluminium mark is bright and permanent. Aluminium ought to come into use in decorating glass.

A NEW kind of flexible glass has been manufactured. It is hard and transparent, and possesses few of the qualities of ordinary glass except its transparency. It is capable of resisting the action of acids and alkalis. It is produced by dissolving four parts of gun cotton in one part of ether or alcohol and adding two to four parts of Canada balsam. The solution must be spread on a glass plate, and dried in a current of air at a temperature of 500° C.

A NEW substitute for glue, of great strength and water-proof (after setting), is obtained by dissolving in water the dense form of cellulose, recently invented by London chemists. The original substance has the appearance of ebonite and is capable of a high polish. It contains carbon

bisulphide and sodic hydrate, which are gradually given up when dissolved in water, while cellulose is precipitated. A film of cellulose results from painting glass or other smooth substance with the solution; and it can well serve as a permanent stiffening or sizing for cloth or paper.

THE NEW ATMOSPHERIC SUBSTANCE, ARGON.—A new gas has been discovered in our atmosphere. A year or two ago Professor Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh made the preliminary statement before the British Association for the Advancement of Science that they thought they had discovered a new component of our atmospheric air. Since then they have been multiplying investigations, and at the last meeting of the Association they announced that their discovery was a real one. They call the new constituent, of whose existence we have heretofore been in total ignorance, "argon." The *London Nature* says: "Lord Rayleigh's work first showed that there was something to explain; the patience and masterly skill which he displayed

formerly greater than that of the same gas chemically prepared. They could not at first explain it. Now we know that the former always contains argon, which is heavier than pure nitrogen. The new gas has been widely described as a "new chemical element," but it is not at all certain that it is an element; it may be a mixture. William Crookes has submitted the new gas to tests with the spectroscope, and has found that it has two different spectra under different conditions, which seem to point to a mixture. On the other hand, a specialist as renowned in his way as Crookes, Professor Olszewsky, of Cracow, has liquefied and solidified the new gas, and finds that it has "a definite melting point, a definite boiling point and a definite critical temperature and pressure." Such data have hitherto been considered proofs of a pure substance. The new gas, be it single or compound, is likely to give the learned much material for contention. If it is an element, it has no place in the periodic classification of Mendelieff, for every known element fits in with accuracy.



A HOME TRUTH.

Host (sotto voce).—"Is this the best CLARET, MARY?"

Mary (audibly).—"It's the BEST YOU'VE GOT, SIR!"

throughout years devoted to weary weighings must command universal admiration. As has been well said, the result is "the triumph of the last place of decimals," that is, of work done so well that the worker knew he could not be wrong. Professor Ramsay, too, is to be congratulated in that when this preliminary stage had been accomplished his energy and skill enabled him to take such a share in the hunt after the unknown cause of the difficulty that he rightly ranks as a co-discoverer of the new gas." The atmosphere had been weighed again and again, and the same results were always attained, until these two learned physicists, while doing it once more, discovered that "there was something to explain." Their difficulty was that the density of nitrogen gas, as extracted from the air, was uni-

On the physiological bearings of the discovery, the *London Lancet* asks whether its presence has any effect on the phenomenon of respiration or of the assimilation of food material by plants? "Would not its solubility in water, which is greater than nitrogen and equal to oxygen, lead to its transmission through the moist membrane of the lung, and, if so, what part does it play in the physiological processes in man upon which his very existence depends?" It suggests that its presence may account for the healing influence of sea and mountain air, and perhaps of certain warm mineral waters, as those of Buxton? The discovery of argon may therefore open a new vista to the student and practitioner of medicine as well as to the chemist and physicist.

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